

*Chorus.*

Be propitious, &c.

*Lucas.*

O let the gales of grey-ey'd morning,

*Simon.*

Upon refreshing dew-drops breathing,

*Jane.*

The genial sun and ev'ning show'r,  
With pow'r of produce bless the land.

*Trio.*

The hopes of man shall then be  
crown'd,  
And songs of joy Thy praise shall tell.

*Chorus.*

Be propitious, &c.

*Men.*

O let the gales of grey-ey'd morning,  
The genial sun and ev'ning show'r.

*Women.*

The ev'ning show'r and genial sun,  
With pow'r of produce bless the land.

*Chorus.*

The hopes of man, &c.

No. 8.—RECIT. (ACCOMPANIED)—

*Jane.*

Our fervent pray'rs are heard ;  
Th' effusive southern breeze  
Warms the wide air with vernal  
show'rs distent.

In heaps on heaps the vapours sail ;  
And now their genial stores descend,  
Wide spreading o'er the freshen'd  
world.

No. 9.—DUET AND CHORUS.

*Jane.*

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,  
Calls us to the fields ;  
Come, sweet maidens, let us wander  
O'er the fragrant scene.

*Lucas.*

Spring, her lovely charms unfolding,  
Calls us to the fields ;  
Come, companions, let us wander  
Midst the sweets of May.

*Both.*

Spring, her lovely charms, &c.

*Jane.*

Let us gaily tread the dew-drops,  
Cull the blooming flow'rs.

*Lucas.*

See the valleys, see the meadows,  
Where the lilies sip the streamlet.

*Girls and Youths.*

Spring, her lovely charms, &c.

*Jane.*

Mark the mountains ! see the waters !  
View the lucid sky !

*Lucas.*

All is lovely, all delightful,  
All replete with joy.

*Jane.*

See the playful lambskins caper

*Lucas.*

Fish disportful skim the water.

*Jane.*

Bees from flow'r to flow'ret ramble.

*Lucas.*

Tuneful birds thro' blossoms flutter.

*Chorus.*

All is lovely, all delightful,  
All replete with joy.

*Girls.*

What enjoyment, O what pleasure,  
Swells our grateful hearts !

*Youths.*

Soft sensations, rapture's impulse,  
Changeful rule the breast !

*Simon.*

Till the feelings, all extatic,  
Own the present God.

*Girls and Youths.*

With loud praises grateful flowing,  
Magnify His Name

*Men.*

Let the voice of pure thanksgiving  
Rise above the clouds.

*Chorus.*

Let the voice, &c.

No. 10 —CHORUS, WITH TRIO.

God of light ! God of life ! Hail,  
mercy's Lord !

*Trio*

From whose abundant stores  
The earth with plenty flows  
And whose Almighty love  
Makes glad the heart of man

*Chorus.*

God of light ! God of life ! Hail,  
mercy's Lord !

Endless praise to Thee we'll sing.  
Almighty Lord of all.