1. Sometimes a light surprises the Christian while he sings:

2. In holy contemplation we sweetly then pursue

3. It can bring with it nothing but he will bear us through;

4. Though vine nor fig-tree neither their wonted fruit should bear,

it is the Lord who rises with healing in his wings;

the theme of God's salvation, and find it ever new:

who gives the lilies clothing will clothe his people too:

though all the fields should wither, nor flocks nor herds be there;

when comforts are declining, he grants the soul again

set free from present sorrow, we cheerfully can say,

be beneath the spreading heavens no creature but is fed;

yet, God the same bidding, his praise shall tune my voice;

a season of clear shining to cheer it after rain.

"E'en let the unknown morrow bring with it what it may,

and he who feeds the ravens will give his children bread."

for, while in him confiding, I cannot but rejoice.

Melody adapted from Michael Haydn (1737-1806)