From Psalm 65:6-13



- 2. Thy morning light and ev'ning shade Successive comforts bring;Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad; Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- Seasons and times and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth, and air are Thine;
 When clouds distill their fruitful show'rs, The Author is divine.
- 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.