

Eternal hymns of praise ye nightly sing,
O worlds above, around about, below.
Eternal myriads hushed in silent joy
Unpraise thee Nature and thy melodies;
Yet they do dance unconscious that thy song
Doth give them spirit and a lightsome foot.
Eternal words of wisdom lieth there,
Immortal passages, divinely writ;
Yet souls there are upon the Earth, who live
Unconscious of thine eloquence displayed,
Unconscious of ethereal things above:
But born on Earth, on Earth they will remain,
Nor will they soar above the mean and vile:
Ignoble plots their minds employ to plant
Destruction through the world, and venom'd
tongues,
The viper's keen and cutting instruments
Of death, destroy thy sweetness and obscure
Thy bright-illumined face and graceful form,
Society divine and heavenly fair.

Come tune thy soul to Nature's harmony,
To songs celestial borne from world to world,
And when thine ear is meet for heavenly sounds
The string is plied, the broken harp's renewed,