Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing, Ye cheerful warblers of the spring.

Praiseworthy hymns raise,
To him who shaped your

Harmonious anthems raise,  To him who shaped your finer mould, Who tipped your glittering
fin'er mould, Who tipped your glit't'ring wings with gold,
To him who shaped your fin'er mould, Who
wings with gold,
To him who shaped your fin'er mould, Who
tipped your glit't'ring wings with gold,
To him who shaped your fin'er mould, Who
wings with gold,
To him who shaped your fin'er mould, Who
tipped your glit't'ring wings with gold, And tuned your voice to praise.

1. 2.

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