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**H Y M N S,**

**S O N G S, A N D F A B L E S,**

**F O R**

**Y O U N G P E O P L E.**

**BY**

**E L I Z A L E E F O L L E N.**

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**B O S T O N :**

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And thus the heart renews its strength,  
Though spent and tempest-driven,  
And higher soars, and brings at length  
A pledge of peace with Heaven.



“THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE.”

WHAT was in the viewless wind,  
Wild rushing through the oak,  
Seemed to my listening, dreaming mind  
As though a spirit spoke ?

What is it to the murmuring stream  
Doth give so sweet a song,  
That on its tide my thoughts do seem  
To pour themselves along ?

What is it on the dizzy height,  
What in each glowing star,  
That speaks of things beyond the sight,  
And questions what they are ?

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What in the rolling thunder's voice,  
What in the ocean's roar,  
Hears the grand chorus, "O, rejoice!"  
Echo from shore to shore?

What in the gentle moon doth see  
Pure thoughts and tender love,  
And hears delicious melody  
Around, below, above?

What bids the savage tempest speak  
Of terror and dismay,  
And wakes the agonizing shriek  
Of guilt that fears to pray?

It is this ever-living mind ;  
This little throb of life  
Hears its own echoes in the wind,  
And in the tempest's strife ;

To all that 's sweet, and bright, and fair,  
Its own affections gives ;  
Sees its own image everywhere,  
Through all creation lives.

It bids the everlasting hills  
Give back the solemn tone ;  
This boundless arch of azure fills  
With accents all its own.

What is this life-inspiring mind,  
This omnipresent thought ?  
How shall it ever utterance find  
For all itself hath taught ?

To Him who breathed the heavenly flame,  
Its mysteries are known ;  
It seeks the source from whence it came,  
And rests in God alone.



**WE NEVER PART FROM THEE.**

God, who dwellest everywhere  
God, who makest all thy care,  
God, who hearest every prayer,  
Thou who see 'st the heart ;