



A SUMMER HYMN.

It is summer in the meadows,
And the earth is bright with shadows
Of the white clouds floating lightly o'er the sky;
The bells are gaily ringing,
And the joyous lark is singing,
Ever sweeter, as unseen he soars on high.

Praise! praise! in sweetest measures,
For all the countless treasures
Of summer beauty which we look upon;
For friend, and sun, and flower,
That bless the present hour,
And for the memory of summers gone.

For the hope that points before us,
When winter darkens o'er us,
And the leaves by tempests scattered round us lie,
To the summer coming after,
With flower, and song, and laughter,
And the warm sunshine, and the cloudless sky;

For the promise to us given,
Of the summer rest in heaven,
When the pleasure and the toil of earth are o'er;
Where songs are ever flowing,
Where joy is ever growing,
And the winter's blight can reach us never more.