

The Ramble, continued

- 6 The water-works we went to view,
Saw water purified;
We gave men praise for it was done,
And praised God who supplied.
- 7 A sadness still comes into mind,
Our visit was with cost.
The workers showing us were kind,
But one a finger lost.
- 8 Later we climbed a grassy slope
A climb it proved to be,
We had a hand-rail made of rope,
And there we had our tea.
- 9 We next were led through private ground,
For privileged were we,
Ferns in abundance there we found,
And lots of humbery.
- 10 This path was varied in design,
Which we with interest trod,
Who else dare say, "These works are mine,"
But Yahweh Israel's God,?
- 11 All nature joined with us in praise,
Yes nature does declare,
Job says, "God's works teach us His ways,"
They show to us His care.

P. T. Owen