

- 2. Listen, my soul, to the chorus on earth and in air; all things created the praise of their Maker declare!

 Shalt thou alone silent, refuse to make known all the rich grace thou dost share?
- 3. Hath not the heavenly spring-time of hope come to thee, from the long winter of error and sorrow set free?
 While its soft light stealing across the dark night ev'n of the grave, thou canst see!
- 4. O thou Almighty, All-merciful Saviour and Lord!
 Would that each feeling, each thought of my soul, could record all the deep love,
 which, from thy fulness above,
 into this heart thou hast poured!
- 5. Now let me praise thee! Thou knowest how blindly and long all thy kind dealings I read and interpreted wrong, murmured and wept, wilfully wandered and slept in my rebellion so strong.
- 6. But as the cold frosts of winter dissolve and give way, when on their surface the sunshine and soft breezes play so from the heart coldness and darkness depart under thy love's cheering ray.
- 7. Give me a harp! from the valley of tears let me join those who are singing above in the Presence Divine; anthems of heaven praise from a sinner forgiven sweetly the echoes combine!

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