The Spring-Tide Hour

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Music: Gaetano Donisetti

1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flow'r, With songs of life and love;
   And many a lay wears out the day In many a leafy grove.
2. Dews fall apace, the dews of grace, Up on this soul of sin;
   And love divine delights to shine Up on the waste within.
3. Yet, year by year, fruit, flow'r's appear, And birds their praises sing;
   But this poor heart bears not its part, Its winter has no spring.
4. Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above, Soft as the south wind blow,
   Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume, And bid its spices flow.
5. And when Thy voice makes earth rejoice, And the hills laugh and sing,
   Lord, teach this heart to bear its part, And join the praise of spring.

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