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THE LORD'S PRAYER

P A R A P H R A S E D.

BY THE SAME.

FATHER of all! whose seat of rest
In highest heaven is rear'd,
Thy name by every tongue be blest,
By every heart rever'd.

Let earth to thy Messiah's throne
Its just subjection yield:
Here, as in heaven, thy will be known;
Here, as in heaven, fulfill'd.

With bread sufficient to the day
Our mortal frame supply;
And feed the soul that moves our clay
With manna from on high.

While, conscious of the debt we owe,
We bow the humble knee,
That mercy we to others shew
Descend on us from Thee.

Do Thou our erring feet secure;
O lead us far from ill!
And keep us upright, just, and pure,
In act, in word, and will.

Hear, Lord! for power supreme is thine,
Thine, glory, worship, praise:
Nor Nature's bounds thy reign confine,
Nor numbers Time thy days.



AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

BY MR. DYER.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy town,
Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown
Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
(Contented?—why, every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
The swift, the intrepid avenger;
Till sacred religion, or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas!