

SONG.

THIS is a world of right and wrong ;
A world of pleasure and of pain ;
A world to which rich gifts belong,
That some can never gain.

A world, where health and wealth enjoy,
And sickness clouds the brow ;
Some active spirits can employ,
And some are humbled low.

Many with numerous friends are seen,
By tender cares cared ;
Whilst others desolate remain,
As in a dreary waste.

It is a world of ease and care,
A world of joy and woe ;
And rosy youth runs smiling there,
And sorrowing age treads slow.

It is not Nature's joy or woe,
 Makes all the medley here ;
 The moral world the same can shew ;
 They mix'd, alike appear.

No perfect conquest here below,
 Has vice or virtue made ;
 Thro' vice some gleams of virtue glow,
 And virtue takes a shade.

Then in this world of joy and woe,
 This world of good and ill,
 The will of him who made it so,
 Oh ! study to fulfil.

To many wants, you who abound !
 Dispense your blessing's store :
 For scarce a grief or want is found,
 Where none a balm may pour.

Give ignorance instruction due ;
 Be vice example shewn ;
 And let us faults with pity view,
 As conscious of our own.