

The Days Are Gliding Swiftly By
Mrs. E. H. Leland, ca. 1875.
Westwood Tosh.

The days are gliding swiftly by,
The days so bright and golden,
In leaf and flower the summer writes
Her poem sweet and olden.

Refrain

The golden days, the long bright days,
The gladdest of the year!
The green grass springs, the wild bird sings,
The summer time is here.

The earth is warm with life and joy,
The air is full of splendor
And unto all the south wind brings
Her message sweet and tender.

Refrain

O Giver of these summer hours,
All nature gives Thee praises,
From mountain peak to where the flower
Its lowly bloom upraises.

Refrain

And at Thy feet, we, too, would sing,
With all Thy creatures living,
A song of mirth, a song of joy,
A song of glad thanksgiving.

Refrain