

LAVENDER AND ROSEMARY.

Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine:

Speak ye, who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heav'n;
On Earth join all ye Creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without
end.

Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling
morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy
sphere

While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and
soul,

Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his
praise

In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high moon hast gain'd, and when
thou fall'st.

—Milton.