SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY



2. The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade; the winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade, the sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way, the moon and stars, their Master's name in silent pomp display.

3. Shall man, the lord of Nature, expectant of the sky, shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be, thee, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour, honour Thee.

4. The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer fade, the Autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade: the winds be lulled – the sun and moon forget their old decree, but we in Nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to Thee.

Words: Reginald Heber. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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