THE FOUNTAINHEAD OF BEAUTY



2. I sought the shadows of the wood,
I woke the glen's low solitude;
I mused above the mountain-flood, –
days of the rock and grove!
The tide's great ebb and flow, to me
was speech, and psalm, and minstrelsy;
O musical and mighty sea!
Young life went by in love.

3. And shall I cease to love you now, ye hills above, ye rocks below, because I see your beauty flow from God the only wise?Shall I not love you, praise you more? And fill me with your beauty's store, the glory of earth's wondrous shore, and splendour of its skies?

4. When faith has now restored to me all childhood's dear simplicity, and, in heaven's own sweet liberty, made me once more a child; when, standing by the cross, I read all nature in the light thence shed, no darkness and no guilty dread, – bright with the undefiled!

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