

...ary a lag, from day to day,
Show his Creator's pow'r display;
And witnesses to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst the radiant orbs be found?

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glor'ous voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

H Y M N III.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
o'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
How shall I appear!

If yet while pardon may be found,
and mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
and trembles at the thought,

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand discover'd
In thy severe judgment on my soul,
How shall I appear!

4. But