

Hymn

Composed for recital at the Examination of the Children attending the
City Free School, Niddry Street.—D. KEAN, Teacher.

Oh! Thou, the author of my frame!
I would extol thy blessed name,
Most humbly as a child:
From Thee does every good descend;
On thee thy creatures all depend,—
Howe'er by sin defiled!

Still Goodness—Wisdom are with Thee,
Thy praise throughout Eternity,
Shall be the blissful theme.
Thy wondrous works each passing day,
Thy creatures all around survey—
Thy Goodness great proclaim.

Creation whether blooming fair,
Or clad in Winter's gloom severe,
Inspires to fear thy name.
But far above creation's ken,
Redeeming love of fallen men,
Does admiration claim!

Thy frown how terrible;—thy smile
Unto thy servants free from guile—
Than life is better far.—
Let thy right hand protect me still;
Correct the errors of my will—
With heavenly peace at war!

Direct my steps in wisdom's ways;
Oh! could I live more to thy praise—
Who art a God of love.
From virtue peace does ever flow;
Be peace my lot while here below,
And may I rise above!

So nature's commoners of air,
Rear'd by parental tender care,
Are led to take the wing,
And soon with buoyancy they fly,
And soon they perch themselves on high,
And gratefully they sing.

Edinburgh, August, 1821.

