

41

7s. 6 lines.

- 1 O GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade ;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food ;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.
- 2 O give thanks to Nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing ;
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame ;
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind !
- 3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship ;
And all creatures are His care ;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed ; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man ?
- 4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came for rebel man to die ;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

J. CONDER.

42

10.10.11.11.

- 1 O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above !
O gratefully sing His wisdom and love !
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour and girded with praise.
- 2 O tell of His might ! O sing of His grace !
Whose robe is the light ; whose canopy, space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.