1. Faith grasps the blessing she desires, Hope
2. But sweeter far the still small voice Un-
3. No accents flow, no words ascend; All

points the upward gaze; And Love, celestial
heard by human ear, When God has made the
utterance faileth there; But God Himself doth

Love, inspires The eloquence of praise.
heart rejoice, And dried the bitter tear.
comprehend And answer silent prayer.