

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me --
The simple News that Nature told --
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see --
For love of Her -- Sweet -- countrymen --
Judge tenderly -- of Me

"Nature" is what We see —
The Hill — the Afternoon —
Squirrel — Eclipse — the Bumble bee —
Nay — Nature is Heaven —

"Nature" is what We hear —
The Bobolink — the Sea —
Thunder — the Cricket —
Nay — Nature is Harmony —

"Nature" is what We know —
But have no Art to say —
So impotent our Wisdom is
To Her Sincerity -