NOW THE SUMMER DAYS ARE COME

C. R. HODGE.

1. Now the summer days are come, And the flowers are in bloom, Yet I'm

often thinking of the weary past. Of the days that now are gone, When my

Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. 1866, by J. L. Peters, in the Clerk's Office of Dist. Court Dist. of New Jersey.
heart was sad and lone, And the winter's dreary shades were o'er my mast. When my

heart was sad and weary, And my life was lone and dreary, And my

eyes were full of weeping in my grief; Would I ever see life's summer, That

roll.

happy, happy com'er, Whose sunshine brings the weary heart relief?

roll.

Now the summer days are come.
2. Now my heart with joy am singing, And my soul with joy is filling; And my heart and eyes with thankfulness over-spilling, And my voice with gladness winging. And my summer days are come.
Now the summer days are come.