

God was first that much we know
I mean tradition tells us so
And that he rose upon the deep
Alone amidst the hollow sleep
But now he says I'll have a shining
And thus creation he did arrange
He says the waters must fill one place
But they must have the greatest space

And to the land he says arise
And fill the space before my eyes
And let the mountains tower high
I care not if they reach the sky
Now in this world no grand and new
Perpetual darkness reigned although
But God says we must have light
Or else the world will be all night

God had a planet then a fair
Lined in a planetary war
With a planet then called Venus
Calculated for wit and grace
God says I will this planet supply
To fill the earth with light and joy
Forth came the sun in all her splendour
At the call of her commander

Then God unto himself did say
I will effect here the time all day
But one half I will have light
And the balance shall be night
And thus he did the time divide
And says I now feel satisfied
And now the earth must be supplied
With something green and dignified

Now one half of my work is done
It seems as if I had just begun
But now there's for a grand creation
Of things of life and animation
Then God made all kinds of beast
From the greatest to the least
And gave them all their habitation
For this world of his creation

Fresh of the dew-brights of the air
Of every kind he peopled every part
And on the land he placed every kind
To please his great and subtle mind

And to them all he gave a way
To get there living every day
All with nature must comply
And if she fails them they must die

Now for the last of this creation
Which must give so much restoration
But now for a new invention
Which will need all my attention
Now for a man to rule the earth
And to give praise unto my worth
So here commenced the human race
And God gave to them a pleasant place

Booth men and women God did make
He made them both for company sake
It was not good for one alone
To have the blessings of this home
There was brought and some to spare
For others beside this holy pair
But as you we ask tradition
To tell us of man's first condition

Tradition tells us there was no sin
When our days did first begin
But they were all innocents
Blotched in virtue without expense
But now in these days of late
We find virtue in a state
Which to man is so convenient
That he can sin and not perceive it

I doubt we wear of diverse kinds
To suit our ever changing minds
When we have no bond to gain
We care not where it causes pain