

- Successive comforts bring; Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 2. Thy morning light and ev'ning shade 3. Seasons and times, and moons and hours, 4. Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky, Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine; Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad, When clouds distil in fruitful showers, The Author is divine.
- Borne by the winds around With wat'ry treasures well supply The furrows of the ground.
- 5. The thirsty ridges drink their fill, And ranks of corn appear; Thy ways abound with blessings still, Thy goodness crowns the year.