

2. When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest ;
But round the world he shines.
3. So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day :
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.
4. Give me, O Lord, thy early grace ;
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

SECTION XII.

An evening hymn.

1. AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.
2. But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
3. I lay my body down to sleep ;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.
4. With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since God will not remove :
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in his love.

SECTION XIII.

The winter's day.

1. WHEN raging storms deform the air,
And clouds of snow descend ;
And the wide landscape, bright and fair,
No deepen'd colours blend ;
2. When biting frost rides on the wind,
Bleak from the north and east,
And wealth is at its ease reclin'd,
Prepar'd to laugh and feast ;
3. When the poor trav'ller treads the plain,
All dubious of his way,
And crawls with night increasing pain,