

# HYMN,

*For the commencement of the Year 1827.*

(Spoken by Master G. Sherwood, at the Royal Grammar School, on the 19th of January.)

1

To view the Seasons as they roll,  
Each with successive beauties crown'd,  
Must cause with joy the thankful soul  
Thy praise, Jehovah, to resound.

2

When memory traces back the past,  
With gratitude my heart expands;  
O may we still thy blessings taste,  
And ope thou still thy bounteous hands!

3

Our armies by thy guidance led  
Victorious to the bloody field,  
Drove back their foes with sudden dread,  
And made e'en boasted heroes yield.

4

Peace beams with joyful rays around,  
Conducting Plenty in her hand;  
Our Ports with num'rous Barks abound,  
With wealth of every distant Land.

5

The trumpets sound, the clash of arms,  
No more awake the dawning day;  
The cannon's roar no more alarms,  
Nor glitt'ring hosts their flags display.

6

Thy piercing eye alone, O Lord,  
Can this New Year's events behold;  
If gentle peace shall still afford  
Its blessings, and its stores unfold.

7

Still let us in thy mercies share,  
Still prove our constant fort and tow'r;  
Protect us with thy watchful care,  
And guard us in the needful hour.

8

In God let each of us delight,  
In Him let all our hopes repose;  
'Tis God defends us in the fight,  
'Tis God who shields us from our foes.

9

And not from man alone, O Lord,  
We suppliant ask thy guardian care;  
O'fortify us by thy word,  
From our own hearts deceitful snare!

10

Shall I another Spring behold,  
The Summer, or the Autumn see?  
Or, ere the Sun his course has told,  
Be snatch'd into eternity?

11

The present, Lord, alone is mine,  
Then let me each new hour improve;  
Oh! teach me now to spend my time  
In pray'r, and praise, and heavenly love.

## TO THE LADIES.

(Spoken by MASTER JOHN BOULTON, immediately after he had repeated the original Greek Ode.)

To all that breathe the air of Heaven,  
Some boon of strength has Nature given.  
When the majestic bull was born,  
She fenc'd his brow with wreathed horn.  
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,  
And wing'd with speed the panting hare.  
She gave the lion fangs of terror,  
And on the ocean's crystal mirror,  
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng  
To trace their liquid path along;  
While for the umbrage of the grove,  
She plum'd the warbling world of love.  
To man she gave the flame refin'd,  
The spark of Heaven—a thinking mind!  
For thee, oh woman! modest, kind,  
Was there no bounteous gift design'd?  
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,  
That every shaft of war outflies!  
She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,  
That bids the flames of war retire!  
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;  
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!