

*Theodosia, the name in honour
of Mrs Anne Steele daughter of
a dissenting Minister at
Broughton in Hampshire
She died in 1778 aged 61.*

P O E M S

ON

S U B J E C T S

CHIEFLY

D E V O T I O N A L .

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By THEODOSIA.

He tunes

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

L O N D O N :

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P O E M S

ON

S U B J E C T S

CHIEFLY

D E V O T I O N A L.

V O L. I.

C O N T E N T S.

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To be corrected.

For *wind* read *winds*, page 9, stan. XIII. l. 3.
For *now* read *new*, p. 15, stanza III. line 3. For
join read *rise*, p. 26, stanza VI. l. 4. For *big*
read *high*, p. 33, ft. IX. l. 1. For *fled* read *fed*,
p. 41, ft. VI. l. 2. For *the* read *his*, p. 61, ft. IV.
l. 2. For *unweary* read *unwary*, p. 68, ft. I. l. 2.
For *thy* read *thou*, p. 90, ft. V. l. 3. For *the* read
her, p. 100, ft. I. l. 1. For *by* read *buy*, p. 130,
ft. II. l. 1. For *swae* read *sweet*, p. 141, ft. I.
l. 3. For *terror* read *terrors*, p. 153, ft. III. l. 3.
For *dear* read *fair*, p. 160, ft. V. l. 3. For
their read *the*, in the evening meditation, l. 6. For
grows read *glows*, p. 200, l. last. For *humble* read
bumbler, p. 209, l. 8. For *truth* read *truths*, p.
212, l. 10. Dele comma after *revives*, p. 216,
l. 13. For *humble* read *humbly*, p. 235, l. first.



H Y M N S
O N
V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

Desiring to PRAISE GOD.

I.

ALMIGHTY author of my frame,
To thee my vital pow'rs 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.

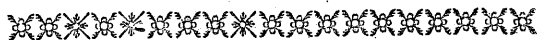
Thy glories, the seraphic lyre
 On all its strings attempts in vain ;
 Then how shall mortals dare aspire
 In thought, to try th' unequal strain ?

IV.

Yet the great Sov'reign 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, tho' unworthy song.



Imploring DIVINE INFLUENCES.

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 ev'ry song,
 And fill my heart and tune my tongue ;
 Then shall the strain harmonious flow,
 And heav'n's sweet work begin below.

B 2

Me.

Meditating on CREATION and PRO-
VIDENCE.

I.

LORD, when my raptur'd thought furveys
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 pow'r 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

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 flow'r,
In varied charms appear ;
Their varied charms display thy pow'r,
Thy goodness all declare.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

B 3

X. From

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

Thy providence, his constant guard
When threat'ning 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 heav'nly 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 ev'ry 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 sov'reign 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 wondring eyes,
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.

IX.

The God in heav'nly strains they sung,
 Array'd in human clay :
 Mysterious love ! what angel tongue
 Thy wonders can display ?

X. Myf-

X.

Mysterious love, in ev'ry scene,
 Thro' 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 wondrous grace,
 What rich instruction flow'd ?

XII.

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

XIII.

Infernal legions trembling fled,
 Aw'd by his pow'rful word :
 And wind and seas his voice obey'd,
 And own'd their sov'reign Lord.

XIV.

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

XV. Still

XV.

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

XVI.

What pain, what soul-opprefling pain,
 The great Redeemer bore;
 While bloody fweat, like drops of rain,
 Diffill'd from ev'ry pore!

XVII.

And e'er the dreadful storm descends
 Full on his guiltlefs head,
 See him by his familiar friends
 Deferted and betray'd!

XVIII.

While ruffian bands the Lord furround,
 Relentlefs, murd'rous foes;
 Meek, as a lamb for flaugter bound,
 The patient fuff'rer goes.

XIX.

Arraign'd at Pilate's impious bar,
 (Unparallel'd difgrace!)
 See fpotlefs innocence appear
 In guilt's detefted place!

XX. When

XX.

When perj'ry fails to ftain his name,
 The mob's envenom'd breath
 Extorts his fentence, "Publick fhame
 " And painful ling'ring death."

XXI.

Patient, the cruel fcourge he bore:
 The innocent, the kind!
 Then to the rabble's lawlefs pow'r
 And rudeft taunts confign'd.

XXII.

With thorns they crown that awful brow,
 Whofe frown can fhake the globe;
 And on their king in fcorn beftow
 The reed and purple robe.

XXIII.

Ah!—fee, the fatal crofs appears,
 Heart-wounding, dreadful fcene!
 His facred flefh rude iron tears,
 With agonizing pain.

XXIV.

Expos'd with thieves, to publick view—
 Could nature bear the fight?
 The blufhing fun 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 pow'r.

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 ev'ry anxious pain.

XXXI.

His kindest words their doubts remove,
 Confirm their wav'ring 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 heav'nly 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 pow'r 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,
 Forever 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.

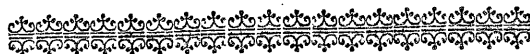
XXXVIII.

I yield, to thy dear conqu'ring arms
 I yield my captive soul :
 O let thy all-subduing charms
 My inmost pow'rs 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



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 blissful ray :
 Sweet morning of celestial day !

III.

Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
 The Lord, the Saviour bids you rise ;
 Now 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 pow'r his word controuls,
 That fatal leprosy of souls.

4

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 pow'rs revive:
He speaks, and dying sinners live.

VII.

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand;
Diseases fly at thy command:
O let thy sov'reign touch impart
Life, strength, and health to ev'ry 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 wond'rous praise abroad.

LONG-



LONGING SOULS invited to the GOS-
PEL-FEAST. Luke xiv. 22.

I.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry 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 foul 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.

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C

V. O

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.



L I G H T and D E L I V E R A N C E.

I.

THE weary trav'ler, 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 heav'nly 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 gen'rous 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 pow'r controuls.

V.

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

VI.

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

C 2

VII. But

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 pow'rs,
 Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
 And fills the circling hours.

II.

Preferv'd by thy almighty arm,
 I pass'd the shades of night,
 Serene, and safe from ev'ry 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 ev'ry danger, ev'ry 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 ev'ning 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 unnumber'd wants relieve ;
 Among thy daily, craving poor,
 On thy all-bounteous hand I live.

III.

My days unclouded, as they pass,
 And ev'ry gently rolling hour,
 Are monuments of wond'rous grace,
 And witness to thy love and pow'r.

IV.

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

V.

My num'rous wants are known to thee,
 E'er 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 sov'reign pow'r ;
 At thy command the tempests rise,
 At thy command the thunders roar.

II.

We hear, with trembling and affright,
 The voice of heav'n, (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

V.

O let thy mercy on my heart
 With cheering, healing radiance shine ;
 Bid ev'ry 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 thro' the varying scenes in vain,
 Of earth's capacious round,

II.

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

III. The

III.

The busy town, the croudèd 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 join.

VII.

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

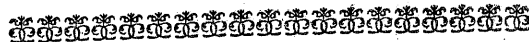
VIII. Dear

VIII.

Dear Saviour, let thy chearing smile
My fainting soul renew ;
Then shall the heav'nly Canaan yield
A sweet, tho' distant view.

IX.

Be thy almighty arm my stay,
My guide thro' 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.

COME weary souls with sin distressed,
The Saviour offers heav'nly 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 pow'rful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence ev'ry 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 extream,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream;

II. Should

II.

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

III.

So longs the weary fainting mind,
Oppress'd with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heav'nly 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 FAVOUR 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. Im-

V.

Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heav'n dawns in ev'ry 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 heav'n is in the boon.

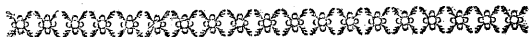
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X.

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, tho' 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 heav'n 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.

Pleasures, unfullied, flourish there,
 Beyond the reach of time :
 Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair,
 In all her flow'ry 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 ev'ry 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 pow'r no more ;
 But cloath'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.

VII.

There on a throne, (how dazzling bright !)
 Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heav'nly 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 pray'r ;

X.

How will the wonders of his grace
In their full lustre shine ?
His wisdom, pow'r, 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 th' ethereal 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 blissful courts above,
We join the heav'nly 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.

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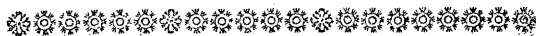
IV. But

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,
Thro' 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 plain ;

III. Thy

III.

Thy fov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r ;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

IV.

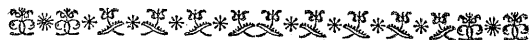
Then peace returns with balmy wing,
(Sweet peace ! with her what blessings fled !)
Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

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,
Thro' 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, pow'r 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 soft'ning show'rs,
The vegetable race are fed,
And trees, and plants, and herbs, and flow'rs,
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.

VII.

The flow'ry 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



A RURAL HYMN.

I.

TO your creator God,
Your great preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise :

Let ev'ry voice
Proclaim his pow'r,
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 ev'ry tongue,
A gen'ral song
Of grateful praise.

III. Ye

III.

Ye num'rous 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,
Rebound your Maker's praise
In each responsive low :
You wait his hand ;
The herbage grows,
The riv'let flows,
At his command.

V.

Ye feather'd 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 fruits,
 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 flow'rs, which blooming shew
 A thousand beautiful 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 ev'ry 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 ;

Pro-

[46]

Proclaim abroad,
(As you fulfill
His sov'reign will)
The pow'rful God.

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII. Fair

[47]

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 ev'ry creature join
To celebrate his name,
And all their various pow'rs
Assist th' exalted theme.

Let nature raise
From ev'ry tongue,
A gen'ral song
Of grateful praise,

XV.

But oh ! from human tongues
Should nobler praises flow ;
And ev'ry 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 sov'reign 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 pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

E

PRAISE

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 e'er I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.

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 the road !
No pow'r 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 fav'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 lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

VIII.

While sweet reflection, thro' 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.

E 2

X. 'Tis

X.

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

XI.

When blest with some 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 ev'ry bliss,
 That noblest gift of love divine—
 What wondrous 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.

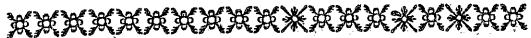
XV. Lord,

XV.

Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And ev'ry weakness dies,
 Compleat the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.

XVI.

Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite,
 In more exalted lays,
 And join the happy sons of light,
 In everlasting praise.



CHRIST the WAY to HEAVEN.

I.

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

II.

In vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

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III. No

III.

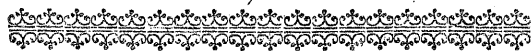
No other name will heav'n approve ;
 Thou art the true, the living way,
 (Ordain'd by everlasting love,)
 To the bright realms of endless day.

IV.

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

V.

Safe lead me thro' 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.

THOU only sov'reign 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 wand'rer 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 pow'rs 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 rife,
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 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 chearful 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 blifsful name my soul revives—
Adieu to death and night.

IX.

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

X.

Jefus ! and art thou mine ?
 O let thy heav'nly voice
 Confirm my hope with pow'r divine,
 And bid my foul rejoice.

XI.

Then fhall my clofing eyes,
 Contented, fink to reft ;
 For if to night this body dies,
 My fpirit fhall be bleft.



The EXCELLENCY of the HOLY
 SCRIPTURES.

I.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory fhines ?
 Forever be thy name ador'd
 For thefe celeftial lines.

II.

Here, mines of heav'nly wealth difclofe
 Their bright, unbounded ftore :
 The glitt'ring gem no longer glows,
 And India boasts no more.

III. Here,

III.

Here, may the wretched fons of want
 Exhaustlefs riches find :
 Riches, above what earth can grant
 And lafting as the mind.

IV.

Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repaft ;
 Sublimar sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing tafte.

V.

Here may the blind and hungry come,
 And light, and food receive ;
 Here, fhall the meaneft gueft have room,
 And tafte, and fee, and live.

VI.

Amidft thefe gloomy wilds below,
 When dark and fad we ftray ;
 Here, beams of heav'n relieve our woe,
 And guide to endless day.

VII.

Here, fprings of confolation rife,
 To cheer the fainting mind ;
 And thirfty fouls receive fupplies,
 And fweet 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 heav'nly peace around ;
 And life, and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

X.

But when his painful suff'rings rise,
 (Delightful, dreadful scene!)
 Angels may read with wond'ring eyes,
 That Jesus died for men.

XI.

O may these heav'nly pages be
 My ever-dear delight,
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

XII.

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

The



The INFLUENCES of the SPIRIT of GOD
 in the HEART. John XIV. 16, 17.

I.

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 forever die,
 And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

IV.

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

V. When-

V.

Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than pow'r 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 chearful hope can say
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?

VIII.

Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

CHRIST

CHRIST the PHYSICIAN of SOULS.
Jerem. VIII. 22.

I.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's pow'r.

II.

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

III.

And can no fov'reign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
E'er life and hope forever fly ?

IV.

There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in his heav'nly 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 sov'reign cure is found ;
 A cordial for the fainting heart,
 A balm for ev'ry 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.

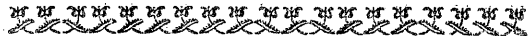
Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts ;
 Above our fears, above our faults,
 His pow'rful intercessions rise,
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

IV.

In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their pow'r ;
 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.

I Kings viii. 27.

I.

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

VOL. I.

F

II. Be-

II.

Before the radiance of thine eye
 The heav'ns 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 th' exalted minds above
 It's wonders can explore.

VI.

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

The

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.

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

IV.

'Tis sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r
 The lodging has possess'd;
 And crouds of traitors bar the door
 Against the heav'nly guest.

F 2

V. Lord,

V.

Lord, rise in thy all-conqu'ring grace,
 Thy mighty pow'r display;
 One beam of glory from thy face
 Can drive my foes away.

VI.

Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart;
 Dear Saviour, enter in,
 And guard the passage to my heart,
 And keep out ev'ry sin.



GOD the SOUL'S ONLY PORTION.

Lam. iii. 24.

I.

IN vain the world's alluring smile
 Would my unwearied 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 bliss my soul aspires,
 Come, Lord, and fill these vast desires;
 Be thou my portion, here I rest,
 Since of my utmost wish possess.

IV.

O let thy sacred word impart
 Its sealing influence to my heart;
 With pow'r, and light, and love divine,
 Assure my soul that thou art mine.

V.

The blissful word, with joy replete,
 Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat,
 And heav'n-born hope, serenely bright,
 Shine chearful thro' 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 blissful plains,
 Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
 And dwell forever near thy throne
 In joys to mortal thought unknown.

F 3

FAITH



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 heav'nly 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 heav'n-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 bewilder'd rove,
 But with celestial ardour soar
 To endless joys above.

F 4

STRENGTH



STRENGTH and SAFETY in GOD ALONE.

Pſalm 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 heav'n 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 heav'n my reſtleſs heart aſpires :
 O for a quick'ning ray,
 T' 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



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 chearful 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 heav'n, 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 sov'reign mercy will impart
It's 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 wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy suff'rings 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 heav'nly flame ;
Then shall our lips rebound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

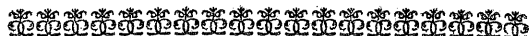
VI.

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

VII. Then

VII.

Then shall our hearts enraptur'd 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 pow'r 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, pow'rful, wise, and kind,
Forever 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 heav'n 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, on whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Tho' trembling and afraid.

IV. In-

IV.

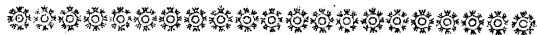
Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail ;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail'.

V.

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

VI.

O keep me in thy heav'nly 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 heav'nly aid.

II. Shall

II.

Shall the kind mother's gentle breast
 No soft emotion share ;
 But, ev'ry 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 appear'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 ev'ry groan, and ev'ry sigh
 Divine compassion hears.

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G

VII. These

VII.

These anxious doubts indulge no more,
 Be ev'ry fear suppress'd;
 Unchanging truth, and love, and pow'r,
 Command thy cares to rest.



Desiring ASSURANCE of the FAVOUR
 of GOD.

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 heav'n 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 pow'rs rejoice,
 And triumph in my God,
 'Till heav'nly 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 sov'reign 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.

G 2

III. 'Tis

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 pow'r !
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



The INCARNATE SAVIOUR. John i. 14.

I.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord :
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Adore th' eternal Word.

II.

That awful Word, that sov'reign pow'r,
By whom the worlds were made ;
(O happy morn ! illustrious hour !)
Was once in flesh array'd. !

III.

Then shone almighty pow'r 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.

G 3

V. Ador-

V.

Adoring angels tun'd their songs
 To hail the joyful day:
 With rapture 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 a 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 deplores 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 ev'ry 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 wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

II.

Yet sov'reign mercy calls, Return:
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh take the wand'rer home.

III.

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

IV.

Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r
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 it's 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 thy 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 fav'rites 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 heav'n 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,
 Forever fair, forever bright.

VI.

No fancy'd 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.

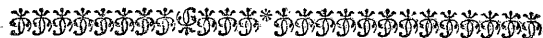
VII. And

VII.

And shall not these cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view ?
Come, Lord, awake our active pow'rs,
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. i. 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 wond'rous gift of love divine,
Dear source of ev'ry good !
Jesus, in thee what glories shine !
How rich thy flowing blood !

III. Come

III.

Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste ;
Behold a never-failing store,
For ev'ry willing guest.

IV.

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

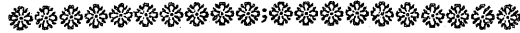
V.

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 pow'r ;
Thy boundless grace, let rebels see,
And at thy feet adore.

The



The HEAVENLY CONQUEROR.

Rev. iii. 21.

I.

TO Jesus, our victorious Lord,
The praises of our lives belong;
Forever be his name ador'd:
Sweet theme of ev'ry 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 tremb'ling, dying prey.

III.

He fought, he conquer'd tho' he fell,
While with his last expiring breath,
He triumph'd o'er the pow'rs 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. Tho'

V.

Tho' 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 pow'rs 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 seat,
His saints shall dwell, their dangers o'er,
And cast their crowns beneath his feet,
And love, and wonder, and adore.

LONG-



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 flight ;
 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.

I

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.

VOL. I.

H

II. In

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 glitt'ring 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 chearful 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 heav'nly 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, heav'n 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 flow'r
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.

H 2

IV. O

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 heav'nly way.

VI.

On thee I lean, all-gracious God,
O breathe new life thro' all my pow'rs,
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 the boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin'd,
Amid th' 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 flatt'ring 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.

H 3

LAST-

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 forever, ever last,
When seasons, days and hours are past.

IV.

Come Lord, thy pow'ful grace impart,
Thy grace can raise my wand'ring 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 heav'n 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 glitt'ring 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 heav'n approves the sacred flame.

H 4

IV. To

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 pow'r,
That gently call'd and bade me rise;
And taught my nobler thoughts to soar
To happiness beyond the skies.



LONGING FOR IMMORTALITY.

I.

SAD pris'ners in a house of clay,
With sins, and griefs, and pains oppress'd,
We groan the ling'ring 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. Eter-

III.

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

IV.

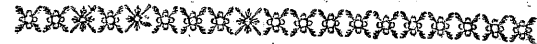
There shall mortality no more
It's wide extended empire boast,
Forgotten all it's dreadful pow'r,
In life's unbounded ocean lost.

V.

Bright world of bliss! O could I see
One shining glimpse, one chearful ray.
(Fair dawn of immortality!)
Break thro' these tott'ring 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 restless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

II.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress
With awful pow'r—I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry 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 ev'ry heart obey,
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

V. O

V.

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

VI.

Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
With cleansing, healing pow'r ;
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 wond'rous pow'r
 From sin and death can raise ;
 Can gild the dark departing hour,
 And tune it's 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 heav'n-born souls thy sting is lost,
 Thy night, the gates of day.

The



The PRESENCE of CHRIST the Joy of
 his PEOPLE.

I.

THE wondring nations have beheld
 The sacred prophesy 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 heav'n 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 pow'r 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.

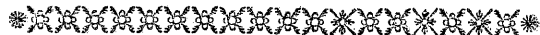
V. Come,

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 hallelujah's raise,
And heav'n 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 wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

3

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.

De-



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 heav'nly 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.

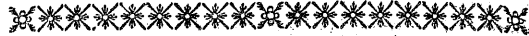
Say, happy natives of the sky,
What is it makes your heav'n above?
You dwell beneath your father's eye,
And feast forever on his love.

VII.

My God, thy presence can impart
A glimpse of heav'n to earth and night;
O smile, and bless my mournful heart,
Sweet foretast 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."



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 pow'r why should I fear ?
 My inward peace they cannot wound,
 If thou, my God, art near.

VII.

Thy sov'reign 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.

I 2

The



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 ev'ry comfort should depart,
And life forsake this drooping heart;
One smile from thee, one blissful 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 ev'ry charm withdrawn,
Light, hope and joy, forever 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 forever nigh;
Beneath the radiance of thy 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 it pow'rs,
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 pow'r display,
(Resistless pow'r of love divine !)
And drive thy hated foes away,
And make me thine, and only thine.

The



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 wand'ring mind.

III.

Through all resolves, how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties !
There's nought beneath a pow'r 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 pard'ning love,
And never from thy sight remove.

V.

O let thy love with sweet controul,
Bind all the passions of my foul,
Bid ev'ry vanity depart,
And dwell forever in my heart.



COLD AFFECTIONS.

I.

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

II.

At the sweet mention of his love,
How should the sacred ardour rise!
And ev'ry 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 death-like lethargy detains
My captive pow'rs with fatal art,
And spreads it's unrelenting chains
Heavy and cold, around my heart!

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

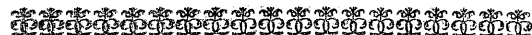
O let thy love shine forth, and raise
My captive pow'rs from sin and death;
And fill my heart and life with praise,
And tune my last expiring breath.

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 shall my thoughts transported trace,
 And all my soul forever 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 strife,
 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 heav'nly 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 or vex my heart;
 Let ev'ry vanity begone,
 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. Eter-

-V.

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

VI.

Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent pray'r,
 An int'rest 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 heav'n and thee.

HOPE



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 enliv'ning beams depart !

II.

Scarce through the shades, a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes ;
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The chearful 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.

IV.

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

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 frighted 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 forgiv'n,
Soon would these terrors disappear ;
Then should I see a glimpse of heav'n,
And look on death without a fear.

VIII.

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

IX. O

IX.

O let thy love's all-pow'rful 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 chearful 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 blissful 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.

VOL. I.

K

XIV. Adieu

XIV.

Adieu to all terrestial things ;
 Come bear me through the stary 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 it's dreadful tyrant sway,
 And doom'd to everlasting pains,
 We wretched, guilty captives lay.

II.

Nor gold nor gems, could by 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.

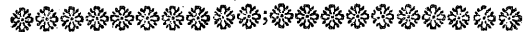
Jesus the sacrifice became,
 To rescue guilty souls from hell ;
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb
 Beneath avenging justice fell.

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 subdue,
 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.

K 2

II. Thy

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 ev'ry 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.

RE-



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 pow'rs of earth or hell,
If thou vouchsafe thy aid.

III.

My chearful hope can never die,
If thou my God art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish ev'ry 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.

K 3

V. My

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 pow'r and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.



Desiring RESIGNATION and THANK-
FULNESS.

I.

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

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 pow'r controul.

VI.

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

VII.

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

K 4

VIII. And

VIII.

And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

IX.

“ Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
“ From ev'ry 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 presence through my journey shine,
“ And bless 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 arise ?

II. My

II.

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

III.

By ev'ry name of pow'r and love,
I would thy grace intreat ;
Nor should my humble hopes remove,
Nor leave thy sacred feet.

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 aching 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.

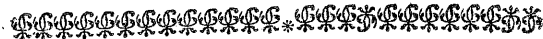
Here, let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immoveable the promise stands;
Nor all the pow'rs of earth or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5

V. Here,

V.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever 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 blifs 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 ev'ry star;
 Could I behold them nigh,
 Bright worlds of wonder would appear
 To my astonish'd eye!

V.

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

VI.

Come, heav'n-born faith, and aid my flight,
 And guide my rising thought,
 Till earth, still less'ning 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 heav'n's bright abode,
 And sinks to earth and night.

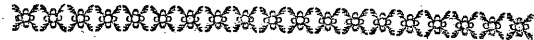
IX. O

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.

6

III. I

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 ?

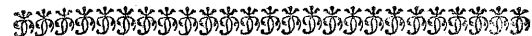
V.

My God, O could I call thee mine
 Without a wav'ring fear,
 This would be happiness divine,
 A heav'n 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 it's desires !

Mourn-



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

I.

MY God, to thee I call—
 Must I forever 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 heav'nly pity sees my tears,
 And marks each rising sigh.

V. Dear

V.

Dear source of all my joys,
 And solace of my care,
 O wilt thou hear my plaintive voice
 And grant my humble pray'r !

VI.

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

VII.

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, tho' 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 ev'ry 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,
 Tho' prostrate in the dust.

VI.

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

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VII. No.

VII.

No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's pray'r ;
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 aching heart and flowing tears,
To pour my sorrows at thy feet.

II.

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

III. Thy

VII.

Thy promises are large and free,
To humble souls who seek thy face ;
O where for refuge can I flee,
My God, but to thy 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 pow'r.

L 2

VIII. And

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 enliv'ning 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 sov'reign 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 ev'ry 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 sov'reign hand,
Thou just, and wise, and kind;
Be ev'ry 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.

L 3

Trust-

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 saints below.

IV.

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

V. The

V.

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

TIME flying, and DEATH approaching.

I.

A WAKE, my soul, nor slumb'ring 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?

L 4

IV. Shall

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

Thy remnant minutes strive to use,
 Awake! rouse ev'ry active pow'r!
 And not in dreams and trifles lose
 This little now! this precious hour!

VII.

Lord of my life, inspire my heart
 With heav'nly 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 short'ning still,
 Prepare me for the joys above.

IX. In

IX.

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

VICTORY OVER DEATH through CHRIST.

I 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 sits upon his brow,
 And vict'ry waits his arms.

III.

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

IV. Jesus,

IV.

Jefus, be thou my fure defence,
My guard forever near ;
And faith fhall triumph over fenfe,
And never yield to fear.

V.

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

VI.

What tho' subdued this body lies,
Slain in the mortal strife,
My fpirit fhall unconquer'd rife
To a diviner life.

VII.

Lord, I commit my foul to thee,
Accept the facred trust,
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my fleeping duft :

VIII.

Till that illuftrious morning come,
When all thy faints fhall rife,
And cloath'd in full, immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the fkies.

IX. When

IX.

When thy triumphant armies fmg
The honours of thy name,
And heav'ns eternal arches ring,
With glory to the Lamb :

X.

O let me join the raptur'd lays,
And with the blifsful throng,
Refound falvation, pow'r and praife,
In everlafting fong.



CHRIST the SUPREME BEAUTY.

Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

I.

SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
In fweet afsemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jefus, compar'd with thine.

II.

Vain were her faireft beams difplay'd,
And vain her blooming ftore ;
Ev'n brightnefs languifhes to fhade,
And beauty is no more.

I

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.

IV.

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



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 ev'ry happy breast.

VII.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
Forever 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 wond'rous grace ;
His happy subjects sing his praise,
And bow before his face.

X. O

X.

O may the heav'nly prospect fire,
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry 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 xxiii. 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 !

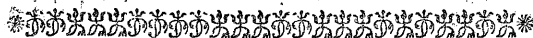
V.

Dear shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore,
To thy dear pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

VI.

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

The



THE CHRISTIAN'S NOBLEST RESOLUTION.
Johua xxiv. 15.

I.

AH 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 pow'rs, 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.

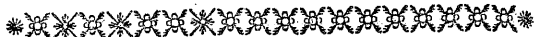
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V. O

V.

O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring 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 ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

II.

For ev'ry 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 ev'ry 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 heav'nly 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 sov'reign 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?

M 2

III. Too

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Come, dearest Lord, with pow'r 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 chearful 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 thro' 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.

M 3

The



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

I.

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 faints and angels fall,
And with delightful worship own
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.

III.

Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujah's rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread
Thro' all th' 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.

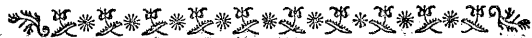
V. There.

V.

There all the fav'rites of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heav'nly choir;
O may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire.

VI.

Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal
Our int'rest 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 int'rest here,
Jesus, in these dear words of thine,
A heav'n 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.

M 4

III. There

III.

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

IV.

No darkness 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 likeness 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 pow'r to ev'ry heart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

HYMN



HYMN TO JESUS.

I.

JESUS,—in thy transporting name,
What blissful 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. Tho'

V.

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

VI.

Victorious love ! can language tell
 The wonders of thy pow'r,
 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 sov'reign 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 heav'n and earth adore.

PRAISE



PRAISE to the REDEEMER.

I.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song !
 O may his love, (immortal flame !)
 Tune ev'ry 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 to earth to bleed and die—
 Was ever love like his ?

V. Dear

V.

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

VI.

O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill ev'ry 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,
 Forever hence remove ;
 Jesus alone deserves my heart,
 And ev'ry thought of love.

II.

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

III. His

III.

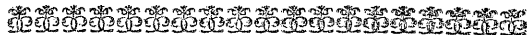
His heart, whence love abundant flow'd
 To wash the stains of sin,
 In precious streams of vital blood--
 Here, all my hopes begin.

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 chearful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above ;
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wond'rous love.

II. While

II.

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

III.

Jefus, 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!

IV.

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

V.

Were univerfal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store,
Nature and art with all their pow'rs,
Would ftill confefs the off'rer poor!

VI.

Yet tho' for bounty fo divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raife,
Jefus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praife.

The



The WONDERS of REDEMPTION.

I Pet. iii. 18.

I.

AND did the holy and the juft,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and duft,
That guilty worms might rife?

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy attoning blood?
By this are finners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

4

V. Jefus,

V.

Jefus, my foul, adoring, bends
 To love fo full, fo free ;
 And may I hope that love extends
 It's facred pow'r to me ?

VI.

What glad return can I impart;
 For favours fo divine?
 O take my all,---this worthlefs heart,
 And make it only thine.



COMMUNION with CHRIST at his TABLE:

I.

TO Jefus, our exalted Lord,
 (Dear name, by heav'n and earth ador'd!)
 Fain would our hearts and voices raife
 A chearful fong of facred praife:

II.

But all the notes which mortals know,
 Are weak and languifhing and low ;
 Far, far above our humble fongs,
 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 tafte the bread and wine,
 Defire to feed on joys divine.

V.

Let faith our feeble fenfes aid,
 To fee thy wond'rous love difplay'd,
 Thy broken flefh, thy bleeding veins,
 Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

VI.

Let humble penitential woe,
 With painful, pleasing anguish flow,
 And thy forgiving fmiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy, to ev'ry 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 suff'rings I survey,
And faith enjoys a heav'nly 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 anguish 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 wound,
And flows from ev'ry bleeding wound ;
The vital stream, how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !

N 2

III. Te

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 sick'ning ray,
 And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

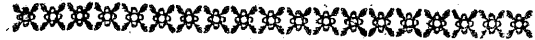
V.

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

VI.

Come, dearest Lord, thy pow'r impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
 Till all its pow'rs and passions move,
 In melting grief and ardent love.

Medi-



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 heav'n 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 ?

N 3

V. But

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,
Forever 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, heav'nly love,
And save me from the curst foe.

V.

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

VI.

Come, glorious conqu'ror, gracious Lord,
Thy all-prevailing pow'r employ;
O come, with thy resistless word,
These hateful enemies destroy.

N 4

VII. Guilty

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 pow'r 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 heav'nly plains
The triumphs of your Saviour-King.

II.

In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdu'd your potent foes,
Subdu'd the pow'rs 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,
Thro' the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conqu'ring God, resound.

IV.

Almighty love! victorious pow'r!
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 wond'rous grace
Fill ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

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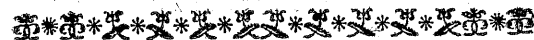
P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



OCCASIONAL POEMS.



To LYSANDER.

I.

A Muse, in learning's arduous toil unskill'd,
That fung 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 heav'n that gave them, oft her notes aspire,
Or friendship wakes the sympathizing lyre.

III. In

III.

Indulgent Friendship, list'ning, 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, wond'rous 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 crowded 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.

x

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 ev'ning spread her sable curtains round;
 In that soft hour when to the list'ning grove
 Her pleasing, soothing, melancholy airs,
 Poor Philomel begins---(the kindly dews
 Shed their soft influence on their fragrant herb,
 And gave fresh odours to the flow'ry 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 wond'ring eyes around,
 O'er all the beauteous landskip, and behold
 Almighty pow'r and wisdom plain impress'd
 On ev'ry tree, on ev'ry plant and flower.
 All own the sov'reign Architect divine,
 And in their different language speak his praise.
 The gentle zephyrs with harmonious breath,
 Brush thro' 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 murm'ring on,
 Bears to the neigh'ring trees the welcome sound;
 They bend their wav'ring tops, adore and praise.
 The lofty mountains rear their tow'ring heads,
 Tall and majestic, to the fleecy clouds;
 With awful pride confess their Maker God,
 How great his pow'r, how wide his dread com-
 mand.
 Dress'd in a thousand charms, the flow'ry vale
 Displays his goodness in her chearful bloom,
 And smiling owns beneficence divine.

Harmonious all and fair! whole nature joins
 To speak the wonders of creating skill;

Bids

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 embroid'ry dress,
 Or the more solemn grove in shady state,
 Or contemplate the smoothly flowing stream;
 Or if I raise my wand'ring 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 th' innumerable train
 Of sparkling stars, with rich profusion pour'd
 O'er all the vast expanse; and ev'ry star,
 In ev'ry beam, proclaims his Maker's praise.

O Thou both nature's author and her lord,
 Whose pow'r 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 ev'ry scene,
 And in thy works to meditate thy praise:
 'Till, led by these, my raptur'd soul ascends,
 On heav'nly contemplation's soaring wing,
 To thee, the sacred source of all perfection.



HAPPINESS.

I.

O Happiness, by all admir'd, pursued,
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 pow'r, this quenchless flame,
By heav'n 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,

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 sov'reign 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 thro' 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 ev'ry error free,
And let us seek for bliss, alone, in thee.

O 2

PRIDE

PRIDE and HUMILITY.

MARK, how the stately tree disdainful rears
His tow'ring 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 founding 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 threat'ning blast unhurt,
Eludes its rage, and lives thro' all the storm.

Pride is the liv'ry of the prince of darkness,
Worn by his slaves, who glory in their shame ;

A

A gaudy dress, but tarnish'd, rent and foul,
And loathsome to the holy eye of heav'n.

But sweet humility, a shining robe,
Bestow'd by heav'n upon it's fav'rite 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 heav'n below.

Pride leads her wretched vot'ries to contempt,
To certain ruin, infamy and death.

But sweet humility points out the way
To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.

O 3

Hu-

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 hallow'd 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. Illu-

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 giv'n,
 Cheerful to wait, and thankful own
 The hand of heav'n.

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 heav'n 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.

O. 4

On



ON FRIENDSHIP.

HOW fondly those mistake who seek for joys,
 In crouds, and mirth, and never ceasing
 noise: [vain!
 Their mirth, how empty! and their joys, how
 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 heav'n!--there friendship all refin'd,
 Immortal grows in each seraphic mind:

Mix'd with the streams of blifs forever 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 heav'n,
 Tho' in a less degree, to mortals giv'n:
 It's pleasing pow'r by providence design'd,
 To soften human cares, and mend the mind;
 To calm our passions by it's 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 tenderness the thought,
 And views with kind indulgence ev'ry 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 flatt'ry, 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 carés,
And ev'ry 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 gen'rous passion from the heart.

O Friendship, what sincere delights are thine !
Fair miniature of happiness divine ;
Propitious, pleasing, heav'n-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



On the SAME.

TRUE Friendship is the noblest earthly gift
Which heav'n 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
Tho' glitt'ring counterfeits may oft appear,
And many a phantom borrow friendship's name.

Smooth complaisance, and well-dissembled
kindness,
And flatt'ry, hid beneath the specious mask
Of humble admiration and esteem,
Are often seen ; they wear a fair appearance,
And drefs'd in friendship's garb may please a
while ;
But cheat th' 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 minds of nobler texture fram'd,
Sincere, benevolent, above disguise,
Dress'd in the plain unborrow'd robe of truth,
These virtue makes her fav'rite 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 forever.

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 thro' many a thorny brake,
Unhurt: she points with upward aim to heav'n;
To heav'n, from whence the sacred ardour came,
And guardian angels own the kindred flame.

ODE



ODE TO CONTENT.

I.

COME charming guest, divine Content,
And chase my cares away;
The sweetest bliss to mortals lent,
Is thy kind healing ray.

II.

Thy presence smooths the face of woe,
And softens ev'ry 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 chearful air and look sedate,
See gentle Patience nigh,
And Hope, fair sister, smiling wait,
With heav'n-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

ON REASON.

REASON, the glory of the human frame,
 Eye of the mind, the stamp of heav'n im-
 press'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 wond'rous 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

4

His blissful presence from his wretched offspring,
 Then reason, heav'nly flame, with faded lustre
 Glow'd faintly, it's primæval brightness gone,
 Sully'd and clouded with furrounding guilt ;
 And feebly glimm'ring 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 heav'n-
 born faith

The dawning glory views, and soars aloft.
 Borne on her wings, hope chearful smiles ; and lo
 The clouds disperse, the prospect brightens round ;
 A glimpse of heav'n 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 thro' 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 chearful wing, tho' 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 humble 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 heav'n, 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 pow'r to single minds confin'd ;
 Senates and nations own her sov'reign 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.

VOL. I.

P

Each

Each individual, thro' 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 num'rous blessings.

Robb'd of her chearing light, what woes attend
 On helpless wretched man! self-preservation,
 By gracious heav'n implanted in his frame,
 Oft in the hand of providence 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, uselefs 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

It's chearing ray; and may thy pow'ful grace
 Assist me, O my God, still to devote
 Reason, and life, and all my pow'rs 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 pow'rs 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 heav'n with sacred ray,
 Darts thro' 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 truth 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

His language flows, and cheers our fainting
 pow'rs,
 With all the sweetness of the op'ning flow'rs;
 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 heav'n-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 pow'rs obey the soft controul,
 To beauty's source he leads th' enraptur'd soul;
 To Jesus leads, the everlasting Fair!
 In the dear name ten thousand charms appear;
 Beneath the heav'nly radiance of his eye,
 Created beauties droop, and fade, and die.

Thou Sun of righteousness, thy beams impart,
 And bless 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 ethereal 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 ev'ning, cheer my fainting sense,
Pain'd and oppress'd with glories too intense.
The ev'ning 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 ev'ning shade,
Present his diff'rent glories to the sight,
Or strike with wonder, or inspire delight.
His pow'r and love, in plenty's smiling form,
O'er the wide fields each grateful bosom warm.
From him, the gentle ev'ning-breezes spring,
And waft refreshment on their balmy wing.

His

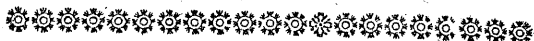
His beauty glitters in the pearly dew,
And smiles amid the bright ethereal blue
Which paints yon spacious arch; and charms our
eyes

In clouds of gold, which streak the western skies.
And now the shining lamps of heav'n advance,
Rang'd in bright order o'er the fair expanse;
Like lamps they sparkle on th' 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 ev'ry star.
Thy word inform'd the planets where to roll,
And station'd ev'ry 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.

P 4

A



A SIMILE.

OFT have I view'd the show'rs 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 show'rs, or friendly shade.
 See the clouds blacken, heavy show'rs 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 a while t' oppress, re-
 vives,
 Each fading grace, and strength and beauty gives.
 Their drooping pow'rs, by heav'n's kind influence
 fed,
 A fairer bloom, and sweeter fragrance spread.

Prest

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 plea-
 sures.—
 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, tho' 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

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, flatt'ring 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 shiv'ring 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 destruc-
 tion

Is pour'd on all the tribes of wretched mortals?
 Behold, on ev'ry 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 conqu'ring arms?

Nor

Nor rev'rend hoary age, nor blooming youth,
 Nor boasted strength escape thy fatal dart.
 Not the persuasive pow'r 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 pray'rs
 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 th' 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 ev'ry 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 th' 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 tott'ring frame, (not built to last,)
 Frail house of clay, which shakes with ev'ry wind,
 Dissolves, and falls a heap of dust and ruin;
 In realms of light I may forever 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 heav'n,
 Sign'd with th' attoning 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, heav'nly transport say,

O

O death, where is thy sting? and where, O grave,
 Infatiate grave, is thy victorious pow'r?
 Then shall my last expiring accents breathe
 His blissful 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 heav'n 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?

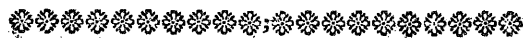
III.

More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
 When wintry storms are o'er;
 Retreating sorrow thus may bring
 Delights unknown before.

IV. There

IV.

Then, Delia, fend your fears away,
 Nor sink in gloomy care,
 Tho' clouds o'erspread the scene to day,
 To morrow may be fair.



TO AMIRA ON HER MARRIAGE.

WHILE round you hourly gratulations
 rise,
 And joy and happiness, (gay fothing sounds)
 Salute your ear; accept the artless wish
 That friendship dictates, breathing from the heart.

May gracious heav'n 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 bright'ning as they roll: may true content
 With kindly mixture sweeten ev'ry care,
 'Till scarce th' unpleasing tincture can be found.

But

But earthly bliss is ever mix'd with pain,
 And thorns among it's flow'ry 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 heav'n-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
 flow'rs,
 Around the fields and meads; they chearful smile
 In her gay liv'ry dress; the whisp'ring winds
 Breaths soft, and on their balmy wings convey
 Reviving sweets; the feather'd choir awake
 Their artless songs, and all th' enchanting scene

is

Is harmony and beauty : nature's charms
Subdue the heart, and ev'ry sense is fill'd !

But while the eye roves o'er the blooming mead
With careless pleasure, or the list'ning 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 ev'ry page
We read the wonders of almighty pow'r ;
Infinite wisdom, and unbounded love.
Here sweet instruction, entertaining truths
Reward the searching mind, and onward lead
Enquiring thought ; new beauties still unfold,
And op'ning wonders rise upon the view.
The mind, rejoicing, comments as she reads ;
While thro' th' inspiring page, conviction glows,
And warms to praise her animated pow'rs.

How great, how glorious, is the sov'reign hand,
Which forms so beauteous ev'ry plant and flow'r,
And on the vegetable world inscribes,
In lively characters, his wond'rous name ?
While active life speaks in a thousand forms,
Pow'r,

Pow'r, 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 wond'rous name,
Which creature praise can never, never reach !

On the SICKNESS of a FRIEND.

I.

SHALL fond expectance 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 it's hopes and joys in thee.

IV.

Then, should my dearest earthly comforts die,
 Should ev'ry 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 ev'ry 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

The FETTER'D 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 it's various snares,
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
 And chain'd to earth I lie:
 When shall my fetter'd pow'rs be free,
 And leave these seats of vanity,
 And upward learn to fly.

Q 2

IV. Bright

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 ev'ry tempting snare,
Heav'n calls, and I must go:

V.

Heav'n calls! and can I yet delay?
Can ought on earth engage my stay?

Ah wretched, ling'ring 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 pow'r,
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.

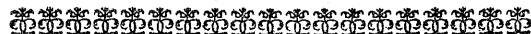
In vain, her fyren voice may try,
To lure me downward, from the sky,

To

To this dark vale of tears;
How will her transient glories fade,
And unregarded sink in shade,
When heav'n's bright dawn appears?

VIII.

So, wand'ring meteors of the night,
Amuse the weary traveller's sight,
With fair deceitful ray;
But all their glimm'ring lustre flies,
And ev'ry 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 ey
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 pow'r
To cheer, with lightfome rays, the gloomy hour.
The soothing voice of friendship may beguile
Our cares, and sorrow wear a transient smile.

Q 3

Poor

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, heav'n-born comforter, with chearful 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 pow'r 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, tho' we in vain
 Attempt to trace, while clouds o'erspread the
 scene ;

It's

It's dealings all are just, and wise, and kind ;
 Our lesson this—" Be humble and resign'd !"
 Thro' wilds and thorny paths, our journey lies,
 And darkness terrifies, and dangers rise.
 O may our heav'nly Father's guardian care,
 Preserve our steps from ev'ry fatal snare :
 Be his almighty arm our guide, our stay,
 Thro' all the toils and terrors of the way.
 No dangers can affright, if God is near,
 A present God can banish ev'ry 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 heav'nly 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, or the gay.

III.

Ye gentle delusions! ye dreams of delight!
And will you 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, tho' soon they with-
drew;

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

❦

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 pow’r :
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 heav’n 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 humble 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, thro’ 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 list’ning ear ;
How many start to hear thy fancy’d knell,
Difinal 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 flow'r,
 'Tis gone, it's glowing colours are no more.
 That bush, where roses smil'd and breath'd per-
 fume!

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 ev'ry plaintive sigh,
 What does it speak? this truth--"I soon must die."
 Must die! Is this a melancholy sound,
 When endless life begins it's 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 heav'nly 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 it's 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 gen'rous 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 ev'ry pleasing pow'r, at friendship's voice,
 Awakes to life, and bids the transport rise
 In grateful adorations to the skies.

But ah, how short the bright untroubled hour !
 Soon clouds arise, and storms impending low'r
 And oft they burst upon the fainting heart ;
 Then friendship shews her noblest, kindest art,
 Sustains the drooping pow'rs, and helps to bear
 The well-divided load of mutual care.
 If griefs oppress, or threat'ning 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 heav'n will sure approve, what heav'n in-
 spires.

O

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 pow'rs,
 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 it's toys, when pleasure's charms
 The fond pursuit invite :
 But pleasure mocks th' 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 glitt'ring 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.

Unsatisfy'd, and tir'd at last,
 We must resign our breath,
 (Life's empty cares and follies past,)
 And ev'ning close in death.

VIII.

Thus children weary of their play,
 With fretfulness oppress,
 Throw all their little toys away,
 And gently sink to rest.

IX. Hap-

IX.

Happy the mind, by heav'n 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 de-
 lights?

A gloomy wilderness of wide extent,
 Where many winding paths perplex the choice,
 And lead th' unwary traveller's feet astray.
 Here smiles an easy smooth-descending road,
 In verdure cloath'd, and spread with blooming
 flow'rs :

The scene how fair !—but ruin waits it's end.
 There rugged looks the path, thick fet with
 thorns,

VOL. I.

R

Where

Where many toil their weary hours away,
 In search of happiness amid the dust.
 What crouds 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. Tho' now and then,
 Prosperity's gay flatt'ring sunshine smiles,
 It's 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 med'cine cannot cure.
 And if adversity's cold, wintry blast
 Invade the shiv'ring heart, then comfort dies,
 And solitary hope just lives, to warm
 With some faint gleams of possible relief.

Thus pond'ring 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-whisp'ring, bids her lift her downcast eye,
 And view the wild attentive. Now she sees
 A beam ethereal, dawning o'er the gloom
 With chearing lustre, permanent and mild.
 'Tis mercy ! saving mercy ! she can shield
 From ev'ry 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 heav'nly wisdom leads
 Her favour'd vot'ries ; narrow path, but safe.
 There real pleasures rise, and sacred peace
 Attends their steps ; if thorny cares, too near,
 Inflict a wound, kind mercy instant pours
 A sov'reign 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 chearful hope,
 Walk hand in hand ; and faith with piercing eye

R 2

Looks

Looks forward thro' 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 heav'nly sound,
Reviving to my heart ! Yes, glorious guide,
To thy unerring conduct I resign
My steps, and bless the ever-gracious pow'r,
Which beam'd a ray of heav'n 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 flow'ry paths, untiring stray ;

Say, can you boast content ? Ah, no ; the sigh
Involuntary, breathes your sad reply.

And conscience speaks : attend the friendly pow'r ;
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 it's flatt'ring 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 heav'nly 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, th’ 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 impress,
 Dwell on your hearts, and teach you to be blest !
 Think where you tread !—the path which looks
 so gay,

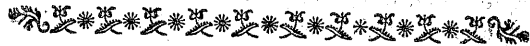
Is ruin’s sure, inevitable way.
 Think---life immortal, or eternal death,
 Precarious trembles on a moment’s breath.
 This single moment’s yours---the next may bear
 Your souls to endless darkness and despair.
 Fly from the world’s deluding, tempting wiles,
 While time is yours, and heav’nly mercy smiles :
 From sin, from all it’s 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 pard’ning love.
 E’er long, that slighted voice, with dreadful sound,
 Shall with the keenest pangs of terror wound ;

Shall

Shall wound those guilty souls, who dare despise
 His sov’rain grace ; nor life nor glory prize.
 Before his dreadful bar you must appear :
 That awful, that tremendous hour, how near
 To you unknown ; yet ev’ry moment brings
 Th’ important period nearer on it’s 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 heav’nly 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.

R 4

On



On the PUBLICK FAST. Feb. 6. 1756.

I.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend !
 'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.

II.

* Tremendous judgments from thy hand,
 Thy dreadful pow'r 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.

* Earthquake at Lisbon, &c.

IV. What

IV.

What num'rous 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.

NA]



NATIONAL JUDGEMENTS DEPRECATED.

On the FAST. FEB. II. 1757.

I.

WHILE justice waves her vengeful hand
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,
Almighty God, thy awful pow'r,
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 threat'ning 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;
Tho' 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 humbled nation mourns,
Thy rising wrath to pity turns.

VII.

O let thy sov'reign grace impart
Contrition to each rocky heart,
And bid sincere repentance flow,
A gen'ral, undissembled woe.

VIII.

Our arms, O God of armies, blest,
(Thy hand alone can give success,)
And make our haughty neighbours own
That heav'n protects the British Throne.

IX.

Fair smiling peace again restore,
With plenty blest the pining poor,
And may a happy thankful land
Obedient own thy guardian hand.

4

On



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 pray'r.

IV.

Kind Intercessor, to thy love
 This blessed hope we owe ;
 O let thy merits plead above,
 While we implore below.

V. O

V.

O gracious God, for Jesus' sake,
 Attend thy Britain's cry ;
 Nor let the kindling vengeance break
 Destructive from thine eye.

VI.

Tho' 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 gath'ring 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,
 Th' 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.

* Off Louisbourg.

VII. AT

VII.

Almighty God, thy pow'ful grace
 Can change us, and forgive;
 Can save a guilty rebel race,
 And say, Repent, and live.

VIII.

O let thy pow'ful grace appear,
 And justice sheath her sword;
 Then shall a rescu'd nation fear,
 And love, and praise the Lord.

The END of the first VOLUME.

Harvard - Nail

Dec^{br} 21. 1762

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III