

An eloquent passage

Stand, O Man! upon the hill-top  
 - in the stillness of the evening hour -  
 and gaze, not with jingons, but with  
 contented eyes, upon the beautiful world  
 around thee! See, where the mists, soft and  
 slim, rise over the green meadows, through  
 which the rivulet steals its way! See  
 where, broadest, and stillest, the wave ~~expans~~  
 expands to the full smile of the setting  
 sun and the willow that ~~is~~ trembles  
 on the breeze - and the oak that stands  
 firm in the storm, are reflected back,  
 peaceful both, from the clear glass of the  
 tides! See, where, begirt by the gold of  
 the harvests, and backed by the pomp  
 of a thousand quires - the crops of the  
 town, bask, wisely, in the calm

(over)