

Almighty God, who hast given us

this good land for our heritage;

We humbly beseech thee that we

may always prove ourselves a

people mindful of thy favour

and glad to do thy will.

Bless our land with honourable

industry, sound learning,

and pure manners.

Save us from violence, discord,

and confusion; from pride and

arrogancy, and from every evil

way. Defend our liberties,

and fashion into one united

people the multitudes brought

hither out of many kindreds and

tongues. Endue with the spirit of

wisdom those to whom in thy

Name we entrust the authority of

government, that there may be

justice and peace at home,

and that, through obedience to

thy law, we may show forth thy

praise among the nations of the

earth. In the time of prosperity,

fill our hearts with thankfulness,

and in the day of trouble, suffer

not our trust in thee to fail;

all which we ask through Jesus

Christ our Lord. Amen.

1 Make a joyful shout to the

Lord, all you lands!

2 Serve the Lord with gladness;

Come before His presence with

singing.

3 Know that the Lord, He is God;

It is He who has made us,

and not we ourselves;

We are His people and the sheep of

His pasture.

4 Enter into His gates with

thanksgiving,

And into His courts with praise.

Be thankful to Him, and bless

His name

5 For the Lord is good;

His mercy is everlasting,

And His truth endures to all

generations.

Your soul is like a landscape

fantasy,

Where masks and Bergamasks,

in charming wise,

Strum lutes and dance,

just a bit sad to be

Hidden beneath their fanciful

disguise.

Singing in minor mode of life's

largesse

And all-victorious love, they yet

seem quite

Reluctant to believe their

happiness,

And their song mingles with the

pale moonlight,

The calm, pale moonlight,

whose sad beauty, beaming,

Sets the birds softly dreaming in

the trees,

And makes the marbled

fountains, gushing, streaming-

Slender jet-fountains-sob their

ecstasies.

The keyboard, over which two

slim hands float,

Shines vaguely in the twilight

pink and gray,

Whilst with a sound like wings,

note after note

Takes flight to form a pensive

little lay

That strays, discreet and

charming, faint, remote,

About the room where perfumes of

Her stray.

What is this sudden quiet

cradling me

To that dim ditty's dreamy rise

and fall?

What do you want with me,

pale melody?

What is it that you want,

ghost musical

That fade toward the window

waveringly

A little open on the garden small?