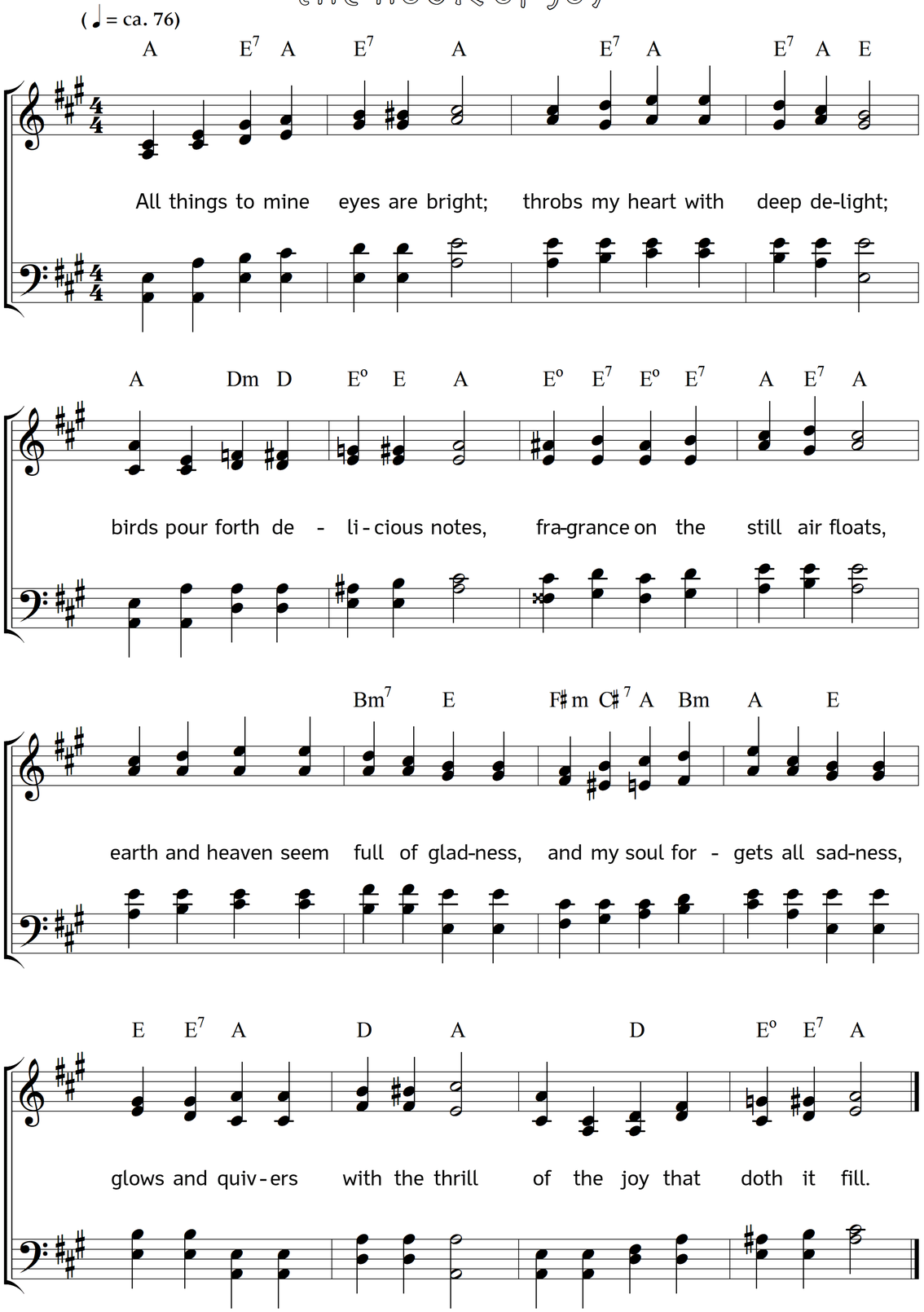
THE HOUR OF JOY



2. Swift-winged thought exults to range,
fancy, as with magic change,
makes e'en ugliness look fair,
finds fresh beauty everywhere;
life itself is one pure pleasure,
tasted without mete or measure;
of whate'er could make her blessed,
my glad soul seems now possessed.

3. Upward, upward, strong and free,
borne on wings I seem to bee;
unconfined by earthly bars,
soars my spirit to the stars;
e'en beyond the starry regions,
filled with orbs in countless legions,
mounts she with untiring wings,
mounts and evermore she sings.

4. Whence this ecstasy divine?
Why so rapt this soul of mine?
O my God, with warm desire
thou didst set my heart on fire;
then thy love and goodness showing,
and thy light around me throwing
thou didst give thyself to me,
thou hast made me glad in thee.

5. Thou art of all joy the crown;
thou with joy canst sorrow drown;
let me drink for evermore
at the well-spring running o'er;
in thy smile is sadness never,
in thy smile is gladness ever;
to thy child, O Father, give
ever in thy love to live!

Words: Ray Palmer. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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