

# Hymn Lyrics

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## Is this a holy thing to see?

Is this a holy thing to see  
In a rich and fruitful land,  
Babes reduced to misery,  
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

Is that trembling cry a song?  
Can it be a song of joy?  
And so many children poor?  
It is a land of poverty!

And their sun does never shine,  
And their fields are bleak and bare,  
And their ways are filled with thorns:  
It is eternal winter there.

For where'er the sun does shine,  
And where'er the rain does fall,  
Babes should never hunger there,  
Nor poverty the mind appall.

77 78