

With Happy Voices Ringing

William Tarrant, 1888.

Berthold Tours, 1872.

With happy voices ringing, Thy children, Lord, appear;
Their joyous praises bringing in anthems sweet and clear.
For skies of golden splendor, for azure rolling sea,
For blossoms sweet and tender, O Lord, we worship Thee.

What though no eye beholds Thee, no hand Thy hand may feel,
Thy universe unfolds Thee, Thy starry heav'ns reveal;
The earth and all its glory, our homes and all we love,
Tell forth the wondrous story of One Who reigns above.

And shall we not adore Thee, with more than joyous song,
And live in truth before Thee, all beautiful and strong?
Lord, bless our souls' endeavor Thy servants true to be,
And through all life, forever, to live our praise to Thee.