

Veda Hille, Cowper's Folly

Ye fearful people, courage take
The clouds, ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head

Your purposes shall ripen fast
Unfolding every hour
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet shall be the flower

And though dark weather we must accept
There is another element
Please God, please God
Your agents send
For every lively flowering
Is aided by this friend

Judge not the world by feeble sense
But trust it for its grace
Behind a frowning Providence
There hides a smiling face

The rain may drench the driest soul
And fog deter my sins
Yes I do to believe to bow
To the beauty of your whims

And though dark weather I do embrace
And variety is the spice of days
I confess a hope, a love for one
The angel of the disc of the sun

Please warm my skin
Please send him
That might leave our and smile unbidden
Please rip our winter open
Brightness, you are longed for, you are the one
The angel of the disc of the sun
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