## SONG OF PRAISE



2. The clouds above drop fatness, the valleys laugh and sing, the little hills rejoicing leap at the voice of Spring; the air is full of sweetness, the heart of joy divine,O, would that greater meetness were in this heart of mine!

3. Why is it dull and barren, why is it hard and cold, why do not all its blossoms beneath thy love unfold?O, leave me not forsaken, my Saviour leave not me, breathe on my soul, and waken its life of love to thee!

4. Come down into thy garden to beds of spices rare, come see the valley's fruitage, and gather lilies there; come and abide for ever, its beauty to restore, make it thine own, and never, O never leave it more!

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