

- 6 Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord!  
Thy mercy set me free;  
While in the confidence of pray'r,  
My soul took hold on thee.
- 7 For though in dreadful whirls we hung  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 8 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
At thy command was still.
- 9 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 10 My life, if thou preserve my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

ADDISON.

# SECTION XXII.

*Hymn on a review of the seasons.*

- 1 THESE, as they change, Almighty Father! these,  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring  
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.  
Wide flush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,  
And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry heart is joy.
- 2 Then comes Thy glory in the summer months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;  
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales.
- 3 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms  
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore;  
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.
- 4 Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep felt in these appear! a simple train.