



Behold the morn begins to shine,  
In which the Saints in worship join,  
To praise our God how reigns above,  
For all his goodness, and his love,  
In eastern wilds, from noise retir'd  
Were, neither Sound nor voice is hear'd,  
Sequester'd and alone I sit,  
A place for meditation fit,  
Here I review the scenes I've pass'd,  
And see the end to which I hast  
But when I cast my eyes abroad,  
Creation all declares a God  
That reigns or'e all in ev'ry place  
Throughout the vast extent of space  
His goodness and his mercies shine  
And prove his love to be divine  
'Twas he that form'd the spacious Earth  
'Twas he that gave the Planets birth  
'Twas he that spread the Heavens abroad  
Which all declare a powerfull god  
'Twa He that form'd the Sun and moon  
He rules by night as well as noon  
'Twa he that formed the Soul within  
In which his power and love is Seen  
'Tis he that has our reason given  
To guard from Sin and guide to heaven  
His revelation he's bestow'd  
To lead us upward to our God  
Thus is his guardian power at hand  
To guide us to his heavenly land  
His goodness he extends to all  
Boath high and low boath great and Small  
He feedes the poor he guardes the weak  
He scornes the proud exalts the meek  
He heales the sick relieves the oppress'd  
And makes the miserable bless'd  
'Tis he that makes the vapours rise  
And Spreads his cloudy or'e all the Skyes  
'Tis he that showers his blessings down  
Upon the dry and thirsty ground  
'Tis he that makes the grass to grow  
'Tis he that makes the waters flow  
'Tis he that makes the bud to bloom  
And fills the air with rich perfume  
'Tis he that makes the harvest thrive  
Hee gives he food on which we live  
'Tis he that gives us Friends and he  
that plac'd us in society —  
Where in common we receive  
The blessings which to all he gives  
Our soft desires he did design  
To yield is pleasures more refin'd  
Which if with reason we direct  
Our hartes from Sorrow will protect  
For in the fair one's kindness we  
Shall find that true felicity

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by an individual through  
Maine Historical Society  
Date: Sept. 9, 1786  
Description: Josiah Pierce poem

Which will to us a cordial prove  
As through the scenes of life we rove  
Thus does the goodness of our God  
Extend through all the Earth abroad  
And there we see his helping hand  
Feedes and protects through ev'ry land  
And shall we not with reverence bend  
Before our maker and our Friend  
And to his name Shall not we raise  
A Sacred Song of Solemn praise  
For all the blessing we receive  
He does to us in mercy give  
Can we behold such won'drous love  
And shall it not our bosoms move  
To exercise our feeble pow'ers  
To guard the weak to feed the poor  
And grant to all that's in distress  
Comfort relief and happiness  
And then may we to mortals prove  
The sense we have of heavenly love  
And thus by spreading favours round  
May glory to our God redound  
Thus shall we best show forth abroad  
The glories of our maker God —  
And will the Lord that's good and Just  
Accept the praise of feeble dust

Written Sunday morning before sunrise, Sept<sup>r</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 1786  
Flintstown - Province of Maine - J. Pierce

— lines written sideways morning  
before sunrise, Sept<sup>r</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 1786

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