

I'm happiest when most away  
I can bear soul from its home of clay  
On a windy night when the moon is bright  
And the eye can wander through worlds of light.

The world was made of nothing then  
This made by nothing now again  
Mighty nothing unto thee,  
Nothing we owe all things that be.

When I am not and none beside -  
Nor earth nor sea nor cloudless sky  
But only spirit wandering wide  
Through infinite immensity.

The world was made of nothing then  
This made by nothing now again  
Mighty nothing unto thee,  
Nothing we owe all things that be.