

PARAPHRASE.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine ; thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth ; thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalm lxxiv, 16, 17.*

I.

My God ! all nature owns thy sway, *when*
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day ! *when*
When lovely thy creation wakes, *when* *when*
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks, *when*
And bathes in dew the op'ning flower, *when* *when*
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ; *when*
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to thee belong ! *when* *when* *when*

II.

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Or when, in paler tints array'd, *yell w'o sp*.
The evening slowly spreads her shade; *lunA*.
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom, *Q*.
Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom, *zB I*.
Still every fond and vain desire, *zB. No mld s*.
And calmer, purer, thoughts inspire; *intR* ^{timings}
_{and bairns} From earth the pensive spirit free, *rod butL* _{soothe lone}
And lead the soften'd heart to Thee. *of. 9d T*

III.

In every scene thy hands have drest, *o v M*.
In every form by thee impress, *is big and*
On the hoar mountain's awful head, *butW*
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread;
In every note that swells the gale, *but hik*
Or passing stream that cheers the vale; *or*
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove, *lun*.
A voice is heard of praise and love. *in val*.

IV.

As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe with change of bliss the soul,
O, never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human scene in vain :

But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the raptur'd heart to praise ;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise !

III

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