

- 2. Swift-winged thought exults to range, fancy, as with magic change, makes e'en ugliness look fair, finds fresh beauty everywhere; life itself is one pure pleasure, tasted without mete or measure; of whate'er could make her blessed, my glad soul seems now possessed.
- 3. Upward, upward, strong and free, borne on wings I seem to bee; unconfined by earthly bars, soars my spirit to the stars; e'en beyond the starry regions, filled with orbs in countless legions, mounts she with untiring wings, mounts and evermore she sings.
- 4. Whence this ecstasy divine?Why so rapt this soul of mine?O my God, with warm desire thou didst set my heart on fire; then thy love and goodness showing, and thy light around me throwing thou didst give thyself to me, thou hast made me glad in thee.
- 5. Thou art of all joy the crown; thou with joy canst sorrow drown; let me drink for evermore at the well-spring running o'er; in thy smile is sadness never, in thy smile is gladness ever; to thy child, O Father, give ever in thy love to live!

Words: Ray Palmer. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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