## THE WONDERS OF THE SPRING



Nature everywhere rejoices,
 wakened by her Maker's breath,
 and a thousand merry voices
 rouse her from her transient death.
 Life-blood through her veins is flowing,
 o'er her face a rosy light;
 trees are budding, flowers are blowing,
 in the valley, on the height.

3. Tender flowers, which long retiring in their narrow cells had lain, peep their wistful heads, enquiring, if the spring is come again.Choirs of birds, and insects humming, answer with a merry shout:Yes, the spring indeed is coming; come, ye little flowers, come out!

4. Nature puts away her mourning, life is risen from the dead;
earth puts on her best adorning, and the blue sky smiles o'erhead.
Come, my soul, with admiration, nature's new-born wonders see;
God is breathing on creation, and a new spring comes to thee.

Words: Carl Johann Philipp Spitta. Translation: Richard Massie. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2017 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/1503/