

The Spirit Moved upon the Waves

Fergus Ferguson, 1845.

Carl Balle, 1850.

The Spirit moved upon the waves
That darkly rolled, a shoreless sea;
He spake the word, and light broke forth,
A glorious, bright immensity.

At His command, the mountains heaved
Their rocky pinnacles on high,
Island and continent displayed
Their desert grandeur to the sky.

The voice of God was heard again,
And lovely flowers and graceful trees
Appeared on every vale and plain,
And perfumes floated on the breeze.

The word went forth, and vast and high
The heavenly orbs gave out their light,
O'er all the earth and sea and sky,
The rulers of the day and night.

"Glory to God!" the angels sang,
With harps of gold, and tongues of flame:
And all the heavenly arches rang
Re-echoing with the awful theme.