

13. His goodness all his creatures share,
But man is his peculiar care.—
Then, while they all proclaim his praise,
Let man his voice the loudest raise.

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 flow'r,
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 Ev'ning slowly spreads her shade ;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,
Still ev'ry 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 ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
In ev'ry form by thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread ;
In ev'ry 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 most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour 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!

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