



F. Hayman inv.

C. Grignon sculp.

*To an Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, —
and that fadeth not away. —*

1 Pet. 1. 4. —

P O E M S

O N

S U B J E C T S

C H I E F L Y

D E V O T I O N A L.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

A N E W E D I T I O N.

To which is added, A THIRD VOLUME, consisting of
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

By THEODOSIA.

He tunes

My voice (if tun'd) ; the nerve that writes, sustains.

Night-Thoughts.

B R I S T O L :

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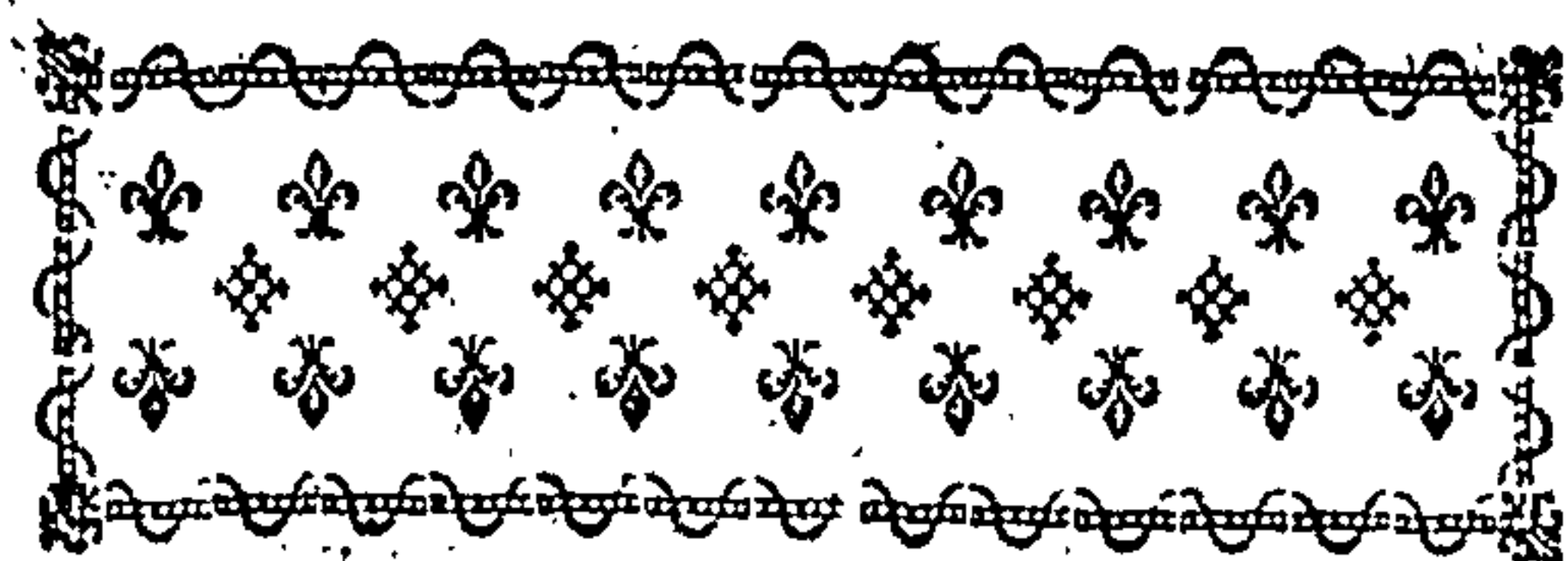
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H Y M N S

O N

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



Desiring to PRAISE GOD.

I.

ALMIGHTY author of my frame,
To thee my vital powers belong ;
Thy praise, (delightful, glorious theme!)
Demands my heart, my life, my tongue.

II.

My heart, my life, my tongue are thine :
Oh be thy praise their blest employ !
But may my song with Angels join ?
Nor sacred awe forbid the joy ?

VOL. I.

B

III. Thy

III.

Thy glories, the seraphic lyre
 On all its strings attempts in vain;
 Then how shall mortals dare aspire
 In thought, to try th' unequal strain?

IV.

Yet the great Sovereign of the skies
 To mortals bends a gracious ear;
 Nor the mean tribute will despise,
 If offer'd with a heart sincere.

V.

Great God, accept the humble praise,
 And guide my heart, and guide my tongue,
 While to thy name I trembling raise
 The grateful, though unworthy song.



Imploring DIVINE INFLUENCE.

I.

MY God, whene'er my longing heart
 The praiseful tribute would impart,
 In vain my tongue with feeble aim,
 Attempts the glories of thy name.

II. In

II.

In vain my boldest thoughts arise,
 I sink to earth and lose the skies;
 Yet I may still thy grace implore,
 And low in dust thy name adore.

III.

O let thy grace my heart inspire,
 And raise each languid weak desire;
 Thy grace, which condescends to meet
 The sinner prostrate at thy feet.

IV.

With humble fear let love unite,
 And mix devotion with delight;
 Then shall thy name be all my joy,
 Thy praise, my constant blest employ.

V.

Thy name inspires the harps above
 With harmony, and praise, and love;
 That grace which tunes th' immortal strings,
 Looks kindly down on mortal things.

VI.

O let thy grace guide every song,
 And fill my heart and tune my tongue;
 Then shall the strain harmonious flow,
 And heaven's sweet work begin below.



Meditating on CREATION and
PROVIDENCE.

I.

L ORD, when my raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

II.

Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

III.

The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth and sea and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

IV.

All rose to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
Exhaustless spring of good !

V. The

[5]

V.

The meads, array'd in smiling green;
With wholesome herbage crown'd;
The fields with corn, a richer scene,
Spread thy full bounties round.

VI.

The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,
In varied charms appear;
Their varied charms display thy power,
Thy goodness all declare.

VII.

The sun's productive quickening beams
The growing verdure spread;
Refreshing rains and cooling streams
His gentle influence aid.

VIII.

The moon and stars his absent light
Supply with borrowed rays,
And deck the sable veil of night,
And speak their Maker's praise.

IX.

Thy wisdom, power and goodness, Lord;
In all thy works appear;
And O let man thy praise record;
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

X.

From thee the breath of life he drew ;
 That breath thy power maintains ;
 Thy tender mercy ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.

XI.

Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
 Of reason's light posselt ;
 By revelation's brighter rays
 Still more divinely blest.

XII.

Thy providence, his constant guard
 When threatening woes impend,
 Or will th' impending dangers ward,
 Or timely succours lend.

XIII.

On me that providence has shone
 With gentle smiling rays ;
 O let my lips and life make known
 Thy goodness, and thy praise.

XIV.

All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;
 O teach me to improve
 Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
 And crown them with thy love.



REDEEMING LOVE.

I.

COME heavenly love, inspire my song
 With thy immortal flame,
 And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
 The Saviour's lovely name.

II.

The Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round.

III.

Here pardon, life, and joys divine
 In rich effusion flow,
 For guilty rebels lost in sin,
 And doom'd to endless woe.

IV.

In our first parent's crime we fell;
 Our blood, our vital breath
 Deep ting'd with all the seeds of ill,
 Sad heirs to sin and death.

V.

Black o'er our wrath-devoted heads
 Avenging justice frown'd ;
 While hell disclos'd her deepest shades,
 And horrors rose around.

VI.

Wrap'd in the gloom of dark despair,
 We helpless, hopeless lay :
 But sovereign mercy reach'd us there,
 And smil'd despair away.

VII.

God's only son, (stupendous grace !)
 Forsook his throne above ;
 And swift to save our wretched race,
 He flew on wings of love.

VIII.

Th' Almighty former of the skies
 Stoop'd to our vile abode ;
 While angels view'd with wondering eyes,
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.

IX.

The God in heavenly strains they sung,
 Array'd in human clay ;
 Myfterious love ! what angel tongue
 Thy wonders can display ?

X. Myf-

X.

Mysterious love, in every scene,
 Through all his life appears :
 His spotless life expos'd to pain,
 And miseries and tears.

XI.

What blessings on a thankless race,
 His bounteous hand bestow'd ?
 And from his tongue what wonderful grace,
 What rich instruction flow'd ?

XII.

The dumb, the deaf, the lame, the blind
 Confess'd his healing power ;
 Disease and death their prey resign'd,
 And grief complain'd no more.

XIII.

Infernal legions trembling fled,
 Aw'd by his powerful word :
 And winds and seas his voice obey'd,
 And own'd their sovereign Lord.

XIV.

But man, vile man, his love abus'd,
 Blind to the noblest good ;
 Blasphem'd his power, his word refus'd,
 And sought his sacred blood.

XV. Still.

XV.

Still his unwearied love purfu'd
 Salvation's glorious plan ;
 And firm th' approaching horrors view'd,
 Deserv'd by guilty man.

XVI.

What pain, what soul-oppressing pain,
 The great Redeemer bore ;
 While bloody sweat, like drops of rain,
 Distill'd from every pore !

XVII.

And ere the dreadful storm descends
 Full on his guiltless head,
 See him by his familiar friends
 Deserted and betray'd !

XVIII.

While ruffian bands the Lord surround,
 Relenless, murderous foes ;
 Meek, as a lamb for slaughter bound,
 The patient sufferer goes.

XIX.

Arraign'd at Pilate's impious bar,
 (Unparallel'd disgrace !)
 See spotless innocence appear
 In guilt's detested place !

XX. When

XX.

When perjury fails to stain his name,
 The mob's envenom'd breath
 Extorts his sentence, " Publick shame-
 " And painful lingering death."

XXI.

Patient, the cruel scourge he bore :
 The innocent, the kind!
 Then to the rabble's lawless power
 And rudest taunts consign'd.

XXII.

With thorns they crown that awful brow;
 Whose frown can shake the globe ;
 And on their king in scorn bestow
 The reed and purple robe.

XXIII.

Ah ! see the fatal cross appears,
 Heart-wounding, dreadful scene !
 His sacred flesh rude iron tears,
 With agonizing pain.

XXIV.

Expos'd with thieves, to publick view—
 Could nature bear the sight ?
 The blushing sun his beams withdrew,
 And wrapt the globe in night !

XXV. Then:

XXV.

Then, Oh ! what loads of wrath unknown .
 The glorious sufferer felt ;
 For crimes unnumber'd to atone ;
 To expiate mortal guilt ?

XXVI.

The Father's blissful smile withdrawn,
 In that tremendous hour ;
 Yet still the God sustain'd the man
 With his almighty power.

XXVII.

“ 'Tis finish'd,” now aloud he cries,
 “ No more the law requires ;”
 And now, (amazing sacrifice !)
 The Lord of life expires.

XXVIII.

Earth's firm foundation felt the shock,
 With universal dread ;
 Trembled the mountain, rent the rock,
 And wak'd the sleeping dead !

XXIX.

Now breathless in the silent tomb,
 His sacred body lies ;
 Thither his lov'd disciples come,
 With sorrow-streaming eyes.

XXX. But

XXX.

But see, the promis'd morn appear!
 Their joy revives again;
 The Saviour lives; adieu to fear,
 To every anxious pain.

XXXI.

His kindest words their doubts remove,
 Confirm their wavering faith;
 He bids them teach the world his love,
 Salvation by his death.

XXXII.

Triumphant he ascends on high,
 The glorious work compleat;
 Sin, death, and hell, low vanquish'd lie
 Beneath his awful feet.

XXXIII.

There with eternal glory crown'd,
 The Lord, the conqueror reigns;
 His praise the heavenly choirs resound,
 In their immortal strains.

XXXIV.

Amid the splendours of his throne,
 Unchanging love appears;
 The names he purchas'd for his own,
 Still on his heart he bears.

XXXV. Still

XXXV.

Still with prevailing power he pleads
 Their cause for whom he died ;
 His Spirit's sacred influence sheds,
 Their comforter and guide.

XXXVI.

For them, reserves a radiant crown,
 Bought with his dying blood ;
 And worlds of light, and joys unknown,
 For ever near their God.

XXXVII.

O the rich depths of love divine !
 Of bliss, a boundless store :
 Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine :
 I cannot wish for more.

XXXVIII.

I yield to thy dear conquering arms
 I yield my captive soul :
 O let thy all-subduing charms
 My inmost powers controul !

XXXIX.

On thee alone my hope relies ;
 Beneath thy cross, I fall,
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my all.



The GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Luke vi. 19.

I.

YE mourning sinners, here disclose
 Your deep complaints, your various woes;
 Approach, 'tis Jesus, he can heal
 The pains which mourning sinners feel.

II.

To eyes long clos'd in mental night,
 Strangers to all the joys of light,
 His word imparts a blisful ray :
 Sweet morning of celestial day!

III.

Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
 The Lord, the Saviour bids you rise ;
 New life and strength his voice conveys,
 And plaintive groans are chang'd for praise.

IV.

Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie
 Beneath the Great Physician's eye ;
 Sin's deepest power his word controuls,
 That fatal leprosy of souls.

V. That

V.

That hand divine, which can assuage
 The burning fever's restless rage ;
 That hand, omnipotent and kind,
 Can cool the fever of the mind.

VI.

When freezing palsy chills the veins,
 And pale, cold death, already reigns,
 He speaks ; the vital powers revive :
 He speaks, and dying sinners live.

VII.

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;
 Diseases fly at thy command ;
 O let thy sovereign touch impart
 Life, strength, and health to every heart!

VIII.

Then shall the sick, the blind, the lame,
 Adore their Great Physician's name ;
 Then dying souls shall bless their God,
 And spread thy wonderous praise abroad.



LONGING SOULS invited to the
GOSPEL-FEAST. Luke xiv. 22.

I.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

II.

See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.

III.

Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart :
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

IV.

In him, the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

V

O come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love ;
 While hope attends the sweet repast,
 Of nobler joys above.

VI.

There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In extasies unknown.

VII.

And yet ten thousand thousand more,
 Are welcome still to come :
 Ye longing souls the grace adore ;
 Approach, there yet is room.



LIGHT and DELIVERANCE.

I.

THE weary traveller, lost in night,
 Breathes many a longing sigh,
 And marks the welcome dawn of light,
 With rapture in his eye.

II. Thus

II.

Thus sweet the dawn of heavenly day
 Lost weary sinners find :
 When mercy with reviving ray,
 Beams o'er the fainting mind.

III.

To slaves oppress'd with cruel chains,
 How kind, how dear the friend,
 Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
 And bids their sorrows end !

IV.

Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine
 Who ransoms captive souls,
 Unbinds the cruel chains of sin,
 And all its power controuls.

V.

Jesus, to thy soul-cheering light,
 My dawn of hope I owe ;
 Once, wandering in the shades of night,
 And lost in hopeless woe.

VI.

'Twas thy dear hand redeem'd the slave,
 And set the prisoner free ;
 Be all I am, and all I have,
 Devoted, Lord, to thee !

VII.

But stronger ties than nature knows,
 My grateful love confine ;
 And ev'n that love, thy hand bestows
 Which wishes to be thine.

VIII.

Here, at thy feet, I wait thy will,
 And live upon thy word :
 O give me warmer love and zeal,
 To serve my dearest Lord.



A MORNING HYMN.

I.

LORD of my life, O may thy praise
 Employ my noblest powers,
 Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
 And fills the circling hours.

II.

Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
 I pass'd the shades of night,
 Serene, and safe from every harm,
 And see returning light.

III. While

III.

While many spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains, and woes ;
 In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
 And undisturb'd repose.

IV.

When sleep, death's semblance o'er me spread,
 And I unconscious lay,
 Thy watchful care was round my bed,
 To guard my feeble clay.

V.

O let the same almighty care
 My waking hours attend ;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

VI.

Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days ;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.



AN EVENING HYMN.

I.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song
 With humble gratitude I raise ;
 O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
 And fill my heart with lively praise.

II.

Mercy, that rich unbounded store,
 Does my unnumbered wants relieve ;
 Among thy daily craving poor,
 On thy all-bounteous hand I live.

III.

My days unclouded, as they pass,
 And every gently rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wonderful grace,
 And witnesses to thy love and power.

IV.

Thy love and power, (celestial guard)
 Preserve me from surrounding harms :
 Can danger reach me, while the Lord
 Extends his kind protecting arms ?

V. My

V.

My numerous wants are known to thee,
 Ere my slow wishes can arise ;
 Thy goodness measureless and free,
 Is ready still with full supplies.

VI.

And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
 Too oft regardless of thy love,
 Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
 And fond of trifles vainly rove.

VII.

When calm reflection finds a place,
 How vile this wretched heart appears !
 O let thy all-subduing grace
 Melt it in penitential tears.

VIII.

Seal my forgiveness in the blood
 Of Jesus : his dear name alone
 I plead for pardon, gracious God,
 And kind acceptance at thy throne.

IX.

Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.



On a STORMY NIGHT.

I.

LORD of the earth, and seas, and skies,
 All nature owns thy sovereign power;
 At thy command the tempests rise,
 At thy command the thunders roar.

II.

We hear, with trembling and affright,
 The voice of heaven, (tremendous sound!)
 Keen lightnings pierce the shades of night,
 And spread bright horrors all around.

III.

What mortal could sustain the stroke,
 Should wrath divine in vengeful storms
 (Which our repeated crimes provoke.)
 Descend to crush rebellious worms?

IV.

These dreadful glories of thy name
 With terror would o'erwhelm our souls;
 But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
 And guilt and rising fear controuls.

V. O let

V.

O let thy mercy on my heart.
 With cheering, healing radiance shine ;
 Bid every anxious fear depart,
 And gently whisper, Thou art mine.

VI.

Then safe beneath thy guardian care,
 In hope serene my soul shall rest ;
 Nor storms nor dangers reach me there,
 In thee, my God, my refuge, blest.



Searching after HAPPINESS.

I.

O Happiness, thou pleasing dream,
 Where is thy substance found ?
 Sought through the varying scenes in vain,
 Of earth's capacious round.

II.

The charms of grandeur, pomp and show,
 Are nought but gilded snares ;
 Ambition's painful steep ascent,
 Thick set with thorny cares.

III. The

III.

The busy town, the crowded street,
 Where noise and discord reign,
 We gladly leave, and tir'd retreat
 To breathe and think again.

IV.

Yet if retirement's pleasing charms
 Detain the captive mind,
 The soft enchantment soon dissolves;
 'Tis empty all as wind.

V.

Religion's sacred lamp alone,
 Unerring points the way,
 Where happiness for ever shines
 With unpolluted ray.

VI.

To regions of eternal peace,
 Beyond the starry skies;
 Where pure, sublime and perfect joys
 In endless prospect rise.

VII.

There Jesus, source of bliss divine,
 Our glorious leader reigns :
 He gives us strength to hold our way,
 And crowns the traveller's pains.

VIII. Dear

VIII.

Dear Saviour, let thy cheering smile
 My fainting soul renew ;
 Then shall the heavenly Canaan yield
 A sweet, though distant view.

IX.

Be thy almighty arm my stay,
 My guide through all the road,
 'Till safe I reach my journey's end,
 My Saviour, and my God.



WEARY SOULS invited to REST.

Mat. XI, 28.

I.

✓ **C**OME weary souls with sin distressed,
 The Saviour offers heavenly rest ;
 The kind, the gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.

II.

Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
 O come, and spread your woes abroad ;
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.

III. Here

III.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
 Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
 How rich the gift! how free the grace!

IV.

Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
 The hope thy gracious words impart;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting voice.

V.

Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
 Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
 And sweetly influence every breast,
 And guide us to eternal rest.



THIRSTING after GOD.

Isaiah xli. 17:

I.

WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
 And parch'd with thirst extreme,
 The weary pilgrim longs to taste
 The cool, refreshing stream;

II. Should

II.

Should, sudden, to his hopeless eye
 A crystal spring appear,
 How would th' enlivening sweet supply
 His drooping spirits cheer!

III.

So long the weary fainting mind,
 Oppress'd with sins and woes,
 Some soul-reviving spring to find,
 Whence heavenly comfort flows.

IV.

Thus sweet the consolations are,
 The promises impart;
 Here flowing streams of life appear,
 To ease the panting heart.

V.

O may I thirst for thee, my God,
 With ardent, strong desire;
 And still through all this desert road,
 To taste thy grace aspire.

VI.

Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
 A grateful sacrifice;
 My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
 And grant me full supplies.



The FAVOR of GOD the ONLY SATISFYING GOOD. Psalm IV. 6, 7.

I.

IN vain the erring world enquires,
 For true substantial good :
 While earth confines their low desires,
 They live on airy food.

II.

Illusive dreams of happiness,
 Their eager thoughts employ ;
 They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss
 Was visionary joy.

III.

Begone, ye gilded vanities ;
 I seek some solid good ;
 To real bliss my wishes rise,
 The Favour of my God.

IV.

My God, to thee my soul aspires ;
 Dispel the shades of night,
 Enlarge and fill these vast desires,
 With infinite delight.

V. Imo.

V.

Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
 Heaven dawns in every ray ;
 One glimpse of thee will glad my heart,
 And turn my night to day.

VI.

Not all the good which earth bestows,
 Can fill the craving mind ;
 Its highest joys have mingled woes,
 And leave a sting behind.

VII.

Should boundless wealth increase my store,—
 Can wealth my cares beguile ?
 I should be wretched still, and poor
 Without thy blissful smile.

VIII.

Grant, O my God, this one request ;
 Oh, be thy love alone
 My ample portion,—here I rest,
 For heaven is in the boon.



The transforming VISION of GOD.

Pfalm XVII. 15.

I.

MY God, the visits of thy face
 Afford superior joy,
 To all the flattering world can give,
 Or mortal hopes employ.

II.

But clouds and darknesss intervene,
 My brightest joys decline,
 And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
 This wandering heart of mine.

III.

Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee ;
 Unsatisfy'd I stray :
 Break through the shades of sense and sin,
 With thine enlivening ray.

IV.

O let thy beams resplendent shine,
 And every cloud remove ;
 Transform my powers, and fit my soul
 For happier scenes above.

V. There

V.

There Jesus reigns ! may I be cloath'd
 With his divine array ;
 And when I close these eyes in death,
 Awake to endless day :

VI.

To endless day ! to perfect life!
 To blifs without alloy !
 Where not the least faint cloud shall rise,
 To intercept the joy :

VII.

To view, unveil'd, thy radiant face,
 Thou everlasting fair!
 And chang'd to spotless purity,
 Thy glorious likeness wear :

VIII.

To feast, with ever new delight,
 On uncreated good,
 And drink full satisfying draughts
 Of pleasure's sacred flood.

IX.

O blifs too high for mortal thought !
 It awes, and yet inspires:
 Fain would my soul, unfetter'd, rise
 In more intense desires.

X.

Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
 To those transporting joys ;
 Then shall I scorn each little snare,
 Which this vain world employs :

XI.

Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
 I shall awake to bliss,
 And in the likeness of my God,
 Find endless happiness.



The JOYS of HEAVEN.

I.

COME Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.

II

Then to the shining seats of bliss
 The wings of faith shall soar,
 And all the charms of Paradise
 Our raptur'd thoughts explore.

III. Plea-

III.

Pleasures, unfulled, flourish there,
 Beyond the reach of time:
 Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair,
 In all her flowery prime.

IV.

No sun shall gild the blest abode
 With his meridian ray,
 But the more radiant throne of God
 Diffuse eternal day.

V.

Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
 And discord there shall cease,
 And perfect joy and love sincere
 Adorn the realms of peace.

VI.

The soul, from sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its power no more,
 But cloath'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.

VII.

There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
 The exalted Saviour shines;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heavenly minds.

VIII.

There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

IX.

While sweet reflection calls to mind
 The scenes of mortal care,
 When God, their God, for ever kind,
 Was present to their prayer ;

X.

How will the wonders of his grace
 In their full lustre shine ?
 His wisdom, power, and faithfulness,
 All glorious ! all divine !

XI.

The Saviour, dying, rising, crown'd,
 Shall swell the lofty strains,
 Seraph and saint his praise resound,
 Through all the etherial plains.

XII.

But oh ! their transports, oh ! their songs,
 What mortal thought can paint ?
 Transcendent glory awes our tongues,
 And all our notes are faint.

XIII. Lord,

XIII.

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire;
 Till in thy blisful courts above,
 We join the heavenly choir.



HUMBLE WORSHIP.

I.

GREAT King of kings, eternal God,
 Shall mortal creatures dare to raise
 Their songs to thy supreme abode,
 And join with angels in thy praise?

II.

The brightest Seraph veils his face;
 And low before thy dazzling throne,
 With prostrate homage all confess
 Thou art the infinite unknown.

III.

Man, ah how far remov'd below,
 Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night:
 His brightest day can only show
 A few faint streaks of distant light.

D 3

IV. But

IV.

But see, the bright, the morning star !
 His beams shall chase the shades away ;
 His beams, resplendent from afar,
 Sweet promise of immortal day !

V.

To him, our longing eyes we raise,
 Our guide to thee, the great unknown,
 Through him, O may our humble praise
 Accepted rise before thy throne.



Praise for NATIONAL PEACE.

Psalm XLVI. 9.

I.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
 A word of thy almighty breath
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise :
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

II.

When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage and noise, and tumult reign,
 And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter spreads the hostile plains ;

III. Thy

III.

Thy fovereign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their power;
 Thy word the angry nations own,
 And noise and war are heard no more.

IV.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,
 (Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled!)
 Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.

V.

Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
 All move subservient to thy will;
 And peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfill.

VI.

To thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore;
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
 Confess thy goodness and adore.



The VOICE of the CREATURES.

I.

THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise:

II.

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

III.

Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around,
And fruitful fields, and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

IV.

Almighty goodness, power divine,
The fields and verdant meads display;
And bless the hand which made them shine,
With various charms profusely gay.

V. For

V.

For man and beast, here daily food
 In wide diffusive plenty grows !
 And there, for drink, the crystal flood
 In streams sweet winding, gently flows.

VI.

By cooling streams, and softening showers,
 The vegetable race are fed,
 And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
 Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

VII.

The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
 Above the faint attempts of art ;
 Their bright, inimitable dyes
 Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

VIII.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
 And trace creation's wonders o'er,
 Confess the footsteps of the God,
 And bow before him, and adore.



A RURAL HYMN.

I.

TO your creator God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise :
Let every voice
Proclaim his power,
His name adore,
And loud rejoice.

II.

Let all creation join
To pay the tribute due ;
Ye meaner ranks begin,
And man shall learn of you :
Let nature raise
From every tongue,
A general song
Of grateful praise.

III. Ye

III.

Ye numerous fleecy flocks,
 Far spreading o'er the plain,
 With gentle artless voice
 Assist the humble strain :

To give you food,
 He bids the field
 Its verdure yield ;
 Extensive good.

IV.

Ye herds of larger size,
 Who feed in meads below,
 Resound your Maker's praise
 In each responsive low :

You wait his hand ;
 The herbage grows,
 The rivulet flows,
 At his command.

V.

Ye feathered warblers come,
 And bring your sweetest lays,
 And tune the sprightly song
 To your Creator's praise :

His

His work you are ;
He tun'd your voice,
And you rejoice
Beneath his care.

VI.

Ye trees, which form the shade,
Or bend the loaded bough
With fruits of various kinds,
Your Maker's bounty shew :
From him you rose,
Your vernal suits,
And autumn fruits,
His hand bestows.

VII.

Ye lovely, verdant fields,
In all your green array,
Though silent, speak his praise,
Who makes you bright and gay :
While we in you,
With future bread
Profusely spread,
His goodness view.

VIII. Ye

VIII.

Ye flowers, which blooming shew
 A thousand beauteous dyes,
 Your sweetest odours breathe,
 A fragrant sacrifice,
 To him, whose word
 Gave all your bloom,
 And sweet perfume ;
 All-bounteous Lord.

IX.

Ye rivers, as you flow,
 Convey your Maker's name,
 (Where'er you winding rove)
 On every silver stream :
 Your cooling flood,
 His hand ordains
 To bless the plains ;
 Great spring of good !

X.

Ye winds, that shake the world
 With tempests on your wing,
 Or breathe in gentler gales,
 To waft the smiling spring :

Proclaim abroad,
 (As you fulfill
 His sovereign will)
 The powerful God.

XI.

Ye clouds, or fraught with showers,
 Or ting'd with beauteous dyes,
 That pour your blessings down,
 Or charm our gazing eyes ;
 His goodnels speak,
 His praise declare,
 As through the air
 You shine or break.

XII.

Thou source of light and heat,
 Bright sovereign of the day,
 Dispensing blessings round,
 With all-diffusive ray ;
 From morn to night,
 With every beam,
 Record his name,
 Who made thee bright.

XIII. Fair

XIII.

Fair regent of the night,
 With all thy starry train,
 Which rise in shining hosts,
 To gild the azure plain;
 With countless rays
 Declare his name,
 Prolong the theme,
 Reflect his praise.

XIV.

Let every creature join
 To celebrate his name,
 And all the various powers
 Assist th' exalted theme.
 Let nature raise
 From every tongue,
 A general song
 Of grateful praise,

XV.

But oh ! from human tongues
 Should nobler praises flow ;
 And every thankful heart,
 With warm devotion glow :

Your

Your voices raise,
 Ye highly blest
 Above the rest ;
 Declare his praise.

XVI.

Assist me, gracious God,
 My heart, my voice inspire ;
 Then shall I grateful join
 The universal choir :
 Thy grace can raise
 My heart, my tongue,
 And tune my song
 To lively praise.



GOD my CREATOR and BENEFACTOR.

I.

MY Maker, and my King,
 To thee my all I owe ;
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
 From whence my blessings flow.

II. Thou

II.

Thou ever good, and kind,
 A thousand reasons move,
 A thousand obligations bind,
 My heart to grateful love.

III.

The creature of thy hand,
 On thee alone I live :
 My God, thy benefits demand
 More praise than life can give.

IV.

Oh ! what can I impart,
 When all is thine before ?
 Thy love demands a thankful heart :
 The gift, alas, how poor !

V.

Shall I withhold thy due ?
 And shall my passions rove ?
 Lord, form this wretched heart anew,
 And fill it with thy love.

VI.

O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.



PRAISE to God for the Blessings of
PROVIDENCE and GRACE.

I.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy Mercies, let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

II.

In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

III.

When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to stray!

IV.

Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my preserver, God.

V. When

V.

When life hung trembling on a breath,
 'Twas thy almighty love
 That sav'd me from impending death,
 And bad my fears remove.

VI.

How many blessings round me shone,
 Where'er I turn'd my eye!
 How many past almost unknown,
 Or unregarded, by.

VII.

Each rolling year new favours brought
 From thy exhaustless store:
 But ah! in vain my labouring thought
 Would count thy mercies o'er.

VIII.

While sweet reflection, through my days
 Thy bounteous hand would trace;
 Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.

IX.

Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
 For favours more divine;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.

X.

'Tis here, I view with pleasing pain,
 How Jesus left the sky,
 (Almighty love! surprising scene!)
 For man, lost man, to die.

XI.

When blest with that transporting view,
 That Jesus died for me,
 For this sweet hope what praise is due,
 O God of grace, to thee!

XII.

And may I hope that Christ is mine?
 That source of every bliss,
 That noblest gift of love divine—
 What wonderous grace is this!

XIII.

My highest praise, alas, how poor
 How cold my warmest love!
 Dear Saviour, teach me to adore
 As angels do above.

XIV.

But frail mortality in vain
 Attempts the blissful song;
 The high, the vast, the boundless strain,
 Claims an immortal tongue.

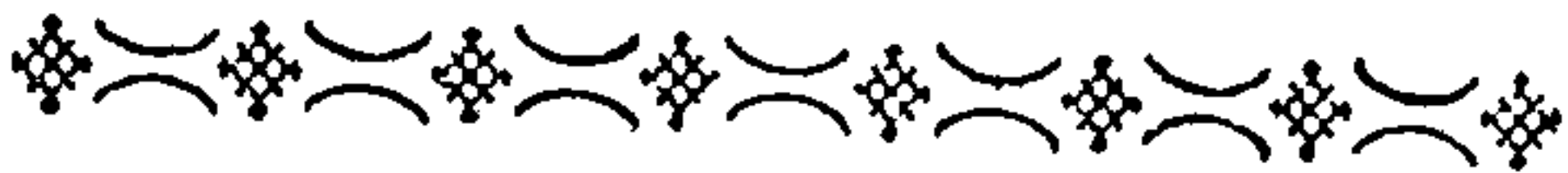
XV. Lord,

XV.

Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And every weaknefs dies,
 Compleat the wonders of thy grace,
 And raife me to the fkies.

XVI.

Then fhall my joyful powers unite,
 In more exalted lays,
 And join the happy fons of light
 In everlafting praife.



CHRIST the WAY to HEAVEN.

I.

JESUS, the fpring of joys divine,
 Whence all my hopes and comforts flow ;
 Jesus, no other name but thine,
 Can fave me from eternal woe.

II.

In vain would boasting reafon find
 The way to happinefs and God ;
 Her weak direftions leave the mind
 Bewildered in a dubious road.

III.

No other name will heaven approve ;
 Thou art the true, the living way,
 (Ordain'd by everlasting love,)
 To the bright realms of endless day.

IV.

Here let my constant feet abide,
 Nor from the heavenly path depart ;
 O let thy Spirit, gracious guide,
 Direct my steps, and cheer my heart.

V.

Safe lead me through this world of night,
 And bring me to the blissful plains,
 The regions of unclouded light,
 Where perfect joy for ever reigns.



LIFE and SAFETY IN CHRIST alone.

John vi. 68.

I.

✓ **T**HOU only sovereign of my heart,
 My refuge, my almighty friend,—
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend ?

II. Whither

II.

Whither, ah! whither shall I go;
 A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe,
 One glimpse of happiness afford?

III.

Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these my fainting spirit lives;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.

IV.

Let earth's alluring joys combine,
 While thou art near, in vain they call;
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

V.

Thy name my inmost powers adore,
 Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
 Depart from thee—'tis death, 'tis more,
 'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

VI.

Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life is thine.



AN EVENING REFLECTION.

I.

ANOTHER day is past,
The hours for ever fled,
And time is bearing me in haste,
To mingle with the dead.

II.

Perhaps my closing eyes
No more may hail the light,
Seal'd up, before the morning rise,
In everlasting night.

III.

But I've a part to live,
A never dying ray,
The soul, immortal, will survive
The ruins of her clay.

IV.

This mortal frame must lie
Unconscious in the tomb,
But oh! where will my spirit fly,
And what will be her doom?

V. On

V.

On the tremendous brink
 Of vast eternity,
 Where souls with strange amazement shrink,
 What will my prospect be ?

VI.

When the dark gulph below,
 With death and horror fraught,
 Reveals its scenes of endless woe—
 Oh dreadful dreadful thought !

VII.

But lo ! yon shining skies
 Beam down a cheerful ray,
 And bid my drooping hopes arise
 To glorious realms of day.

VIII.

'Tis there my Saviour lives,
 My Lord, my life, my light ;
 His blissful name my soul revives—
 Adieu to death and night.

IX.

He conquered death and hell,
 And his victorious love
 Shall bear his ransom'd friends, to dwell
 In his bright courts above.

X. Jesus !

X.

Jesus ! and art thou mine ?
 O let thy heavenly voice
 Confirm my hope with power divine,
 And bid my soul rejoice.

XI.

Then shall my closing eyes,
 Contented, sink to rest ;
 For if to night this body dies,
 My spirit shall be blest.



The EXCELLENCY of the HOLY
 SCRIPTURES.

I.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines ?
 For ever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines.

II.

Here, mines of heavenly wealth disclose
 Their bright, unbounded store :
 The glittering gem no longer glows,
 And India boasts no more.

III, Here,

III.

Here, may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find :
 Riches, above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

IV.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast ;
 Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.

V.

Here may the blind and hungry come,
 And light, and food receive ;
 Here, shall the meanest guest have room,
 And taste, and see, and live.

VI.

Amidst these gloomy wilds below,
 When dark and sad we stray ;
 Here, beams of heaven relieve our woe,
 And guide to endless day.

VII.

Here, springs of consolation rise,
 To cheer the fainting mind ;
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.

VIII. When

VIII.

When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
 United rend the heart,
 Here, sinners meet divine relief,
 And cool the raging smart.

IX.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice,
 Spreads heavenly peace around ;
 And life, and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

X.

But when his painful sufferings rise,
 (Delightful, dreadful scene !)
 Angels may read with wondering eyes
 That Jesus died for men.

XI.

O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight,
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

XII.

Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near,
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

*He who dwelleth within,
and shall be his comfort.*



The INFLUENCES of the SPIRIT of GOD

in the HEART. John XIV. 16, 17.

I. H. H. H.



DEAR Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!

II.

When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

III.

Sure the blest comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

IV.

When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears controul,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

V. Whene'er

V.

Whene'er to call the Saviour mite;
 With ardent wish my heart aspires,
 Can it be less than power divine,
 Which animates these strong desires?

VI.

What less than thy almighty word,
 Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
 And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
 My life, my treasure, and my trust?

VII.

And when my cheerful hope can say
 I love my God, and taste his grace,
 Lord, is it not thy blisful ray,
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

VIII.

Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
 For ever dwell, O God of love,
 And light and heavenly peace impart,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.



CHRIST the PHYSICIAN of SOULS.

Jerem. VIII. 22.

I.

DEEP are the wounds which sin hath made :
 Where shall the finner find a cure ?
 In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
 The work exceeds all nature's power.

II.

Sin like a raging fever reigns,
 With fatal strength in every part ;
 The dire contagion fills the veins,
 And spreads its poison to the heart.

III.

And can no sovereign balm be found,
 And is no kind physician nigh,
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
 Ere life and hope for ever fly ?

IV.

There is a great Physician near,
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
 See, in his heavenly smiles appear
 Such ease as nature cannot give.

V. See,

V.

See, in the Saviour's dying blood
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
 'Tis only this dear, sacred flood
 Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

VI.

Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
 For here a sovereign cure is found;
 A cordial for the fainting heart,
 A balm for every painful wound.



The INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

Heb. VII. 25.

I.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 (What joy the blest assurance gives!)
 And now before his Father God,
 Pleads the full merits of his blood.

II.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

III. Hence

III.

Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts ;
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His powerful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

IV.

In every dark distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power ;
 Let this dear hope repel the dart,
 That Jesus bears us on his heart.

V.

Great advocate, almighty friend—
 On him our humble hopes depend !
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.



The CONDESCENSION of GOD.

1 Kings VIII. 27.

I.

ETERNAL power, almighty God,
 Who can approach thy throne ?
 Accessless light is thy abode,
 To angel-eyes unknown.

II.

Before the radiance of thine eye
The heavens no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

III.

Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below,
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe?

IV.

But oh! to shew thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near—
Amazing and transporting grace
To dwell with mortals here!

V.

How strange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all the exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

VI.

While golden harps, and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and mean thy praise.



The HEAVENLY GUEST.

Rev. III. 20.

I.

AND will the Lord thus condescend
 To visit sinful worms?
 Thus at the door, shall Mercy stand
 In all her winning forms?

II.

Surprizing grace!—and shall my heart
 Unmov'd and cold remain?
 Has this hard rock no tender part?
 Must mercy plead in vain?

III.

Shall Jesus for admission sue,
 His charming voice unheard?
 And this vile heart, his rightful due
 Remain for ever barr'd?

IV.

'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power
 The lodging has possess;
 And crouds of traitors bar the door
 Against the heavenly guest.

V.

Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace,
 Thy mighty power display ;
 One beam of glory from thy face
 Can drive my foes away.

VI.

Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart ;
 Dear Saviour, enter in,
 And guard the passage to my heart,
 And keep out every sin.



GOD the SOUL'S ONLY PORTION.

Lam. III. 24.

I.

IN vain the world's alluring smile
 Would my unwary heart beguile :
 Deluding world ! its brightest day,
 Dream of a moment, fleets away !

II.

Earth's highest pleasures, could they last,
 Would pall and languish on the taste ;
 Such airy chaff was ne'er design'd
 To feed th' immortal, craving mind.

III. To

III.

To nobler blifs my foul aspires,
 Come, Lord, and fill these vast desires
 Be thou my portion, here I rest,
 Since of my utmost wish posselt.

IV.

O let thy facred word impart
 Its fealing influence to my heart;
 With power, and light, and love divine,
 Assure my foul that thou art mine.

V.

The blifsful word, with joy replete,
 Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat,
 And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
 Shine cheerful through this mortal night:

VI.

Then shall my joyful spirit rise
 On wings of faith above the skies;
 And when these transient scenes are o'er,
 And this vain world shall tempt no more:

VII.

O may I reach the blifsful plains,
 Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
 And dwell for ever near thy throne
 In joys to mortal thought unknown.



FAITH in the JOYS of HEAVEN.

2 Cor. v. 7.

I.

FAITH leads to joys beyond the sky ;
 Why then is this weak mind
 Afraid to raise a cheerful eye
 To more than sense can find ?

II.

Sense can but furnish scenes of woe,
 In this low vale of tears ;
 No groves of heavenly pleasures grow,
 No paradise appears.

III.

Ah! why should this mistaken mind
 Still rove with restless pain ?
 Delight on earth expect to find,
 Yet still expect in vain ?

IV.

Faith, rising upward, points her view,
 To regions in the skies ;
 There lovelier scenes than Eden knew,
 In bright perspective rise.

V. Oh!

V.

Oh ! if this heaven-born grace were mine,
 Would not my spirit soar,
 Transported gaze on joys divine,
 And cleave to earth no more ?

VI.

If in my heart true faith appears,
 How weak the sacred ray !
 Feebly aspiring, prest with fears,
 Almost it dies away.

VII.

O thou, from whose almighty breath
 It first began to rise,
 Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth,
 And bid it reach the skies.

VIII.

Let this weak, erring mind no more,
 On earth bewildered rove,
 But with celestial ardour soar
 To endless joys above.



STRENGTH and SAFETY in GOD ALONE.

Pfalm cv. 4.

I.

PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
 Obedient to thy call,
 To seek the presence of thy grace,
 My strength, my life, my all.

II.

All I can wish is thine to give ;
 My God I ask thy love,
 That greatest bliss I can receive,
 That bliss of heaven above.

III.

In these dark scenes of pain and woe,
 What can my spirit find ?
 No happiness can dwell below,
 To fill th' immortal mind.

IV.

To heaven my restless heart aspires :
 O for a quickening ray,
 To invigorate my faint desires,
 And cheer the tiresome way.

V. The

V.

The path to thy divine abode,
 Through a wild defart lies ;
 A thousand snares beset the road,
 A thousand terrors rise.

VI.

Satan and sin unite their art,
 To keep me from my Lord :
 Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
 And guide me by thy word.

VII.

Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
 Or spreads the fatal snare,
 I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
 For safety must be there.

VIII.

My guardian, my almighty friend,
 On thee, my soul would rest ;
 On thee alone, my hopes depend,
 Be near, and I am blest.



A FUNERAL HYMN.

I.

WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,
 Around their cold remains,
 How all the tender passions mourn,
 And each fond heart complains!

II.

But down to earth, alas, in vain
 We bend our weeping eyes;
 Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
 And upward learn to rise.

III.

Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,
 And beams a healing ray,
 And guides us from the darksome tomb,
 To realms of endless day.

IV.

Jesus, who left his blest abode,
 (Amazing grace!) to die,
 Mark'd when he rose the shining road
 To his bright courts on high.

V. To

V.

To those bright courts; when hope ascends,
 The tears forget to flow;
 Hope views our absent happy friends,
 And calms the swelling woe.

VI.

Then let our hearts repine no more,
 That earthly comfort dies,
 But lasting happiness explore,
 And ask it from the skies.



SIN the CAUSE of SORROW.

I.

THE pains that wait our fleeting breath,
 Too oft my mournful thoughts employ;
 Amid the gloomy shades of death,
 The hope of heaven, is life, is joy.

II.

But ah! how soon the blissful ray,
 With guilt o'ershaded, disappears;
 'Tis sin alone, that clouds my day,
 'Tis sin alone, deserves my tears.

III. Yes,

III.

Yes, I have cause indeed to mourn,
When God conceals his radiant face;
And pray and long 'till he return,
With smiles of sweet forgiving grace.

IV.

Then weep my eyes, complain my heart,
But mourn not, hopeless of relief;
For sovereign mercy will impart
Its healing beams, to ease my grief.

V.

The Saviour pleads his dying blood,
Awake my hope, away my fears;
Through him I'll seek my absent God,
'Till his returning smile appears.



Intreating the PRESENCE of CHRIST
in his CHURCHES. Hag. II. 7.

I.

COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

II. When

II.

When we thy wonderous glories hear,
 And all thy sufferings trace,
 What sweetly awful scenes appear!
 What rich unbounded grace!

III.

How should our songs, like those above,
 With warm devotion rise!
 How should our souls, on wings of love,
 Mount upward to the skies!

IV.

But ah! the song, how cold it flows!
 How languid our desire!
 How faint the sacred passion glows,
 'Till thou the heart inspire!

V.

Come Lord, thy love alone can raise
 In us the heavenly flame;
 Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
 Our hearts adore thy name.

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
 And fill thy dwellings here,
 'Till life, and love, and joy divine,
 A heaven on earth appear.

VII. Then

VII.

Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
 Come, great Redeemer, come,
 And bring the bright, the glorious day,
 That calls thy children home.



Desiring to TRUST in GOD.

Isai. XXVI. 4.

I.

Great source of boundless power and grace,
 Attend my mournful cry;
 In the dark hour of deep distress,
 To thee, to thee I fly.

II.

Thou art my strength, my life, my stay,
 Assist my feeble trust;
 Drive these distressing fears away,
 And raise me from the dust.

III.

O let me call thy grace to mind,
 And trust thy glorious name;
 Jehovah, powerful, wise, and kind,
 For ever is the same.

IV. Here

IV.

Here let me rest, on thee depend,
 My God, my hope, my all;
 Be thou my everlasting friend,
 And I can never fall.



WATCHFULNESS and PRAYER.

Mat. XXVI. 41.

I.

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

II.

How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
 My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
 How strong my foes and fears?

III.

O gracious God, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid,
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.

IV. In-

IV.

Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.

V.

Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
 Or lure my feet aside,
 My God, thy powerful aid impart,
 My guardian, and my guide.

VI.

O keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.



DIVINE COMPASSION.

Isai. XLIX. 14, 15, 16.

I.

THE Lord forgets his wonted grace,
 Afflicted Zion said;
 My God withdraws his smiling face,
 Withdraws his heavenly aid.

II. Shall

II.

Shall the kind mother's gentle breast
 No soft emotion share;
 But, every tender thought suppress,
 Forget her infant care?

III.

The helpless child, that oft her eyes
 Have watch'd with anxious thought,
 While her fond breast appeas'd his cries—
 And can he be forgot?

IV.

Strange as it is, yet this may be,
 For creature-love is frail;
 But thy Creator's love to thee,
 O Zion, cannot fail.

V.

No, thy dear name engraven stands,
 In characters of love,
 On thy almighty Father's hands;
 And never shall remove.

VI.

Before his ever-watchful eye
 Thy mournful state appears,
 And every groan, and every sigh
 Divine compassion hears.

VII.

These anxious doubts indulge no more,
 Be every fear suppress'd;
 Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
 Command thy cares to rest.



Desiring ASSURANCE of the FAVOUR

of GOD,

✓ *E. M. Hale*
 I.
ETERNAL source of joys divine,
 To thee my soul aspires;
 O could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
 'Tis all my soul desires.

II.

Thy smile can give me real joy,
 Unmingled and refin'd,
 Substantial bliss, without alloy,
 And lasting as the mind.

III.

Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,
 Bid stormy trouble cease,
 Spread the fair dawn of heaven below,
 And sweeten pain to peace.

IV. My

IV.

My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
 Assure me of thy love:
 O speak the kind transporting word,
 And bid my fears remove.

V.

Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
 And triumph in my God,
 Till heavenly rapture tune my voice
 To spread thy praise abroad.



HOPE encouraged in the contemplation
 of the DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

I.

WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
 Am I not safe, if God is nigh?

II.

He holds all nature in his hand:
 That gracious hand on which I live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.

III.

'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline ;
 The wondrous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread ! how bright they shine !

IV.

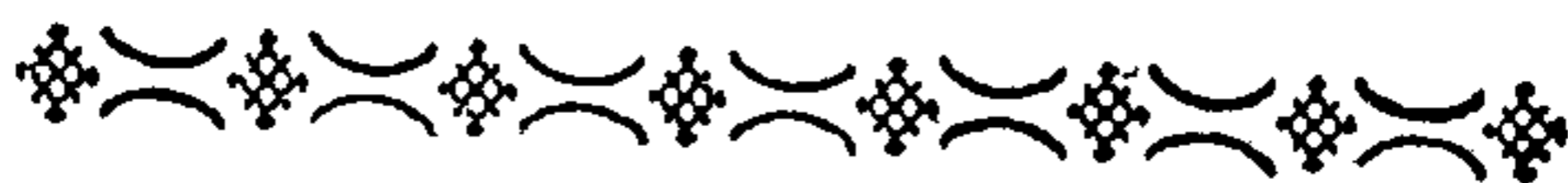
Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
 Unchanging faithfulness and love !
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

V.

My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave ;
 A present help in times of need,
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

VI.

Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
 And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine,—and I am blest,



The INCARNATE SAVIOUR.

John I. 14.

I.

A WAKE, awake the sacred song,
 To our incarnate Lord :
 Let every heart, and every tongue,
 Adore the eternal word.

II.

That awful word, that sovereign power,
 By whom the worlds were made ;
 (O happy morn ! illustrious hour !)
 Was once in flesh array'd.

III.

Then shone almighty power and love,
 In all their glorious forms,
 When Jesus left his throne above,
 To dwell with sinful worms.

IV.

To dwell with misery below,
 The Saviour left the skies ;
 And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
 That worthless man might rise.

V.

Adoring angels tun'd their songs
 To hail the joyful day :
 With rapturè then, let mortal tongues
 Their grateful worship pay !

VI.

What glory, Lord, to thee is due ?
 With wonder we adore ;
 But could we sing as angels do,
 Our highest praise were poor.



FAITH in GOD in time of DISTRESS.

Hab. III. 17, 18.

I.

SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
 Extend her, desolating reign,
 Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
 Nor autumn swell the foodful grain :

II.

Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
 Around their famish'd master die ;
 And hope itself despairing weep,
 While life deplots its last supply :

III. Amid

III.

Amid the dark, the deathful scene,
 If I can say, the Lord is mine,
 The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
 And glory dawn, though life decline.

IV.

The God of my salvation lives,
 My nobler life he will sustain ;
 His word immortal vigour gives,
 Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

V.

Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
 Though every earthly comfort die ;
 Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
 And raise my sacred pleasures high.

VI.

O let me hear thy blissful voice,
 Inspiring life and joys divine !
 The barren desert shall rejoice,
 'Tis paradise if thou art mine.



PARDONING LOVE. Jer. III. 22.

Hof. XIV. 4.

I.

HOW oft, alas, this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord!
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word!

II.

Yet sovereign mercy calls, Return:
 Dear Lord, and may I come!
 My vile ingratitude I mourn;
 Oh take the wanderer home.

III.

And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live
 To speak thy wonderous love!

IV.

Almighty grace, thy healing power
 How glorious how divine!
 That can to life and bliss restore
 So vile a heart as mine.

V. Thy

V.

'Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet;
 Dear Saviour, I adore;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.



The GOODNESS of GOD.

Nahum i. 7.

I.

YE humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise;
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.

II.

All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

III.

He gave his son, his only son,
 To ransom rebel worms;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its divinest forms.

IV. To

IV.

To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
 'Tis here our hope relies;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

V.

Thy eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
 With bliss divinely free.

VI.

Great God, to thy almighty love,
 What honours shall we raise?
 Not all the raptur'd songs above
 Can render equal praise.



TRUE HONOUR. Dan. XII. 3.

I.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
 Resplendent with eternal day;
 Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
 While God's own word reveals the way.

II. There

II.

There shall the favorites of the Lord
 With never fading lustre shine ;
 Surprizing honour ! vast reward
 Conferr'd on man, by love divine !

III.

How blest are those, how truly wise,
 Who learn and keep the sacred road !
 Happy the men, whom heaven employs
 To turn rebellious hearts to God !

IV.

To win them from the fatal way,
 Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;
 And that blest righteousness display,
 Which Jesus wrought, and God approves.

V.

The shining firmament shall fade,
 And sparkling stars resign their light ;
 But these shall know nor change, nor shade,
 For ever fair, for ever bright.

VI.

No fancied joy beyond the sky,
 No fair delusion is reveal'd ;
 'Tis God that speaks, who cannot lie,
 And all his word must be fulfill'd.

VII. And

VII.

And shall not these cold hearts of ours
 Be kindled at the glorious view?
 Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
 Our feeble, dying strength renew.

VIII.

On wings of faith and strong desire,
 O may our spirits daily rise;
 And reach at last the shining choir,
 In the bright mansions of the skies.



DIVINE BOUNTY. Col. 1. 19.

I.

LORD, we adore thy boundless grace,
 The heights and depths unknown,
 Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
 In thy beloved son.

II.

O wonderful gift of love divine,
 Dear source of every good!
 Jesus, in thee what glories shine!
 How rich thy flowing blood!

III. Come

III.

Cóme, all ye pining, hungry poor,
 The Saviour's bounty taste ;
 Behold a never failing store,
 For every willing guest.

IV.

Here shall your numerous wants receive
 A free, a full supply :
 He has unmeasur'd blifs to give,
 And joys that never die.

V.

Can those, who hear the Saviour's voice,
 Prefer earth's empty toys,
 (Ah, wretched souls ! ah, fatal choice !)
 To everlasting joys ?

VI.

Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee,
 With sweet resistless power ;
 Thy boundless grace, let rebels see,
 And at thy feet adore.



The HEAVENLY CONQUEROR.

Rev. III. 21.

I.

TO Jesus, our victorious Lord,
 The praises of our lives belong;
 For ever be his name ador'd:
 Sweet theme of every thankful song.

II.

Lost in despair, beset with foes,
 Undone, and perishing we lay;
 His pity melted o'er our woes,
 And sav'd the trembling, dying prey.

III.

He fought, he conquer'd, though he fell,
 While with his last expiring breath,
 He triumph'd o'er the powers of hell,
 And by his dying vanquish'd death.

IV.

Now on his Father's throne he reigns,
 And all the tuneful choir above
 Resound in high immortal strains,
 The praises of victorious love.

V. Though

V.

Though still reviving foes arise,
 Temptations, sins, and doubts appear,
 And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes
 With many a groan, and many a tear :

VI.

Still shall we fight, and still prevail,
 In our almighty leader's name ;
 His strength, whene'er our spirits fail,
 Shall all our active powers inflame.

VII.

Immortal honours wait above,
 To crown the dying conqueror's brow ;
 And endless peace, and joy, and love,
 For the short war sustain'd below.

VIII.

Exalted near their Saviour's feat,
 His faints shall dwell, their dangers o'er,
 And cast their crowns beneath his feet,
 And love, and wonder, and adore.



LONGING after UNSEEN PLEASURES.

2 Cor. IV. 18.

I.

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes ;
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies ?

II.

These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight ;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.

III.

Their brightest day, alas, how vain !
 With conscious sighs we own ;
 While clouds of sorrow, care and pain,
 O'er shade the smiling noon.

IV.

O could our thoughts and wishes fly,
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky
 Which sorrow ne'er invades.

V. There

V.

There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever-blooming prospect rise,
 Unconscious of decay.

VI.

Lord, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim;
 With one reviving touch of thine,
 Our languid hearts inflame.

VII.

Then shall on faith's sublimest wing
 Our ardent wishes rise
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
 Immortal in the skies.



The CHRISTIAN'S PROSPECT.

I.

HAPPY the soul, whose wishes climb
 To mansions in the skies!
 He looks on all the joys of time,
 With undesiring eyes.

II.

In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,
 And throws her silken chain;
 And wealth and fame invite his arms,
 And tempt his ear in vain.

III.

He knows that all these glittering things
 Must yield to sure decay;
 And sees on time's extended wings,
 How swift they fleet away!

IV.

Nor low to earth in sorrow bends,
 When pains and cares invade;
 With cheerful wing his faith ascends
 Above the gloomy shade.

V.

To things unseen by mortal eyes,
 A beam of sacred light
 Directs his view, his prospects rise,
 All permanent and bright.

VI.

His hopes are fix'd on joys to come;
 Those blissful scenes on high,
 Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
 When time and nature die.

VII. O

VII.

O were these heavenly prospects mine,
 These pleasures could I prove,
 Earth's fleeting views I would resign,
 And raise my hopes above.



LIFE a JOURNEY.

I.

LIFE is a journey, heaven my home,
 And shall I negligently stray?
 In paths of danger heedless roam,
 Forget my guide, forget my way?

II.

Think, O my soul, each flying hour
 Thy folly chides, thy speed alarms;
 And shall an insect, or a flower
 Amuse thee with their painted charms?

III.

Such are the objects earth displays,
 To tempt my stay, and gain my heart!
 And shall I fondly, vainly gaze?
 Ye shining trifles, hence depart.

IV.

O think what glorious scenes above,
 In bright unbounded prospect rise!
 Nor let one vagrant passion rove,
 Nor leave a wish below the skies.

V.

But ah! how weak my best desires,
 My warmest ardours soon decay;
 My fainting soul 'till grace inspires,
 Can ne'er pursue the heavenly way.

VI.

On thee I lean, all-gracious God,
 O breathe new life through all my powers,
 Teach me to keep thy sacred road,
 And well improve my remnant hours.



TRUE HAPPINESS to be found
 only in GOD.

I.

WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings
 And wanders unconfin'd,
 Amid the unbounded scene of things
 Which entertain the mind:

II. In

II.

In vain I trace creation o'er,
 In search of sacred rest;
 The whole creation is too poor,
 Too mean, to make me blest.

III.

In vain would this low world employ,
 Each flattering specious wile;
 There's nought can yield a real joy,
 But my Creator's smile.

IV.

Let earth and all her charms depart,
 Unworthy of the mind;
 In God alone, this restless heart
 An equal bliss can find.

V.

Great spring of all felicity,
 To whom my wishes tend,
 Do not these wishes rise from thee,
 And in thy favour end?

VI.

Thy favour, Lord, is all I want,
 Here would my spirit rest;
 O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
 And make me fully blest.



LASTING HAPPINESS.

I.

IN vain my roving thoughts would find
 A portion worthy of the mind;
 On earth my soul can never rest,
 For earth can never make me blest.

II.

Can lasting happiness be found
 Where seasons roll their hasty round,
 And days and hours, with rapid flight,
 Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight?

III.

Arise my thoughts, my heart arise,
 Leave this low world and seek the skies;
 There joys for ever, ever last,
 When seasons, days and hours are past.

IV.

Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart,
 Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
 To pleasure perfect and sublime,
 Unmeasur'd by the wings of time.

V. Let

V.

Let those bright worlds of endless joy,
 My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ,
 No more, ye restless passions, roam,
 God is my bliss, and heaven my home.



Bidding ADIEU TO EARTHLY
 PLEASURES.

I.

YE gay deceivers of the mind,
 Ye dreams of happiness, adieu ;
 No more your soft enchantments bind,
 This heart was never made for you.

II.

The brightest joy your smile can boast,
 Is but a moment's glittering light ;
 It sparkles now, and now 'tis lost,
 Extinguish'd in the shades of night.

III.

Begone, with all your soothing charms ;
 Pleasure on earth !—O empty name !
 Superior joy my bosom warms,
 And heaven approves the sacred flame.

IV.

To perfect bliss my soul aspires,
 That shines with never fading ray !
 No less can satiate my desires,
 Than full delight, and endless day.

V.

Blest be the kind, the gracious power,
 That gently call'd and bade me rise ;
 And taught my nobler thoughts to soar
 To happiness beyond the skies.



LONGING for IMMORTALITY.

2 Cor. v. 4;

I.

SAD prisoners in a house of clay,
 With sins, and griefs, and pains oppress'd,
 We groan the lingering hours away,
 And wish, and long to be releas'd.

II.

Nor is it liberty alone,
 Which prompts our restless ardent sighs ;
 For immortality we groan,
 For robes and mansions in the skies.

III. Eternal

III.

Eternal mansions! bright array!
O blest exchange! transporting thought!
Free from the approaches of decay,
Or the least shadow of a spot!

IV.

There shall mortality no more
Its wide extended empire boast,
Forgotten all its dreadful power,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

V.

Bright world of bliss! O could I see
One shining glimpse, one cheerful ray
(Fair dawn of immortality!)
Break through these tottering walls of clay.

VI.

Jesus, in thy dear name I trust,
My light, my life, my Saviour God;
When this frail house dissolves in dust,
O raise me to thy bright abode.



At the FUNERAL of a YOUNG PERSON.

I.

WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

II.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, imprest
 With awful power—I too must die—
 Sink deep in every breast.

III.

Let this vain world engage no more ;
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To morrow, death may come.

IV.

The voice of this alarming scene,
 May every heart obey,
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

V. O let

V.

O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

VI.

Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing power;
 This only can prepare the heart,
 For death's surprizing hour.



SIN the STING of DEATH.

I.

DEATH! 'tis a name with terror fraught;
 It rends the guilty heart,
 When conscience wakes remorseful thought,
 With agonizing smart.

II.

'Tis guilt alone provokes that frown
 Which all the soul alarms;
 Gives terror to the monarch's crown,
 And conquest to his arms!

III. Dear

III.

Dear Saviour, thy victorious love
Can all his force controul,
Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling soul.

IV.

Victorious love ! thy wonderous power
From sin and death can raise ;
Can gild the dark departing hour,
And tune its groans to praise.

V.

Then shall the joyful spirit soar
To life beyond the skies,
Where gloomy death can frown no more,
And guilt and terror dies.

VI.

No more, O pale destroyer; boast
Thy universal sway ;
To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost,
Thy night, the gates of day.



The PRESENCE of CHRIST the Joy
of his PEOPLE.

I.

THE wondering nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfill'd,
And angels hail'd the glorious morn
That saw the great Messiah born :

II.

The prince ! the Saviour, long desir'd,
Whom prophets taught, by heaven inspir'd,
And shew'd far off the blissful day ;
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

III.

Oft in the temples of his grace
His saints behold his smiling face,
And oft have seen his glory shine,
With power and majesty divine :

IV.

But soon alas, his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return ;
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.

V. Come,

V.

Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
 Our graces droop, our comforts die :
 Return, and let thy glories rise,
 Again to our admiring eyes :

VI.

'Till fill'd with light, and joy, and love,
 Thy courts below, like those above,
 Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
 And heaven and earth resound thy praise.



ABSENCE from GOD.

I.

O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye :

II.

See ! low before thy throne of grace
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said, Return ?

III. And

III.

And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 O let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.

IV.

Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!

V.

O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

VI.

Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy:
 Be this my solace, here below,
 And my eternal joy.



Desiring a taste of REAL JOY.

I.

WHY should my spirit cleave to earth,
 This nest of worms, this vile abode?
 Why thus forget her nobler birth,
 Nor wish to trace the heavenly road?

II.

How barren of sincere delight,
 Are all the fairest scenes below!
 Though beauteous colours charm the sight,
 They only varnish real woe.

III.

Were I to mount the flying wind,
 And search the wide creation round,
 There's nothing here to suit the mind;
 On earth no solid joy is found.

IV.

Oh! could my weary spirit rise,
 And panting with intense desire,
 Reach the bright mansions in the skies,
 And mix among the blissful choir:

V. How

V.

How should I look, with pitying eye,
 On this low world of gloomy care,
 And wonder, how my soul could lie
 Wrapp'd up in shades and darkness there!

VI.

Say, happy natives of the sky,
 What is it makes your heaven above?
 You dwell beneath your father's eye,
 And feast for ever on his love.

VII.

My God, thy presence can impart
 A glimpse of heaven to earth and night;
 O smile, and bless my mournful heart,
 Sweet foretaste of sincere delight.

VIII.

Then shall my soul contented stay
 'Till my Redeemer calls me home:
 Yet let me oft with transport say,
 "Come, O my Lord, my Saviour, come!"

Delightful How art thou Father!
Jan. 17. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18.
[114] XIX.



HUMBLE RELIANCE.

I.

MY God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call thee mine,
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

II.

This only can my fears controul,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

III.

Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art just, and good, and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

IV.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

V. If

V.

If pain and sickness rend this frame,
 And life almost depart,
 Is not thy mercy still the same,
 To cheer my drooping heart ?

VI.

If cares and sorrows me surround,
 Their power why should I fear ?
 My inward peace they cannot wound,
 If thou, my God, art near.

VII.

Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak, erring sight ;
 Yet let my soul, adoring, own
 That all thy ways are right.

VIII.

My God, my Father, be thy name
 My solace and my stay ;
 O wilt thou seal my humble claim,
 And drive my fears away.



The PRESENCE of GOD the LIFE
and LIGHT of the SOUL.

I.

MY God, my hope, if thou art mine,
Why should my soul with sorrow pine?
On thee alone I cast my care;
O leave me not in dark despair.

II.

Though every comfort should depart,
And life forsake this drooping heart;
One smile from thee, one blisful ray,
Can chase the shades of death away.

III.

My God, my life, if thou appear,
Not death itself can make me fear;
Thy presence cheers the sable gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

IV.

Not all its horrors can affright,
If thou appear, my God, my light;
Thy love shall all my fears controul,
And glory dawn around my soul.

V. Should

V.

Should all created blessings fade,
 And mourning nature, disarray'd,
 Deplore her every charm withdrawn,
 Light, hope and joy, for ever gone.

VI.

Though nought remain below the sky,
 To please my taste, my ear, my eye,
 Be thou my hope, my life, my light,
 Amid the universal night.

VII.

My God, be thou for ever nigh;
 Beneath the radiance of thine eye,
 My hope, my joy, shall ever rise,
 Nor terminate below the skies.



Resigning the HEART to GOD.

Psalm CXIX. 94.

I.

THEE, dearest Lord, my soul adores,
 I would be thine, and only thine,
 To thee, my heart and all its powers,
 With full consent, I would resign.

I 3

II. But

II.

But ah! this weak inconstant mind,
 How frail, how apt from thee to stray!
 Trifles, as empty as the wind,
 Can tempt my roving thoughts away.

III.

Sure I am thine—or why this load
 When earthly vanities beguile?
 Why do I mourn my absent God,
 And languish for thy cheering smile?

IV.

If thou return, how sweet the joy,
 Though mix'd with penitential smart!
 Then I despise each tempting toy,
 And long to give thee all my heart.

V.

Come, Lord, thy saving power display,
 (Resistless power of love divine!)
 And drive thy hated foes away,
 And make me thine, and only thine.

Nov. 20/18
[119]



The INCONSTANT HEART.

I.

AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart,
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love!

II.

In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away,
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wandering mind.

III.

Through all resolves, how soon it flies
And mocks the weak, the slender ties!
There's nought beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

IV.

Jesus, to thee, I would return,
At thy dear feet repentant mourn;
There let me view thy pardoning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

V.

O let thy love with sweet controul,
 Bind all the passions of my soul,
 Bid every vanity depart,
 And dwell for ever in my heart.



COLD AFFECTIONS.

I.

SURE I must love the Saviour's name—
 Or is the heaven-born passion dead,
 Extinguish'd the celestial flame,
 And all my joys for ever fled?

II.

At the sweet mention of his love,
 How should the sacred ardour rise!
 And every thought, transported, move
 In grateful joy, and glad surprize.

III.

Jesus demands this heart of mine,
 Demands my wish, my joy, my care;
 But ah! how dead to things divine,
 How cold my best affections are!

IV. What

IV.

What death-like lethargy detains
 My captive powers with fatal art,
 And spreads its unrelenting chains
 Heavy and cold, around my heart !

V.

'Tis sin, alas ! with dreadful power
 Divides my Saviour from my fight ;
 O for one happy, shining hour
 Of sacred freedom, sweet delight !

VI.

See, dearest Lord, my wretched state,
 And thy almighty power employ ;
 To thee I seek, on thee I wait,
 For life, and liberty and joy.

VII.

O let thy love shine forth, and raise
 My captive powers from sin and death ;
 And fill my heart and life with praise,
 And tune my last expiring breath.

VIII.

Then bear me to the blissful seats
 Of perfect freedom, life and light,
 Where thy redeem'd assembly meets,
 To love and praise with full delight.

IX. There

IX.

There shall my thoughts transported trace,
 And all my soul for ever prove,
 The boundless riches of thy grace,
 The endless wonders of thy love.



The EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

I.

AND is the gospel, peace and love?
 Such let our conversation be;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.

II.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to rise,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the christian life!

III.

O how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

IV. To

IV.

To do his heavenly Father's will,
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life, divinely bright!

V.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labours of his life were love;
 O, if we love the Saviour's name,
 Let his divine example move.

VI.

But ah how blind! how weak we are!
 How frail! how apt to turn aside!
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy spirit for our guide.

VII.

Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be;
 Make us by thy transforming grace,
 Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.



RETIREMENT and REFLECTION.

I.

HENCE, vain, intruding world depart,
 No more allure nor vex my heart;
 Let every vanity be gone,
 I would be peaceful and alone.

II.

Here let me search my inmost mind,
 And try its real state to find,
 The secret springs of thought explore,
 And call my words and actions o'er.

III.

Reflect how soon my life will end,
 And think on what my hopes depend,
 What aim my busy thoughts pursue,
 What work is done, and what to do.

IV.

Eternity is just at hand ;
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away ?

V. Eternity,

V.

Eternity, tremendous found !
 To guilty souls, a dreadful wound ;
 But Oh ! if Christ and heaven be mine ;
 How sweet the accents ! how divine !

VI.

Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,
 My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

VII.

But should my brightest hopes be vain,
 The rising doubt, how sharp its pain !
 My fears, O gracious God, remove,
 Confirm my title to thy love.

VIII.

Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy impart ;
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.



HOPE in DARKNESS.

I.

GOD is my sun, his blissful rays
 Irradiate, warm, and guide my heart!
 How dark, how mournful, are my days,
 If his enlivening beams depart!

II.

Scarce through the shades, a glimpse of day
 Appears to these desiring eyes!
 But shall my drooping spirit say,
 The cheerful morn will never rise?

III.

O let me not despairing mourn,
 Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky;
 My glorious sun will yet return,
 And night with all its horrors fly.

VI.

Hope, in the absence of my Lord,
 Shall be my taper; sacred light,
 Kindled at his celestial word,
 To cheer the melancholy night.

V. O for

V.

O for the bright the joyful day,
 When hope shall in assurance die !
 So tapers lose their feeble ray,
 Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.



DEATH and HEAVEN.

I.

OFT have I said, with inward sighs,
 I find no solid good below ;
 Earth's fairest scenes but cheat my eyes,
 Her pleasure is but painted woe.

II.

Then why, my soul, so loath to leave
 These seats of vanity and care ?
 Why do I thus to trifles cleave,
 And feed on chaff, and grasp the air ?

III.

There is a world all fair and bright ;
 But clouds and darkness dwell between,
 The sable veil obstructs my sight,
 And hides the lovely, distant scene.

IV. When

IV.

Whene'er I look with frightened eyes
 On death's impenetrable shade,
 Alas ! what gloomy horrors rise,
 And all my trembling frame invade !

V.

O death, frail nature's dreaded foe,
 Thy frown with terror fills my heart ;
 How shall I bear the fatal blow,
 Which must my soul and body part ?

VI.

'Tis sin which arms his dreadful frown,
 This only points his deadly sting ;
 My sins which throw this gloom around,
 And all these shocking terrors bring.

VII.

O could I know my sins forgiven,
 Soon would these terrors disappear ;
 Then should I see a glimpse of heaven,
 And look on death without a fear.

VIII.

Jesus, my Saviour, and my God,
 To thee my trembling spirit flies ;
 Thy merits, thy atoning blood,
 On this alone my soul relies.

IX. O

IX.

O let thy love's all-powerful ray
 With pleasing force, divine controul,
 Arise, and chase these clouds away,
 And shine around my doubting soul.

X.

Then shall I change the mournful strain,
 And bid my thoughts and hopes arise,
 Above these gloomy seats of pain,
 To glorious worlds beyond the skies,

XI.

With cheerful heart I then shall sing,
 And triumph o'er my vanquish'd foe—
 O death, where is thy pointed sting?
 My Saviour wards the fatal blow.

XII.

O when will that illustrious day,
 When will that blisful moment, come,
 That shall my weary soul convey
 Safe to her everlasting home?

XIII.

Then shall I leave these fetters here,
 And upward rise to joys unknown;
 And call, without an anxious fear,
 The fair inheritance my own.

XIV.

Adieu to all terrestrial things;
 Come bear me through the starry road,
 Bright Seraphs, on your soaring wings,
 To see my Saviour, and my God.



REDEMPTION by CHRIST ALONE.

1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

I.

ENSLAV'D by sin and bound in chains,
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
 And doom'd to everlasting pains,
 We wretched, guilty captives lay.

II.

Nor gold nor gems, could buy our peace;
 Nor the whole world's collected store,
 Suffice to purchase our release;
 A thousand worlds were all too poor.

III.

Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,
 An all-sufficient ransom paid;
 Invalued price, his precious blood,
 For vile rebellious traitors shed.

IV. Jesus

IV.

Jesus the sacrifice became,
 To rescue guilty souls from hell;
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
 Beneath avenging justice fell.

V.

Amazing goodness! love divine!
 O may our grateful hearts adore
 The matchless grace, nor yield to sin,
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue,
 The glorious work it has begun,
 Each secret lurking foe subdued,
 And let our hearts be thine alone.



The MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

I.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
 How blind are we! how mean our praise!
 Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
 'Tis ours, to wonder and adore.

II.

Thy deep decrees from creature sight
 Are hid in shades of awful night ;
 Amid the lines, with curious eye,
 Not angel minds presume to pry.

III.

Great God, I would not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be ;
 If light and bliss attend my days,
 Then let my future hours be praise.

IV.

Is darkness and distress my share ?
 Then let me trust thy guardian care ;
 Enough for me, if love divine,
 At length through every cloud shall shine.

V.

Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below,
 " That Christ is mine !"—this great request
 Grant, bounteous God,—and I am blest.



REFUGE and STRENGTH in the
MERCY of GOD.

I.

MY God; 'tis to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here, I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

II.

'Tis here, my faith resolves to dwell,
Nor shall I be afraid
Of all the powers of earth or hell,
If thou vouchsafe thy aid.

III.

My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou my God art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

IV.

Against thy all-supporting grace
My foes can ne'er prevail;
But oh! if frowns becloud thy face,
Faith, hope, and life will fail.

V.

My great protector, and my Lord,
 Thy constant aid impart,
 And let thy kind, thy gracious word
 Sustain my trembling heart.

VI.

O never let my soul remove,
 From this divine retreat ;
 Still let me trust thy power and love,
 And dwell beneath thy feet.



Desiring RESIGNATION and
 THANKFULNESS.

I.

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
 Amid the darkest hours,
 Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
 And thorns are mix'd with flowers.

II.

Lord, teach me to adore thy hand,
 From whence my comforts flow ;
 And let me in this desert land
 A glimpse of Canaan know.

III. Is

III.

Is health and ease my happy share?
 O may I bless my God;
 Thy kindness let my songs declare,
 And spread thy praise abroad.

IV.

While such delightful gifts as these;
 Are kindly dealt to me,
 Be all my hours of health and ease
 Devoted Lord to thee.

V.

In griefs and pains thy sacred word,
 (Dear solace of my soul!)
 Celestial comforts can afford,
 And all their power controul.

VI.

When present sufferings pain my heart,
 Or future terrors rise,
 And light and hope almost depart
 From these dejected eyes:

VII.

Thy powerful word supports my hope,
 Sweet cordial of the mind!
 And bears my fainting spirit up,
 And bids me wait resign'd.

VIII.

And O, whate'er of earthly blifs
 Thy fovereign hand denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rife.

IX.

“ Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 “ From every murmur free ;
 “ The blessings of thy grace impart,
 “ And let me live to thee.

X.

“ Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 “ My path of life attend ;
 “ Thy prefence through my journey fhine,
 “ And blefs its happy end.”



Desiring the PRESENCE of GOD.

Isai L. 10.

I.

HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
 To thee I breathe my sighs,
 When will the mournful night be gone ?
 And when my joys arife ?

II. My

II.

My God—O could I make the claim—
 My father and my friend—
 And call thee mine, by every name,
 On which thy faints depend!

III.

By every name of power and love,
 I would thy grace intreat;
 Nor should my humble hopes remove,
 Nor leave thy sacred seat.

IV.

Yet though my soul in darkness mourns;
 Thy word is all my stay;
 Here, I would rest 'till light returns,
 Thy presence makes my day.

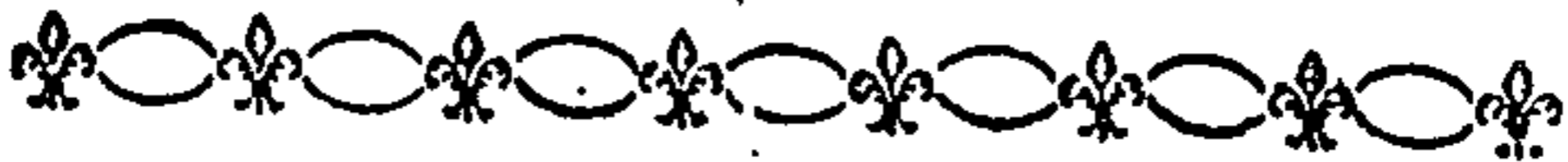
V.

Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
 Relieve my aking heart;
 O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
 And all the gloom depart.

VI.

Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays,
 And change these deep complaining sighs,
 For songs of sacred praise.

CHRIST



CHRIST the LIFE of the SOUL.

John XIV. 19.

I.

✓
WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires;
 Jesus, to thee I lift my eyes,
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

II.

Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope, my comfort die,
 Fix'd on thy everlasting word,
 That word which built the earth and sky?

III.

If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 His word a firm foundation gives,
 Here, let me build, and rest secure.

IV.

Here, let my faith unshaken dwell,
 Immoveable the promise stands;
 Nor all the powers of earth or hell,
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

V. Here

V.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.



Aspiring towards HEAVEN.

I.

VAIN world be gone, nor vex my heart
 With thy deluding wiles :
 Hence, empty promiser, depart,
 With all thy soothing smiles.

II.

Superior bliss invites my eyes,
 Delight unmix'd with woe ;
 Now let my nobler thoughts arise,
 To joys unknown below.

III.

Yon starry plains, how bright they shine,
 With radiant specks of light ;
 Fair pavement of the courts divine,
 That sparkles on the sight !

IV. 'Tis

IV.

'Tis distance lessens every star ;
 Could I behold them nigh,
 Bright worlds of wonder would appear
 To my astonish'd eye !

V.

Thus heavenly joys attract my eyes,
 My heart the lustre warms ;
 But could I reach those upper skies,
 How infinite their charms !

VI.

Come, heaven-born faith, and aid my flight,
 And guide my rising thought,
 Till earth, still lessening to my sight,
 Shall vanish quite forgot.

VII.

But when to reach those blissful plains
 Her utmost ardor tries,
 And almost hears the charming strains
 Of hymning angels rise :

VIII.

Mortality, with painful load,
 Forbids the raptur'd flight ;
 In vain she means heaven's bright abode,
 And sinks to earth and night.

IX. O let

IX.

O let thy love, my God, my King,
 My hope, my heart, inspire ;
 And teach my faith with stronger wing
 To rise, and warm desire.

X.

Oft let thy shining visits cheer
 This dark abode of clay,
 'Till I shall leave these fetters here,
 And rise to endless day.



GOD my ONLY HAPPINESS.

I.

WHEN fill'd with grief, my anxious heart
 To thee, my God, complains,
 Sweet pleasure mingles with the smart,
 And softens all my pains.

II.

Earth flies with all her soothing charms,
 Nor I the loss deplore ;
 No more, ye phantoms, mock my arms,
 Nor tease my spirit more.

III. I languish

III.

I languish for superior joy
 To all that earth bestows;
 For pleasure which can never cloy,
 Nor change, nor period knows.

IV.

Still, must the scenes of bliss remain
 Conceal'd from mortal eyes?
 And must my wishes rise in vain,
 And never reach the skies?

V.

My God, O could I call thee mine
 Without a wavering fear,
 This would be happiness divine,
 A heaven of pleasure here!

VI.

This joy, my wishes long to find,
 To this my heart aspires,
 A bliss, immortal as the mind,
 And vast as its desires!



Mourning the ABSENCE of GOD, and
longing for his gracious PRESENCE.

I.

MY God, to thee I call—
Must I for ever mourn?
So far from thee, my life, my all?
O when wilt thou return!

II.

Dark as the shades of night
My gloomy sorrows rise,
And hide thy soul-reviving light
From these desiring eyes.

III.

My comforts all decay,
My inward foes prevail;
If thou withhold thy healing ray,
Expiring hope will fail.

IV.

Away distressing fears,
My gracious God is nigh,
And heavenly pity sees my tears,
And marks each rising sigh.

V. Dear

V.

Dear fource of all my joys,
 And folace of my care,
 O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice
 And grant my humble prayer !

VI.

These envious clouds remove,
 Thy cheering light restore,
 Confirm my interest in thy love
 'Till I can doubt no more.

VI.

Then if my troubles rise,
 To thee, my God, I'll flee,
 And raise my hopes above the skies,
 And cast my cares on thee.



GOD the ONLY REFUGE of the
 TROUBLED MIND.

I.

DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise:
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.

II. While

II.

While hope revives, though prest with fears,
 And I can say, my God,
 Beneath thy feet I spread my cares,
 And pour my woes abroad.

III.

To thee, I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.

IV.

But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

V.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only trust,
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.

VI.

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain?

VII.

No, still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer;
 O may I ever find access,
 To breathe my sorrows there.

VIII.

Thy mercy-seat is open still;
 Here let my soul retreat,
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.



COMPLAINING at the THRONE of
 GRACE.

I.

O'erwhelm'd with restless griefs and fears,
 Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,
 With aking heart and flowing tears,
 To pour my sorrows at thy feet.

II.

Can mournful penitence and prayer
 Address thy mercy-seat in vain?
 Unnotic'd by thy gracious ear,
 Can sorrow and distress complain?

III. Thy

III.

Thy promises are large and free,
 To humble souls who seek thy face ;
 O where for refuge can I flee,
 My God !—but to the throne of grace ?

IV.

My God, for yet my trembling heart
 Would fain rely upon thy word ;
 Fain would I bid my fears depart,
 And cast my burthen on the Lord.

V.

Thou see'st the tempest of my soul,
 These restless waves of fear and sin ;
 Thy voice can all their rage controul,
 And make a sacred calm within.

VI.

Amid the gloomy shades of night,
 To thee I lift my longing eyes ;
 My saviour God, my life, my light,
 When will thy cheering beams arise ?

VII.

My thoughts recall thy favours past,
 In many a dark distressing hour,
 Thy kind support my heart confess'd,
 And own'd thy wisdom, love and power.

VIII.

And still these bright perfections shine,
 Eternal their unclouded rays ;
 Unchanging faithfulness is thine,
 And just, and right, are all thy ways,

IX.

And can my vile ungrateful heart
 Still harbour black distrust and fear ?
 O bid these heavy clouds depart,
 Bright sun of righteousness, appear.

X.

Let thy enlivening healing voice,
 The kind assurance of thy love,
 Relieve my heart, revive my joys,
 And all my sins and fears remove.



SUBMISSION TO GOD under AFFLICTION.

I.

PEACE, my complaining, doubting heart,
 Ye busy cares be still ;
 Adore the just, the sovereign Lord,
 Nor murmur at his will.

II. Un-

II.

Unerring wisdom guides his hand ;
 Nor dares my guilty fear,
 Amid the sharpest pains I feel,
 Pronounce his hand severe.

III.

To soften every painful stroke,
 Indulgent mercy bends,
 And unrepining when I plead,
 His gracious ear attends.

IV.

Let me reflect with humble awe
 Whene'er my heart complains,
 Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
 How easy are my pains!

V.

Yes Lord, I own thy sovereign hand,
 Thou just, and wise, and kind ;
 Be every anxious thought suppress'd,
 And all my soul resign'd.

VI.

But oh ! indulge this only wish,
 This boon I must implore !
 Assure my soul, that thou art mine,
 My God, I ask no more.



Trusting in the DIVINE VERACITY.

I.

WHEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain,
 My trembling heart dismay,
 My feeble strength, alas, how vain!
 It sinks and dies away.

II.

My spirit asks a firmer prop,
 I lean upon the Lord;
 My God, the pillar of my hope,
 Is thy unchanging word.

III.

On this are built the brightest joys,
 Celestial beings know,
 And 'tis the same almighty voice
 Supports the faints below.

IV.

'Tis this upholds the rolling spheres,
 And heaven's immortal frame;
 Then, O my soul, suppress thy fears,
 Thy basis is the same.

V. The

V.

The sacred word, the solemn oath,
 For ever must remain ;
 I trust in everlasting truth,
 Nor can my trust be vain.



TIME flying and DEATH approaching.

I.

A WAKE, my soul, nor slumbering lie
 Amid the gloomy haunts of death ;
 Perhaps the awful hour is nigh,
 Commission'd for my parting breath.

II.

That awful hour will soon appear,
 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
 When all that pains or pleases here,
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.

III.

Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
 And none resist the fatal dart ;
 Continual warnings strike my sense,
 And shall they fail to reach my heart ?

IV.

Shall gay amusements rise between,
 When scenes of horror spread around?
 Death's pointed arrows fly unseen,
 But ah, how sure, how deep they wound!

V.

Think, O my soul, how much depends
 On the short period of a day;
 Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away?

VI.

Thy remnant minutes strive to use,
 Awake! rouse every active power!
 And not in dreams and trifles lose
 This little now! this precious hour!

VII.

Lord of my life, inspire my heart
 With heavenly ardour, grace divine;
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
 For strength, and life, and death are thine.

VIII.

O teach me the celestial skill,
 Each awful warning to improve!
 And while my days are shortening still,
 Prepare me for the joys above.

IX. In-

IX.

Insure my nobler life on high,
 Life, from a dying Saviour's blood!
 Then though my minutes swiftly fly,
 They bear me nearer to my God.



VICTORY OVER DEATH through CHRIST.

1 Cor. xv. 57.

I.

WHEN death appears before my fight
 In all his dire array,
 Unequal to the dreadful fight,
 My courage dies away.

II.

How shall I meet this potent foe,
 Whose frown my soul alarms?
 Dark horror fits upon his brow,
 And victory waits his arms.

III.

But see my glorious Leader nigh!
 My Lord, my Saviour lives;
 Before him death's pale terrors fly,
 And my faint heart revives.

IV. Jesus,

IV.

Jesus, be thou my sure defence,
 My guard for ever near ;
 And faith shall triumph over sense,
 And never yield to fear.

V.

O may I meet the dreadful hour,
 With fortitude divine ;
 Sustain'd by thy almighty power,
 The conquest must be mine.

VI.

What though subdu'd this body lies,
 Slain in the mortal strife,
 My spirit shall unconquer'd rise,
 To a diviner life.

VII.

Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
 Accept the sacred trust,
 Receive this nobler part of me,
 And watch my sleeping dust :

VIII.

Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy faints shall rise,
 And cloath'd in full, immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies.

IX. When

IX.

When thy triumphant armies sing
 The honours of thy name,
 And heaven's eternal arches ring,
 With glory to the Lamb:

X.

O let me join the raptur'd lays,
 And with the blisful throng,
 Resound salvation, power and praise,
 In everlasting song.



CHRIST the SUPREME BEAUTY.

Isaiah XXXIII. 17.

I.

SHOULD nature's charms to please the eye,
 In sweet assemblage join,
 All nature's charms would droop and die,
 Jesus, compar'd with thine.

II.

Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
 And vain her blooming store;
 E'en brightness languishes to shade,
 And beauty is no more.

III. But

III.

But ah how far from mortal sight,
 The Lord of glory dwells !
 A veil of interposing night
 His radiant face conceals.

IV.

O could my longing spirit rise
 On strong immortal wing,
 And reach thy palace in the skies,
 My Saviour, and my King!

V.

There myriads worship at thy feet,
 And there, (divine employ !)
 The triumphs of thy love repeat,
 In songs of endless joy.

VI.

Thy presence beams eternal day,
 O'er all the blissful place ;
 Who would not drop this load of clay,
 And die to see thy face !



The PROMISED LAND.

Isaiah XXXIII. 17.

I.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

II.

Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes
 But half its joys explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more!

III.

There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains!
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns!

IV.

From discord free and war's alarms,
 And want and pining care,
 Plenty and peace unite their charms,
 And smile unchanging there.

V. There

V.

There rich varieties of joy,
 Continual feast the mind ;
 Pleasures which fill, but never cloy,
 Immortal and refin'd !

VI.

No factious strife, no envy there,
 The sons of peace molest,
 But harmony and love sincere
 Fill every happy breast.

VII.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
 For ever bright and fair !
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

VIII.

There no alternate night is known,
 Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
 But glory from the sacred throne
 Spreads everlasting day.

IX.

The glorious monarch there displays
 His beams of wonderful grace ;
 His happy subjects sing his praise,
 And bow before his face.

X. O may

X.

O may the heavenly prospect fire,
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above.

XI.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.



The HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

Psalm. XXXIII. 1, 2, 3.

I.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
 My shepherd and my guide,
 I bid farewell to anxious fear,
 My wants are all supply'd;

II.

To ever-fragrant meads,
 Where rich abundance grows,
 His gracious hand indulgent leads,
 And guards my sweet repose.

III. Along;

III.

Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

IV.

Here let my spirit rest;
How sweet a lot is mine!
With pleasure, food, and safety blest;
Beneficence divine!

V.

Dear shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore,
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove^r no more.

VI.

Unworthy, as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.



The CHRISTIAN'S NOBLEST RESOLUTION.

Joshua XXIV. 15.

I.

A H wretched souls, who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.

II.

May I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

III.

O be his service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labours so divine.

IV.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determin'd choice,
 To yield to his supreme controul,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.

V.

O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor wandering leave his sacred ways ;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.



The SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

John VII. 37.

I.

THE Saviour calls—let every ear
 Attend the heavenly sound ;
 Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.

II.

For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow,
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,
 To banish mortal woe.

III.

Here, springs of sacred pleasure rise,
 To ease your every pain,
 (Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.

IV. Ye

IV.

Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
 The gracious call obey;
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys—
 And can you yet delay?

V.

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
 To thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.



JESUS the BEST BELOVED.

I.

DEAR center of my best desires;
 And sovereign of my heart,
 What sweet delight thy name inspires!
 What bliss thy smiles impart!

II.

Jesus—O loveliest, dearest name!
 And wilt thou condescend
 To own the bold, yet humble claim,
 My everlasting friend?

III.

Too oft, alas, my passions rove,
 In search of meaner charms;
 Trifles unworthy of my love
 Divide me from thy arms.

IV.

Ye teasing vanities depart,
 I seek my absent Lord;
 No balm to ease my aking heart,
 Can all your joys afford.

V.

Come, dearest Lord, with power divine,
 And drive thy foes away;
 O be my heart, my passions thine,
 And never, never stray.



Desiring to KNOW and LOVE HIM more.

I.

THOU lovely source of true delight,
 Whom I unseen adore,
 Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
 That I may love thee more.

II. Thy

II.

Thy glory o'er creation shines ;
 But in thy sacred word
 I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
 My bleeding, dying Lord.

III.

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
 And sins and sorrows rise,
 Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
 My fainting heart supplies.

IV.

But ah, too soon, the pleasing scene
 Is clouded o'er with pain ;
 My gloomy fears rise dark between,
 And I again complain,

V.

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
 O come with blisful ray,
 Break radiant through the shades of night,
 And chase my fears away.

VI.

Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 The wonders of thy love ;
 But the full glories of thy face
 Are only known above.



The GLORIOUS PRESENCE OF CHRIST
in HEAVEN. John xvii. 24.

I.

Ad
O For a sweet inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms, where Jesus reigns!

II.

There low before his glorious throne
Adoring saints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

III.

Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

IV.

He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

V. There

V.

There all the favorites of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir ;
 O may the joy-inspiring theme
 Awake our faith and warm desire.

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal
 Our interest in that blissful place ;
 Till death remove this mortal veil,
 And we behold thy lovely face.



The HAPPINESS of the SAINTS ABOVE.

John XVII. 24.

I.

O Could we read our interest here,
 Jesus, in these dear words of thine,
 A heaven of pleasure would appear,
 A blissful view of joys divine.

II.

Dear Saviour, let thy boundless grace
 Remove our guilt, our fears remove ;
 Then shall our thoughts with rapture trace
 The radiant mansions of thy love.

III.

There shall our hearts no more complain,
 Nor sin prevail, nor grace decay;
 But perfect joy for ever reign,
 One glorious, undeclining day.

IV.

No darknes there shall cloud our sight;
 These now dejected feeble eyes,
 Shall gaze, with infinite delight,
 On the full glories of the skies.

V.

There shall we see thy lovely face,
 And chang'd to purity divine,
 Partake the splendors of the place,
 And in thy glorious likenes shine.

VI.

Yes, dearest Lord, to dwell with thee,
 Thy praise our endless, sweet employ,
 Must be immense felicity,
 A full infinitude of joy!

VII.

O let thy spirit now impart,
 The kind assurance of thy love,
 With sealing power to every heart,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.



H Y M N to J E S U S.

I.

J E S U S,—in thy transporting name,
 What blisful glories rise!
 Jesus, the Angel's sweetest theme!
 The wonder of the skies!

II.

Well might the skies with wonder view
 A love so strange as thine!
 No thought of angels ever knew,
 Compassion so divine!

III.

Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown,
 And boundless realms of day,
 (Aside thy robes of glory thrown,)
 To dwell in feeble clay?

IV.

Jesus,—and didst thou leave the sky
 For miseries and woes?
 And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
 For vile rebellious foes?

V. Through

V.

Through the deep horrors of thy pain
 Then love triumphant smil'd ;
 Earth trembled at the dreadful scene,
 And heaven was reconcil'd.

VI.

Victorious love ! can language tell
 The wonders of thy power,
 Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
 In that tremendous hour ?

VII.

Is there a heart that will not bend
 To thy divine controul ?
 Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
 And melt the stubborn soul.

VIII.

O may our willing hearts confess
 Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
 Glad captives of resistless grace,
 Thy pleasing rule obey.

IX.

Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
 Till rebels rise no more ;
 Thy praise all nature then shall join,
 And heaven and earth adore.



PRAISE to the REDEEMER.

I.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!

O may his love, (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

II.

His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

III.

Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be Jesus our supreme delight,
His praise, our best employ.

IV.

Jesus who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?

V. Dear

V.

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble thanks to thee,
 May every heart with rapture say,
 The Saviour dy'd for me.

VI.

O may the sweet, the blisful theme,
 Fill every heart and tongue,
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.



Desiring to LOVE CHRIST without
 WANDERING.

I.

YE earthly vanities depart,
 For ever hence remove;
 Jesus alone deserves my heart,
 And every thought of love.

II.

His heart, where love and pity dwelt
 In all their softest forms,
 Sustain'd the heavy load of guilt,
 For lost rebellious worms:

III. His

III.

His heart, whence love abundant flow'd
 To wash the stains of sin,
 In precious streams of vital blood—
 Here, all my hopes begin.

IV.

Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
 And yet ungrateful prove,
 And pierce his wounded heart anew,
 And grieve his injur'd love ?

V.

Forbid it Lord, O bind this heart,
 This rebel heart of mine,
 So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
 In chains of love divine.



The EXALTED SAVIOUR.

I.

NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blisful choir above ;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wonderous love.

II. While

II.

While seraphs tune the immortal song,
 O may we feel the sacred flame ;
 And every heart, and every tongue
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

III.

Jesus, who once upon the tree
 In agonizing pains expir'd;
 Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he !
 How bright ! how lovely ! how admir'd !

VI.

Jesus, who dy'd that we might live,
 Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place—
 O what returns can mortals give,
 For such immeasurable grace ?

V.

Were universal nature ours,
 And art with all her boasted store,
 Nature and art with all their powers,
 Would still confess the offerer poor !

VI.

Yet though for bounty so divine,
 We ne'er can equal honours raise,
 Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

The



The WONDERS OF REDEMPTION.

1 Pet. III. 18.

I.

✓
AND did the holy and the just,
 The Sovereign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty worms might rise?

II.

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 (Surprizing mercy! love unknown!)
 To suffer, bleed and die.

III.

He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead;
 For man, (O miracle of grace!)
 For man the Saviour bled!

IV.

Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
 In thy atoning blood?
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.

V. Jesus,

V.

Jesus, my soul, adoring, bends
 To love so full, so free;
 And may I hope that love extends
 Its sacred power to me?

VI.

What glad return can I impart,
 For favours so divine?
 O take my all,—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.



COMMUNION with CHRIST at his TABLE.

I.

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
 (Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd!
 Fain would our hearts and voices raise
 A cheerful song of sacred praise.

II.

But all the notes which mortals know,
 Are weak and languishing and low;
 Far, far above our humble songs,
 The theme demands immortal tongues.

III. Yet

III.

Yet while around his board we meet,
 And worship at his glorious feet;
 O let our warm affections move
 In glad returns of grateful love.

IV.

Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
 But long to know and love thee more;
 And while we taste the bread and wine,
 Desire to feed on joys divine.

V.

Let faith our feeble senses aid,
 To see thy wonderous love display'd,
 Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
 Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

VI.

Let humble penitential woe,
 With painful, pleasing anguish flow,
 And thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

FAITH in a REDEEMER'S SUFFERINGS.

I.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
 Amid the wonders of thy love,
 Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
 And bids intruding fears depart.

II.

But while thy sufferings I survey,
 And faith enjoys a heavenly ray,
 These dear memorials of thy pain,
 Present anew the dreadful scene.

III.

I hear thy groans with deep surprize,
 And view thy wounds with weeping eyes,
 Each bleeding wound, each dying groan,
 With angelic fraught, and pains unknown.

IV.

For mortal crimes a sacrifice,
 The Lord of life, the Saviour dies:
 What love, what mercy, how divine!—
 Jesus, and can I call thee mine?—

V. Re-

V.

Repentant sorrow fills my heart,
 But mingling joy allays the smart,
 O may my future life declare
 The sorrow and the joy sincere.

VI.

Be all my heart, and all my days
 Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
 And let my glad obedience prove
 How much I owe, how much I love:



A DYING SAVIOUR,

I.

Stretch'd on the cross the Saviour dies;
 Hark! his expiring groans arise!
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

II.

But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

III.

To suffer in the traitor's place,
 To die for man, surprizing grace !
 Yet pass rebellious angels by—
 O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?

IV.

And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed ?
 And could the sun behold the deed ?
 No, he withdrew his sickening ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

V.

Can I survey this scene of woe,
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
 And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to love or pain !

VI.

Come, dearest Lord, thy power impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
 Till all ^{our} powers and passions move,
 In melting grief and ardent love.



MEDITATING ON THE REDEEMER'S
SUFFERINGS.

I.

RECALL, my heart, that dreadful hour,
When Jesus on the cursed tree
Infinite pains and sorrows bore—
Think, O my soul, was this for thee ?

II.

See, crown'd with thorns that sacred head,
With beams of glory once adorn'd !
That voice, which heaven and earth obey'd,
Is now by traitors mock'd and scorn'd.

III.

And see those lovely melting eyes,
Whence kind compassion often flow'd,
Now rais'd imploring to the skies,
For harden'd souls athirst for blood !

IV.

Those healing hands with blessings fraught,
Nail'd to the cross with pungent smart !
Inhuman deed ! could no kind thought
To pity move the ruthless heart ?

V.

But oh ! what agonies unknown,
His soul sustain'd beneath the load
Of mortal crimes ! how deep the groan
Which calm'd the vengeance of a God !

VI.

He groan'd ! he dy'd ! the awful scene
Of wonder, grief, surprizing love,
For ever let my heart retain,
Nor from my Saviour's feet remove.

VII.

Jesus, accept this wretched heart,
Which trembling, mourning, comes to thee ;
The blessing of thy death impart,
And tell my soul, 'tis all for me.



SIN the CAUSE of CHRIST'S DEATH.

I.

WAS it for sin, for mortal guilt,
The Saviour gave his vital blood ?
For sin amazing anguish felt,
The wrath of an offended God ?

II. When

II.

When bleeding, groaning, on the tree,
 He breath'd such agonizing cries,
 When nature suffer'd, Lord, with thee,
 And darkness cloath'd the mourning skies:

III.

And shall I harbour in my breast
 (Tremble my soul at such a deed)
 This dreadful foe, this fatal guest?
 'Twas sin that made my Saviour bleed.

IV.

'Tis sin that would my ruin prove,
 And sink me down to endless woe;
 But O forbid it, heavenly love,
 And save me from the cursed foe.

V.

Ye sins, ye cruel sins, depart,
 Your tyrant sway I cannot bear;
 My rightful sovereign claims my heart,
 Jesus alone shall govern here.

VI.

Come, glorious conqueror, gracious Lord,
 Thy all-prevailing power employ;
 O come, with thy resistless word,
 These hateful enemies destroy.

VII.

Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
 My Lord, my Saviour, and my friend,
 On thy almighty arm rely,
 On thy atoning blood depend.

VIII.

My all of hope is fix'd on thee,
 For thou alone hast power divine ;
 O come, and conquer, Lord, for me,
 And all the glory shall be thine.



CHRIST DYING and RISING.

I.

COME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
 Your dying, rising Lord to sing,
 And echo to the heavenly plains
 The triumphs of your Saviour-King.

II.

In songs of grateful rapture tell
 How he subdu'd your potent foes,
 Subdu'd the powers of death and hell,
 And, dying, finish'd all your woes.

III. Then

III.

Then to his glorious throne on high
 Return'd, while hymning angels round,
 Through the bright arches of the sky,
 The God, the conquering God, resound.

IV.

Almighty love ! victorious power !
 Not angel-tongues can e'er display
 The wonders of that dreadful hour,
 The joys of that illustrious day.

V.

Then well may mortals try in vain,
 In vain their feeble voices raise ;
 Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
 And kindly owns our wish to praise.

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy wonderous grace
 Fill every heart and every tongue,
 Till the full glories of thy face
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.



P O E M S.

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



OCCASIONAL POEMS.



TO LYSANDER.

I.

A Muse, in learning's arduous toil unskill'd,
That sung her wild-notes to the silent shade,
Collected blossoms from her native field,

And o'er the rural scenes delighted stray'd :
Though unambitious of the wreath of fame,
Yet glow'd her bosom with a nobler flame.

II.

Nor kings; nor heroes grac'd her artless lay,

For peaceful themes to silvan shades belong ;
Alike unknown among the Great and Gay,

Soft adulation flow'd not in her song.

To heaven that gave them, oft her notes aspire,
Or friendship wakes the sympathizing lyre.

III. Indulgent

III.

Indulgent Friendship, listening, caught the strain,
 And fondly fancy'd it was tun'd to move ;
 Then, smiling, bore it to the distant plain,
 Far, ah how far beyond its native grove !
 But say, Lyfander, can such notes as these
 Amid politer scenes expect to please ?

IV.

Say, can these untaught airs acceptance find
 Where Milton, wonderous bard! divinely sung?
 Or yield a taste of pleasure to the mind
 That raptur'd soars with Hervey or with Young?
 In minds of polish'd frame can friendship dwell
 Plain, unadorn'd, as in the rural cell ?

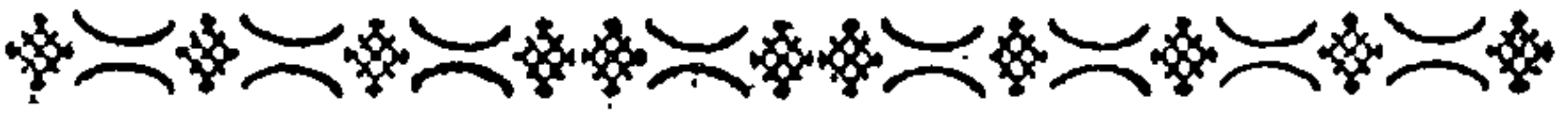
V.

Yet friendship dwells with piety sincere,
 Or in the cottage, or the stately dome,
 Whether detain'd in croud'd scenes of care,
 Or in the village fix'd, her peaceful home :
 Where these reside, though artless be her strain,
 O may the muse a kind admission gain.

VI. If

VI.

If minds, where piety and friendship glow,
 Approving smile, and own the kindred theme;
 That smile a nobler pleasure will bestow,
 Than all the laurell'd wreaths of boasting fame;
 Blest minds! to these the Muse devotes her lays;
 If these approve, she seeks no other praise.



AN EVENING MEDITATION.

WHEN Phœbus had withdrawn his radiant
 beams,
 And evening spread her sable curtains round;
 In that soft hour when to the listening grove
 Her pleasing, soothing, melancholy airs,
 Poor Philomel begins—(the kindly dews
 Shed their soft influence on the fragrant herb,
 And gave fresh odours to the flowery shrub,
 Refreshing to the sense—) the charming scene
 Alluring call'd to taste the evening air,
 Amid the verdure of the lonely shade:
 The lonely shade indulgent to the Muse.

Here

Here may I stretch my wondering eyes around
 O'er all the beauteous landscape, and behold
 Almighty power and wisdom plain impress'd
 On every tree, on every plant and flower.
 All own the sovereign Architect divine,
 And in their different language speak his praise.
 The gentle zephyrs with harmonious breath,
 Brush through the grove, and play along the stream,
 And in soft whispers to the silver wave,
 Speak their Creator's name, and die away.
 The silver wave retains the pleasing theme,
 Laves her glad banks, and gently murmuring on,
 Bears to the neighbouring trees the welcome sound;
 They bend their wavering tops, adore and praise.
 The lofty mountains rear their towering heads,
 Tall and majestic, to the fleecy clouds ;
 With awful pride confess their Maker God,
 How great his power, how wide his dread com-
 mand.

Dress'd in a thousand charms, the flowery vale
 Displays his goodness in her cheerful bloom,
 And smiling owns beneficence divine.

Harmonious all and fair ! whole nature joins
 To speak the wonders of creating skill ;

Bids us in all his works confess the God;
And bend our souls adoring at his feet.

Whether with pleasing rapture I survey
The smiling green in rich embroidery drest;
Or the more solemn grove in shady state,
Or contemplate the smoothly flowing stream;
Or if I raise my wandering eyes to gaze
On yonder azure plain, unnumber'd beauties
Inspire my breast with wonder and delight.

Serenely bright ascends the silver moon
Attended by the innumerable train
Of sparkling stars, with rich profusion pour'd
O'er all the vast expanse; and every star,
In every beam, proclaims his Maker's praise.

O thou both nature's author and her lord,
Whose power and skill, in all thy works confess'd,
Demand the tribute of my noblest song;
Instruct my heart, and raise my humble thoughts
To trace thy forming hand in every scene,
And in thy works to meditate thy praise:
'Till, led by these, my raptur'd soul ascends,
On heavenly contemplation's soaring wing,
To thee, the sacred source of all perfection.



HAPPINESS.

I.

O Happiness, by all admir'd, pursu'd,
 How oft defin'd, how seldom understood,
 And always at a painful distance view'd!

II.

Thy charms, alluring, in fair prospect rise;
 They court our eager arms and longing eyes,
 And prompt our fond desires and restless sighs.

III.

If thou art but a dream, an empty name,
 Then why this active power, this quenchless flame,
 By heaven implanted in the human frame?

IV.

The great Creator, just, and good, and wise,
 The wants of all his creatures well supplies,
 Nor blessings to the lowest rank denies.

V.

Shall man, alone, unsatisfy'd remain?
 And doom'd to ceaseless unavailing pain,
 Must all his ardent wishes rise in vain?

VI.

No, there is nobler bliss for man design'd,
 A happiness of an immortal kind,
 Wide as his wishes, ample as his mind.

VII.

Earth never can bestow the sovereign good ;
 The sacred word, unerring, points the road,
 To happiness, to glory, and to God.

VIII.

But foolish mortals oft mistake the way,
 In search of bliss on earth, we anxious stray,
 And take a meteor for the lamp of day.

IX.

Phantoms of pleasure rise, and smiling fair,
 They tempt our feet through labyrinths of care,
 'Till catching at the prize we grasp the air.

X.

Almighty goodness, call our hearts and eyes
 From these deluding, tempting vanities,
 And upward bid our ardent wishes rise.

XI.

O bid each fatal, fair illusion flee,
 Mark out our path from every error free,
 And let us seek for bliss, alone, in thee.



PRIDE and HUMILITY.

MARK, how the stately tree disdainful rears
 His towering head, and mingles with the
 clouds!

But by his fatal height, the more expos'd
 To all the fury of the raging storm:
 His honours fly, the sport of angry winds;
 'Till the loud blast with direful stroke descends:
 Torn from his basis, low on earth he lies,
 And the hills echo to the sounding fall.
 So pride, with haughty port, defies in vain,
 The force of rough adversity, which rends
 With double violence the stubborn heart.

But, like a tender plant, humility
 Bends low before the threatening blast unhurt,
 Eludes its rage, and lives through all the storm.

Pride is the livery of the prince of darkness,
 Worn by his slaves, who glory in their shame;

A gaudy dress, but tarnish'd, rent and foul,
And loathsome to the holy eye of heaven.

But sweet humility, a shining robe,
Bestow'd by heaven upon its favorite sons :
The robe which God approves, and angels wear ;
Fair semblance of the glorious Prince of light,
Who stoop'd to dwell (divine humility !)
With sinful worms and poverty and scorn.

Pride is the source of discord, strife, and war,
And all the endless train of heavy woes,
Which wait on wretched man ; the direful sting
Of envy, and the dreaded frowns of scorn,
And gloomy discontent, and black despair.

But sweet humility, the source of peace,
Of amity and love, content and joy ;
Where she resides, a thousand blessings wait
To gild our lives, and form a heaven below.

Pride leads her wretched votaries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy and death.

But sweet humility points out the way
To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.

Humility how glorious! how divine!
 Thus cloath'd, and thus enrich'd, O may I shine,
 Be mine this treasure, this celestial robe,
 And let the sons of pride possess the globe.



Imitation of Mr. POPE'S ODE ON
 SOLITUDE.

I.

IS there on earth a solitude,
 Which anxious care can ne'er invade ;
 Where pains nor sorrows e'er intrude ?
 A hallowed shade !

II.

Where peace extends her halcyon wing,
 To guard and bless the soft retreat ;
 Content sweet breathes eternal spring
 Around her seat.

III.

Some gentle spirit aid my flight
 To this delightful, blissful spot,
 From human converse, human sight ;
 Blest, and forgot.

IV. Illusive

IV.

Illusive dream ! it fleets in air !
 No paradise is found below,
 No solitude secludes from care,
 Or shuts out woe.

V.

Happy the man, and he alone,
 To whom the easy lot is given,
 Cheerful to wait, and thankful own .
 The hand of heaven.

VI.

Then solitude, or social joy,
 Can please, yet not engage his heart ;
 Nor sorrow, pain, nor care annoy
 His nobler part.

VII.

His wish, his hope, his soul aspires
 To a fair paradise above ;
 Yet patient waits, 'till heaven requires
 His blest remove.

VIII.

Thus may my hopes and wishes rise,
 Be mine serenity like this,
 Till death's kind sleep shall close my eyes
 Then wake to bliss.



On FRIENDSHIP.

HOW fondly those mistake who seek for joys
 In crouds, and mirth, and never ceasing
 noise:

Their mirth, how empty! and their joys, how vain;
 Reflection ever flies the laughing train.

Stunn'd with the din, thought sickens; and the
 mind

No true delight, no taste of blifs can find.

Alike they err, who leave the world to dwell
 With gloomy sadness in a lonely cell:

Heavy and dull, the joyless hours move on,
 To all the sweets of social life unknown.

If pleasure smiles sincere below the skies,
 That pleasure must from sacred friendship rise;
 Of all which animates the human frame,
 The noblest ardour, and the purest flame:
 Offspring of heaven!—there friendship all refin'd,
 Immortal glows in each seraphic mind:

Mix'd

Mix'd with the streams of blifs for ever flows,
 Nor change, decay, nor interruption knows :
 A glorious native of the realms of love,
 And only, in perfection, known above :
 Yet is the blessing, by indulgent heaven,
 Though in a less degree, to mortals given :
 Its pleasing power by providence design'd,
 To soften human cares, and mend the mind ;
 To calm our passions by its gentle sway,
 And bid them reason's sacred laws obey.
 Friendship can often o'er the heart prevail,
 When philosophic rules and maxims fail :
 It turns to mutual tendernefs the thought,
 And views with kind indulgence every fault.
 And where corrosives ought to be apply'd,
 The gentle hand soft love and pity guide :
 While each can bear reproof, and each reprove,
 (All proud resentment lost in grateful love,)
 Point out each fault, and blame yet not offend,
 And free from nauseous flattery, can commend,
 To merit its proportion'd honours raise ;
 Alike exact the censure and the praise.

Friendship communicates our joys and pains,
 And in each breast rejoices, or complains ;

Divides our weight of woe, relieves our cares,
And every pleasure heightens, as it shares.

While sacred virtue lights the holy fire,
By time uninjur'd, it will ne'er expire :
No force of rough adversity can part,
Can tear the generous passion from the heart.

O Friendship, what sincere delights are thine !
Fair miniature of happiness divine ;
Propitious, pleasing, heaven-descended guest,
Who only with the virtuous few canst rest :
May thy kind influence smooth my path of life,
Still calm and peaceful, free from noisy strife,
Be virtue, sweet content, and friendship mine,
I at my humble lot shall ne'er repine.
From these alone more real pleasures flow,
Than the gay round of mirth or gaudy show,
Or all the charms of greatness can bestow. }



On the SAME.

TRUE Friendship is the noblest earthly gift
 Which heaven on man bestows : the cor-
 dial drop,

That mingling with the bitter cup of woe,
 Gives a kind tincture to the deadly draught.

Not mines afford a gem of equal worth ;

But ah how rarely found ! amid the croud

Though glittering counterfeits may oft appear,

And many a phantom borrow friendship's name,

Smooth complaisance, and well-dissembled
 kindness,

And flattery, hid beneath the specious mask

Of humble admiration and esteem,

Are often seen ; they wear a fair appearance,

And dress'd in friendship's garb may please awhile ;

But cheat the unwary heart, that trusts too far

Their seeming innocence, and honest face.

Self-interest is the secret spring that guides them ;

This

This stopp'd, or broken, the machine stands still,
Or falls, and shivers into worthless fragments.

Happy the mind of nobler texture fram'd,
Sincere, benevolent, above disguise,
Dress'd in the plain unborrowed robe of truth.
These virtues make her favorite residence ;
With virtue only real friendship dwells,
And friendship loves for virtue's sake alone.

While the frail scenes of momentary life
Bound the low narrow view of vulgar minds,
Ambition, envy, pride, and restless rage
Emit their baleful sparks ; but soon, ah soon,
The blaze expires, and all is dark for ever.

But Friendship, kindled by fair piety,
(And thus she claims relation to the skies,)
Sheds her kind lustre o'er the path of life,
And guides the feet through many a thorny brake,
Unhurt: she points with upward aim to heaven ;
To heaven, from whence the sacred ardour came,
And guardian angels own the kindred flame.



ODE TO CONTENT.

I.

COME charming guest, divine Content,
 And chase my cares away ;
 The sweetest blis to mortals lent,
 Is thy kind healing ray.

II.

Thy presence smoothes the face of woe,
 And softens every pain ;
 From thee a thousand pleasures flow,
 A guiltless, lovely train.

III.

Humility thy steps attends ;
 Her sweetly pensive eyes
 To earth in peaceful thought she bends,
 Without a wish to rise.

IV.

With cheerful air and look sedate,
 See gentle Patience nigh,
 And Hope, fair sister, smiling wait
 With heaven erected eye :

V. While

V.

While Faith, (kind Seraph!) points her view
 Beyond the starry plain,
 To the bright worlds where ever new,
 Immortal pleasures reign.

VI.

Thy comforts, O divine Content,
 From those fair regions flow ;
 For bliss sincere was never meant
 On earth's low soil to grow.

VII.

In cold affliction's dreary shade,
 Fresh-blooming joys are thine :
 Can wintry storms the heart invade
 When vernal sun-beams shine ?

VIII.

Come then, thou dear delightful guest,
 Thy lov'd companions bring ;
 Come, take possession of my breast,
 And winter shall be spring.



ON REASON.

REASON, the glory of the human frame,
 Eye of the mind, the stamp of heaven,
 impress'd

On man alone, of all the various ranks
 Of being, which the great Creator form'd,
 To people numberless this earthly globe,
 To man alone, he gave this ray divine,
 This emanation of the deity :
 A gift of countless value ! rais'd by this
 Above his fellow worms, and taught to view
 His maker's hand in all his wonderful works ;
 To trace his glories, his divine perfections,
 And worship with accepted adoration :
 Fitted by this for converse with his God.
 Amazing thought ! the distance, how immense,
 Betwixt infinity, and humble clay !

Yet thus exalted, man, ungrateful man
 Rebell'd, and spurn'd his Maker's righteous law ;
 And in his just resentment, God withdrew

His blissful presence from his wretched offspring,
 Then Reason, heavenly flame, with faded lustre
 Glow'd faintly, its primæval brightness gone,
 Sully'd and clouded with surrounding guilt ;
 And feebly glimmering with uncertain light,
 No more it mounts sublime, to earth confin'd.
 Weak, erring guide, no more it points the way
 To happiness, but leaves the mind bewilder'd,
 And lost in paths of danger, guilt and death.

But light divine breaks from the sacred word,
 And cheers the darksome gloom ; while heaven-
 born faith

The dawning glory views, and soars aloft.
 Borne on her wings, hope cheerful smiles ; and lo
 The clouds disperse, the prospect brightens round ;
 A glimpse of heaven appears, of bliss immortal
 Reserv'd for mortal man ; and joys unknown,
 Blest fruit of the Redeemer's dying pains,
 Pardon, and peace, and life laid up in him,
 For guilty rebels ! Reconcil'd through him,
 With his bright presence God revisits earth :
 Transporting view ! lost happiness restor'd !

Weak

Weak -sighted reason upward rises too
 Thus aided, and pursues the shining tract
 With cheerful wing, though slow ; and glad adores
 The dazzling glories, which she cannot reach
 With steady flight : yet with delightful toil
 By gradual steps ascends, and joyful sees
 The bright perfections of the Deity,
 In humbler scenes display'd, where'er she turns
 Her raptur'd eye ; and blest employment finds
 For never-ceasing praise and grateful homage.

Rekindled now from heaven, her dying lamp
 Glows with increasing lustre : Grace assisting,
 Her empire o'er the mind she now resumes ;
 Her gentle sway the warring passions own ;
 Her voice their wildest tumults can controul,
 And tune them all to harmony and peace.

Nor is her power to single minds confin'd ;
 Senates and nations own her sovereign rule,
 And boast their different governments and laws
 Inspir'd by her, and founded on her dictates.
 The bliss of civil and of social life
 Depends on her ; without her all would sink
 To discord, anarchy, and wild confusion.

Each individual, through the various ranks,
 Whether of public or of private life,
 To her his safety, peace and pleasure owes.
 Her influence sooths the cares of life, and shews
 The use and value of its numerous blessings.

Robb'd of her cheering light, what woes attend
 On helpless wretched man ! self-preservation,
 By gracious heaven implanted in his frame,
 Oft in the hand of providencé a guard
 Amid surrounding dangers, then forsakes him.

Were reason's beam withdrawn, life would be
 death,
 Existence a mere blank ;—the sweets of life
 Be tasteless, and its blessings unenjoy'd ;
 Fame, pleasure, riches, useless all, and vain ;
 And health and friends, (dearest of comforts !) sink
 O'erwhelm'd in dark oblivion : dreadful state ;
 Recoiling nature trembles at the thought !

O may my soul with gratitude sincere,
 And constant praise, adore the God of mercy,
 Who gives this blessing still to shine on me.
 Lord, raise my gratitude, and tune my praise
 To thy almighty goodness, which bestows
 On me this gift of reason, and continues

Its cheering ray ; and may thy powerful grace
 Assist me, O my God, still to devote
 Reason, and life, and all my powers to thee,
 Till this frail transient scene shall close in death.
 Then may I rise, by angel-guards convoy'd,
 To the bright mansions of eternal bliss.
 There nobler praise, and worship all refin'd,
 Unnumber'd hearts, unnumber'd tongues employ,
 And joys unknown to mortals.—Reason there,
 Shall shine with perfect and unclouded lustre ;
 And all my powers exalted and renew'd,
 Glow with immortal vigour.—There my voice,
 Tun'd to the strains of paradise, shall join
 With saints and seraphs, in transporting songs
 To thee, the source of everlasting joy.



On reading Mr. HERVEY'S MEDI-
 TATIONS.

HAPPY the man, whom grace divine has
 taught
 To raise to nobler scenes the flying thought ;
 Beyond the bounds of sense and time to soar,
 And awful immortality explore.

Amid the chill of death's tremendous gloom,
 And all the dreary horrors of the tomb,
 He walks serene—'tis heaven with sacred ray,
 Darts through the sable shade a glimpse of day;
 Faith views the dawning bliss with raptur'd eye,
 And bears his thoughts and hopes above the sky.

Yet, o'er the ruins of mankind he weeps,
 O'er mortal hope which here in silence sleeps;
 But from the pitying tear, the pious woe,
 Celestial truths with soft persuasion flow.
 He from these silent teachers, bids us learn
 Our certain fate, our infinite concern.
 To realms of life he points the radiant way,
 Where death resigns his universal sway;
 And this frail, dying frame, renew'd, shall shine,
 Safe from decay in splendors all divine.

Thus Hervey mourns; his kind instructive page,
 Full of compassion for a thoughtless age,
 In all the charms of eloquence appears,
 And wakes our pleasure, while it steals our tears.

Now rising from the dark retreats of death,
 Soft as the morning Zephyr's gentle breath,

His language flows, and cheers our fainting powers,
 With all the sweetness of the opening flower,
 Displays the beauties of the blooming race:
 Their various beauties, though with matchless grace,
 They scorn the pencil's art; yet flourish here,
 In bright description all their charms appear;
 Charms, which the heedless, unobserving eye,
 Or slightly views, or wholly passes by:
 But to the heaven-taught mind, how bright they
 shine,
 Mark'd with the traces of the hand divine!
 Their sweets collected with engaging art,
 At once regale the sense, and cheer the heart

While all our powers obey the soft controul
 To beauty's source he leads the enraptur'd soul
 To Jesus leads, the everlasting Fair!
 In the dear name ten thousand charms appear;
 Beneath the heavenly radiance of his eye,
 Created beauties droop, and fade, and die.

Thou Sun of righteousness, thy beams impart,
 And blest my eyes, and warm my languid heart;

O let me dwell beneath thy light divine,
And nature's charms contented I resign.

But oh! what mortal eye can bear the ray,
When thy full glories beam etherial day?
The brightest seraphs, veil'd before thy throne,
Adoring low, the dazzling splendors own
Too strong for finite natures to sustain,
Thy praise too lofty for their noblest strain.

Come, gentle evening, cheer my fainting sense,
Pain'd and oppress'd with glories too intense.
The evening comes—all mild, and sweet, and fair;
The dusk how grateful! how serene the air?—
Yet still my soul would see her Saviour God,
The living source of all that's fair and good:
His beauties, though at humble distance, view
And trace him in the scenes his pencil drew.
His bright perfections round me are display'd,
The morn, the noon, the grateful evening shade,
Present his different glories to the sight,
Or strike with wonder, or inspire delight.
His power and love, in plenty's smiling form,
O'er the wide fields each grateful bosom warm.
From him, the gentle evening-breezes spring,
And waft refreshment on their balmy wing.

His beauty glitters in the pearly dew,
 And smiles amid the bright etherial blue
 Which paints yon spacious arch ; and charms our
 eyes

In clouds of gold, which streak the western skies.
 And now the shining lamps of heaven advance,
 Rang'd in bright order o'er the fair expanse !
 Like lamps they sparkle on the unaided sight ;
 But nearer view'd, in philosophic light,
 Prodigious orbs, unnumber'd worlds arise !
 New scenes of wonder meet our gazing eyes !

Jesus, thy glory, beaming from afar,
 Great source of light, illumines every star.
 Thy word inform'd the planets where to roll,
 And station'd every orb that gilds the pole.
 To thee, 'midst all the glories of the skies,
 To thee alone I raise my longing eyes :
 " Bright morning star, arise with healing ray,
 " Arise and chase the shades of night away,
 " Sweet harbinger of everlasting day. }



A SIMILE.

OFT have I view'd the flowers while bright
 and gay,
 They gave their beauties to the noon-tide ray.

But short alas their bloom, and soon they fade,
 Unblest'd with cooling showers, or friendly shade.
 See the clouds blacken, heavy showers descend,
 The weak, soft race o'erladen, droop and bend,
 Recline their languid heads, and seem to mourn,
 Till the storm cease, and sunny beams return ;
 Then smiling, rise more lovely, bright and fair,
 And with new sweets perfume the ambient air.

Thus, to the soul affliction oft supplies
 New life, and bids declining virtue rise,
 The storm which seem'd awhile to oppress, revives
 Each fading grace, and strength and beauty gives.
 Their drooping powers, by heaven's kind in-
 fluence fed,
 A fairer bloom, and sweeter fragrance spread.

Prest with affliction, let me then conclude,
 That storms and sunshine, (kind vicissitude :) }
 Are mingled blessings, meant to work my good. }



A Meditation on DEATH.

COME bid adieu, my soul, to earthly pleasures.—
 Illusive phantoms! distant how they smile,
 Fair as the colours of the radiant bow;
 But nearer fade upon the cheated eye,
 Lose all their lustre, or dissolve in air.
 Ah, think how soon these dreams will flit away;
 How soon these gayly-tempting forms will sink
 In death's eternal shade!—Death onward comes
 With hasty step, though unperceiv'd and silent.
 Perhaps (alarming thought!) perhaps he aims
 E'en now the fatal blow that ends my life,
 O let me then, arous'd, reflect in time,
 And make this awful, this important theme
 Familiar to my thoughts! Awake, my soul,
 Nor, careless, slumber on the brink of fate.
 With constant warnings, with loud admonitions,

Can I be unconcern'd ? At length my eyes,
 Long held in mists or cheated with false visions,
 Begin to open on the awful scene.
 Let idly-active fancy, now no more
 Spread her gay flattering colours to my view ;
 But aid my better thoughts, and represent
 Important truths in all their striking forms.

Behold the gaping tomb ! it seems to speak,
 With silent horror, to my shivering heart ;
 Bids me survey my swift approaching doom,
 And view the dark retreat which waits my coming.

O death, thou king of terrors ! dreadful name !
 What tongue can e'er describe, what thought can
 image
 The scenes of horror that surround thy throne ?
 From thy wide-wasting hand what vast destruction
 Is pour'd on all the tribes of wretched mortals ?
 Behold, on every side the scatter'd bones
 Pave all the dreary mansion, and impart
 Chill melancholy to the sinking spirits,
 While all aghast I stand, and fix mine eyes
 On the dire prospect ! O thou gloomy Monarch,
 Are these the trophies of thy conquering arms ?

Nor reverend hoary age, nor blooming youth,
 Nor boasted strength escape thy fatal dart,
 Not the persuasive power of beauty's charms,
 Nor the soft moving tears of innocence
 Can stay thy hand : nor can the miser's gold,
 Nor all the treasures of the eastern shore
 Buy one short moment of relentless death.

Not ev'n the good man's virtues ought avail
 To ward the direful stroke ; nor all the prayers
 And ardent wishes of the grateful poor
 Fed from his table, and who daily knew
 The blessings of his charitable hand.
 See, his sad relatives, his mournful friends
 Around his dying bed ! what silent sorrow
 Sits on each visage, while their streaming eyes
 And wringing hands confess their inward anguish !
 Who can describe the unutterable woe
 Which fills their hearts, to see a father, brother,
 A friend, in whom their all of earthly bliss
 Was center'd, gasping on the verge of life ?
 And ev'n the sad remains of hope are lost.
 His every dying groan augments their tears,
 And the cold sweats declare his exit nigh ;
 'Till the last breath consigns them to despair.
 Heart-rending pain ! Inexorable death !

Then,

Then, O my soul, since this deluding world,
 With all her boasted stores, has nought to give
 That can procure an hour's, a moment's pause,
 When death commission'd aims the parting stroke ;
 Nor this weak frame, this mortal tenement
 Of feeble texture, long sustain the assault
 Of his attendants, sickness, pain and sorrow ;
 Seek, timely seek, while mercy points the way,
 A firm, clear title to those blest abodes,
 Prepar'd on high, unconscious of decay :
 That when this tottering frame, (not built to last,)
 Frail house of clay, which shakes with every wind,
 Dissolves, and falls a heap of dust and ruin ;
 In realms of light I may for ever dwell,
 In mansions never form'd by mortal hands,
 Beyond the reach of sorrow, pain, or death.

O may my name but find some humble place
 In the bright records of the court of heaven,
 Sign'd with the atoning blood of my Redeemer !
 May his almighty love cheer my last hours,
 Shew me my sins all cancell'd by his death,
 And smiling open endless joy before me !
 Then shall I triumph o'er my mortal foe,
 And with exulting, heavenly transport say,

O death,

O death, where is thy sting ? and where, O grave,
 Infatiate grave, is thy victorious power ?
 Then shall my last expiring accents breathe
 His blisful name, who, dying, vanquish'd death,
 And purchas'd life, immortal life, for me—
 Jesus, my Lord, my Saviour, and my all!



TO DELIA.

I.

THE gifts indulgent heaven bestows,
 Are variously convey'd ;
 The human mind, like nature knows
 Alternate light and shade.

II.

While changing aspects all things wear,
 Can we expect to find
 Unclouded sunshine all the year,
 Or constant peace of mind ?

III.

More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
 When wintry storms are o'er ;
 Retreating sorrow thus may bring
 Delights unknown before.

IV. Then

IV.

Then, Delia, send your fears away,
 Nor sink in gloomy care,
 Though clouds o'erspread the scene to day,
 Tomorrow may be fair.



TO AMIRA ON HER MARRIAGE.

WHILE round you hourly gratulations rise,
 And joy and happiness, (gay soothing sounds)
 Salute your ear; accept the artless wish
 That friendship dictates, breathing from the heart.

May gracious heaven the happy union crown,
 Propitious still and kind, with all the bliss
 Which mortals can enjoy; may health, and peace,
 And love, and friendship, guide the circling hours.
 Soft roll the circling hours, serene and fair,
 Still brightening as they roll: may true content
 With kindly mixture sweeten every care,
 'Till scarce the unpleasing tincture can be found.

But

But earthly bliss is ever mix'd with pain,
 And thorns among its flowery pleasures grow:
 May all the joys, the nobler, purer joys
 Religion yields, be yours; to fairer scenes,
 And brighter prospects, may your hopes ascend;
 While heaven-born faith presents a charming glimpse
 Of that immortal paradise on high,
 Where pleasure blooms without a thorny care,
 And friendship smiles beyond the reach of pain.



The PLEASURES OF SPRING.

NOW reigns the lovely spring in all her pride,
 And spreads her verdant robe, adorn'd
 with flowers,

Around the fields and meads; they cheerful smile
 In her gay livery dress; the whispering winds
 Breathe soft, and on their balmy wings convey
 Reviving sweets; the feathered choir awake
 Their artless songs, and all the enchanting scene

Is harmony and beauty : nature's charms
Subdue the heart, and every sense is fill'd !

But while the eye roves o'er the blooming mead
With careless pleasure, or the listening ear
Attends the soothing music of the grove ;
Think, whither does the soft enchantment tend ?
Are nature's various beauties lent for this,
Only to please the sense ? For nobler ends
The God of nature gave them. Nature spreads
An open volume, where in every page
We read the wonders of almighty power ;
Infinite wisdom, and unbounded love.
Here sweet instruction, entertaining truths
Reward the searching mind, and onward lead
Enquiring thought ; new beauties still unfold,
And opening wonders rise upon the view.
The mind, rejoicing, comments as she reads ;
While through the inspiring page, conviction glows,
And warms to praise her animated powers.

How great, how glorious, is the sovereign hand,
Which forms so beautiful every plant and flower,
And on the vegetable world inscribes,
In lively characters, his wonderful name ?
While active life speaks in a thousand forms,

Power,

Power, wisdom, and beneficence divine
 The parts of nature in their just proportion,
 Uniting, harmonizing, blend to form
 One perfect system; truth and beauty smile,
 Inviting contemplation upward still,
 From step to step, till at their glorious source
 Arriv'd, the soul in low prostration bends,
 Adoring, with submissive, silent awe
 The Great Unsearchable, the wonderful name,
 Which creature praise can never, never reach!



On the SICKNESS of a FRIEND.

I.

SHALL fond expectation lean on earthly friends,
 Since earthly friends, (alas!) are born to die;
 And disappointment waits, and grief attends
 The best, the dearest joys below the sky?

II.

Why will this wretched, this deluded heart
 So fast to earth's uncertain comforts cleave?
 'Tis but to cherish pain, to treasure smart,
 And teach the unavailing sigh to heave.

III.

Great source of good, attend my plaintive cries
 My weakness with indulgent pity see,
 And teach this restless, anxious heart to rise,
 And center all its hopes and joys in thee.

IV.

Then, should my dearest earthly comforts die,
 Should every friend (distressing thought!) depart ;
 My refuge, my unfailing friend on high,
 Will never, never leave this trembling heart.

V.

Should sorrow like a whelming deluge roll,
 And gloomy death appear on every wave ;
 Then hope, blest anchor, shall sustain my soul,
 And faith shall rise and triumph o'er the grave.

VI.

Then shall I meet my much lov'd friends above,
 Safe landed on the ever-peaceful shore,
 The blissful regions of immortal love,
 Where happiness and friendship part no more.



The FETTERED MIND.

I.

AH! why should this immortal mind,
 Enslav'd by sense, be thus confin'd,
 And never, never rise?
 Why thus amus'd with empty toys,
 And sooth'd with visionary joys,
 Forget her native skies?

II.

The mind was form'd to mount sublime,
 Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
 To everlasting things;
 But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
 And hang with cold oppressive weight
 Upon her drooping wings.

III.

The world employs its various snares,
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
 And chain'd to earth I lie:
 When shall my fetter'd powers be free,
 And leave these seats of vanity,
 And upward learn to fly.

IV.

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
 Invite my soul: O could I rise,

Nor leave a thought below;
 I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
 And say to every tempting snare,
 Heaven calls, and I must go.

V.

Heaven calls! and can I yet delay?
 Can ought on earth engage my stay?

Ah wretched, lingering heart!
 Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
 Assist, and guide my upward flight,
 And bid the world depart.

VI.

One word of thy resistless power,
 Can bid my joyful spirit soar,

And scorn the feeble chain:
 Come, bear my raptur'd thoughts above,
 On pinions of seraphic love;
 And earth shall tempt in vain.

VII.

In vain, her syren voice may try,
 To lure me downward, from the sky,

To this dark vale of tears ;
 How will her transient glories fade,
 And unregarded sink in shade,
 When heaven's bright dawn appears ?

VIII.

So, wandering meteors of the night,
 Amuse the weary traveller's sight,
 With fair deceitful ray ;
 But all their glimmering lustre flies,
 And every gay delusion dies,
 When Phœbus wakes the day.



TO A FRIEND IN TROUBLE.

IF when the tender sympathizing sigh,
 Swells the full heart, or melts the pitying eye,
 The soft compassion could convey relief,
 This heart should lessen, while it shar'd your grief.
 Uncheck'd the sigh should rise, the sorrow flow,
 And pleasure mingle with the kindred woe.
 But this is vain, 'tis not in nature's power
 To cheer, with lightsome rays, the gloomy hour.
 The soothing voice of friendship may beguile
 Our cares, and sorrow wear a transient smile.

Poor solace ; soon the spreading gloom returns,
 The heart that fain would comfort, only mourns.
 Ah, wretched state ! must friendship ever share,
 Yet never hope to ease the load of care,
 Partake the anguish of infectious grief,
 And wish, in vain, to bring a kind relief ?
 Ah, wretched state ! each aking heart replies,
 Till fainting, dying, hope begins to rise :
 Hope, heaven-born comforter, with cheerful air,
 Sheds her kind lustre o'er the scenes of care ;
 Her gentle whisper calms the rising sigh,
 And weeping sorrow lifts her tearful eye ;
 Nor lifts in vain, at his supreme command,
 Who holds our welfare in his gracious hand :
 His gracious hand alone, has power to heal,
 Who pities, while he deals the pains we feel.
 The springs of life are his ; and cares and pains
 Fulfil whate'er his sacred will ordains.
 He knows what most we need : when skill divine
 Presents a bitter draught, shall we repine ?
 While mercy mingles all with lenient art,
 To ease the anguish of the throbbing heart.
 The steps of providence, though we in vain
 Attempt to trace, while clouds o'erspread the scene ;

Its dealings all are just, and wise, and kind ;
 Our lesson this—" Be humble and resign'd !"
 Through wilds and thorny paths our journey lies,
 And darkness terrifies, and dangers rise.
 O may our heavenly Father's guardian care,
 Preserve our steps from every fatal snare :
 Be his almighty arm our guide, our stay,
 Through all the toils and terrors of the way :
 No dangers can affright, if God is near,
 A present God can banish every fear ;
 His gracious smile can make the darkness fly,
 Smooth all the road, and brighten all the sky :
 " He is our sun : " his soul-reviving light,
 Alone, can chase the horrors of the night,
 " He is our shield : " when darts fly thick around,
 They fall repell'd, and fix no deadly wound.
 Our God ! our Guide ! O may we never stray,
 But trust his care, and keep the heavenly way ;
 Till safe we reach the happy seats of peace,
 And darkness, grief, and pain, and danger cease.



The ABSENT MUSE.

I.

HOW soft roll'd the hours, how serene was
 my heart,
 When the Muse my companion, and friend,
 Unknown to ambition, a stranger to art,
 Deign'd oft on my call to attend !

II.

While she sooth'd all my cares, and my passions
 to rest,
 (Sweet moments, why would you not stay ?)
 Delighted and easy, I thought myself blest,
 Nor envy'd the great, nor the gay.

III.

Ye gentle delusions ! ye dreams of delight !
 And will ye approach me no more ?
 Shall the scene be a desert, o'er shaded with night,
 Which was sunshine and Eden before ?

IV. No,

IV.

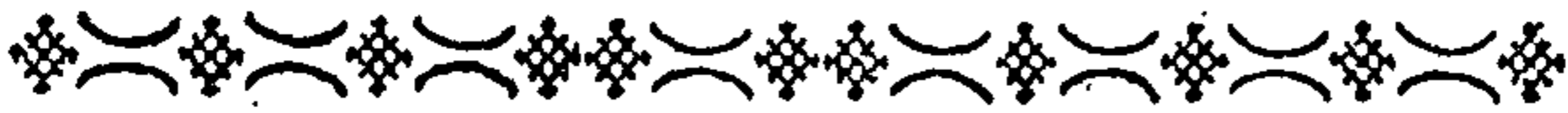
No, the pleasures were real, though soon they
 withdrew ;
 And my cares I will call a long dream ;
 If the Muse will return, and present to my view
 The scenes which were once my glad theme.

V.

When Urania appears, o'er the field and the grove,
 New verdure and beauty shall rise ;
 The prospect shall brighten where-ever I rove,
 And Eden again meet my eyes.

VI.

How vain the dear hope !—She despises the lays
 Which I once fondly thought she inspir'd ;
 Unfetter'd, transported, with Hervey she strays,
 Applauded, belov'd, and admir'd.



The WASTE of TIME:—Occasioned by
hearing these Lines repeated.

“ Another, and another, and the last,
“ Are copies of the dull, defective past.

“ **T**HE DULL, DEFECTIVE!” ’tis too faint a
name,
For vile ingratitude, for guilt, and shame!—
Such is my conduct, when I waste away
In trifles, or in indolence, a day.
Each future minute is beyond my power:
Can India’s mines procure a single hour?
O much-neglected time, thy worth how high!
Not thy least particle, the world can buy.
When heaven bestows this boon, it bids employ,
(O blest command!) in seeking endless joy.
And shall my thoughtless heart, ungrateful, waste
The present hour, as I have done the past?
Forbid it, gracious God! O let my soul
Obey reflection’s strict, but kind controul;

And

And humbly bend before that awful eye,
 Which marks my squander'd minutes as they fly;
 With deep contrition bend, and ardent pray
 That love may turn his angry frown away :
 Indulgent love through that atoning blood,
 In which alone I can approach to God.

To thee, great Advocate, to thee I fly,
 And on thy righteousness alone rely.
 O may thy spirit cleanse this guilty heart,
 My pardon seal, and strength divine impart ;
 And may my hours, if future hours are lent,
 To nobler, higher purposes be spent.



The DEATH-WATCH.

A Death-watch! how distinct it beats!—in vain
 It beats to me, nor brings one anxious pain.
 Thou gloomy insect, oft inspiring fear,
 Dreadful to superstition's listening ear ;
 How many start to hear thy fancy'd knell,
 Dismal and solemn as a passing bell !

And

And why must harmless insects be accus'd,
 When daily, hourly warnings are refus'd?
 Each day, each hour, accosts my ear, or eye,
 Some monitor, which bids prepare to die.

See yonder stalk! there lately grew a flower,
 'Tis gone, its glowing colours are no more.
 That bush, where roses smil'd and breath'd perfume!
 How sweet their fragrance, and how gay their bloom!
 A few days since they bloom'd, now dropt and lost:
 Frail mortal life, behold how vain thy boast!
 Hark, near my side, the clock with solemn sound,
 Tells me how time pursues his constant round!
 Life on the wings of time flies swift away;
 My last will come, and this may be the day.
 Each pain I feel, and every plaintive sigh,
 What does it speak? this truth--"I soon must die."
 Must die! Is this a melancholy sound,
 When endless life begins its blissful round?
 Thy poison'd arrow, death, wounds not the heart,
 Which in the Saviour's blood can claim a part.
 May this blest hope, (dear solace of my soul!)
 With heavenly comfort all my fears controul.

While

While faith points upward to the blest abode,
 Of life immortal, and my Saviour God,
 May that bright world its radiant dawn impart,
 And be each hour, a Death-watch to my heart.



The FRIEND.

HE is a Friend, who scorns the little sphere,
 Of narrow self, and finds a joy sincere
 To see another blest ; whose generous heart
 To all around would happiness impart,
 If happiness were his : whose bosom glows
 With warmth the frozen stoic never knows.
 Divine benevolence, where friendship reigns,
 And piety the sacred flame maintains.
 This is the tie inviolate, which binds
 In mutual friendship, harmonizing minds.
 A friend thus form'd, is form'd to give delight,
 To brighten joy, and gild affliction's night :
 His heart exults whene'er his friends rejoice,
 And every pleasing power at friendship's voice,
 Awakes to life, and bids the transport rise
 In grateful adoration to the skies.

But

But ah, how short the bright untroubled hour!
 Soon clouds arise, and storms impending lower,
 And oft they burst upon the fainting heart ;
 Then friendship shews her noblest, kindest art,
 Sustains the drooping powers, and helps to bear
 The well-divided load of mutual care,
 If griefs oppress, or threatening woes impend,
 Dear solace then, to find a real friend !
 He is a real friend, whose passions know
 The anguish of communicated woe ;
 Who feels the deep distress when sorrow mourns,
 And from his inmost heart the sigh returns.
 The kindred sigh conveys a strange relief :
 How cordial is society in grief !
 Less are the woes, and lighter are the cares,
 Which gentle, sympathizing friendship shares.
 When humbly at the throne of grace we bend,
 And ask its kindest blessings for a friend ;
 When for a friend our warmest wishes rise
 In holy breathings to the pitying skies ;
 The sacred precept warrants those desires,
 And heaven will sure approve, what heaven in-
 spires.

O may I make my friends distress my own,
 Nor let my heart, unhappy, grieve alone :
 In sorrow, may I never want a friend,
 Nor when the wretched mourn, a tear to lend.



ON CHILDREN'S PLAY.

I.

OFT when the child in wanton play
 Exerts his little powers,
 And busy, trifling, toils away
 In sports the circling hours ;

II.

We smile to see his infant mind
 So eager, so intent ;
 But growing years new follies find,
 As much on trifles bent.

III.

Youth has its toys, when pleasure's charms
 The fond pursuit invite :
 But pleasure mocks the extended arms ;
 Vain shadow of delight !

IV. What

IV.

What are the joys of riper age ?
By time is folly cur'd ?
No, trifles still the heart engage,
And vanity matur'd.

V.

If glittering riches tempt the eyes,
An envy'd valu'd store ;
Thus children shells and counters prize,
And hoard and wish for more.

VI.

Or if aspiring fame employs
The eager, gazing train ;
The paper-kite of sportive boys,
Is not more light and vain.

VII.

Unfatisfy'd, and tir'd at last,
We must resign our breath,
(Life's empty cares and follies past,)
And evening close in death.

VIII.

Thus children weary of their play,
With fretfulness oppress'd,
Throw all their little toys away,
And gently sink to rest.

IX. Happiness

IX.

Happy the mind, by heaven inspir'd
 To scorn earth's empty toys;
 And with divine ambition fir'd,
 Pursue sublimer joys!

X.

Then, when the cares of life are o'er,
 The parting soul shall rise,
 And scenes of happiness explore,
 Immortal in the skies.



The PATH of LIFE.

WHAT is this world with all its gay delights?
 A gloomy wilderness of wide extent,
 Where many winding paths perplex the choice,
 And lead the unwary traveller's feet astray.
 Here smiles an easy smooth descending road;
 In verdure cloath'd, and spread with blooming
 flowers:

The scene how fair!—but ruin waits its end.
 There rugged looks the path, thick set with thorns,

Where many toil their weary hours away,
 In search of happiness amid the dust.
 What crowds of wretched, erring minds I see,
 Still disappointed, yet persisting still,
 All strangers to the way which leads to rest!
 A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
 Attend their steps; before them is a scene
 Of various grief; a labyrinth of woe;
 A dark, damp vale of tears. Though now and then,
 Prosperity's gay flattering sunshine smiles,
 Its brightest day is short, declining fast
 If not o'ercast with fable clouds at noon.
 And oft its brightest day, more fatal proves,
 Than dark adversity's tempestuous night.
 It shines with sickly ray, and spreads around
 Malignant ills; malignant to the mind,
 Stubborn disease, which medicine cannot cure.
 And if adversity's cold, wintry blast
 Invade the shivering heart, then comfort dies,
 And solitary hope just lives, to warm
 With some faint gleams of possible relief.

Thus pondering o'er the gloomy scenes of life,
 The pensive muse attun'd her plaintive song.
 Her eye dejected fix'd upon the ground,

Where

Where thorny cares spontaneous rise, she sigh'd,
 And wish'd a fairer prospect! smiling hope
 Soft-whispering, bids her lift her downcast eye,
 And view the wild attentive. Now she sees
 A beam ethereal, dawning o'er the gloom
 With cheering lustre, permanent and mild.
 'Tis mercy! saving mercy! she can shield
 From every ill, the trembling, trusting soul.
 Beneath the shelter of her guardian wing,
 Not gay prosperity's malignant glow
 Shall scorch, nor cold adversity shall freeze.
 Amid the devious labyrinth she marks
 The path divine, where heavenly wisdom leads
 Her favour'd votaries; narrow path, but safe.
 There real pleasures rise, and sacred peace
 Attend their steps; if thorny cares, too near,
 InFLICT a wound, kind mercy instant pours
 A sovereign balm, to ease the burning pain.
 There walks humility with cautious step;
 On wisdom, gracious guide, she leans secure.
 A thousand lurking snares her feet escape,
 And o'er her head a thousand dangers fly,
 Fly harmless. Patience there, and cheerful hope,
 Walk hand in hand; and faith with piercing eye

Looks forward through the shades, and joyful marks
Her journey's end, the radiant seats of day.

“ Here, fix your choice;” (immortal wisdom
cries,)

“ To you, O sons of men, to you I call :

“ O turn from erring folly. Fatal guide ;

“ Her way is danger, and it ends in death :

“ Turn to my path, here only can you find

“ Content, which wretched thousands seek in vain.

“ My path is safety ; and it leads to life,

“ To life immortal, in the realms of bliss !”

Indulgent mercy wafts the heavenly sound,
Reviving to my heart! Yes, glorious guide,
To thy unerring conduct I resign
My steps, and bless the ever-gracious power,
Which beam'd a ray of heaven o'er this dark wild,
And led my feet to thy celestial path,
The path of peace, and life, and endless joy.



To the VOTARIES OF PLEASURE.

YE mirthful tribes, who careless, vain and gay,
 In pleasure's flowery paths, untiring stray;
 Say, can you boast content? Ah, no; the sigh
 Involuntary, breathes your sad reply.
 And conscience speaks: attend the friendly power;
 Indulge one serious, one reflecting hour.
 Earth's soft allurements, empty, light and vain,
 Are dreams of joy; you wake to real pain.
 When pleasure dawns, serenely fair and bright,
 'Tis shaded soon with clouds, and lost in night:
 Yet still you fondly court its flattering smiles;
 Again it glitters, and again beguiles;
 Will you be tempted thus with painted charms,
 And follow shadows with extended arms?
 While nobler pleasures stand neglected by,
 Nor move your heart, nor raise your languid eye?
 Delights refin'd, and lasting, court your choice,
 And heavenly wisdom sues with melting voice:

“ How long, deluded, wretched souls; how long
 “ Shall pleasure sooth you with her syren song?
 “ Ah fly the fatal smile, the enchanting strain,
 “ And let the gay deceiver tempt in vain.”

Turn at the friendly call; O yet be wise,
 To real pleasures raise your cheated eyes.
 May the kind admonition, deep imprest,
 Dwell on your hearts, and teach you to be blest!
 Think where you tread!—the path which looks
 so gay,

Is ruin's sure, inevitable way.

Think—life immortal, or eternal death,
 Precarious trembles on a moment's breath.

This single moment's yours—the next may bear
 Your souls to endless darkness and despair.

Fly from the world's deluding, tempting wiles,
 While time is yours, and heavenly mercy smiles:

From sin, from all its soul-destroying charms,
 Fly to the great Redeemer's open arms.

Now with a gentle, kind, inviting voice,
 He calls, he courts you to immortal joys,

O hear those winning accents, hear and prove
 The boundless blessings of his pardoning love.

E'er long, that slighted voice, with dreadful sound,
 Shall with the keenest pangs of terror wound;

Shall wound those guilty souls, who dare despise
 His sovereign grace ; nor life nor glory prize.
 Before his dreadful bar you must appear :
 That awful, that tremendous hour, how near
 To you unknown ; yet every moment brings
 The important period nearer on its wings.
 How will your now unmov'd, relentless heart
 Then bear the word, the dreadful word, Depart ?
 Depart condemn'd, accursed down to hell,
 Where black despair, and endless torment dwell ?
 In time reflect, and tremble at the view,
 The fatal path to death no more pursue.
 Fly for your lives, to safety instant fly ;
 Ah, wretched lingering souls, why will you die ?
 While heavenly patience lengthens out your day,
 And God's unerring word directs the way,
 O seize the fleeting hour, the precious Now,
 And at the Saviour's feet, for mercy bow.



On the PUBLICK FAST, Feb. 6, 1756.

I.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend !
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.

II.

* Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
 Thy dreadful power display ;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And yet we live to pray.

III.

Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
 Ungrateful as we are ?
 O be these awful warnings heard,
 While mercy cries forbear.

IV. What

* Earthquake at Lisbon, &c.

IV.

What numerous crimes increasing rise
 O'er all this wretched isle!
 What land so favour'd of the skies,
 And yet what land so vile?

V.

How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
 For error, guilt, and shame!
 What impious numbers, bold in sin,
 Disgrace the christian name!

VI.

O bid us turn, almighty Lord,
 By thy resistless grace;
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

VII.

Then should insulting foes invade,
 We shall not sink in fear;
 Secure of never failing aid,
 If God, our God, is near.



NATIONAL JUDGMENTS DEPRECATED.

On the FAST. Feb. 11, 1757.

I.

WHILE justice waves her vengeful hand
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful power,
With fear and trembling, we adore.

II.

Where shall we fly, but to thy feet?
Our only refuge is thy seat;
Thy seat, where potent mercy pleads,
And holds thy thunder from our heads.

III.

While peace and plenty blest'd our days,
Where was the tribute of thy praise?
Ungrateful race! how have we spent
The blessings which thy goodness lent?

IV.

Pale famine now, and wasting war,
With threatening frown thy wrath declare;
But war and famine are thy slaves,
Nor can destroy when mercy saves.

V. Look

V.

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
 Though loud our crimes for vengeance cry,
 Let mercy's louder voice prevail,
 Nor thy long suffering patience fail.

VI.

Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
 May we not plead the blest record,
 That when a humble nation mourns,
 Thy rising wrath to pity turns.

VII.

O let thy fovereign grace impart
 Contrition to each rocky heart,
 And bid sincere repentance flow,
 A general, undissembled woe.

VIII.

Our arms, O God of armies, bless,
 (Thy hand alone can give success,)
 And make our haughty neighbours own
 That heaven protects the British Throne,

IX.

Fair smiling peace again restore,
 With plenty bless the pining poor,
 And may a happy thankful land
 Obedient own thy guardian hand.



On the SAME. PLEADING for MERCY.

I.

COME, let our souls adore the Lord,
 Whose judgments yet delay,
 Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
 And gives us leave to pray.

II.

In armies, fleets, or strong allies,
 No more we place our trust ;
 On God alone, our hope relies,
 Kind, potent, wise and just.

III.

Great is our guilt, our fears are great ;
 But let us not despair ;
 Still open is the mercy-seat
 To penitence and prayer.

VI

Kind Intercessor, to thy love
 This blessed hope we owe ;
 O let thy merits plead above,
 While we implore below.

V. O gracious

V.

O gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
 Attend thy Britain's cry ;
 Nor let the kindling vengeance break
 Destructive from thine eye.

VI.

Though justice near thy awful throne,
 Attends thy dread command,
 Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
 And save a guilty land.



NATIONAL JUDGMENTS and MERCIES A
 CALL TO REPENTANCE. NOV. 1757.

I.

LONG has divine compassion strove
 With this rebellious land ;
 O justice, long has pleading love
 Withheld thy dreadful hand.

II.

At length, ye Britons, lift your eyes,
 Your crimes no more pursue ;
 Behold the gathering tempest rise,
 And tremble at the view !

III. See,

III.

See, fraught with vengeance how it spreads !
 To mercy instant fly ;
 E'er yet it burst upon your heads,
 Repent, repent—or die.

IV.

Late raging * storm, 'twas mercy stay'd,
 Her voice destruction heard,
 The impetuous winds her voice obey'd,
 And awful justice spar'd.

V.

Shall every warning be in vain
 Your ruin to prevent ?
 Indulgent mercy calls again,
 Return, repent ! repent !

VI.

The voice, ye Britons, hear with awe,
 O hear, and turn to God ;
 Left mercy, long abus'd, withdraw,
 And leave you to the rod.

VII. Almighty

* Off Louisburgh.

VII.

Almighty God, thy powerful grace
Can change us, and forgive ;
Can save a guilty rebel race,
And say, Repent, and live.

VIII.

O let thy powerful grace appear,
And justice sheath her sword ;
Then shall a rescued nation fear,
And love, and praise the Lord.

The END of the first VOLUME.

Sept 64
- 136

Some?