

O the full and glad content  
That my little song is blent  
With the all-melodious mingling of the choristers around !  
I no longer sing alone  
Through a chill surrounding moan,  
For the very air is trembling with its wealth of summer  
sound.

Though the hope seemed long deferred,  
Ere the south wind's whisper heard  
Gave a promise of the passing of the weary winter days,  
Yet the blessing was secure,  
For the summer time was sure  
When the lonely songs are gathered in the mighty  
choir of praise.