

38R The Harp at Nature's Advent Strung

1. The harp at Na - ture's ad - vent strung has never ceas - ed to
2. Its waves are kneel - ing on the strand, as kneels the hu - man
3. The blue sky is the tem - ple's arch, its tran - sept earth and

play, the song the stars of morn - ing sung has
knee, their white locks bow - ing to the sand, the
air, the mu - sic of its star - ry march the

ne - ver died a - way. And prayer is made, and
priest - hood of the sea! The green earth sends its
cho - rus of a prayer. So Na - ture keeps the

praise is given, by all things near and far, the
in - cense up from many a moun - tain shrine; from
re - verent frame with which the years be - gan, and

o - cean look - eth up to heaven, and mirr - ors eve - ry star.
fold - ed leaf and de - wy cup and pours a sacr - ed wine.
all the signs and voi - ces shame the prayer - less heart a - gain.

Words: John Greenleaf Whittier (1867), alt.
Music: LLANGLOFLAN (8.6.8.6.), Welsh hymn melody

