

The Beautiful

The Beautiful, the Beautiful,
Where do we find it not?
It is an all pervading grace
And lighteth every spot.

On mountain top, in valley deep
We find its presence there,
The Beautiful, the Beautiful,
It liveth every where.

There's beauty in the dancing beam
That brightens Childhood's eye
And in the parting glance of him
Whose hope is fixed on High:

And in the Being whom our love
Hath chosen for its own
How Beautiful, how Beautiful!
Is every look and tone.

It was in the glance that God
Threw o'er the new-created Earth,
When he pronounced it "very good,"
The Beautiful had birth.

Then who shall say this world is sad
And all to darkness given
While yet there beams on every side
The smile that came from Heaven
Anonymous