

A  
**H Y M N**  
**ON CREATION.**



Thy wisdom, power, and goodness,  
LORD,  
In all Thy works appear,  
And, Oh! let man Thy praise record;  
Man, Thy distinguish'd care!

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*Stereotyped by James Conner, New-York.*

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**NEW-YORK:**

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STORE, NO. 376, PEARL-  
STREET.



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# HYMN

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Good Girls and Boys,  
Will find nice Toys,  
With many pictures intermix'd,  
Done up quite neat,  
And very cheap,  
At three hundred seventy-six.\*

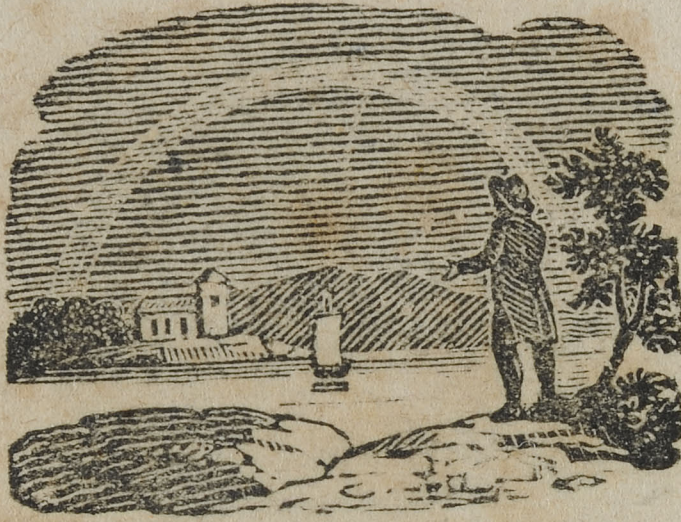
\* Pearl-street, New-York.





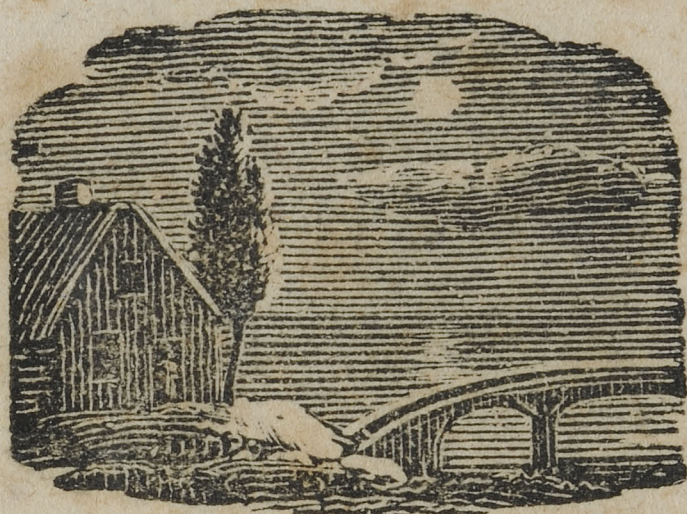
*The Glorious Sun.*

Hast thou beheld the glorious  
Sun,  
Through all the sky his cir-  
cuit run,  
At rising morn, at closing day,  
And when he beam'd his  
noon-tide ray?



*The Watery Bow.*

Say, didst thou e'er attentive  
 view,  
 The evening cloud, or morn-  
 ing dew?  
 Or, after rain, the watery bow,  
 Rise in the East, a beauteous  
 show?



*The Silvery Moon.*

When darkness had o'er-  
spread the skies,  
Hast thou e'er seen the moon  
arise :  
And, with a mild and placid  
light,  
Shed lustre o'er the face of  
night ?



*The Waving Grain*

Hast thou e'er wandered o'er  
the plain,  
And view'd the fields and  
waving grain,  
The flowery mead, the leafy  
grove,  
Where all is melody and love?





*The Sandy Shore.*

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy  
shore,  
And heard the restless ocean  
roar,  
When rous'd by some tremen-  
dous storm,  
Its billows roll in dreadful  
form?



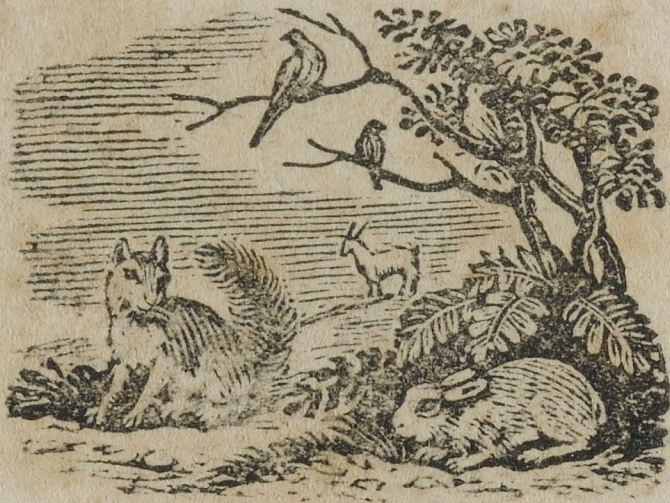
*The Lightning Stream.*

Hast thou beheld the light-  
 ning stream,  
 Through night's dark gloom  
 with sudden gleam ;  
 While the bellowing thun-  
 der's sound,  
 Roll'd rattling thro' the hea-  
 vens profound ?



*The Cutting Gale.*

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting  
 gale,  
 The sleety shower, the biting  
 hail ;  
 Beheld bright snow o'erspread  
 the plains ;  
 The water, bound in icy  
 chains ?



*Various Beings.*

Hast thou the various beings  
 seen,  
 That sport along the valley  
 green,  
 That sweetly warble on the  
 spray  
 Or wanton in the sunny ray?



*Beasts of the Gloomy Forest.*

That shoot along the briny  
 deep,  
 Or under ground their dwell-  
 ing keep:  
 That through the gloomy  
 forest range,  
 O'er frightful wilds, and de-  
 serts strange?



*Wondrous Scene.*

Hast thou the wondrous  
 scenes survey'd,  
 That all around thee are dis-  
 played?  
 And hast thou never rais'd  
 thine eyes,  
 To Him who caus'd these  
 scenes to rise?



### *The Concave Sky.*

'Twas God who form'd the  
 concave sky,  
 And all the shining orbs on  
 high ;  
 Who gave the various beings  
 birth,  
 That people all the spacious  
 earth.



*The Tempest Rise*

'Tis He that bids the tempest  
 rise,  
 And rolls the thunder through  
 the skies,  
 His voice the elements obey,  
 Through all the earth extends  
 His sway.





*Let Man Praise God*

His goodness all his creatures  
share,  
But man is His peculiar care:  
Then while they all proclaim  
his praise,  
Let Man his voice the loudest  
raise.



*On Harvest.*

When the rosy morn appearing,  
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn;  
 Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,  
 Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.  
 See, content, the humble glean-  
 er,

Takes the scattered ears that fall.

Nature, all her children viewing,  
 Kindly bounteous, gives to all,  
 Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,  
 Carol sweet the lively strain,  
 Then forsake their leafy dwelling,  
 To secure the golden grain.  
 See, content, &c.

THE END.

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**MATCHES !**



**PEWIT !**