POW E R A N D P R O V ID E NCE.

THE God to whom at one survey
  His works are still display'd,
And each event observes his sway,
  Thro' all which he has made;

Can order from disorder bring,
  Thro' all this varied scene;
Can regulate each secret spring,
  That moves the vast machine.

Upheld by his supporting arm,
  Empires can fear no foe;
His frown strikes nations with alarm;
  They fall if he withdraw.

And nought so little, or so great,
  But his protection share;
And he who rules o'er empire's fate,
  Makes man alike his care.
'Tis he relieves the wants we feel,
    To human power denied;
He guards us from impending ill,
    Which we could ne'er avoid.

The joys we prize would quickly blast,
    Denied his sov'reign aid;
And all our prudence could forecast,
    Would disappointment shade.