

Timothy Dwight
(1752-1817)

How pleasing is the voice

Joseph Barnby
(1838-96)

1. How pleasing is the voice
Of God, our heavenly king,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely Spring!
The mild wind blows; bright suns arise,
And beauty glowsthrough earth and skies.

2. The morn, with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles:
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills:
The evening breeze his breath perfumes,
In flowers and trees his beauty blooms.

3. With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms,
He spreads the autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms:
Through all appear his gifts divine,
And round the year his glories shine.