

O SING ! O SING !

O SING a song of spring !
O sing ! O sing ! O sing !
Of white rose and of red,
In beauty's pathway spread ;
O sing the grace of daffodil,
The soothing sound of murmuring rill,—
Let these your soul with praises fill.

Rejoice and sing, yea, gladly sing
Whilst beauty dwells in ev'rything ;
The fields, the hills, the leafy trees—
Could one be sad 'mid things like these ?
Gone be all grief and discontent,
No more o'er past make vain lament,
No more be time in mourning spent ;
But sing, O sing of blessings rife,
And sing the coming close of strife ;
O sing of God and Endless Life.

