



- Song of marvellous rejoicing as in Heaven the blessed sing, for the love of Christ has filled me with his sweetest plenishing.
- 3. Joy no thought of man conceiveth, howsoever deep his lore; none can tell but he who hath it, hath it now and evermore.
- 4. Ill they spake, "Can God provide us, cheer amidst the wilderness?"
 He a feast of joy has furnished, feast of sweetness, love, and bliss.
- 5. In the desert Bread he giveth, so that nought we crave beside, raineth the delight of Heaven, we are more than satisfied.
- 6. Thus my sorrow turns to music and my cry to sweetest song; weeping to eternal gladness, Night is short the Day is long.

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