

Give us each day our daily bread,  
and raiment fit provide.

- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around  
till all our wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's lov'd abode  
our soul's arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
our humble pray'rs implore ;  
And thou shalt be our chosen God,  
and portion evermore.

### III. JOB i. 21.

1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
and enter'd life at first ;  
Naked we to the earth return,  
and mix with kindred dust.

2 Whate'er we fondly call our own  
belongs to heav'n's great Lord ;  
The blessings lent us for a day,  
are soon to be restor'd.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
or sinks them in the grave :  
He gives ; and when he takes away,  
he takes but what he gave.

4 Then, ever blessed be his name !  
his goodness swell'd our store ;  
His justice but resumes its own ;  
'tis ours still to adore.

### IV. JOB iii. 17—20.

1 **H**OW still and peaceful is the grave ;  
where life's vain tumults pass,  
The appointed house by Heav'n's decree  
receives us all at last.