

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 arrogance,

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?