

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.