

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?
