

SECTION XXVI.

Praise due to God for his wonderful works.

1. MY GOD ! all nature owns thy sway ;
 Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day !
 When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre breaks,
 And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
 And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong !
2. Or when, in paler tints array'd,
 The evening slowly spreads her shade ;
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,
 Still every fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire !
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the soften'd heart to thee.
3. In every scene thy hands have dress'd
 In every form by thee impress'd,
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread ;
 In every note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
 The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
 A voice is heard of praise and love.
4. As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
 And sooth, with change of bliss, the soul,
 O never may their smiling train
 Pass o'er the human scene in vain !
 But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
 Attune the wond'ring soul to praise ;
 And be the joys that we most prize,
 The joys that from thy favor rise !

WILLIAMS.

SECTION XXVII.

The happy end.

1. WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,
 Who liv'd averse to sin !
 Such peace on virtue's path attends,
 That, where the sinner's pleasure ends
 The good man's joys begin.
2. See smiling patience smooth his brow ,
 See the kind angels waiting now,