The Spring-Tide Hour

RAPHAEL 8s & 6s.

1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flow'r, With songs of life and love;
2. Dews fall apace, the dews of grace, Up on this soul of sin;
3. Yet, year by year, fruit, flow'r's appear, And birds their praises sing;
4. Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above, Soft as the south wind blow,
5. And when Thy voice makes earth rejoice, And the hills laugh and sing,

And many a lay wears out the day In many a leafy grove.
And love divine delights to shine Up on the waste within.
But this poor heart bears not its part, Its winter has no spring.
Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume, And bid its spices flow.
Lord, teach this heart to bear its part, And join the praise of spring.