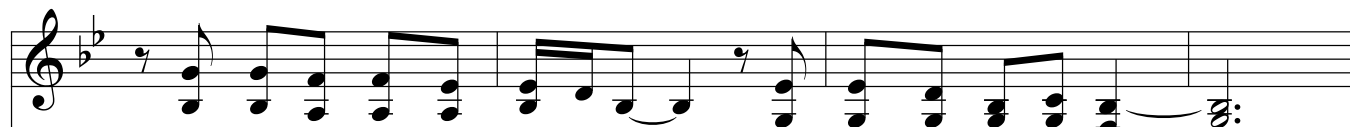


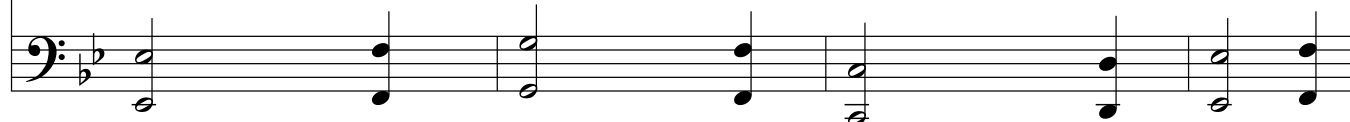
# The Summer Days are Come Again



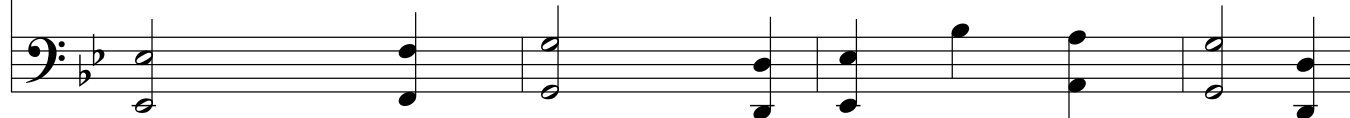
1. The sum-mer days are come a-gain; —                      Once more the glad earth yields.  
2. The sum-mer days are come a-gain; —                      The birds are on the wing.



Her gold-en wealth of ripen-ing grain,                      And breath of clo-ver fields, —  
God's prais-es, in their lov-ing strain,                      Un-con-scious-ly they sing. —



And deepen-ing shade of sum-mer woods,                      And glow of sum-mer air,  
We know who giv-eth all the good                      That doth our cup o'er-brim;



And wing-ing thoughts, and hap-py moods                      Of love and joy and prayer. —  
For sum-mer joy in field and wood                      We lift our song to Him. —



Text: Samuel Longfellow

Tune: Mitchell Fund  
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