

(63)
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
more to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
with health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Thy bount'ous hand with worldly bliss
hath made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend
hath doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
my daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart
that tastes these gifts with joy.

11 Through ev'ry period of my life
thy goodness I'll proclaim ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
resume the glorious theme.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee
a joyful song I'll raise ;
For, oh ! eternity's too short
to utter all thy praise.

H Y M N II.

1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangl'd heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.