

# The Water-fall

By Henry Vaughan

With what deep murmurs through time's silent stealth  
Doth thy transparent, cool, and wat'ry wealth  
Here flowing fall,  
And chide, and call,  
As if his liquid, loose retinue stay'd  
Ling'ring, and were of this steep place afraid;  
The common pass  
Where, clear as glass,  
All must descend  
Not to an end,  
But quicken'd by this deep and rocky grave,  
Rise to a longer course more bright and brave.

Dear stream! dear bank, where often I  
Have sate and pleas'd my pensive eye,  
Why, since each drop of thy quick store  
Runs thither whence it flow'd before,  
Should poor souls fear a shade or night,  
Who came, sure, from a sea of light?  
Or since those drops are all sent back  
So sure to thee, that none doth lack,  
Why should frail flesh doubt any more  
That what God takes, he'll not restore?

O useful element and clear!  
My sacred wash and cleanser here,  
My first consigner unto those  
Fountains of life where the Lamb goes!  
What sublime truths and wholesome themes  
Lodge in thy mystical deep streams!  
Such as dull man can never find  
Unless that Spirit lead his mind  
Which first upon thy face did move,  
And hatch'd all with his quick'ning love.  
As this loud brook's incessant fall  
In streaming rings restagnates all,  
Which reach by course the bank, and then  
Are no more seen, just so pass men.  
O my invisible estate,  
My glorious liberty, still late!  
Thou art the channel my soul seeks,  
Not this with cataracts and creeks.