

SONGS.

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Tell those beautiful walks where at evening we
ramble,

Declare how to industrious hands

The forest will yield, and become fruitful soil :

And those cattle, so numerous and sleek,—

Claim the reward of our care and our toil,

And the kindness of Providence speak.

As time glides away, let us laugh with the gay :
 console the afflicted and poor ;

Let our plenty withhold, when fatigued and cold.

Let no stranger approaches our door :

But thus when our days shall be numbered, and we

Be called hence to the regions above,

Our minds from remorse for the past shall be free,

And in calmness rejoin those we love.