

1. No longer forward nor behind, I look in hope or fear, But, grateful, take the good I find, the best of now and here. I

2. The west winds blow, and singing low, I hear the glad streams run; The windows of my soul I throw Wide open to the sun. The

3. That more and more a Providence of love is under - stood, Ma - king the springs of time and sense sweet with eternal Good. That

4. That all the jarring notes of life seem blended in a psalm, And all the angles of its strife, Slow rounding into calm. And

mourn no more my vanished years; Be- neath a tender rain, An April rain of smiles and tears, My heart is young a - gain.

woods shall wear their robes of praise, The south-wind softly sigh, And sweet, calm days in golden haze Melt down the amber sky.

death seems but a covered way, Which opens into light, Where - in no blinded child can stray Be - yond the Father's sight.

so the shadows fall apart, And so the west-winds play; And all the windows of my heart, I open into day.