

Behold Thee

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I see Thee in the faint glimmer of the sky,
That heralds the advent of dawn.

I see Thee in the resplendent red of the
western sky

That heralds a dusky day

I see Thee in the faint grey of the twilight
sitting on the wings of night

Till everything is hushed and still.

I see Thee in the faint twinkling of the
evening star.

That beckons from the heaven above.

I see Thee in the thin crescent of the moon

That hangs limp and mysteriously still

Like a monarch among the starry multitude!

I see Thee in the placid waters of the brook
reflecting

the *azure* blue of a summer sky.

I see Thee in the jagged snow-capped peaks
sole sentinels of the blue void.

I see Thee in the awesome blue of the
oceans

that kiss and lap the sun-kissed beeches

Fringed with lush and lissome palms.

Nature - vast and boundless

unfolds itself day after day

The grand spectacle moves on Sheen Bliss!

Do we ever see the Sculptor, who chiselled
it?