

I praised the earth, in beauty seen, with garlands gay of various green; I praised the sea, whose ample field shone glorious as a silver shield-and earth and ocean seemed to say, "Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled on wheels of amber and of gold; I praised the moon, whose softer eye gleamed sweetly through the summer sky-and moon and sun in answer said, "Our days of light are numberèd." O God, O good beyond compare, if thus thy meaner works are fair, if thus thy beauties gild the span of ruined earth and sinful man, how glorious must the mansion be where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!

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