Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it
Pours thy full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
like a cloud of fire; The blue deep thou wing-est, And

singing, still doth soar and soaring ev-er sing-est.

In the gold-en light-ning

of the sunk-en sun, o'er which clouds are bright-ning, Thoudost float and run: Like an
unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

Higher still and higher, From the earth thou springest.

Like a cloud of fire The blue deep thou wingest and

singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singest.