

3 God bless our native land,  
 May Heaven's protecting hand  
 Still guard our shore!  
 May peace our power extend,  
 Foe be transform'd to friend,  
 And Britain's rights depend  
 On war no more!

4 May just and righteous laws  
 Uphold the public cause,  
 And bless our Isle!  
 Home of the brave and free,  
 The land of liberty,—  
 We pray that still on the  
 Kind Heav'n may smile!

5 And not this land alone,  
 But be thy mercies known  
 From shore to shore!  
 Lord, make the nations see  
 That men should brothers be,  
 And form one family  
 The wide world o'er.

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### SATURDAY.

1 Lord, let the mercies of the week,  
 Excite a grateful frame;  
 Nor let our tongues refuse to speak  
 The praises of thy name.

2 Forgive our follies, gracious Lord,  
 And quicken all our powers;  
 Prepare us to attend thy Word,  
 And hail sweet Sabbath's hours.