

“ And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us;
and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea,
the work of our hands establish thou it.”

SAMUEL SEWALL'S HYMN, WRITTEN FOR THE OBSERV-
ANCE IN BOSTON OF THE DAWN OF THE EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY.

Chorus

“ Once more, our God, vouchsafe to shine;
Tame Thou the rigor of our clime;
Make haste with Thy impartial light,
And terminate this long, dark night.

“ Let the transplanted English vine
Spread further still; still call it thine.
Prune it with skill; for yield it can
More fruit to Thee, the Husbandman.

“ The false religions shall decay,
And darkness fly before bright day;
Till men shall God the Lord adore,
And worship idols vain no more.

“ So Asia and Africa,
Europa, with America,
All four, in consort joined, shall sing
New songs of praise to God our King.”

SILENCE UNTIL THE STROKE OF THE MIDNIGHT HOUR
AND THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPETS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, SAID BY ALL THE PEOPLE.

“ AMERICA,” SUNG BY THE PEOPLE.

TRUMPETS.