

William Cowper, 1779
(Hymn 83) 77. 77.

Iceland

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Oliver Holden, 1806

1. Winter has a joy for me, While the Savior's charms I read; Lowly, meek, from blemish free, In the snow-drop's pensive head, In the snow-drop's pensive head.
2. Spring returns, and brings along Life-invigorating suns: Hark! the turtle's plaintive song, Seems to speak his dying groans, Seems to speak his dying groans!

3. Summer has a thousand charms, All expressive of his worth; 'Tis His sun that lights and warms, His the air that cools the earth, His the air that cools the earth.
4. What, has autumn left to say Nothing, of a Savior's grace? Yes, the beams of milder day Tell me of His smiling face, Tell me of His smiling face.

5. Light appears with early dawn While the sun makes haste to rise, See his bleeding beauties, drawn On the blushes of the skies, On the blushes of the skies.
6. Evening, with a silent pace, Slowly moving in the west, Shows an emblem of his grace, Points to an eternal rest, Points to an eternal rest.