

WRITTEN IN THE  
HERMITAGE OF BRAID.

SURROUNDED with the shading trees,  
Intranc'd in sweet delight,  
I hail the day, I bless the hour,  
Which gave me life and light.

Tho' from my birth the child of chance,  
I prize what Heav'n has lent ;  
And with the little that's my lot,  
I feel myself content.

Does not the beauteous orb of Heav'n  
Impartial dart his beams,  
Alike to all the woods, the hills,  
The gentle falling streams ?

Does not the GOD who made them thus,  
Alike impartial deal ?  
He does—had vain deluded man  
The sense to see and feel.

If I again behold this day,  
And languish in distress,  
Thou, Power Supreme, support my soul,  
And make the struggle less.

But if it be thy gracious will,  
To give me health and ease,  
With grateful heart I'll praise thy name  
Below these shading trees.

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