

2. Thy morning light and ev'ning shade Successive comforts bring; Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad, Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3. Seasons and times, and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine; When clouds distil in fruitful showers, The Author is divine. 4. Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky, 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.

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