



MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN

VERSE and PROSE

By THEODOSIA  
[Anne Steele]

[Edited by CALEB EVANS]

One labor more indulge, then sleep my strain,  
Till haply waked by Raphael's golden lyre,  
To bear a part in everlasting lays;  
Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,  
Symphonious to this humble prelude here.

YOUNG.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,  
IN  
VERSE and PROSE,  
VOL. III



## ADVERTISEMENT.

The miscellaneous pieces which compose the volume, which is here presented to the public, it will soon be perceived by the intelligent reader, are the productions of the same pious and elegant pen, to which the world is indebted for the two former volumes of *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*; and will be found not inferior in merit to those justly admired compositions. Some few of the hymns have already appeared in a collection adapted to public worship, and have been considered by the best judges of sacred poesy, as no inconsiderable ornament to that publication; the editors of which are under great obligations to our authoress for many of those truly sublime composures which adorned her former volumes, and were thence transferred by her permission, to their collection. The other pieces which constitute the present volume, are such as were never before published. They were however all prepared for the press, and in the form and order in which they now appear, put into the hands of the

editor for publication, by the ingenious authoress herself, some months before her decease, and were intended, as the expressive motto intimates, to be her last legacy to her surviving friends.

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Till haply waked by Raphael's golden lyre,  
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Young.

It may possibly be some gratification to those who have hitherto been ignorant of the real name and character of the pious Theodosia, whose writings have so often cheered their hours of solitude, warmed their hearts with the love of virtue, and the glow of friendship, and animated their devotions in the closet and congregation; to be informed that she was known to her more intimate friends under the name of Mrs. Anne Steele. Her father was a dissenting minister, a man of primitive piety, the strictest integrity and benevolence, and the most amiable simplicity of manners. He was for many years the affectionate and faithful pastor of an affectionate and harmonious congregation at Broughton in Hampshire, where he lived all his days greatly beloved, and died universally lamented.

Mrs. Anne Steele, his eldest daughter, discovered in early life her love of the muses, and often entertained her friends with the truly poetical and pious productions of her pen: But it was not without extreme reluctance she was prevailed on to submit any of them to the public eye. This new edition of her works, accompanied with the volume which is now first offered to the public, would have appeared long since, had the health of our Theodosia admitted of her paying that attention to it which was necessary. But it was her infelicity, as it has been of many of her kindred spirits, to have a capacious soaring mind enclosed in a very weak and languid body. Her health was never firm, but the death of her honoured father, to whom she was united by the strongest ties of affectionate duty and gratitude, gave such a shock to her feeble frame, that she never entirely recovered it, though she survived him some years.

Her state of mind upon that awful occasion will best be conceived of, from the following affecting description of it by herself, and which, with the permission of the family, I am at liberty to present to the public.



Still bleeds the deep, deep wound! Where is the friend  
To pour with tender, kind indulgent hand,  
The lenient balm of comfort on my heart?  
Alas, that friend is gone! Ye angels say  
(Who bore him raptured to your blest abodes)  
Can ought on earth compensate for my loss!  
Ah, no! the world is poor, and what am I?  
A helpless, solitary worm, that creeps  
Complaining on the earth! Yet even to worms  
The care of heaven extends, and can I doubt  
If that indulgent care extends to me?  
Father of mercies, trembling at thy feet,  
Give me to vent the heart oppressing grief,  
And ask for comfort! can I ask in vain  
Of him whose name is Love? But O the boon  
My craving wishes ask is large indeed!  
Yet less will leave me wretched; Gracious God,  
Give me to say without a rising doubt,  
“Thou art my Father”; thy paternal love  
Alone can cheer my soul, thy kind compassion,  
Can ease the load of heart oppressing grief.  
O may I know my father pities me!  
And if he pities sure he will support:  
What cannot love omnipotent effect!  
Ah! now one tender, one endearing tie  
That held me down to earth, death has torn off,  
And with it rent my heart strings; bid me come.  
To thee my refuge; prostrate at thy feet,  
O bid me say, with faith and humble hope,  
Heal, gracious father, heal my bleeding heart!  
Thy healing hand alone can bring relief  
For woes like mine; can bring what most I want,  
An humble resignation to thy will.  
How hard the lesson! (yet it must be learned)  
With full consent to say “Thy will be done.”

As the life of Theodosia was for the most part a life of retirement in the peaceful village where she began and ended her days, it cannot be expected to furnish such a variety of incidents as arise in the history of those who have moved in circles of greater activity. The duties of friendship and religion occupied her time, and the pleasures of both constituted her delight. Her heart was, "apt to feel" too often to a degree too painful for her own felicity, but always with the most tender and generous sympathies for her friends. Yet united with this exquisite sensibility, she possessed a native cheerfulness of disposition, which not even the uncommon and agonizing pains she endured in the latter part of her life could deprive her of. In every short interval of abated suffering, she would in a variety of ways, as well as by her enlivening conversation, give pleasure to all around her. Her life was a life of unaffected humility, warm benevolence, sincere friendship and genuine devotion. A life, which it is not easy truly to describe, or faithfully to imitate.

Having been confined to her chamber some years before her death, she had long waited with Christian dignity for the awful hour of her departure. She often spoke, not merely with tranquility

but joy, of her decease. When the interesting hour came, she welcomed its arrival, and though her feeble body was excruciated with pain, her mind was perfectly serene. She uttered not a murmuring word, but was all resignation, peace and holy joy. She took the most affectionate leave of her weeping friends around her, and at length, the happy moment of her dismissal arriving, she closed her eyes, and with these animating words on her dying lips, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," gently fell asleep in Jesus.

Her excellent writings, by which though dead, she still speaketh, and which are the faithful counterpart of her amiable mind, exhibit to us the fairest picture of the original. The following lines are inscribed on her tomb:

Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue,  
That sung on earth her great Redeemer's praise;  
But now in heaven she joins the angelic song,  
In more harmonious more exalted lays.

I shall only add, that as Theodosia was placed by providence in a state of independence, and religiously devoted the profits arising from the fate of the former edition of her works, to the purposes of benevolence; so the profits which may arise from this edition are appropriated by her

Surviving relatives, to the use of The Bristol Education Society. An institution worthy of such patronage, and which thinks itself honoured in receiving it.

Bristol, May 12,  
1780

CALEB EVANS.

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The insertion of the following lines may perhaps need some apology, as they are merely the effusions of a heart deeply penetrated with a sense of its own loss; written at different times, for its private relief, and contain nothing more concerning the dear deceased than has been already said in the preceding pages. But it is the last, the only expression of gratitude and affection, that can ever be paid to her memory by one whom she fondly loved, and who in losing her, has lost one of her chief sources of happiness in this world; this thought alone has occasioned their publication, and it is hoped will be a sufficient excuse for it to every feeling mind.

O for a gush of soul-relieving tears  
To ease my swelling heart! Alas in vain  
I look around for comfort! every place  
Recalls some circumstance that gives to grief  
A keener edge! The hour, the dreaded hour  
My soul has shuddered at so long, is come!  
Ah! where is now that friend, to whom my heart  
In every part distress was wont to fly,  
While the dear sufferer, her own pains forgot,  
Would gently soothe my passions into peace?

Where that maternal friend, whose watchful care,  
Whose fond, assiduous tenderness sustained  
My helpless childhood? whose instructive voice,  
(Sweet as the song of seraphs) mildly taught  
My heedless feet the sacred path of virtue;  
That sacred path of pleasantness and peace  
She long had trod. And shall I never, never  
Hear that loved voice; that venerable form  
No more behold? Now on one single thread,  
Hangs all my desolated soul's support;  
That broken too, and every earthly hope  
Sinks in eternal night.

But has the sorrowing heart no other refuge?  
Methinks I hear that loved, that well-known voice,  
Even from the grave, direct my erring mind  
Beyond death's dreary realms to fairer scenes.  
Yes, 'tis her gentle language — “Seek a friend  
That lives forever.” Shall I not obey  
Her last command, her dying admonition?  
(Compassionate Redeemer! Lead, O lead  
My heart to thee and teach it to repose  
Its hope, its trust, its all on thee alone!)  
O let me, with a miser's care, recall  
And treasure up each dear instructive sentence!  
Still let me dwell on her inspiring page,  
And bathe it with the grateful tears of love!

Tis all I now have left! O had one ray  
Of her ascended genius beamed on me!  
Then had this trembling hand, by grief unnerved,  
Faithful to truth, to gratitude, portrayed  
The lovely lineaments of her fair mind.  
Vain wish! a thousand sad ideas rise,  
Daily and hourly rise, a thousand acts  
Of tenderness too slightly felt before,  
Rush o'er my soul with anguish ever new.  
How shall I learn to live without her aid!  
My dearest pleasures, my most loved employments  
She taught me first to relish, first awaked  
The wish for knowledge; with her too expired!  
Still, still to her indulgent eye was shown  
The artless lay, still her ethereal touch;  
Gave life and beauty to the languid line,  
Its dearest meed her animating smile.  
Now all is o'er; in vain that artless lay  
Hath ventured into light, in vain I hoped  
To give her pleasure, that indulgent eye,  
Is closed forever! her complacent smile  
Shall animate my drooping heart no more.

Nature be calm; ye streaming tears be dry!  
Think of her bliss and check this selfish sorrow.  
Torture is changed to transport, faith to sight,  
And hope absorbed in full felicity.  
Ah with what resignation, what composure,  
Have I beheld her suffer pains unknown!

Anguish unspeakable! her faith, her patience  
Still unsubdued! unquenched the vivid flame,  
Of warm benevolence! to others woes,  
In agony attentive, anxious still  
For others happiness, how would she strive  
(Her gentle hand all tremulous with pain)  
To please or to instruct! how have I hung  
In silent sorrow o'er her painful couch,  
And wept the impotence of mortal friendship!  
While season after season, years on years,  
Revolved in vain! revolved but to confute,  
The flattering dreams of hope, while added sufferings,  
But bound her closer to this bleeding bosom.  
O the keen pangs of parting! Still I feel  
The gentle pressure of her clay-cold hand!  
Still present to my heart, I hear her voice!  
I see that smile by dawning heaven impressed  
On her dear countenance! when all serene,  
She closed her willing eyes — to wake in heaven!  
O could I, could I raise my languid thoughts  
To that bright world of glory! Could I view her  
Forever reunited to that friend,  
So loved, and so lamented! (the deep wound,  
The lenient hand of time could never heal.)



“Now parting pangs shall rend their hearts no more,”  
Forever present with a smiling God!  
Forever tuning the seraphic lyre!  
There only sweeter than her notes below.

Ah whence this pause! My bleeding heart in vain  
Attempts to soar, but sinks to earth and sorrow.  
Dwells on the past and sharpens every thought  
With fruitless self-upbraidings. O the chaos  
Of wild distracted thought! forgive me heaven!  
Teach me, like her, to say, “Thy will be done!”  
“If happy minds regard the scenes below,”  
(Soothing idea! By thyself inspired)  
Dear spotless saint, O look with pity down  
On her whom thy maternal care sustained,  
And thy affection blessed! and though unseen,  
Be thou my guardian-angel as while here!  
And when I feel a wish for virtue rise,  
I’ll tell my heart my Theodosia prompts it.  
O may thy precepts, thy example guide  
My steps through life’s dark maze! teach me, like thee,  
With duteous love to cheer a father’s life!  
(A father, late thy all as well as mine;)  
That one dear hope alone could prompt a wish  
To linger in that world which thou hast left.

That one dear hope fulfilled, O may my dust  
Repose with thine, and (mercy hear the prayer!)  
My deathless spirit freed, forever freed  
From all its sins and frailties, once again  
Behold, (ah not as when on earth oppressed  
With pungent pain) behold my Theodosia!  
My Theodosia! let me, let me still  
Repeat the much-loved name! Still must her image  
Dwell in my heart while gratitude exists,  
Cherished with life, and but with life expire.



## CONTENTS.

### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

	<u>Page</u>
Ode to Spring, Written in March .....	1
The Sickly Mind .....	8
To a Flower .....	10
The Salutary Disappointment .....	11
The Butterfly .....	12
Ode to Melancholy .....	13
Ode to Hope .....	16
To Amira on the Death of Her Son .....	18
Desiring to Love Christ and Obey Him .....	19
On Hearing the Funeral Bell .....	21
True Happiness .....	25
Waiting for Morning .....	26
To Amira on her Mother's Illness .....	28
The Happy Man .....	30
To Philander .....	32

	<u>Page</u>
Support in Trouble.....	34
The Restless Mind .....	35
On Receiving a Mourning Ring for a Young Relative .....	37
To Amira on the Sudden Death of Her Mother .....	39
Ode on a Rural Prospect in June .....	42
The Complaint of the Mind.....	48
To Silvia .....	50
To Silvia Pensive .....	52
Written in a Painful Illness .....	54
Desiring a Thankful Devotion to God .....	56
The Happiness of the Children of God.....	58
A Reflection on Hearing the Bell at the Interment of a Neighbour.....	61
Desiring the Gracious Presence of God.....	63
The Presence of God, the only Comfort in Affliction .....	65
Faith and Hope in Divine Goodness, Encouraged by Past Experience .....	67
A Thought of Life and Death .....	68
Desiring a Firmer Affiance in God under Afflictions.....	70
Trusting in His Mercy with Humble Submission and Hope .....	72
Entreating the Presence of God in Affliction .....	73
Acknowledging His Goodness in Supporting and Restoring .....	75

	<u>Page</u>
Desiring to Praise God for the Experience of His Goodness .....	77
Penitence and Hope .....	79
Devoting the Heart to Jesus .....	81
The Love of Christ Exciting Thankful Devotion .....	82
On Recovery from Sickness .....	84
Occasioned by Hearing a Friend Commend my Verses ....	86
To Silvia .....	87
Wishing for Real Pleasure .....	89
To Amira .....	91
A Reflection on the Close of the Year, Occasioned by Hearing the Bells at Midnight .....	94
Desiring a Cheerful Resignation to the Divine Will .....	96
To Silvia .....	97
To Emilia .....	99
To Silvia .....	102
Retirement .....	103
On the Sudden Death of a Libertine .....	104
To My Watch .....	106
The Third Chapter of Daniel Paraphrased .....	107
Messiah, an Ode .....	112
The Blind Man's Petition .....	118
Rest and Comfort in Christ Alone .....	119
On the Fifth of November .....	121
On a Day of Prayer for Success in War .....	123

	<u>Page</u>
Hymn for a Day of Public Thanksgiving for Peace .....	125
To — on the Death of her Father .....	127
To Myra .....	128
To an Infant Three Weeks Old .....	129
Breathing after God .....	130
Filial Submission .....	132
Humble Trust.....	133
Hymn to Jesus .....	134
The King of Saints .....	136
Hymn for the Lord's Day Morning .....	138
Happy Poverty, or the Poor in Spirit Blessed .....	139
The Necessity of Renewing Grace.....	141
The Pearl of Great Price .....	142

### Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose.

The Journey of Life .....	147
All Thy Works Praise Thee .....	156
Human Frailty .....	157
Of the Knowledge of Ourselves.....	160
Humility.....	163
Acquaintance with God the Supreme Good .....	165
Content .....	168
True Honour .....	170
Friendship.....	174
An Evening Reflection .....	180

	<u>Page</u>
Absence from God.....	183
The Evil of Sin .....	185
Breathing after God .....	188
Seeking Rest .....	191
God's Omnipresence .....	194
Self-Contradiction .....	199
Comfort under the Painful Sense of Frailty, in the Unchangeable Goodness of God .....	202
Longing for the Manifestation of Divine Love .....	205
Weary Souls Invited to Rest .....	208
Motives to Divine Meditation.....	213
Thoughts in Sickness, and on Recovery .....	217





## OCCASIONAL POEMS.

### 1. Ode to Spring, Written in March.

[Irreg.]

- 1 Queen of seasons, lovely spring,  
What distant happy clime detains  
The lingering wheels of thy refulgent car?  
What unknown charm detains thee far  
From these expecting, mourning plains?  
What soft enchantment binds thy zephyr's wing?  
Silent on the leafless tree  
Hangs the rural muse's lyre;

Still she waits in vain for thee,  
Waits till thou the song inspire.  
The field, the grove, the garden mourn thy stay:  
O lovely queen of seasons, come away!

2     Gentle zephyrs wake and rise;  
       Spread your silken wings, and bear  
       On her bright enameled car,  
       The beauteous nymph to our desiring eyes!  
       Come beauteous nymph in all thy charms arrayed,  
       And bless the field, and bless the rural shade!  
       Stern winter with his dreary train  
       At thy approach shall leave the plain;  
       And nature o'er the russet mead  
       Again her verdant mantle spread;  
       Thy presence shall the grove inspire,  
       And bid the various, artless choir,  
       Sweet warbling pour the gratulating strain.

3     Queen of seasons come away!  
       Time invites, and nature sues;  
       Fancy spreads her wing to meet thee,  
       Fancy, handmaid of the muse;  
       Rural muse that waits to greet thee:

While reclined in pensive guise,  
Silent she deplores thy stay,  
Oft she lifts her longing eyes,  
And now she ruminates the long-neglected lay.

4 Fancy never waiting long,  
Ever active, ever young,  
Now with wild ungoverned fire  
Snatches quick the muse's lyre,  
And come ye powers of harmony, she cries;  
Come bring the song to hail your queen;  
Bid every tuneful accent rise;  
I see afar her radiant car;  
She comes! she comes to bless the rural scene!

5 O'er yon wide extended lawn,  
See! by gentle zephyrs drawn,  
With easy grace her glittering chariot glides:  
A thousand gems resplendent from its sides,  
Reflect the lustre of the solar ray:  
Fair treasure of the vernal morn,  
Which bounteous nature bids adorn  
With purest elegance the rising day.

6 And now behold the beauteous queen!  
Dressed in a robe of lively green  
That cheers the gazing eye:  
Green is the ground, but o'er it spread,  
Wrought with inimitable skill,  
Beyond description's boldest quill,  
By nature's animating hand,  
A various rich embroidery glows;  
And though the work no real error knows,  
All with the nicest care exactly planned;  
The tints in seeming, sweet confusion lie;  
Here shines the purple, there the red,  
Here yellow, snowy white, and azure's lovely die.

7 While irregularly gay,  
Fancy thus attuned the lay,  
The muse arose (with brow severe)  
In all her dignity, and said,  
Fancy, stop thy wild career,  
Behold, impetuous, heedless maid:  
With erring hand wouldst thou presume  
The laws of nature to control?  
Dost thou accuse the lingering spring,  
Who canst not cause one flower to bloom,  
Or paint one summer insect's wing?

The circling seasons all fulfill  
With steady course, his sovereign will,  
Whose awful mandate bade them roll,  
Whose orders nature hears from pole to pole,

- 8 At his command, returning spring  
Shall pour her blessings o'er the plain:  
Till then thy airy flights refrain,  
Nor touch my darling lyre again  
Till nature bids thee sing.  
Then shall the fields their charms resume,  
The flowery tribes renew their bloom;  
Soft warbling from the fragrant spray,  
To hail the lovely vernal day,  
Sweet music rise from birds of various wing,  
Their tribute to the hand divine,  
The rural scenes shall gladly raise;  
And nature's every voice shall join  
The hymn of undissembled praise.  
Then shall my long-neglected lyre,  
(If nature's Lord the song inspire,)  
Awake to rapture every tuneful string.

2. Written in May,  
After a Seasonable Shower of Rain.

[C. M.]

- 1 How changed the face of nature shows,  
How gay the rural scene!  
A fairer bloom the flowers disclose,  
The meads a livelier green.
- 2 While beauty clothes the fertile vale,  
And blossoms on the spray,  
And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
How sweet the vernal day!
- 3 And hark! the feathered warblers sing!  
Tis nature's cheerful voice;  
Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 4 How kind the influence of the skies!  
These showers, with blessings fraught,  
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,  
And fix the roving thought.
- 5 O let my wondering heart confess,  
With gratitude and love,  
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
The garden, field, and grove.

- 7 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,  
Beyond expression kind,  
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,  
To bless the craving mind.
- 8 That hand, in this hard heart of mine  
Can make each virtue live,  
And kindly showers of grace divine  
Life, beauty, fragrance give.
- 9 O God of nature, God of grace,  
Thy heavenly gifts impart!  
And bid sweet meditation trace  
Spring blooming in my heart!
- 10 Inspired to praise I then shall join  
Glad nature's cheerful song:  
And love and gratitude divine  
Attune my joyful tongue.



### 3. The Sickly Mind.

[Irreg.]

Where are the happy moments fled?  
Where are the joys that once were mine?  
    When meditation kindly spread  
        The sweet repast,  
        And bade me taste  
Of mental food, varieties divine?  
    Reflection thus enquiring sighs,  
    But hope with cheerful air replies,  
Again those happy moments may be thine:  
    Meditation ever kind,  
    Still invites the longing mind;  
And see! she spreads her banquet full in view,  
Such food the sons of luxury never knew.

    Alas! in vain, my heart replies,  
    In vain her rich varieties!  
A languid, a distempered taste invite!  
    Gentle hope, thy friendly power  
    Soothes in vain the mournful hour.

Till thy fair sister come and bless my sights  
    She can point a sovereign cure  
    For disorders of the mind,  
Health, vigour, and delight she can ensure  
From that blest hand which healed the lame and blind.

    Come radiant faith, and guide my way!  
    Hope, on thy kind arm I stay,  
    Lead, O lead me to my Lord!  
If he pronounce the healing word,  
    This mental languor shall depart.  
And health and vigour animate my heart,

    Alas! my guide — how dim her eye!  
    How feeble my supporter's arm!  
    But he can purge the mist away,  
    And clear the intellectual ray;  
His vital word this fainting heart can warm,  
And bid my hope be strong, and teach my faith to fly,

    Great Physician, gracious Lord,  
    Speak the life-restoring word,  
    My drooping powers renew!  
Meditation then shall spread,  
Not in vain, the various feast,  
All her sweets the mind shall taste,

While still new dainties rise to view;  
(With dainties such as hers are angels fed)  
Nor can the sacred banquet ever cloy,  
Unlike to sensual food, akin to heavenly joy.

4. To a Flower.

[77. 77.]

- 1 Emblem of Aminta's form,  
Blossom elegant and fair,  
Young Aminta has a charm  
Flowers like thee can never wear.
- 2 In her mind good nature blooms,  
Fairer than thy spotless white;  
Flower diffusing sweet perfumes  
While it glads the gazers sight.
- 3 Though the lily and the rose  
Mix their beauties in her face,  
This with sweeter lustre glows,  
Lustre heightening every grace.
- 4 Nor be this alone her praise,  
While the muse's friendly eye  
Many a fragrant bud surveys,  
Bud where latent beauties lie.
- 5 O may every mental grace  
Ripening fair its bloom display,  
More than emulate her face,  
Bloom which never can decay.

## 5. The Salutary Disappointment.

[L. M.]

- 1 With anxious thought an author piled  
His laboured volumes high and fair,  
And now he sighed, and now he smiled,  
As ruled alternate, hope and care.
- 2 At length confirmed, erect he rose,  
For lo! inspiring pride appears,  
With all her fire his bosom glows,  
While the bold wish he thus declares.
- 3 This monument shall bear my name  
In spite of time's destroying hand,  
Thy votary hear, auspicious fame,  
To future ages let it stand!
- 4 Old time was posting by in haste,  
Not complaisant enough to stay,  
His wing just touched it as he passed,  
In dust the boasted trophy lay.

- 5 The author fainted at the sight,  
But virtue came forgiving, kind,  
When pride retreats tis her delight  
To animate the drooping mind.
- 6 No more, mistaken youth (she cries)  
No more invoke deluding fame,  
But let thy nobler wishes rise,  
Heaven only gives a deathless name.

### 6. The Butterfly.

[77. 77.]

- 1 Pretty vagrant of the air,  
Emblem of the thoughtless fair:  
Near akin their life and thine,  
Both a fleeting summer shine.
- 2 Short delight your charms impart,  
Charms to catch the human heart:  
Hearts that can be caught with show,  
The virtuoso or the beau.
- 3 Thoughtless nymphs are butterflies,  
Different species, larger size;  
Strangers both to needful care,  
Fluttering, roving here and there;

- 4 Basking in the vernal ray,  
Trifling out the summer's clay:  
Summer's day, from youth to age,  
Trifles all their cares engage:
- 5 But when wintry storms arise,  
Beauty fades, and pleasure dies.  
Me let nobler cares employ,  
Cares which terminate in joy.
- 6 Ere the summer sunbeams flee.  
Let me, like the frugal bee,  
Well improve the smiling hour,  
Gathering sweets from every flower.
- 7 O may virtue's charms be mine,  
Charms that still increasing shine!  
These will cheer the wintry gloom,  
These will last beyond the tomb.

### 7. Ode to Melancholy.

[Irreg.]

Daughter of grave reflection, gentle power,  
Whose dictates oft improve the lonely hour,  
Kind melancholy come!  
I seek thy friendly aid;  
Beneath thy hallowed shade

(Still, unmolested gloom,)  
Gay mirth's amusing trifles disappear.  
Nor art thou far away,  
Witness the darting tear  
That trembles in my eye;  
Kind melancholy say,  
Does not the involuntary sigh  
Proclaim thy salutary influence near?

Friend to virtue, foe to pride,  
Come, and place thee near my side,  
And teach my heart how vain are all the toys  
Which wear the smiling form of earthly joys!  
Yonder see, the phantoms rising,  
In alluring colours dressed!  
See them fleeting from the view!  
See deluded crowds pursue!  
Danger braving, toil despising,  
Till, at length they catch — the air!  
The tempting forms that smiled so fair  
Elude their grasp, and leave the heart unblest.

Gentle melancholy, say,  
Didst thou never softly steal  
Into the assemblies of the gay,  
And the truth, in whispers tell?  
When mirth and thoughtless pleasure smiling  
Music's charms the heart beguiling,  
Unheeded bore the midnight hour away.

Didst thou not whisper, "You must die?"  
Did not the bosom heave a sigh,  
And for one serious minute banish mirth?  
That minute, were enough to show  
That pleasure terminates in woe,  
That vain are all the boasted joys of earth!  
But mirth intrudes with fatal art  
To seize the half-relenting heart,  
And stifle young conviction in its birth.

Melancholy, friendly power,  
Oft beneath thy awful gloom,  
(Heart-affecting thoughts inspiring)  
From the busy world retiring,  
Let me spend the solemn hour!  
Let me meditate the tomb!  
Meditate, but not alone,  
Lest my heart should sink dismayed;  
Let religion ever near,  
(Sacred guardian) banish fear,  
Let my heart, her presence own,  
While through the over-spreading shade  
(Excluding every glimpse of day)  
Her smiles diffuse a cheering ray,  
And gild the dark, cold mansions of the dead.



## 8. Ode to Hope.

[Irreg.]

Friend of the fainting mind, Whose kindly ray,  
Soft rising o'er afflictions dreary shade,  
Foretells the sweet approach of day,  
And cheers the weary darksome way,  
And bids dejection raise her languid head,

Celestial hope, on thy propitious smile  
Calm patience waits, by thee sustained  
She ne'er repines, though often pained;  
Untiring through life's various toil,  
She knows to bear  
With placid air  
Cold wintry storms, and treads down thorny care.

Dear faithful friend, thy lenient hand allays  
The pangs of grief, and smooths the frowning brow  
Of rough adversity, thy voice conveys  
Reviving comfort to the sons of woe;  
Thy gentle voice rebukes their fears,  
The sigh, suspended, listening dies,  
And sorrow stays her flowing tears  
While happier scenes in distant prospect rise.

Thou last, kind solace of distress,  
Whole smile retains a power to bless  
Though every friend besides, depart;  
Still kind, still faithful to thy trust,  
Thy influence hovers o'er the panting heart,  
While reason lives to wake desire,  
Till life's pale trembling lamp expire,  
Till the pained, prisoned mind shall rise,  
And drop her feeble mansion in the dust,  
To claim thy promised bliss beyond the skies.

Celestial hope, fair child of truth divine!  
O may thy heavenly ray,  
Bright harbinger of day,  
Still on my heart with cheering lustre shine!  
Through each dark scene, each mournful shade,  
Till I no more shall need thy aid;  
Till that bright hour, when to my raptured eyes  
(O may I call the unknown transport mine!)  
The morning of immortal day shall rise,  
And thou to perfect joy thy charge resign.

9. To Amira, on the Death of her Son. [10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Enough to nature and to grief is paid,  
Indulge no more these unavailing tears;  
Not all your comforts in the grave are laid,  
Through grief's dark shade a lucid ray appears.
- 2 A ray of heaven fair beaming through the gloom!  
Bids fainting hope lift up her languid eyes;  
While faith directs her view beyond the tomb,  
To those bright scenes where joys immortal rise.
- 3 Cleansed in the Saviour's blood from every stain,  
Think with what transport you will meet above,  
(Forever free from sin and grief and pain)  
The dear, departed object of your love!
- 4 Then, though your bleeding heart its loss deplore,  
O yet be each repining thought suppressed,  
That sovereign hand, which cannot err, adore,  
Here, may your heart with full affiance rest.
- 5 Indulgent mercy blends, with lenient skill,  
Sweet cordials with the bitter cup of woe:  
And many a friend, and many comfort still,  
Are kindly spared to cheer your stay below.

- 6 Your stay, perhaps for high important ends,  
May be prolonged through many circling years,  
A blessing to your partner, children, friends,  
And future comfort pay your present tears.
- 7 May humble resignation calm your breast,  
And faith enjoy, with heaven illumined eye,  
A prospect of the regions of the blest,  
Where pleasures bloom, that never, never die!

10. Desiring to Love Christ  
and Obey Him.

[10 10. 10 10.]

*If ye love me, keep my commandments.*

- 1 Jesus my Lord, in thy dear name unite,  
All that my heart calls great, or good, or sweet;  
Whate'er inspires with wonder or delight,  
In thee, thou fairest of ten thousand, meet.
- 2 Do I not love thee? ah my conscious heart  
Nor boldly dares affirm, nor can deny;  
O bid these clouds of gloomy fear depart,  
With one bright ray from thy propitious eye!

- 3 Do I not love thee? can I then allow,  
Within my breast pretenders to thy throne?  
O take my homage, at thy feet I bow!  
No other Lord my heart desires to own.
- 4 Take, take my passions in thy sovereign hand,  
Refine and mould them with almighty skill;  
Then shall I love the voice of thy command,  
And all my powers rejoice to do thy will.
- 5 Thy love inspires the active sons of light,  
With swift-winged zeal, they wait upon thy word;  
O let that love, in these abodes of night,  
Bid my heart glow to serve my dearest Lord!
- 6 Come love divine, my languid wishes raise!  
With heavenly zeal this faint cold heart inflame,  
To join with angels in my Saviour's praise,  
Like them, obey his will, adore his name!
- 7 But can the mind, with heavy clay oppressed,  
To emulate seraphic ardour rise?  
While sin pollutes her joys, forbids her rest,  
How can she join the worship of the skies?
- 8 Yet he commands to love and to obey,  
Whose hand sustains those happy spirits there;  
In him, my soul, who is thy guide, thy stay,  
In him confide, to him commit thy care.

9 Jesus my Lord, O give me strength divine!  
Then shall my powers in glad obedience move;  
Receive the heart that wishes to be thine,  
And teach, O teach me to obey and love!

11. On hearing the Funeral Bell.  
*After frequent deaths in the neighbourhood.*

[Irreg.]

Again, the solemn warning strikes my ear!  
The solemn warning that so oft of late  
Hath bid my soul be ready! shall the call,  
Loud, frequent, pressing, awful, sound in vain?  
Around me, death selects his fated prey;  
On silent wing, commissioned, fly his shafts,  
Nor ever miss their mark, a victim here  
By age enfeebled, faintly struggling, falls  
An easy conquest! there in manhood's prime,  
Transfixed, and raging with the venomed dart,  
Another groans, strength ministering to pain,  
Contending long, unequal to the fight,  
At length, in agonizing pangs expires!  
Another here, and there another falls  
In early bloom, the ruthless stroke at once

Cuts off the parent's hope, and leaves a wound,  
Which lenient time, flow healing, hardly cures!  
Where, next, will light his arrows? vain demand!  
That awful power, who points them, only knows.  
Perhaps some loved, perhaps some honoured life,  
Dear as my own, invites his present aim:  
How will my bleeding heart outlive the stroke,  
When e'en the apprehension wounds so deep?  
Yet, this anticipated woe, a care  
Still nearer, more important, supersedes!  
O let me ask my conscious, trembling heart,  
While yet the solemn question may avail,  
Canst thou, undaunted, meet the King of terrors?  
In his commission, for this night, this hour,  
My name may be contained; suppose it spread  
Before thy view; rouse, instant rouse thy powers  
To meet, with fortitude, the potent foe!  
Alas! how weak, how helpless! soon I fall,  
The insulting victor triumphs; no, behold  
An arm superior, stretched for my support!  
O death where is thy sting? the Lord of life,  
In whom I trust, can disappoint thy power;  
Can bid my soul defy thy keenest dart,  
And triumph o'er thy terrors! he bestows  
(O gift immense!) a life beyond thy reach,  
Eternal life! revealed by truth divine.  
The glorious promise stands, confirmed by oath,  
The awful sanction of omnipotence!

Here, then, my soul, let thy enquiry fix,  
Deliberate, serious, ardent! on this point,  
This interesting point, depends thy all!  
Is death disarmed for thee? is life begun?  
For all who live forever, must new born  
Begin to breathe that life divine on earth.  
O thou, whose potent word, from nothing raised  
Unnumbered worlds, Whose all-inspiring breath  
Gives life to nature in her countless forms!  
Great source of life divine! Whose quickening power  
Recalls from death's domain, the heirs of bliss,  
Once, heirs of woe, a new created race,  
Formed for thy praise, to life immortal formed;  
Assist my search! thy piercing eye surveys  
The close recesses of my inmost heart,  
And marks its every motion, do I breathe  
Warmed by thy vital ray? are these desires,  
Which nought below thy favour can suffice,  
A proof of that immortal life begun,  
Which nought below omnipotence can give?  
Is not the rising hope which cheers my soul,  
Sweet beaming through the gloomy fears of death,  
The dawn of life? O teach my trembling heart  
To trace it to its source, the Saviour's cross!  
That wondrous cross, where death resigned his arms,  
And owned the conqueror God! where life divine  
Breathed in the great Redeemer's dying groans,  
And poured its influence from his bleeding veins



To quicken, cleanse, illuminate, and raise  
To immortality, the blind, polluted,  
The helpless, hopeless, wretched prey of death!  
Stupendous work of love, almighty love!  
Yes, dearest Lord, from thee my soul derives  
Her only hope, from thee these faint desires  
Which thou canst raise, invigourate, and fill.  
O teach my faith on stronger wing to rise  
To those bright regions, where eternal life  
In full perfection glows, and bid my hope  
With firmer confidence on thee recline,  
My guardian, my defence! by thee sustained,  
My heart shall meet, serene, this dreaded foe,  
And smile to see his harmless arrows fly.  
Secure of conquest in my Saviour's might  
Secure of life beyond this narrow span!  
A life unbounded as the glorious hope  
Thy love inspires, and filled with all the joy  
Thy blissful presence gives, commensurate  
The life, the joy, with vast eternity.

## 12. True Happiness.

[12 12. 12 6.]

- 1    Celestial content, inexhaustible treasure!  
      The man that enjoys thee requires no addition;  
      In thee he possesses wealth, honour, and pleasure:  
          O happy condition!
  
- 2    With pity he looks on the many, pursuing  
      The trifles of earth with such eager attention,  
      And straining, in chase of their utter undoing,  
          Their tortured invention.
  
- 3    Then upward on faith's friendly pinion he rises,  
      With rapture the glorious reversion beholding;  
      The gates to that bliss, which his longing heart prizes  
          (Though distant) unfolding.
  
- 4    On inviolate truth while his hopes are depending,  
      Nor terrors affright, nor afflictions depress him;  
      Assured, though to death's gloomy mansions fast tending  
          His God will still bless him.
  
- 5    Released from the sorrows of time his glad spirit  
      Shall leave its weak partner, and joyfully soaring,  
      The promised possession begin to inherit;  
          With angels adoring.

- 6 He knows that his body, the grave now detaining,  
In Jesus' bright image hereafter arising,  
Shall surely rejoin him, no sorrow remaining,  
Corruption despising.
- 7 Then with heaven's fair armies in triumph ascending  
Partake of delights ever new and abounding;  
Enraptured before the bright throne lowly bending  
Salvation resounding.

### 13. Waiting for Morning.

[77. 77. 10 10.]

Psalm 30:5.

- 1 Long and mournful is the night,  
Mental night of gloomy fear:  
Source of comfort, source of light  
When, O when wilt thou appear!  
Thy beams alone can bid the gloom depart,  
And spread celestial morning o'er my heart.

- 2           Morning of that glorious day  
              Which the blest enjoy above,  
              Where with full unclouded ray  
              Shines thy everlasting love:  
Where joy triumphant fills the bright abode,  
O happy world! fair paradise of God!
- 3           Thither if the heart aspire,  
              Shall it, Lord, aspire in vain?  
              Shall the breathings of desire  
              Rise with unavailing pain?  
O thou my guide, my solace, and my rest,  
In this sad desert shall I rove unblest?
- 4           Sure the Lord of life is near  
              Though a cloud his face conceal:  
              Jesus, when wilt thou appear,  
              When thy cheering beams reveal?  
When shall thy beams of soul-reviving light  
Dispel this gloomy cloud this mental night?
- 5           Not in vain aspires the heart  
              That depends on thee alone;  
              Light and joy thou wilt impart,  
              Radiant dawn of bliss unknown.  
Here let me wait beneath thy guardian wing  
Till from thy smile celestial morning spring.

14. To Amira on her Mother's Illness. [10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Say, dear Amira, while this bosom shares  
Your load of grief, and heaves the filial sigh;  
Shall Christians sink beneath time's transient cares,  
And fainting hope scarce lift her languid eye?
- 2 While o'er affliction's gloom, a deeper night  
Dark apprehension spreads, and woes unborn  
Rise visionary to the mental sight,  
The present grief we feel, the future mourn.
- 3 Indulge, forgive the sister and the friend,  
Permit reflection to present to view  
The secret cause that thus oppressed we bend,  
And to their source these tyrant fears pursue.
- 4 Their source is unbelief, a foe confessed,  
And yet, how close connected with the heart,  
We lodge the traitor that betrays our rest,  
And stabs our comforts in the vital part.

- 5     What is the Christian's portion? bliss terrene,  
Health, riches, friends? alas, how light they weigh!  
Can we, contented with a lot so mean  
Pronounce it bliss? frail tenure of a day!
- 6     No, says the soul whom heaven-born faith inspires,  
Jehovah is the portion of my choice,  
In him, who fills, alone, my vast desires,  
Though health, wealth, friends forsake me, I rejoice.
- 7     The blessings God hath lent, when he recalls  
Faith bids the heart with full consent resign,  
Low at his feet the heart adoring falls!  
Lord, tis enough, I'm blest while thou art mine!
- 8     Should he recall (we tremble at the thought)  
A parent honoured, loved: Faith lifts her eye;  
And, See (she cries) the hour, with transport fraught,  
That joins your souls in bliss beyond the sky!
- 9     The sorrow-shaded scenes that rise between,  
Time's friendly wing will quickly bear away;  
And hope with placid air shall wait serene,  
While faith points forward to eternal day.

10 Then join, my dear Amira, join your friend,  
To combat unbelief, his aid implore  
On whose kind arm our faith and hope depend,  
Here may we rest, desire, expect, adore.

15. The Happy Man.

[866. 866.]

From the 23d Psalm.

1 Happy the man of heavenly birth,  
Beyond the proudest boast of earth.  
Whom mercy thus sustains:  
To scenes of living verdure led,  
Plenty and peace their blessings spread,  
And not a thought complains.

2 Conducted by his gracious guide  
Where streams of sweet refreshment glide,  
And fed with food divine;  
God is the guardian of his rest,  
Beneath his smile, serenely blest,  
He bids his soul recline.

- 3 Yet, should his feet forgetful stray,  
His guide restores, and points the way  
    To safety, life, and peace;  
Still mindful of his glorious name,  
A faithful God is still the same,  
    His paths are righteousness.
- 4 Should gloomy shades the path o'erspread,  
Dark as the mansions of the dead,  
    His heart no terrors wound:  
His heavenly guardian ever near,  
Sustains his hope, forbids his fear,  
    And comfort smiles around.
- 5 The constant bounty of his Lord,  
With rich provision spreads his board,  
    Amid repining foes:  
While peace and gladness on his head  
Their sweetest odours hourly shed,  
    His cup with bliss o'erflows:
- 6 O happy portion! lot divine!  
Thus shall indulgent goodness shine  
    On all his future days;  
Forever near his guardian God  
Shall mercy fix his blest abode,  
    And tune his soul to praise.



## 16. To Philander.

[Irreg.]

While in the arms of death your Delia sleeps  
And o'er her ashes fond remembrance weeps;  
In tender grief let friendship claim a share,  
Friendship, that fain would ease Philander's care.  
But say, is this the whole of friendship's lore,  
To sympathize, to pity, to deplore?  
Be hers the effort (else how weakly kind)  
To cheer, to elevate the drooping mind.  
And weak (unaided) would the effort prove;  
But heaven-born hope affects the voice of love.  
See my Philander o'er your Delia's tomb,  
Hope smiles and dissipates the dreary gloom.  
Celestial comforter! she points your eye  
To life, to happiness beyond the sky.  
Attend her cheering whisper to your heart!  
"There lives your once-loved Delia's nobler part.  
Can you regret that from the scenes of woe,  
The long affliction she sustained below,  
Heaven called her spirit from its dark abode  
To the bright mansions of her Saviour God?"

“Her mortal part, beneath his watchful eye,  
Secure (though mouldering in the grave) shall lie,  
Till the last trumpet's animating breath  
Pierce through the boundless monarchy of death;  
Collect each atom of the sleeping dust  
And in immortal vigour raise the just.  
The body then, restored, renewed, refined,  
Shall join in perfect bliss, its partner mind;  
Arrayed in pure ethereal radiance rise,  
Mix with the bright assembly of the skies;  
In joys unknown to thought forever prove  
The boundless blessings of redeeming love;  
And every tongue, to rapture tuned, proclaim  
The endless glories of the Saviour's name.  
Then shall Philander and his Delia join  
With heaven's immortal choir, the song divine;  
Look forward to the bright, the glorious hour  
And trust your Saviour's mercy, truth and power.”

O my Philander, may the blissful ray  
Which points our wishes to the seats of day,  
Still on our hearts its healing lustre shed,  
Amid the gloomy mansions of the dead!  
In all her force may hope celestial glow  
Till heaven's fair dawn beam o'er the shades of woe;  
Till faith shall with seraphic ardour rise,  
And claim the promised glories of the skies;  
Till that illustrious, that transporting hour,  
When death forever shall resign his power;  
When joy shall wipe the tear from every eye  
And faith and hope in perfect vision die.

## 17. Support in Trouble.

[88. 88. 8 10.]

1        Though terrors late alarmed my breast,  
          And raised a threatening tempest there,  
          Yet, Lord, my passions own thy hand,  
          The storm subsides at thy command,  
          And now my calmer thoughts attest  
Thy well-tried love, thy long experienced care.

2        Faith, scarce discerned a glimpse of light,  
          Hope languished with dejected eye,  
          Reason, (weak empress of the mind)  
          To passion had the helm consigned,  
          Loud was the storm and dark the night,  
But thy supporting, guardian hand was nigh.

3        Almighty Saviour, gracious Lord,  
          Thou only refuge of my soul,  
          Thy sovereign voice when I can hear,  
          I gain new strength to combat fear,  
          Hope rests on thy unchanging word,  
Thy word can every rising fear control.

4        Hence, guilty diffidence be gone,  
          With all thy train of boding fears;  
          Let faith and calm expectance wait,  
          And cheerful hope, with eye sedate,  
          Look up and watch the smiling dawn  
          That through the sable veil of night appears.

5        That smiling dawn derives its ray  
          From the full source of light divine;  
          O sun of righteousness, impart  
          Thy healing radiance to my heart!  
          Increasing till celestial day  
          Dispel the gloom, and joy unclouded shine.

### 18. The Restless Mind.

[Irreg.]

          Active, busy, restless mind  
          That canst never be confined;  
          Whither, whither dost thou stray?  
          Seek a guide that knows the way  
          To the fair, the happy shore,  
          Which thy wing would fain explore.  
          Fancy sees the angels stand  
          Beckoning on the distant land:

Gentle spirits, can you guide  
O'er the ocean deep and wide,  
Winds impetuous, seas untried?  
Can you point the port of rest?  
Aid a stranger to be blest?  
Vain enquiry! silent all;  
Quite regardless of my call!  
Will no kind, no able friend  
Hear, on whom I may depend?  
Hear, and teach this restless mind  
How, the seats of bliss to find?  
Yes, behold that friend appears!  
Friend of mortals, Jesus hears:  
Kindly smiling, see, he stands!  
See, his stretched, inviting hands!  
Hark! he woos thee to be blest!  
Calls thee to the port of rest!  
He can teach thee to explore,  
He alone, that happy shore.

Though the dull, incumbent air  
Frown with heavy clouds of care;  
He can aid and point thy flight;  
Give thee strength, and give thee light.  
O'er the ocean, deep, and wide,  
Winds impetuous, seas untried,  
He thy passage can sustain;  
Winds and waves shall rage in vain.

Gracious Saviour, guide divine!  
To thy conduct I resign  
This enquiring restless mind;  
Happy, if her Lord is kind:  
Happy, if amid her way,  
Now and then a heavenly ray  
Open to her longing eye  
That fair paradise on high,  
Whither her best wishes tend,  
Where her toils and cares shall end.

19. On receiving a Mourning Ring  
for a Young Relative.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 The mournful gift, attentive, while I view,  
My once-loved Nancy rises to my thought;  
The sigh of friendship, to her memory due,  
Breathes from my heart, with tender anguish fraught.
- 2 Young, blooming, amiable, lamented maid!  
When life's gay, flattering prospect opened fair;  
Down sunk the scene in death's cold dismal shade,  
And the fond parent mourns his frustrate care.

- 3 Ye sad survivors, while each bleeding heart  
Hangs on her loved idea, may you know  
The heaven-taught lesson, the celestial art  
To gather blessings in the shades of woe!
- 4 Perhaps the awful stroke may seem severe;  
But let reflection speak, her voice attend!  
While grief supplies the unavailing tear,  
Reflection points our own approaching end.
- 5 That end approaching is our chief concern,  
Life's most important business is, to die;  
This truth, each friend expiring bids us learn,  
Which, while we mourn, impels a deeper sigh.
- 6 O may the needful sigh be unsuppressed,  
Till kind reflection lead the restless heart  
To that bright world where only, life is blest,  
And conquered death resigns his fatal dart!
- 7 To life immortal, he reveals the way  
Who dying triumphed over nature's foe:  
His word, if we receive, believe, obey,  
Fair hope shall bloom amid the shades of woe.

- 8 Ye flattering scenes of earthly bliss, adieu!  
You smile, and promise, but deceive the mind:  
Celestial hope directs our upward view  
To pleasures real, lasting and refined.

20. To Amira on the  
Sudden Death of her Mother.

[Irreg.]

Though nature, friendship, filial love awake  
The springs of grief, and though the sudden shock  
O'erpowered the mind, (too weak to meet surprise!)  
At length my dear Amira, be our griefs  
Restrained, obedient to the voice divine  
Which calms the winds and seas, that sovereign voice  
Which bids the tempest of the mind; Be still!

Reflection now returning, may our souls  
Adore submissive his disposing hand,  
Who gives and takes our comforts as he pleases,  
Still wise and good in all. O let our hearts  
Complain no more, for through the cloud of woe  
Kind mercy shines, her beams disperse the gloom,  
As sun-beams chase the fragments of a storm.  
Loo k up, Amira, see the father's hand,  
Indulgent, tender, in the stroke we mourn!



Say, could the awful messenger appear  
In a more gentle form? how soft the touch  
That loosened Nature's bands, dissolved the tie  
That held the weary spirit, prisoned long,  
In a frail, ruined tenement below,  
And bade her rise to liberty and joy!  
Say do we mourn the friend, the parent lost?  
Ah no, retract the word, she is but called,  
Before us called to her celestial home,  
That blissful home, so long, so much desired;  
And hope soft whispers we shall meet her there.  
Meet her; but how? enfeebled, bent with years,  
Worn out with pains, her mental powers decayed  
And lost to social joys? though hope, and trust,  
And patient resignation shone serene,  
The Christian's pattern, and the friend's support:  
Their work fulfilled, those graces have resigned  
Their seat to perfect joy and endless praise.

How shall we meet her in the blest abode?  
Urania, come, thy fairest colours bring,  
Present the dear departed to our view  
Such as she shines amid the blissful choir.  
Let youth immortal, dressed in heavenly smiles,  
And winning graces, o'er her form diffuse  
Its lively bloom; while dignity and love  
Sit on her aspect, such as angels wear!

But not thy noblest strokes, thy sweetest force,  
In equal colours e'er can represent  
A soul made perfect in the realms of light,  
And in her Saviour's lovely image dressed.  
Nor can thy tints, though borrowed from the sky,  
Describe the vigorous life, the active joy  
Which animates a citizen of heaven.

Urania, drop thy pencil, take the lyre,  
Not to deplore the friend, the parent lost;  
But to congratulate the saint arrived,  
From life's long, painful voyage safe arrived,  
And crowned, triumphant, on the blissful shore,  
With perfect pleasure, and eternal peace.  
O could thy lyre but faintly emulate  
On earth, the strains which her rapt ear imbibes,  
Her voice melodious joins; the notes would charm  
The mournful memory of her loss to rest,  
And bid desire, and faith, and hope arise  
To share her transports in that world of joy.

O may that glorious, happy world emit  
Its sweet, though distant radiance to our hearts,  
And raise, and fix our hopes and wishes there!  
Has not the dawn of that eternal day  
Which God's unclouded smile diffuses there,  
Sometimes, Amira, beamed a cheering ray  
On these dark scenes? and shall that dawn be lost  
To shine no more? impossible; as soon  
The sun shall faint amid his morning way,

And leave the world to everlasting night;  
That grace omnipotent, that steadfast truth  
On which, below, her heaven-born hope reclined,  
Who now rejoices in that hope fulfilled,  
Invites our humble trust, forbids our fear.

May the same grace that led her safely through  
The cares, the dangers, and the pains of time,  
Preserve, support, and guide us in the way,  
The living way by which she reached the skies!  
Then shall we join with her the heavenly choir,  
Partake the bliss, and tune the raptured song  
To Jesus, who prepares a mansion there  
For all who love his name, and trust his grace:  
To Jesus, who from death's envenomed dart  
Extracts the poison, fatal now no more:  
That foe to nature is become a friend;  
He at his Lord's command, unfolds the gate  
To life, and liberty, and endless joy.

## 21. Ode on a Rural Prospect in June

[Irreg.]

- 1 At length she deigns, (indulgent power!)  
To bless the solitary hour:  
Divine Urania, pleasing guest!  
My passions own thy soft control;  
Welcome to my grateful breast,  
Soothe my every care to rest;  
O pour thy kindest influence on my soul!

2        Touch the sweet, the charming lyre;  
          Tis thine to harmonize the mind!  
          Thou canst calm delight inspire;  
          Exalted pleasure, joy refined!  
          Thy loved employ thy darling theme  
          My panting soul aspires to try;  
          To sing the great the glorious name  
          Who gives thee all thy pleasing art  
          To calm to animate the heart;  
Creation's Lord, and sovereign of the sky!

3        But aim not, my ambitious song,  
          To rise with Milton, or with Young,  
          To whom Urania brought celestial fire;  
          A living ray from heaven's immortal choir,  
          That darted through the solid veil of night;  
          Inspiring ray, that bade them soar  
          Where mortals never rose before,  
          While nature wondered at the daring flight.

- 4           Unequal to so bold a choice,  
          A humbler, safer lot be mine!  
          Urania, tune my trembling voice  
To subjects left exalted, yet divine!  
          Thy softest, gentled aid impart,  
          Teach, O teach my longing heart  
To trace the radiant footsteps of the God;  
          To the mind's enraptured eyes  
          Where his milder glories rise,  
O'er nature's ample frame diffused abroad!
- 5           Nature, o'er her ample frame  
          Shows her great creator's name  
          Inscribed in characters divine!  
          Every plant, and every flower  
          Speak his wisdom, goodness, power:  
With sweet attractive lustre how they shine!  
          Ye beauteous scenes, tis yours to show  
          The hand from whence your blessings flow:  
To wonder, love, adore, and praise be mine!
- 6           While yonder wide-extended fields,  
          With eager gaze my eye surveys;  
          The scene a thousand beauties yields,  
          A thousand blessings claim my praise.  
          In nature's lap, see, plenty pours,  
          With hand profuse, her richest stores!  
          A lively green arrays the scene,  
          Impearled with soft descending showers:  
          Fair vegetation smiles around,  
          By kindly rains and sunshine fed;  
          The fertile vales, with beauty crowned,  
Nurse, with indulgent care, the future bread;

- 7       Ye diffident, desponding hearts,  
          Who forward look with anxious pain.  
See, how the hand of providence imparts  
Its constant kindness to the foodful grain!  
And shall the power that bids the teeming earth  
Produce the infant-blade, that bids arise  
To full maturity, the tender birth,  
Look down on you with less regardful eyes?
- 8       Hark! how the birds sweet-warbling from the spray  
Enjoy the bounties of the present day:  
          Their future food, the hedge or wood,  
Directed by that gracious hand, provides,  
Which with paternal care all nature guides.  
          That gracious hand, to day adore,  
          And leave to heaven, tomorrow's care;  
          Enjoy the present, hope for more;  
The power who hears the birds, will hear your prayer.

- 9       Ye trembling souls, with fear oppressed,  
          On whose enfeebled, fainting thought  
          Hang heavy clouds, with sorrow fraught;  
See, smiling hope appear, (celestial guest!)  
          She speaks, her gentle voice attend!  
          No more to earth, ye mourners bend,  
              Raise your downcast, weeping eyes;  
              See what cheerful prospects rise!  
          The corn now ripening in the ear  
          Declares a plenteous harvest near.  
Long has expectant toil, with patience stayed!  
At length behold expectant toil repaid!  
          And shall your weary spirit faint?  
          Your nobler expectations die?  
          Let patience soften your complaint  
Trust in his word who rules the earth and sky:  
That sure, that never-failing word declares,  
That those shall reap in joy, who sow in tears.
- 10       Kind hope, the mourner's faithful friend,  
          Thy peace-inspiring lore  
          O let my drooping heart attend,  
          And while I trust adore!

Adore, with thankful love, the hand divine,  
That bids through griefs dark shade, thy comforts shine!  
    That bids, amid this vale of tears,  
    Flowers of celestial fragrance rise,  
    That guides, descends, sustains, and cheers,  
And points to fairer scenes beyond the Skies

- 11      Lord of my life! to thee I owe  
    A thousand gifts enjoyed below,  
        Of providence and grace:  
    While nature in her various forms,  
    My heart enlivens, raises, warms;  
Thy hand, O bid my heart with rapture trace!  
from thy kind hand, my ever-gracious Lord,  
Unnumbered blessings daily, hourly flow;  
To crown them all, does not thy sacred word  
Bid hope celestial in my bosom glow?  
What more have I to wish? that hope divine,  
And faith (kind seraph!) may be ever nigh!  
Beneath their influence may my heart refine,  
    Till the fair dawn of heavenly day  
    Diffuse its soul-attracting ray,  
Disperse the shades, and fix my longing eye,  
On scenes of perfect bliss beyond the sky.



## 22. The Complaint of the Mind.

[88 10. 88 10.]

- 1       Why is the heaven-descended mind  
          (For nobler purposes designed)  
So close attached to frail unthinking clay?  
      Fain would she taste the joys of light  
      And meditate her upward flight;  
But her weak partner cannot bear the day.
- 2       If now and then a ray divine  
      With sweet attractive lustre shine,  
And upward tempt her half expanded wings:  
      The pains or appetites of sense  
      Retard her flight with fair pretence,  
And chain her joyless down to trifling things.
- 3       How blest the unbodied minds above,  
      Who still desire, delight, and love,  
And nought impedes the work, or clouds the joy!  
      No listless inattention there,  
      Nor tempting toy, nor gloomy care;  
Celestial pleasure smiles without alloy!
- 4       O happy period! blissful day!  
      (Hope, cheerful hails its distant ray,  
Though rising tears stand trembling in her eyes.  
      When this gross heavy clay refined,  
      A sit companion for the mind,  
To active, joyful, endless life shall rise!

5        Jesus, to thee alone I owe  
          Each cheering glimpse of heaven below,  
And thou canst bid the longing mind ascend:  
          Though dull mortality impede,  
          She spurns the weight if thou but lead;  
On thee alone her strength and hope depend.

6        O speak the word! her joyful wings  
          Shall leave this scene of little things  
For the fair regions of immense delight!  
          One kind alluring word of thine  
          Confirms the bright reversion mine,  
And faith shall bid adieu to earth and night.

## 23. To Silvia.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 While musing in the solitary hour,  
My Silvia rises fair to fancy's eye:  
Soft, soothing melancholy, pensive power!  
Awakes for her the anxious tender sigh.
- 2 Ah! how when entering on a world of snares,  
Shall innocence preserve the artless maid?  
Ah! who shall guide, through life's bewildering cares  
Her steps in safety to some hallowed shade?
- 3 Paternal love with ever-watchful eye  
Shall guard from cares, if near her cares should press;  
Shall kindly warn of every danger nigh,  
And point the path of safety and of peace,
- 4 Friendship, for Silvia, shall collect her powers,  
And o'er the scene diffuse a lucid ray,  
Around her path shall strew the sweetest flowers,  
And bid the muse attune her softest lay.

- 5 Delusive hope! what dangers rise unseen!  
What unsuspected sorrows wait around!  
And can a friend or parent step between,  
When the winged arrow may so quickly wound?
- 6 Alas! not friendship's tendered, kindest art  
Can gild affliction's heart-oppressing gloom:  
Nor can paternal love repel the dart,  
If death stand threatening o'er the gaping tomb.
- 7 O for a friend whose life-inspiring smile  
Can brighten dark affliction's darkest hours;  
Ease every pain, and soften every toil,  
And spread new life through nature's fainting powers?
- 8 O for a friend whose all-sustaining arm  
Can make the heart serenely view the tomb:  
Can death of all his dread array disarm,  
And place a smiling angel in his room!
- 9 And see, my Silvia, see that friend appears!  
And hark! he calls you to his guardian arms!  
Jesus, that friend indeed! forever near,  
When grief approaches, or when death alarms.
- 10 O hear his voice! for heaven attends the sound!  
To him alone devote your blooming days:  
So shall your life with happiness be crowned,  
So shall you join with angels in his praise.

24. To Silvia Pensive.

[77. 77.]

- 1 Tell me, Silvia, why the sigh  
Heaves your bosom, why the tear  
Steals unbidden from your eye?  
Tell me what you wish or fear?
- 2 Providence profusely kind,  
Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,  
Bids you with a grateful mind  
View a thousand blessings rise.
- 3 Round you affluence spreads her stores,  
Young health sparkles in your eye,  
Tenderest, kindest friends are yours,  
Tell me, Silvia, why you sigh?
- 4 Tis, perhaps, some friendly voice  
Softly whispers to your mind,  
Make not these alone your choice  
Heaven has blessings more refined.

- 5 Thankful own what you enjoy,  
But a changing world like this,  
Where a thousand fears annoy,  
Cannot give you perfect bliss.
- 6 Perfect bliss resides above,  
Far above yon azure sky;  
Bliss that merits all your love,  
Merits every anxious sigh.
- 7 What, like this, has earth to give?  
O my Silvia, in your breast  
Let the admonition live,  
Nor on earth desire to rest.
- 8 When your bosom breathes a sigh,  
Or your eye emits a tear,  
Let your wishes rise on high,  
Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

25. Written in a Painful Illness.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Indulgent father, ever gracious God,  
Low at thy feet submissive I adore  
Thy chastening hand, nor murmur at the rod:  
Yet thy supporting arm, I must implore.
- 2 Thou holy, wise, and kind, O bid my heart  
In patient silence wait thy sovereign will!  
Sweet consolation let thy voice impart,  
And say to every anxious thought, Be still.
- 3 Say to my heart, that often hath preferred  
To thy kind ear, the supplicating sigh;  
Be comforted, be strong, thy suit is heard;  
Behold my all-sufficient grace is nigh!
- 4 Oft have I wished to have my heart refined  
By cleansing grace; desired, and longed to wear  
The bright resemblance of my Saviour's mind,  
His gentle, humble virtues copied there.

- 5 O may the rod the happy end promote  
To humble, cleanse, renew this heart of mine!  
And may thy grace assist me to devote  
Its powers to thee alone for they are thine!
- 6 If the short remnant of my fleeting time  
Be near it's period; teach, O teach my soul  
On faith's fair wing, to reach that blissful clime  
Where time's quick-circling wheels no more shall roll!
- 7 Oppressed with pain my feeble powers decay,  
The springs of life wear out, the vital flame  
Seems quivering near its exit. Is the day  
At hand which shall dissolve this mortal frame?
- 8 If this frail tottering mansion soon should fall,  
Art thou, my soul, prepared to take thy flight?  
Prepared, at thy almighty Father's call,  
To quit, with joy, the scenes of mortal night?
- 9 Or canst thou patient see death's threatening dart,  
And o'er the expecting grave long-lingering bend,  
To drop thy dying partner, loath to part,  
While yet thy hopes and wishes upward tend?
- 10 What mean these questions? all depends on thee  
My Saviour God: speak to my trembling heart:  
Say, Thou art mine, that word is life to me,  
And I can smile at death's tremendous dart!



- 11 Whether he threaten long, or sudden rend  
This mortal frame, and set my spirit free;  
That moment let thy angel guards attend,  
And bear me safe to life, to heaven and thee.

26. Desiring a Thankful Devotion  
to God.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 My great preserver, to thy gracious hand  
My life, my safety, and my all I owe;  
New gratitude thy favours still demand,  
And still my numerous obligations grow.
- 2 Oft hast thou listened to my humble prayer,  
Oft, at my cry, unwearied mercy came:  
O be thy goodness, thy indulgent care,  
My constant refuge, my delightful theme!
- 3 When warmed with grateful love to thee my Lord  
My thoughts begin to count thy favours o'er,  
The boundless sum, what numbers can record?  
How vain the attempt! astonished I adore!

- 4 Yet I may love thee, this is thy command,  
Thy kind command, O make me all thy own!  
My powers, my passions, Lord, are in thy hand,  
And thou canst mould them for thy use alone.
- 5 This worthless heart, to thee I would resign,  
Poor as it is, thy sovereign hand can raise  
A monument to thee, enrich, refine,  
And there inscribe thy mercies and thy praise.
- 6 Thy wondrous praise, not all creation's tongues  
In one harmonious concert, can display;  
Not the celestial choir's enraptured songs,  
Through vast eternity's unbounded day.
- 7 And shall a reptile of the dust, aspire  
To join with angels in their high employ?  
Lord, at thy feet, I lay my trembling lyre  
In silent awe, yet mixed with humble joy.
- 8 Yet, if thou bid me try the heavenly theme,  
And bless me with thy smile, my lyre again  
On every string shall sound thy glorious name,  
Thy smile shall animate the feeble strain!
- 9 If thou accept, and aid my wish to praise,  
Then shall my heart with glad devotion bring  
(But ah, how mean thy gift!) her sweetest lays  
To thee, my gracious God, my glorious King.

- 10 All I enjoy, and all I hope is thine,  
Unworthiness, alone, belongs to me;  
Inspire me, O my God, with love divine,  
And make my life, a hymn of praise to thee.

27. The Happiness of the  
Children of God.

[10 10. 10 10.]

*And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. 2 Cor. vi. 18.*

- 1 Extensive promise! O what hopes divine,  
What rich delight, the gracious words impart!  
My Father! when my faith can call thee mine,  
A ray of heaven illuminates my heart.
- 2 Lord, if thy word confirm my heavenly birth,  
And bid me say, My Father, then I live;  
Not all the tenderest, dearest names on earth,  
Can half the pleasure, half the transport give.

- 3 The Lord Almighty deigns (amazing thought!)  
To call us children, (once the heirs of woe)  
Sweet words of consolation, richly fraught  
With all the blessings mercy can bestow.
- 4 His eye, attentive marks his children's way,  
He guides them safe though dangers lurk unseen:  
Though sorrow's gloomy clouds o'ershade the day,  
Secure on his almighty arm they lean.
- 5 His ear, indulgent to their feeble prayer,  
Receives each rising wish, each plaintive sigh;  
His kind, companionate, paternal care  
Knows all their wants, and will those wants supply.
- 6 When foes unnumbered rise, and fear alarms,  
His constant love immediate succour lends,  
Encircled in their father's guardian arms,  
Foes rise in vain, omnipotence descends.
- 7 All needful, present good, his hand provides,  
But what their future portion? Angels tell,  
(For mortal language fails,) where he resides,  
What blooming joys, what boundless raptures dwell.
- 8 But not the natives of that glorious place,  
Not all the bliss resounding songs above,  
Can e'er display the riches of his grace;  
Or count the endless wonders of his love.

- 9 O could those distant seats of joy impart  
A moment of their bliss! how would it raise,  
How would it animate this languid heart,  
In these dark regions, to begin his praise!
- 10 Yet from his word, a bright enlivening ray  
Shines on my heart, while all my powers adore;  
Jesus, Whose wondrous love marked out the way,  
Jesus, the heavenly friend, is gone before.
- 11 Fair mansions in his father's blest abode  
That heavenly friend prepares, and joys unknown  
By him presented to their Father God,  
His children bow before the eternal throne.
- 12 In his prevailing, his accepted name,  
Father, my soul adores beneath thy feet;  
Let his full merits plead my humble claim,  
And raise my hope to joy divinely sweet.

28. A Reflection on Hearing the Bell at the  
Interment of a Neighbour.

[Irreg.]

That sound e'er long shall mark the solemn hour  
When this weak frame, inanimate and cold,  
By fellow mortals borne, shall be consigned  
To its dark mansion in the silent grave.  
Perhaps, the sigh of tender grief shall heave,  
The tear of friendship flow: in sable clad,  
Perhaps surviving relatives will move  
In slow procession to the house of death;  
While sad reflection speaks, Behold your home!

But what avails or friendship's tendered tear,  
Or sorrow's deepest groan, or sable robes,  
Or all the sad solemnity of woe  
Which grief, or custom waste on senseless clay?  
Where will my spirit be? O ye kind few!  
Whose faithful hearts shall mourn the friend you loved,  
Whose thoughts, while nature prompts the tender sigh  
Shall rise, perhaps, beyond the gloomy scene,  
By cheerful hope invited, and pursue  
That part which cannot die; assist me now!  
Now while your love may profit, teach my heart  
All that your brighter hope or stronger faith  
Hath seen or tasted of the joys to come!  
The inevitable hour demands it all.

Lead me! O lead me to that sovereign balm  
For death's keen pang, that only antidote  
Against the mortal poison, blood divine!  
Lead me — ah no — that dear, almighty friend,  
Whose bleeding veins poured health and life and bliss  
For wretches guilty, perishing, undone,  
Alone can lead, support, and cheer my soul!  
Jesus, my Lord, on thee my all depends,  
My everlasting all! O let me feel,  
In that dread hour when earthly comforts fail,  
Thy love, sweet cordial to my fainting heart!  
Infusing strength divine; its vital force  
Shall bid me rise superior in the conflict  
With nature's foe, and tune my quivering lips  
To holy rapture! let thy glorious name,

My Lord, my Saviour, dwell upon my tongue!  
While guardian angels join the blissful theme,  
Till my glad spirit quits her house of clay,  
And rises, with the messengers of heaven,  
To join the blest assembly which thy love  
Hath ransomed, cleansed, and raised beyond the reach  
Of sin and death, in transports all unknown  
To frail mortality! to join the song  
Forever new, to thy almighty love.

29. Desiring the gracious presence  
of God.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Alas! my heart where is thy absent God,  
Arise and search, nor languish hopeless here,  
See o'er creation's frame diffused abroad,  
His power, his wisdom and his love appear!
- 2 But chiefly of his sacred word enquire,  
There faith and hope diviner glories trace,  
Seek with the ardour of sincere desire,  
For nature's father is the God of grace.
- 3 His sacred word invites me to his feet,  
Reveals forgiveness rich and full and free,  
The voice of mercy, how divinely sweet!  
O be the heavenly accents spoke to me!



- 4 God of my life, thy radiant face reveal!  
For thou art near though clouds obstruct my sight  
Thy voice divine can every cloud dispel,  
O speak and give me comfort, give me light!
- 5 Thy word permits, commands to seek thy face,  
Nor shall the humble mourner seek in vain:  
Thou wilt reward the search, thy word of grace  
Inviolable forever must remain.
- 6 Thy word of grace — rich treasure of delight!  
(O let my soul recall her comforts past)  
Not morn's fair dawn is dearer to the sight!  
Nor honey sweeter to the longing taste.
- 7 And shall those heavenly sweets no more be mine?  
Return ye, blissful moments to my heart!  
Dispel the cloud, O God of mercy, shine,  
And life and peace and happiness impart!

30. The Presence of God,  
the Only Comfort in Affliction.

[C. M.]

- 1 In vain, while dark affliction spreads  
Her melancholy gloom,  
Kind providence its blessings sheds  
And nature's beauties bloom.
- 2 For all that charms the taste or sight  
My heart no wish respire;  
O for a beam of heavenly light  
When earthly hope expires
- 3 Thou only center of my rest,  
Look down with pitying eye,  
While with protracted pain oppressed  
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 4 Thy gracious presence, O my God,  
My every wish contains,  
With this, beneath affliction's load  
My heart no more complains.

- 5 This can my every care control,  
Gild each dark scene with light;  
This is the sunshine of the soul,  
Without it all is night.
- 6 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart  
With thy reviving ray,  
And bid these mournful shades depart  
And bring the dawn of day!
- 7 O happy scenes of pure delight!  
Where thy full beams impart  
Unclouded beauty to the light,  
And rapture to the heart.
- 8 Her part in those fair realms of bliss  
My spirit longs to know:  
My wishes terminate in this,  
Nor can they rest below.
- 9 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart  
Aspire in vain to thee?  
Confirm my hope, that where thou art  
I shall forever be.
- 10 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing  
The darksome hours away,  
And rise on faith's expanded wing  
To everlasting day.

31. Faith and Hope in Divine Goodness,  
Encouraged by Past Experience.  
Psalm xxiii. 6.

[L. M.]

- 1 Lord, while my thoughts with wonder trace  
Thy favours past through all my days;  
My thankful heart adores thy grace,  
I trust that goodness which I praise.
- 2 Still from the same eternal spring  
Thy various, constant bounties flow;  
Beneath the shelter of thy wing  
I view serene the shades of woe.
- 3 E'en death's tremendous vale appears  
No more in gloomy terrors dressed;  
Thy smile, my God, forbids my fears  
While on thy gracious hand I rest.
- 4 Through the dark scenes of mortal care,  
To humble faith's enraptured eye  
The distant prospect opens fair,  
Of radiant mansions in the sky.

- 5 Yes, Lord, in thy divine abode  
My soul desires, and hopes a place,  
To dwell forever near my God,  
And view unveiled thy lovely face.
- 6 With all my powers renewed, refined,  
To join the blissful choir above;  
In strains immortal, unconfined  
To celebrate my Saviour's love.

### 32. A Thought of Life and Death.

[C. M.]

- 1 The cares of mortal life, how vain!  
How empty every joy!  
While grief, and weariness, and pain  
The fainting mind employ.
- 2 But O, that nobler life on high,  
To which my hopes aspire!  
Does it not prompt the frequent sigh,  
And wake the warm desire?

- 3     When now and then a heavenly ray  
        Attracts my upward view,  
Almost I hail the approach of day,  
        And bid the world adieu,
- 4     Those happy realms of joy and peace  
        Fain would my heart explore,  
Where grief and pain forever cease,  
        And I shall sin no more.
- 5     No darkness there shall cloud the eyes,  
        No languor seize the frame;  
But ever active vigour rise  
        To feed the vital flame.
- 6     But ah! a dreary vale between  
        Extends its awful gloom;  
Fear spreads, to hide the distant scene,  
        The horrors of the tomb.
- 7     The thoughts of death's envenomed dart,  
        The parting pangs I fear,  
Alarm this timorous, fainting heart,  
        And still it lingers here.
- 8     O for the eye of faith divine,  
        To pierce beyond the grave!  
To see that friend, and call him mine,  
        Whose arm is strong to save!

- 9 That friend who left his throne above,  
Who met the tyrant's dart,  
And (O, amazing power of love!)  
Received it in his heart.
- 10 Here fix my soul, for life is here,  
Light breaks amid the gloom;  
Trust in the Saviour's love, nor fear  
The horrors of the tomb.
- 11 Jesus, in thee alone I trust,  
O tell me I am thine!  
I yield this mortal frame to dust,  
Eternal life is mine.

33. Desiring a Firmer Affiance  
in God under Afflictions.

[L. M.]

- 1 Why is my heart with grief oppressed?  
Can all the pains I feel or fear,  
Make thee, my soul, forget thy rest,  
Forget that God, thy God is near?

- 2     Hast thou not often called the Lord  
      Thy refuge, thy almighty friend?  
      And canst thou fear to trust that word  
      On which thy hopes of heaven depend?
- 3     Mortality's unnumbered ills  
      Are all beneath his sovereign hand;  
      Each pain which this frail body feels  
      Attends, obedient, his command.
- 4     Lord, form my temper to thy will!  
      If thou my faith and patience prove,  
      May every painful stroke fulfill  
      Thy purposes of faithful love.
- 5     O may this weak, this fainting mind,  
      A father's hand adoring see;  
      Confess thee just, and wise, and kind,  
      And trust thy word and cleave to thee.



34. Trusting in His Mercy  
with Humble Submission and Hope.

[L. M.]

- 1 Indulgent still to my request,  
How free thy tender mercies are!  
With full consent my thoughts attest,  
My gracious God, thy faithful care.
- 2 The hand that holds the rod I see;  
That gentle hand I must adore;  
That goodness, how divinely free,  
Which my expectant hopes implore!
- 3 Thy hand sustains me lest I faint,  
Or at the needful stroke repine;  
Thy ear attends to my complaint;  
The tendered pity, Lord, is thine.
- 4 And can my heart desire in vain,  
When he who chastens bids me sue,  
That every sorrow, every pain  
Be blest to teach, reclaim, renew?

- 5 O yet support thy feeble child,  
Till thy correcting hand remove!  
Be all thy purposes fulfilled,  
And bid me sing thy sparing love.

35. Entreating the Presence  
of God in Affliction.

[L. M.]

- 1 Low at thy gracious feet I bend,  
My God, my everlasting friend,  
Permit the claim, O let thy ear  
My humble suit indulgent hear!
- 2 No earthly good my wish inspires;  
Great is the boon my soul desires,  
But thou hast bid me seek thy face,  
Hast bid me ask thy promised grace.
- 3 O may thy favour (bliss divine!)  
With fuller, clearer radiance shine!  
Brighten my hopes, dispel my fears,  
Till not a cloud of grief appears!

- 4 But O my heart, reflect with shame,  
Canst thou prefer so bold a claim?  
Conscious how often thou hast strayed,  
By empty vanities betrayed.
- 5 How oft, ungrateful to thy God,  
Have trifles called thy thoughts abroad;  
Till heavenly pity saw thee roam,  
And bade affliction bring thee home.
- 6 And when the snares of earth were broke  
By kind affliction's needful stroke,  
Hast thou not owned, with humble praise,  
That just and right are all his ways?
- 7 Yes, gracious God, before thy throne  
My vileness, and thy love I own;  
O let that love with beams divine,  
Forgiving, healing, round me shine!
- 8 Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,  
This heedless heart requires the rod,  
Thy arm, supporting, I implore,  
The hand that chastens can restore.
- 9 O may the kind correction prove  
A fruit of thy paternal love!  
Wean me from earth, from sin refine,  
And make my heart entirely thine!

- 10 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,  
And wake to praise this feeble voice:  
While mercy, power, and truth employ  
My love, my wonder, and my joy.

36. Acknowledging His Goodness  
in Supporting and Restoring.

[C. M.]

- 1 Now to thy heavenly Father's praise,  
My heart thy tribute bring:  
That goodness which prolongs my days  
With grateful pleasure sing.
- 2 Ye humble souls, who love the Lord,  
Come join the pleasing theme;  
His mercy, power, and truth record  
And bless his glorious name.
- 3 Whene'er he sends afflicting pains,  
His mercy holds the rod;  
His powerful word the heart sustains,  
And speaks a faithful God.

- 4 A faithful God is ever nigh  
When humble grief implores;  
His ear attends each plaintive sigh,  
He pities and restores.
- 5 No more let diffidence prevail  
Our comforts to destroy:  
His tender mercies never fail,  
Be these our sweet employ.
- 6 Ah! how unequal to the theme  
Our feeble efforts prove!  
Ye heavens resound his glorious name,  
While we adore and love.
- 7 Yet fain my grateful soul would bring  
Her tribute to thy throne;  
Accept the wish, my God, my King,  
To make thy goodness known!
- 8 O be the life thy hand restores  
Devoted to thy praise!  
To thee, be sacred all my powers,  
To thee, my future days!
- 9 Thy soul-enlivening grace impart,  
A warmer love inspire;  
And teach the breathings of my heart  
Dependence and desire.

37. Desiring to Praise God  
for the Experience of His Goodness.

[L. M.]

Psalm xxxvi. 7.

- 1 The loving kindness of the Lord,  
(Delightful theme!) demands my lays:  
Thou, worthy to be loved, adored,  
Teach my heart to sing thy praise!
- 2 In vain my heart with pleasure tries,  
My God, to count thy mercies o'er;  
So numerous and so bright they rise,  
I gaze, I wonder, I adore!
- 3 Yet, all the powers I have are thine,  
For thee, those powers I would employ;  
And dedicate to love divine,  
With humble gratitude and joy.
- 4 The sweet experience of thy grace  
Which animates my voice to sing;  
Incites my soul to seek thy face,  
And trust the shelter of thy wing.

- 5 Thy guardian wing alone can bless:  
I find repose and safety there;  
The kindest refuge of distress  
A sure relief in every care.
- 6 O let the wretched sons of woe  
To thee apply, on thee depend:  
And bid the drooping mourners know  
In thee a never-failing friend.
- 7 Could e'er one soul in deep distress  
That fled to thee for refuge say,  
Indulgent mercy would not bless,  
And justice frowned my hopes away?
- 8 Ah no, a thousand, thousand tongues  
Thy love and truth, adoring own,  
And offer their united songs  
With grateful joy before thy throne.
- 9 Not e'en those happy minds can trace,  
With all their powers renewed, refined,  
The boundless glories of thy grace,  
O thou omnipotently kind!

- 10 All how shall these poor languid powers,  
With frail mortality oppressed,  
Display the grace my soul adores?  
How speak the transports of the blest?
- 11 Dear Lord, accept my heart's desire,  
Till death shall close these mortal days!  
Then bid me join the heavenly choir,  
And sing thy everlasting praise!

### 38. Penitence and Hope.

[C. M.]

- 1 Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall  
The wonders of thy grace;  
Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,  
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?  
Ah vile, ungrateful heart!  
By earth's low cares detained, betrayed,  
From Jesus to depart.



- 3 From Jesus, who alone can give  
True pleasure, peace, and rest:  
When absent from my Lord, I live  
Unsatisfied, unblest.
- 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,  
My wandering soul restores:  
He bids the mourning heart partake  
The pardon it implores.
- 5 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,  
The penitential sigh,  
Confirm the kind, forgiving word  
With pity in thine eye!
- 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,  
Rejoice to seek thy face;  
And grateful own how kind! how sweet!  
Thy condescending grace.

### 39. Devoting the Heart to Jesus.

[L. M.]

- 1 Jesus, what shall I do to show  
How much I love thy glorious name?  
Let my whole heart with rapture glow  
Thy boundless goodness to proclaim.
- 2 Yes, dearest Lord, my heart is thine,  
Sacred to thee be all its powers!  
O bid me give to love divine  
The little remnant of my hours!
- 3 Thou narrow heart, ye fleeting hours,  
How mean the tribute you can raise!  
The grace my thankful soul adores,  
Claims an eternity of praise!
- 4 Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee  
Can give such sweet, such rich delight;  
What must their joy, their transport be  
Who dwell forever in thy sight?

5 To that bright world my heart aspires,  
Where all the glories of thy face  
Unveiled, shall fill the soul's desires,  
And tune the song to boundless grace!

6 O teach my heart, my life, my voice  
To celebrate thy wondrous love!  
Fulfil my hopes, complete my joys,  
And bid me join the songs above.

40. The Love of Christ  
Exciting Thankful Devotion.

[L. M.]

1 O dearer to my thankful heart  
Than all the circling sun surveys!  
Thy presence only can impart  
Light, peace, and gladness to my days.

2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,  
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom  
Shall brighten into vernal day,  
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

- 3 Vain world, be gone with all thy toys;  
I have no room for trifles here:  
My heart aspires to nobler joys;  
Thy fairest glories disappear.
- 4 Bright realms of bliss, where Jesus reigns,  
My wish, my care, my hope invite:  
Where raptured seraphs tune their strains  
To themes of infinite delight.
- 5 See, Lord, thy willing subject bows  
Adoring low before thy throne:  
To thee, I gladly pay my vows;  
Thou art my sovereign, thou alone.
- 6 Smile on my soul, and bid me sing,  
In concert with the choir above,  
The glories of my Saviour King,  
The condescensions of his love.
- 7 Amazing love! that stooped so low,  
To view with pity's melting eye  
A wretch deserving endless woe!  
Amazing love! did Jesus die?
- 8 He died, to raise to life and joy  
The vile, the guilty, the undone,  
O let his praise my hours employ,  
Till hours no more their circles run!

- 9 He died! ye seraphs tune your songs,  
Resound, resound the Saviour's name;  
For nought below immortal tongues  
Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

41. On Recovery  
from Sickness.

[10 10. 10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Lord of my life to thee my powers belong,  
Thy mercies are my chief my darling theme;  
To thee be first inscribed the votive song  
With warmest gratitude, with love supreme;  
On thee my life and all its powers depend,  
My gracious guardian, my unchanging friend.
- 2 O be that life, which thy indulgent hand  
Sustained when sinking to the shades of death,  
Devoted to thy praise, Whose kind command  
Restores my wasting strength and shortening breath.  
Be my remaining hours entirely thine,  
My strength and breath employed in work divine.

- 3 Yet next to heaven to friendship's honoured name  
The lay which grateful love inspires is due;  
With lenient hand she nursed the vital flame,  
When faintly glimmering it almost withdrew:  
Heaven smiled indulgent on her tender care,  
Blest were her efforts, answered was her prayer.
- 4 The lay which friendship claims heaven will approve,  
Since first to heaven the grateful strains aspire;  
Sacred to filial and fraternal love,  
Be the next labours of the tuneful lyre.  
O may the love that animates my lay  
Procure acceptance for the thanks I pay.
- 5 But never can these languid notes express  
My heart's warm wishes ardent as they rise;  
Yet he, who knows their meaning, he can bless;  
Unmeasured bounty every good supplies.  
O be the friends who claim my grateful love,  
A blessing here, completely blest above.

42. Occasioned by Hearing  
a Friend Commend My Verses. [10 10. 10 10.]

- 1     Could all the powers of eloquence divine  
      But half the glories of my Lord display,  
      How I should wish those unknown powers were mine  
      To animate and raise the votive lay.
  
- 2     O could I rise, one happy minute rise!  
      And hear the music of the blissful choir,  
      Would not my heaven-enraptured mind despise  
      The sweetest notes that tune this feeble lyre.
  
- 3     Yet is the subject of their song the same,  
      Not angels know a nobler theme than mine;  
      Thy grace Immanuel, bliss-inspiring name!  
      Awakes the strain to ecstasy divine.
  
- 4     That grace, which smiles approving on their lays,  
      Bends lower still and kindly deigns to own  
      A mortal's wishes to attempt thy praise,  
      When humble love presents them at thy throne.

- 5 My Lord, my life, does not thy love inspire  
The warmest highest wish this bosom knows?  
O let that love employ this feeble lyre  
Till with diviner force the passion glows!
- 6 Till (every mortal weakness left in dust)  
Immortal life commences, then my tongue  
To thee, dear object of my hope and trust,  
With heaven's full choir shall tune a nobler song.

### 43. To Silvia.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 My lovely Silvia, while in blooming youth  
Your mental powers are active, sprightly, gay,  
Attend the voice of friendship and of truth,  
That courts your notice in the moral lay.
- 2 Those active powers the Lord of nature gave  
To reason's rule by choice alone confined,  
For reason's empire never knew a slave,  
Her sway is gentle and her laws are kind.



- 3 Her subjects take their orders from her eye,  
While she to each their various task assigns;  
And now o'er nature's ample field they fly,  
A field far richer than Peruvian mines.
- 4 Here with unwearied diligence they rove,  
Collecting treasures to enrich the mind:  
And many a flower and plant in dale or grove,  
Of virtues rare and fadeless bloom they find.
- 5 And now with treasures fraught returning home,  
Before their queen display the shining spoil,  
Arranged in beauteous order round the dome,  
Her approbation crowns the pleasing toil.
- 6 When chilled by time's cold hand, those sprightly powers  
Inclined to rest, inactive, cease to roam,  
Those mental stores shall cheer the wintry hours,  
And flowers unfading breathe their sweets at home.
- 7 Extracting food amid the vernal bloom,  
So flies the industrious bee around the vale,  
With native skill she forms the waxen comb,  
To keep for wintry days the rich regale.

#### 44. Wishing for Real Pleasure.

[9-10s]

- 1 How long, forgetful of thy heavenly birth,  
Wilt thou my soul so fondly cleave to earth?  
How long low-hovering o'er these seats of pain,  
Wilt thou expect felicity in vain?  
The joys of time could never be designed  
A portion worthy of the immortal mind.  
    What is it thus detains these wretched eyes,  
    Detains my heart whene'er it seeks to rise,  
    And holds back half my wishes from the skies?
  
- 2 When soothing fancy paints, with mimic art,  
Her pictured joys to catch my cheated heart,  
So fair, so bright the varied colours glow,  
Almost they can disguise the blended woe.  
But soon the momentary forms decay,  
Steal from my gaze, and vanish quite away,  
    Convinced the flattering scenes are empty air,  
    Beneath my thought unworthy of my care.  
    Can I pronounce the gay delusions fair?

- 3 Earth's fairest pleasures which allure my sight,  
Are but the fleeting shadows of delight!  
Shall airy phantoms thus my powers employ,  
Powers that were formed to grasp substantial joy?  
Shall vanity enslave this freeborn mind,  
And chains of sense my nobler passions bind?  
    Alas in vain I strive, in vain I sigh,  
    In vain my fettered thoughts attempt to fly  
    And weakly fluttering mean the distant sky!
- 4 O thou whose eye surveys my inmost heart,  
Thy grace, thy all prevailing grace impart,  
Dissolve these chains which keep my soul from thee,  
And bid this wretched struggling heart be free.  
O come thou bright, thou everlasting fair,  
Thou only worthy object of my care!  
    Thy dazzling beauties to my view display,  
    And earth shall vanish at the blissful ray,  
    Like night's dark shades before the rising day.
- 5 Immortal charms shall all my powers control,  
And fix each wandering passion of my soul,  
Thy love the sacred source of endless joy  
Shall all my heart and all my thoughts employ.  
Earth would be heaven in such a state as this,  
And time a foretaste of eternal bliss.  
    But all! how soon the charming vision flies!  
    Stay blest ideas, teach my soul to rise,  
    Nor let me wish in vain for heaven below the skies!

45. To Amira.

[Irreg.]

Friendship disdains the studied forms of speech,  
She speaks a language forms can never teach.  
Let friendship to Amira's thought impart  
The grateful joy that warms a sister's heart,  
O may the grateful joy aspire in praise,  
And love divine the sacred ardour raise;  
To him whose ear our humble prayer attends,  
Whose mercy spares Amira to her friends!  
To them the boon indulgent mercy gives;  
Not for herself alone Amira lives.

Long be your life preserved, long may you share  
Your partner's comforts, and partake his care!  
By heaven entrusted, may you know to raise  
Your infant offspring to their maker's praise!  
To you is the maternal task assigned,  
To form with gentle hand the tender mind;  
To plant the seeds of moral goodness there,  
To watch, to cherish with assiduous care  
The growth of every virtue, (pleasing toil!)  
On the kind task may heaven approving smile!  
That smile alone can animate, can bless,  
And crown your labour with desired success.

To me hath providence assigned a part  
Which claim the tenderest passions of the heart,  
No less than yours: to soothe a parent's care  
In life's decline, his every grief to share,  
By every act of cheerful duty prove  
Sincerest gratitude and filial love.  
O song, (propitious to my ardent prayer,)  
To me, to you may heaven indulgent spare  
His valued life! and when we must, must part,  
Sustain the sad survivor's fainting heart!  
Before the mental eye may he display  
A blissful prospect of the realms of day,  
Whose presence cheers affliction's deepest gloom,  
And sheds a ray of glory on the tomb!  
While faith beholds her dying, rising Lord,  
And cheerful hope reclines upon his word.  
O be that word confirmed to you, to me,  
Where Jesus is, there shall his servants be!  
Then shall our thoughts that happy world explore,  
Where we shall meet our friends to part no more.

Think not these lines (my dear Amira) fraught  
With the dark bodings of dejected thought:  
Since nought but prospects future and divine,  
Life's toils can cheer, its pleasures can refine,  
Yet heaven, on us, shines with indulgent ray,  
And with peculiar blessings marks our way.  
Why are our steps by sovereign goodness led,  
Far from the thorny wilds where many tread?  
Nor with dark care, nor pining want oppressed,  
Why with a thousand comforts are we blest?  
Our lives protected from a thousand woes?  
O why the various gifts which heaven bestows?  
Its various gifts should stimulate, should raise  
To active duty, to obedient praise.

True we are weak, but do we not depend  
On the kind arm of an almighty friend?  
That arm invigourates, directs, sustains,  
And gives sweet hope to soften all our pains:  
Sweet hope, that whispers to the humble mind,  
Look up, the ever wise, the ever kind  
Is near you still, attentive to your prayer,  
Proportions every trial, every care  
To suit the strength he gives, he will impart  
Celestial comforts, to sustain your heart.  
Behold! displayed to faith's expecting eye,  
A crown reserved for you beyond the sky:  
Treasures of bliss which never can decay  
And realms resplendent with eternal day.

If faith and hope, fixed on the word divine,  
Pronounce the bright reversion yours, and mine,  
O my Amira this is bliss below,  
The highest bliss which mortals here can know.

46. A Reflection on the Close  
of the Year.

[10 10. 10 10.]

Occasioned by hearing the bells at midnight.

- 1 Is this a theme of mirth? who can rejoice  
That time, important time so swiftly flies;  
And scorn reflection's monitory voice,  
The friendly power that woos us to be wise?
- 2 Forever ye departed months, adieu!  
What heart that knows your value can be gay?  
What heart that asks reflection's conscious view,  
How many hours fled unimproved away?
- 3 Yet oft her warning voice, e'er yet they past,  
Cried, Seize the precious minutes, make them thine!  
Ah how wilt thou account for so much waste  
Of treasure lent for purposes divine?

- 4 O let my heart her needful dictates hear,  
To her the solemn midnight hour I give,  
And ask, while musing on the finished year,  
How I have spent the time, and why I live?
- 5 How have I spent the time? reflection say?  
She answers "Wasted many a precious hour,  
In careless indolence lost many a day,  
When heaven demanded every active power.
- 6 Why do I live? Past errors to deplore,  
Low at the feet of sovereign grace to bow,  
For strength divine entreat (while I adore,)  
To dedicate to heaven the fleeting now.
- 7 Jesus, to thee, to thy atoning blood,  
To thy unsullied righteousness I fly:  
O thou, my judge, my Saviour, and my God,  
Instruct me how to live and how to die.



47. Desiring a Cheerful Resignation  
to the Divine Will.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Why breathes my anxious heart the frequent sigh?  
Why from my weak eye drops the ready tear?  
Is it to mark how present blessings fly?  
Is it that griefs to come awake my fear?
- 2 O may I still with thankful heart enjoy  
The various gifts indulgent heaven bestows!  
Nor let ungrateful diffidence destroy  
The present good with fears of future woes.
- 3 Nor let me curious ask if dark or fair  
My future hours, but in the hand divine  
With full affiance leave my every care,  
Be hope, and humble resignation mine.
- 4 Celestial guests! your smile can cheer the heart  
When melancholy spreads her deepening gloom:  
O come, your animating power impart,  
And bid sweet flowers amid the desert bloom.

- 5 Yes, here and there, amid the dreary wild,  
A spot of verdure cheers the languid eye:  
And now and then, a sun-beam warm and mild,  
Sheds its kind influence from a clement sky.
- 6 My God, my guide, be thou forever near,  
Support my steps, point out my devious way,  
Preserve my heart from every anxious fear,  
Gild each dark scene with thy enlivening ray.
- 7 Be earth's quick changing scenes or dark, or fair,  
On thy kind arm, O bid my soul recline:  
Be heaven-born hope (kind antidote of care)  
And humble cheerful resignation mine.

48. To Silvia.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Come friendship, with thy sweetly-pleasing power,  
Teach me to calm my dear-loved Silvia's breast:  
Shed thy kind influence o'er the gloomy hour,  
And soothe her every anxious care to rest.

- 2 Tell her that providence, immensely kind,  
Through all events its guardian care extends;  
Nor can a real grief oppress her mind  
But e'en that grief unerring wisdom sends.
- 3 Oft, when imaginary woes oppress,  
A dark cloud rises, and we shrink with fear;  
Perhaps that very cloud is meant to bless,  
And shed rich comforts on the coming year.
- 4 The ways of providence, how kind! how wise!  
From seeming ills what real good is born!  
Nor can the heart its blessings learn to prize  
That, gay and thoughtless, never knew to mourn.
- 5 O may my Silvia raise her wishes high!  
With warm devotion may her bosom glow!  
Pant for unmingled bliss beyond the sky  
And thankful own the gifts enjoyed below!

49. To Emilia.

[Irreg.]

If native sense, and unaffected ease,  
Good nature and benevolence can please;  
Emilia claims, without the help of art,  
Her share of friendship in the social heart.  
But real friendship should not, must not bear  
A fault uncensured in a mind so fair:  
Let censure in her gentlest form persuade,  
Nor frown indignant on the lovely maid:  
And let Emilia unoffended hear,  
While friendship softly thus accosts her ear.

My dear Emilia, would you always know  
The peaceful joys which virtue can bestow:  
Those joys from grave reflection have their birth  
Begun by heaven, nor terminate on earth.  
Then be reflection cherished in your breast,  
She gives you counsel needful to your rest.  
When gay amusement spreads her net for hearts  
And softly woos you with her siren arts;  
Has not reflection whispered? Ah beware;  
Fly, fly the midnight ball — mirth revels there,

With dissipation and her idle train;  
A thousand follies fluttering, light and vain:  
The unmeaning compliment, the studied smile,  
The sneer of malice, the smooth brow of guile,  
Mix in the dance, and should detraction rude,  
Remorseless, armed with venom'd darts intrude,  
(Vile foe to virtue, and to honest fame)  
Then bleeds some hapless virgin's wounded name.  
Fly, fly the danger, and with me retreat  
Where innocence, and peace, and safety meet.

And did the friendly monitor in vain  
Dissuade Emilia from the dangerous scene?  
Where was her guardian angel? could he bear  
To be confined in such polluted air?  
Or did the gentle spirit, with a sigh,  
Resign his charge and seek his native sky?  
Vain questions! His omniscient eye was there,  
Who trusted time's rich talent to your care;  
And he requires improvement at your hands,  
A strict account his holy law demands.  
O, squander not the precious hours away,  
No more in such amusements close a day,  
As will not bear reflection's sober test,  
Nor add calm pleasure to your nightly rest.

While your almighty benefactor pours  
His various blessings on your circling hours;  
For all the gifts his bounteous hands impart  
He claims the tribute of a thankful heart:  
O be your sprightly powers your blooming days  
With grateful joy devoted to his praise.

Think in that awful, that tremendous hour,  
When earth's alluring toys will please no more,  
When trembling on life's utmost verge you tread,  
With vast eternity before you spread;  
Think, what will be your wish, your ardent prayer,  
And make it now your first, your constant care.  
To that almighty Saviour now apply,  
On whom alone you safely can rely:  
Whose smile can cheer you in that awful scene,  
And make the boundless prospect all serene.

Let not my dear Emilia call severe,  
The friendly dictates of a heart sincere:  
A heart that wishes real bliss for you  
Beyond this narrow world's contracted view.  
O may you, taught by grace divine, aspire  
(With all the ardour of sincere desire)  
To that bright world, where pleasure dwells refined,  
To charm, to fix, to satisfy the mind;  
Till joyful, you from earth's allurements part,  
And heaven that claims, possesses all your heart.

50. To Silvia.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 How faint the joy the blooming season yields,  
To spirits worn with grief and nerves unstrung!  
Yet sweet the flowers, yet verdant are the fields,  
As when those flowers and fields I raptured sung.
- 2 Around me nature spreads her charms in vain,  
Those charms no more my languid breast inspire:  
In vain I try to raise one cheerful strain,  
No sound of joy awakes the silent lyre.
- 3 Come Silvia, come, for you the muses wait,  
For you the flowers unfold their beauteous dyes:  
O come, with lively youth and health replete,  
And bid to heaven the grateful transport rise.
- 4 Methinks in Silvia I revive again,  
And led by fancy's magic power, I stray  
O'er the green corn field and the flowery plain,  
And call the birds to join the artless lay.

- 5 Yes, in my Silvia I again enjoy  
Those long-lost pleasures oft with sighs deplored:  
Come then, dear maid, resume the sweet employs  
And tune the votive song to nature's bounteous Lord.

### 51. Retirement.

[11 12. 11 6.]

- 1 Hail peaceful retirement, thy shades how serene!  
With thee in all ages the wise have sought pleasure,  
Meditation and converse the sweet varied scene  
    Alternately measure.
- 2 Here freely expatiate the rational powers,  
Thy aid, O divine contemplation, inspiring;  
While wisdom and knowledge unlock their bright stores,  
    The mind still desiring.
- 3 Ye votaries of pleasure, of grandeur and fame,  
Leave your eager pursuit of the shadows before ye;  
Seek peaceful retirement, where more than in name  
    Dwell pleasure and glory.



- 4 Tis here, when content from the seats of delight  
Descends, to give mortals a blest prelibation  
Of permanent pleasure and joys ever bright,  
She fixes her station.
- 5 Sweet guest of retirement, O come to my breast!  
I can pity the minds which deluded pursuing  
Their phantoms gay-smiling, refuse to be blest  
And choose their undoing.

52. On the Sudden Death of a Libertine.

[Irreg.]

*Addressed to his Friend.*

By lawless pleasure led, whose siren song  
Had soothed to rest the faithful monitor  
That would, long since, have warned them to beware,  
Lorenzo and his gay companion strayed  
Till to a dangerous eminence they rose,  
Whose fatal brow overhangs a dark, deep gulf,  
Where tempest reigns, and night eternal frowns.  
Here guilty riot drove the hours along  
Reflection banished, reason's dictates scorned:  
Though oft the voice of friendship called, return;

And oft maternal tenderness implored:  
In vain was every warning; plunged in vice  
They bade defiance to the censuring world,  
And boldly dared the vengeance of the skies;  
Nor dared unpunished long; for now they drew  
Too near the dreadful brink, nor dreamed of ought  
But flowery pleasures; round them hung a cloud,  
Spread by some demon, which confined their view,  
And hid the terrors of the gulf below.  
Here as they laughing stood, swift flew the shaft  
Of awful vengeance! O! Lorenzo say?  
What were thy thoughts when instant from thy side,  
The gay companion of thy guilty hours  
Plunged headlong in the unfathomable deep?

And art thou spared? and will astonishment  
And terror let thee ask, Why am I spared?  
Why did the fatal shaft that pierced my friend  
Not reach this guilty bosom? Mercy spread  
Her shield before thee; Hark! she calls; Retreat,  
Retreat this instant, e'er commissioned flies  
A second arrow; heaven may not vouchsafe  
Another warning. May her heavenly voice,  
Lorenzo, reach thy heart! In time reflect  
While time is lent, and humbly deprecate  
The awful vengeance of offended heaven!

Fly to that Saviour, Whose atoning blood  
Alone can expiate guilt, Whose boundless grace  
Alone can seal thy pardon, cleanse, renew  
Thy wretched heart, and guide thy erring steps  
Far from the paths of danger, where too long  
Thy feet have strayed, and point the narrow way  
To peace, to safety, to eternal life.

53. To My Watch.

[7s Irreg.]

Little monitor, by thee  
Let me learn what I should be;  
Learn the round of life to fill,  
Useful and progressive still.  
Thou canst gentle hints impart  
How to regulate the heart  
When I wind thee up at night,  
Mark each fault, and set thee right  
Let me search my bosom too,  
And my daily thoughts review;  
Mark the movements of my mind,  
Nor be easy when I find  
Latent errors rise to view,  
Till all be regular and true.

54. The Third Chapter of Daniel Paraphrased. [Irreg.]

Where Babylon, the seat of empire, shone,  
Proud tyranny had fixed her lawless throne,  
The cruel power, with unrelenting hand,  
Ruled o'er a race of slaves, an abject land:  
Oppression filled the arbitrary reign,  
And blind idolatry confirmed the chain.

The prince, who late in a surprising hour,  
Had felt conviction's strong, resistless power,  
Impelled by conscience, owned the God supreme;  
Confessed his hand, almost adored his name;  
Retracing all, to idol-gods returns,  
Again with impious zeal his bosom burns.  
New rites his wild idolatry demands,  
In Dura's plain a golden image stands:  
Wanton in wealth, he bids the idol rise,  
And with its monstrous height affront the skies.  
Assembled here in all the pomp of state,  
Princes and peers their monarch's pleasure wait:  
A herald now with sounding voice proclaims,  
Nations of various tongues of various names,

Attend the king's decree, which thus ordains,  
That instant, when you hear the sacred strain,  
From instruments of every tuneful sound,  
Adore with prostrate homage on the ground,  
The golden image, which the king's command  
Ordains the God, the guardian of your land.  
Whoever the royal edict disobeys,  
Or to perform the solemn rite delays,  
A dreadful doom the hapless wretch attends,  
His life, that hour, the flaming furnace ends.

Now sounds the various strain; the solemn call  
The trembling nations hear, and prostrate fall.  
Elate with pride the monarch now beheld  
His will obeyed, the impious rite fulfilled:  
When lo with flattering zeal his slaves appear,  
And lowly bending thus accost his ear;  
O King, forever may thy throne remain!  
Unrivaled be the glories of thy reign!  
Their zeal when all thy faithful people showed  
And at the sacred call adoring bowed;  
Three haughty Jews whom thy indulgent hand  
Hath raised to rank and honours in the land,  
Thy bounty have ungratefully abused,  
And just obedience to thy law refused:  
Proudly refused to bend the stubborn knee,  
And bade defiance to thy gods and thee.

Rage flashed vindictive from the tyrant's eyes!  
This moment bring the rebels here, he cries;  
Swift fly the guards, their duty taught by fear,  
And now the accused innocents appear:  
When thus the king the boding silence broke,  
(His awed attendants trembling as he spoke)  
Say, ye perverse, rebellious wretches say,  
My will do you presume to disobey?  
You knew the law, the penalty you heard;  
Your fate is just since wilfully you erred;  
Nor vainly on celestial aid presume;  
What God shall save, when I pronounce your doom?

The men, to this high strain of impious pride,  
Serene in conscious innocence replied;  
At no defence, at no excuse we aim,  
Our trust, O king, is in the power supreme:  
The God, the awful God whom we adore  
We know can save us from thy tyrant power;  
We trust he will: but should his wise command  
Ordain our death by thy remorseless hand;  
A firm obedience to his laws we vow,  
Nor will to thy detested idols bow.  
To madness now the tyrant's passions rise:  
Seven times increase the flame, she furious cries)  
Soon shall the traitors meet a fate severe,  
And feel that vengeance which they scorn to fear.

His hardy soldiers now the victims seize,  
(Strange heart that such a sacrifice could please!)  
The victims bound are to their fate conveyed,  
Plunged in the flames, deprived of mortal aid:  
Fierce was the king, and fierce the raging fire,  
The soldiers in the cruel act expire.  
In view the tyrant sat to feast his eyes  
(Inhuman pleasure! horrid sacrifice!)  
When sudden starting from his seat, he cries,  
(Amazement in his looks, and wild dismay,)  
What do I see? ye peers, ye princes lay!  
Were not three criminals, some moments past,  
With fetters bound, in yonder furnace cast?  
Tis certain fact, O king, (the courtiers said)  
We all beheld thy royal will obeyed.

When thus the king, (with inward anguish pressed  
For full conviction now his heart possessed)  
Amid the flames they walk, unhurt and free,  
And lo a fourth of form divine I see!  
Some angel makes the innocents his care,  
Perhaps their deity himself is there.  
The humbled monarch now renounced his pride  
And near advancing to the furnace cried  
Come forth, ye servants of the God supreme,  
Come forth, and teach me to adore his name.  
Forth came the prisoners at the royal word,  
Saved by the power they trusted and adored:

Not e'en their clothes were scorched, nor singed their hair,  
Serene their looks, and cheerful was their air.  
The strange event around the country flew;  
The concourse, still increasing, round them drew,  
Peers, princes, people, gazing, wondering stand,  
Compelled to witness an almighty hand.

An awed attention bade the crowd be still,  
While thus the King aloud declared his will:  
Adored forever be his wondrous name!  
Who saved his servants from the raging flame;  
His angels sent (the heavenly form I saw)  
To guard these blest observers of his law:  
The awful power, omnipotent and just,  
Hath well rewarded their religious trust.  
Be this decree, in honour to their God,  
Through my extensive empire sent abroad:  
Whoever dares his sacred name profane,  
In impious folly arrogantly vain;  
Death without mercy is the wretch's lot,  
His house a dunghill made, his name forgot,  
This miracle which strikes each wondering breast  
And which a thousand witnesses attest,  
Proclaims the God superior far in power  
To all the deities whom we adore.



Here ceased the king: yet farther to atone  
The cruel act his impious rage had done,  
The heaven-protected youths his favour shared,  
Of faithful piety the just reward:  
To eminence and power he bade them rise,  
Revered by men, as favoured of the skies.

55. Messiah, an Ode.

[Irreg.]

*From the 35th Chapter of Isaiah.*

1      Messiah comes! glad nature hails  
         Her long-expected king:  
         She wakes to praise her every tongue,  
         Wakes every note to raise the song,  
         Joy, universal joy prevails,  
         Earth blooms with sudden spring.  
         Messiah comes! the hills resound,  
         The wide-extended vales around,  
Messiah comes! in tuneful notes reply.  
         Attentive echo learns his name,  
         Repeats the pleasurable theme,  
And bears the joyful accents to the sky.

- 2       The desert through her vast domain,  
          Hears, and wonders at the strain,  
          The strain, her hard, cold bosom warms;  
She sees, and wonders at her new-born charms,  
          While indulgent plenty pours  
          Gifts profuse, and fruits, and flowers  
          With various beauty glow:  
          Pining travellers no more  
          With weary feet, and longing eyes,  
          Now the thorny brake explore,  
          Or the sandy waste in vain;  
          See, the bubbling fountain rise!  
          See, the copious river flow!  
          Adieu thirst, weariness, and pain,  
The cheerless desert owns Messiah's reign.  
With Lebanon's tall shades the desert vies,  
And verdure clothes the grove, and decks the vale;  
Here fragrant Carmel's flowery beauties rise,  
And Sharon breathes the aromatic gale.
- 3       Messiah comes! let every heart be glad,  
Let sounds of joy be heard from every voice;  
With power, with majesty, with glory clad,  
He comes to bid the sons of woe rejoice.  
          No more the hopeless heart shall languish  
          On the confines of despair;

No more be heard the groan of anguish,  
Or be felt the pang of care.  
Ye sons of woe, resign your load,  
Ye trembling hearts be strong;  
Omnipotence  
Is your defence:  
Behold your King, your Saviour God!  
He comes, with vengeance on his arm,  
In vain your threatening foes alarm;  
Forget your fear,  
Salvation near  
Demands the grateful song:  
His arm shall crush your threatening foes to dust,  
An awful recompense, divinely just!

4            See, the eyelids of the blind  
              Open to the heavenly ray!  
              See the prospect bright and new  
              Rise to the astonished view,  
              Boundless wonder fills the mind,  
              All is transport! all is day!  
The hapless ear, of social bliss unknowing,  
              Receives the healing music of his voice:  
Celestial harmony, soft, sweetly flowing,  
              Bids charmed attention listen and rejoice.

5            See, the helpless cripple rise,  
              Bounding like the mountain roe;  
              If nature's Lord  
              Pronounce the word,  
              New strength, that word supplies;  
              Life's active flame  
              Informs the frame,  
And bids each nerve with native vigour glow.  
              The tongue that never could reveal  
              Heart-felt woe, or pleasure tell,  
Held in the chains of mournful silence long;  
              Now bursts the chains at his command,  
              Aloud proclaims Messiah's hand,  
And raptured joins the universal song!

6            Join the universal song,  
              Every heart and every tongue!  
              Spread all your wings, ye winds and bear  
              The blest glad tidings through the air,  
              To earth's remotest plains:  
              Let every mournful scene be gay.  
              Let every gloomy night be day ,  
              Nature raise thy various choir,  
              Wake the voice, and wake the lyre,  
To ecstasy attune the joyful strains,  
Resound Messiah comes! Messiah reigns!

7        Messiah reigns, the Prince of peace!  
          He came to save, he reigns to bless!  
          Fell rage, and terror now shall cease,  
          And amity, and love divine  
          With wide-diffusive lustre shine:  
Auspicious Æra, hail! replete with joy!  
          No more the frightened pilgrim flies  
          The baleful haunts where serpents rise,  
No serpents now his trembling steps annoy:  
O'er scorching sands no more he pants, and toils,  
Now cool streams murmur, blooming verdure smiles.

8        No more the furious lion waits  
          To rush upon his helpless prey:  
          Danger dies, and fear retreats;  
Messiah (great Protector) guards the way.  
          The sacred way Messiah shows,  
          Work of wisdom, work of power!  
          But hence, unhallowed feet, begone,  
          Banished all Messiah's foes:  
          Humble travellers alone,  
          Who the King of Zion own,  
Claim his protection, and his grace adore:  
O'er all their steps his watchful care presides;  
Nor fools shall err, for heavenly wisdom guides.

9

Here shall the ransomed of the Lord  
Forget their former care;  
And while they sing, with sweet accord  
In heaven-taught lays  
Messiah's praise;  
From his kind hand a thousand blessings share.  
His hand shall lead them to the courts divine,  
Where his full beams of love forever shine,  
Nor the least cloud of sorrow can appear.  
Happy state! where not a sigh  
Heaves the bosom, nor the eye  
That used to weep shall ever know a tear!  
Celestial joy forever sheds  
Her balmy odours on their heads;  
Every heart, and every tongue  
Feels the bliss, and joins the song,  
Immortal rapture tunes the heavenly strain:  
The mind expanding, filled, adoring,  
With ever new delight exploring  
The boundless glories of Messiah's reign.

56. The Blind Man's Petition.

[L. M.]

Luke xviii. 38, etc.

*Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me, &c.*

- 1 Great Saviour, born of David's race,  
O look, with pity look this way!  
A helpless wretch implores thy grace,  
Implores thy mercy's healing ray!
- 2 Jesus, thou Lord of life divine,  
To whom the sons of woe complain:  
Is not unbounded mercy thine?  
And can I ask, and ask in vain?
- 3 Did ever supplicating sigh  
In vain to thee its grief impart?  
Or mournful object meet thine eye,  
That did not move thy melting heart?

- 4    Around thee crowd a plaintive throng,  
      I hear their importuning cries;  
      And now from every thankful tongue  
      I hear the glad Hosanna rise.
- 5    O look, with pity look on me,  
      Wrapped in the mournful shades of night!  
      My hope depends alone on thee,  
      Speak Lord, thy word shall give me light!
- 6    Tis mercy, mercy I implore!  
      Speak, Lord, thy humble suppliant raise!  
      Then shall my heart thy grace adore;  
      Then shall my tongue resound thy praise.

57. Rest and Comfort in Christ Alone.

[L. M.]

- 1    Where shall I fly but to thy feet,  
      My Saviour, my almighty friend?  
      Dear names, beyond expression sweet!  
      On these my hopes of bliss depend.



- 2     Where shall I rest but on thy grace,  
      Thy boundless grace divinely free?  
      On earth I find no resting place;  
      Dear Saviour, bid me come to thee!
- 3     Though sin detains me from my Lord,  
      I long, I languish to be blest:  
      O speak one soul reviving word,  
      And bid me come to thee, my rest.
- 4     When I this wretched heart explore,  
      Here no kind source of hope appears;  
      But O my soul, that grace adore,  
      Free grace, which triumphs o'er my fears,
- 5     Jesus, from thy atoning blood,  
      My only consolation flows;  
      Hope beams from thee my Saviour God,  
      My soul no other refuge knows.

58. On the Fifth of November.

[L. M.]

- 1 To thee, almighty God, we bring  
The humble tribute of our songs:  
O teach our thankful hearts to sing!  
Or praise will languish on our tongues.
- 2 While Britain (favoured of the skies)  
Recalls the wonders God hath wrought;  
Let grateful joy adoring rise,  
And warm to rapture every thought.
- 3 When hell and Rome combined their power,  
And doomed these isles their certain prey;  
Thy hand forbade the fatal hour,  
Their impious plots in ruin lay.
- 4 Again our restless cruel foes  
Resumed, avowed, their black design;  
Again to save us God arose,  
And Britain owned the hand divine.

- 5 Why, gracious God, is Britain saved?  
Why blest with liberty and light?  
Nor by fell tyranny enslaved,  
Nor lost in superstition's night?
- 6 Not for our sakes, we conscious own  
A wretched, vile, ungrateful race:  
Tis done to make thy glory known;  
To show the wonders of thy grace.
- 7 The wonders of thy grace complete;  
Reform this wretched, guilty land!  
Let thankful love, beneath thy feet,  
Confess thy kind, thy guardian hand!
- 8 Let every age adore thy name,  
While nature's circling wheels shall roll!  
Thy mercies every tongue proclaim,  
And sound thy praise from pole to pole.

59. On a Day of Prayer for Success in War. [C. M.]

- 1 Lord, how shall wretched sinners dare  
Look up to thy divine abode?  
Or offer their imperfect prayer  
Before a just, a holy God?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thy awful seat,  
And dazzling glories veil thy face!  
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet,  
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 O may our souls thy grace adore,  
May Jesus plead our humble claim;  
While thy protection we implore,  
In his prevailing, glorious name.
- 4 With all the boasted pomp of war  
In vain we dare the hostile field:  
In vain, unless the Lord be there;  
Thy arm alone is Britain's shield.

- 5 Let past experience of thy care  
Support our hope, our trust invite;  
Again attend our humble prayer,  
Again be mercy thy delight!
- 6 Our arms succeed, our councils guide,  
Let thy right hand our cause maintain;  
Till war's destructive rage subside,  
And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 7 O when shall time the period bring  
When raging war shall waste no more;  
When peace shall stretch her balmy wing  
From Europe's coast to India's shore?
- 8 When shall the gospel's healing ray  
(Kind source of amity divine!)  
Spread o'er the world celestial day?  
When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

60. Hymn for a Day of Public  
Thanksgiving for Peace.

[88. 88. 88.]

- 1 Great God, inspire each heart and tongue  
Thy wondrous goodness to proclaim;  
    And bid the animating song  
        Glow with devotion's lively flame.  
To thee let favoured Britain raise  
Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.
  
- 2 But where shall we begin to trace  
The wonders of thy hand divine?  
    In every season, every place  
        How numerous and how bright they shine.  
To God ye favoured Britons raise  
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.
  
- 3 Abroad, protection and success  
Proclaimed that Britain's God was there;  
    At home, he bade fair plenty bless,  
        The fruitful fields confessed his care;  
To God ye favoured Britons raise  
Your sweet notes of thankful praise,

- 4 But yet beneath the hostile sword  
Has many a worthy patriot bled,  
    And many a mourning heart deplored  
    A friend, a son, a brother dead!  
The sword is sheathed; ye Britons raise  
To God your sweetest notes of praise.
- 5 The horrors of the sanguine field  
Which saddened victory's fairest plume,  
    To scenes of pleasure now shall yield  
    And peace her gentle reign resume.  
To God ye favoured Britons raise  
Your sweetest notes of thankful praise.
- 6 Kind peace, from her propitious smiles  
What numerous, various blessings flow!  
    Great God, to thee these happy isles  
    Unnumbered obligations owe.  
To thee let favoured Britain raise  
Her sweetest notes of thankful praise.
- 7 Crown, gracious God, thy gift of peace  
With gifts yet nobler, more divine!  
    O let thy all-prevailing grace  
    Make Britain more entirely thine!  
Devotion then to thee shall raise  
Sublimar notes of thankful praise.

61. To — , on the Death of her Father.

[L. M.]

- 1    Though nature's voice you must obey,  
    Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,  
    That hand, which takes your joys away,  
    That sovereign hand can heal your woe.
  
- 2    And while your mournful thoughts deplore  
    The father gone, removed the friend!  
    With heart resigned, his grace adore,  
    On whom your nobler hopes depend.
  
- 3    Does he not bid his children rise  
    Through death's dark shades, to realms of light?  
    Yet, when he calls them to the skies,  
    Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?
  
- 4    His word (here let your soul rely)  
    Immortal consolation gives:  
    Your heavenly Father cannot die,  
    Jesus the friend, forever lives.
  
- 5    O be that dearest friend your trust,  
    On his almighty arm recline;  
    He, when your comforts sink in dust,  
    Can give you blessings more divine.



## 62. To Myra.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1    Could these weak nerves, this trembling hand impart  
      The animated wish, the tender sigh  
      That pleases and that pains this throbbing heart,  
      Then friendship's form should meet thy mental eye.
  
- 2    Oh trained to virtue in affliction's school,  
      Long since convinced what heaven ordains is best,  
      Still, still adhere to this unerring rule,  
      Be resignation still a welcome guest.
  
- 3    In suffering and in sentiment allied  
      What boon for Myra shall my wishes crave?  
      That gracious heaven would be her constant guide,  
      In grief support her and from danger save!

- 4 Oft through the gloomy shades of mortal night,  
O may my friend enjoy a cheering ray  
(Sweet emanation of sincere delight!)  
From the fair regions of eternal day.
- 5 There may we meet, and with the blissful choir  
To love divine the song triumphant raise!  
While grateful wonder tunes the raptured lyre  
To boundless pleasure and immortal praise.

63. To an Infant Three Weeks Old.

[87. 87.]

- 1 Can I bid thee, lovely stranger,  
Welcome to a world of care?  
Where attends thee many a danger,  
Where awaits thee many a snare?
- 2 Hence, away, ye dark surmises,  
Hope presents a fairer scene;  
Many a blooming pleasure rises,  
Many a sunbeam shines serene.

- 3 O may providence defend thee!  
Circled in its guardian arms,  
Dangers may in vain attend thee,  
Safe amid surrounding harms.
- 4 Shall I wish the world caressing?  
With thee pleasure, grandeur, wealth?  
No; but many a nobler blessing;  
Wisdom, virtue, friendship, health.
- 5 Mayest thou know the gracious donor,  
Early know, and love and praise!  
Then shall real wealth and honour,  
Peace and pleasure crown thy days.

#### 64. Breathing after God.

[L. M.]

- 1 Where is my God? does he retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?  
Are these weak breathings of desire  
Too languid to ascend the skies?

- 2     Where is my God? can he be mine  
      And yet so long conceal his face?  
      And must I every joy resign  
      Nor hope for his returning grace?
- 3     Hence guilty diffidence depart,  
      His goodness never can decline;  
      He sees this weak, this trembling heart  
      That yet aspires to call him mine.
- 4     He hears die breathings of desire,  
      The weak petition if sincere,  
      Is not forbidden to aspire,  
      And hope to reach his gracious ear.
- 5     Look up my soul with cheerful eye,  
      See where the great Redeemer stands,  
      The glorious advocate on high,  
      With precious incense in his hands.
- 6     He sweetens every humble groan,  
      He recommends each broken prayer;  
      Recline thy hope on him alone,  
      Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 7     Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,  
      With stronger faith to call thee mine,  
      Bid me pronounce the blissful word,  
      My father God with joy divine.

65. Filial Submission.

[C. M.]

*If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you  
as with sons, for what son is he whom the Father  
chasteneth not? Heb. xii, 7.*

- 1    And can my heart aspire so high,  
      To say, "my Father God!"  
Lord at thy feet I fain would lie,  
      And learn to kiss the rod.
  
- 2    I would submit to all thy will,  
      For thou art good and wise;  
Let every anxious thought be still,  
      Nor one faint murmur rise.
  
- 3    Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,  
      And bid me wait serene;  
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,  
      And brighten all the scene.

- 4 My father — O permit my heart,  
To plead her humble claim,  
And ask the bliss those words impart  
In my Redeemer's name.

### 66. Humble Trust.

[L. M.]

- 1 Why should my pining spirit be  
So long a stranger to my Lord,  
When promises divinely free,  
Invite me in his sacred word?
- 2 Does he not bid the weary come,  
And call the wretched sons of grief,  
To him their refuge and their home,  
Their heavenly friend, their sure relief?
- 3 Yes by the kindest, tendered names,  
My Lord invites my humble trust;  
My diffidence he gently blames,  
How soft the censure and how just.

- 4 This trembling frame worn out with pains  
On thee my guardian God depends;  
And while my fainting heart complains,  
To thee the plaintive groan ascends.
- 5 Though all the powers of nature fail,  
And life's pale trembling lamp decline;  
Thy grace can bid my faith prevail,  
Can give me fortitude divine.
- 6 That grace which bids my hope aspire  
Can every anxious fear remove,  
Can give me all my soul's desire,  
The full assurance of thy love,

#### 67. Hymn to Jesus.

[88. 88. 88.]

- 1 Shall loyal nations hail the day,\*  
That crowns their king with loud acclaim?  
And shall not saints their homage pay,  
To their beloved Saviour's name?  
Ye saints, resound in joyful strains,  
Jesus, the King of glory reigns!

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\*. The coronation of King George III.

- 2 Jesus who vanquished all your foes,  
Who came to save, who reigns to bless.  
From him your every comfort flows,  
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.  
Resound, resound in joyful strains,  
Jesus, the King of glory reigns!
- 3 Yes, thou art worthy dearest Lord,  
Of universal endless praise;  
With every power to be adored,  
That men or angels e'er can raise.  
Let heaven and earth unite their strains,  
Jesus, the King of glory reigns!
- 4 But earth, nor heaven can e'er proclaim,  
The boundless glories of their king;  
Yet must our hearts adore his name,  
Dear name, whence all our blessings spring!  
Resound, resound in joyful strains,  
Jesus the King of glory reigns!



- 5 How mean the tribute mortals pay,  
How cold the heart, how faint the tongue;  
    But Lord, thy coronation day,  
    Shall tune a more exalted song:  
Resounding in immortal strains,  
Jesus the King of glory reigns!
- 6 He comes, he comes, with triumph crowned,  
In dazzling robes of light arrayed,  
    Faith views the splendour dawning round,  
    Earth's fairest lustre links in shade.  
Resound, resound in joyful strains,  
Jesus the King of glory reigns!

### 68. The King of Saints.

[C. M.]

- 1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
    And joy to make it known:  
The sovereign of your hearts proclaim,  
    And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crowned  
    With glories all divine;  
And tell the wondering nations round  
    How bright those glories shine.
- 3 While majesty's effulgent blaze  
    Surrounds his awful brow;  
E'en angels tremble as they gaze,  
    And veiled adoring bow.

- 4 But love attempers every ray,  
Love, how divinely sweet!  
That stoops to view the sons of clay,  
And calls them to his feet!
- 5 Infinite power and boundless grace,  
In him unite their rays:  
You that have e'er beheld his face,  
Can you forbear his praise?
- 6 When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our King;  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.
- 7 And shall we long and wish in vain?  
Lord teach our songs to rise!  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.
- 8 O happy period! glorious day!  
When heaven and earth shall raise.  
With all their powers the raptured lay,  
To celebrate thy praise.

69. Hymn for the Lord's Day Morning. [88. 88. 88.]

- 1 Great God, this sacred day of thine,  
Demands our souls' collected powers:  
    May we employ in work divine,  
    These solemn, these devoted hours!  
O may our souls adoring own,  
The grace which calls us to thy throne!
  
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles fly,  
Where God resides appear no more,  
    Omniscient God, thy piercing eye,  
    Can every secret thought explore.  
O may thy grace our hearts refine,  
And fix our thoughts on things divine.
  
- 3 The word of life dispensed today,  
Invites us to a heavenly feast;  
    May every ear the call obey,  
    Be every heart a humble guest!  
O bid the wretched sons of need,  
On soul-reviving dainties feed!

- 4 Thy spirit's powerful aid impart,  
O may thy word with life divine,  
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;  
Then shall the day indeed be thine;  
Then shall our souls adoring own,  
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

70. Happy Poverty,  
or the Poor in Spirit Blessed.

[L. M.]

Matt. v. 3.

- 1 Ye humble souls complain no more,  
Let faith survey your future store.  
How happy, how divinely blest,  
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,  
And pours the penitential tear;  
Hope points to your dejected eyes,  
The bright reversion in the skies.

- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride,  
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;  
In vain they boast their little stores,  
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,  
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;  
Where undeclining pleasures rise,  
And every wish hath full supplies.
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,  
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;  
The state which power and truth sustain,  
Unmoved forever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view,  
The glorious friend that died for you;  
That died to ransom, died to raise  
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.
- 7 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer,  
Reveal, confirm my interest there!  
Whate'er my humble lot below,  
This, this my soul desires to know!
- 8 O let me hear that voice divine,  
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine!  
Enrolled among thy happy poor,  
My largest wishes ask no more.

71. The Necessity of Renewing Grace.

[C. M.]

- 1 How helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load!  
The heart unchanged can never rise,  
To happiness and God.
- 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,  
In paths of ruin stray:  
Reason debased can never find,  
The safe, the narrow way.
- 3 Can ought beneath a power divine  
The stubborn will subdue?  
Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine  
To form the heart anew.
- 4 Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upwards bid them rise;  
And make the scales of error fall  
from reason's darkened eyes.

- 5 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live!  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray  
Tis thine alone to give.
- 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine!  
Then shall our passions and our powers  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

72. The Pearl of Great Price.

[C. M.]

Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 Ye glittering toys of earth adieu,  
A nobler choice be mine;  
A real prize attracts my view,  
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Be gone, unworthy of my cares,  
Ye specious balls of sense;  
Inestimable worth appears,  
The pearl of price immense.

- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,  
O name divinely sweet!  
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies at my call,  
Their boasted stores resign,  
With joy I would renounce them all,  
For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
Of this dear gift possessed;  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And be forever blessed.
- 6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,  
Thy love is bliss divine;  
Accept the wish that love inspires,  
And bid me call thee mine.





MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN PROSE.



## MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

### The Journey of Life.

Ruminating one evening on this chequered scene of mortal life, its pains and pleasures, hopes and cares; and endeavouring to reduce my thoughts into some kind of order, it produced the following reverie.

I fancied myself beginning a difficult and hazardous journey, I knew not at first from whence I came nor whither I was going, yet though ignorant and helpless, had some little sense of my dependence on the skill of several persons, who led me by turns with affectionate care: I had only a little dubious light, like the first faint glimmerings of approaching morn; but as daylight by degrees came on I could discover something of the prospect before me, and found myself at the foot of a

very high mountain; the wide extended scene on the right and left as far as my eye could reach presented an endless variety of objects.

Finding my strength increase and with it a growing curiosity, I went forward till I came to a sequestered scene of shady groves and flowery vales, through which soft crystal streams meandering strayed and gave and received new beauty; arrayed in robes of rural innocence and smiling with contented looks, the happy natives tuned their artless songs, and all the enchanting scene was harmony and peace! I listened to the soothing strains with rapture, and fain I would have dwelt in those delightful groves! but a monitory voice reminded me that I was on a journey and that this attractive place was not my home.

I then turned my eyes to another part of the prospect, and beheld lofty buildings magnificently furnished, crowded streets filled with hurry and confusion, resounding with a thousand harsh discordant notes; the greater part of the inhabitants were employed in incessant labour of various kinds, and seemed to have very little relish of pleasure more than the animals which I observed sometimes assisted them in their work; these appeared to be slaves to a few persons who sat in those stately domes dressed in splendid garments and surrounded with all the pomp of luxury,

yet on many of their faces I observed the marks of discontent and care. Tired with this disagreeable scene my eye roved farther still, and surveyed huge tracts of sandy deserts, uncultivated wilds, and thorny labyrinths, but could not discover the end of my journey, which gave me great anxiety. I saw before me a variety of paths, some were smooth and verdant, and winding seemed to promise an easy ascent to the top of the mountain which I wished to reach, others appeared difficult and dangerous. I should have been at a loss to know the right path, had not my conductors (who at my first setting out led me and were still near) put into my hands a book, in which I found a map of the country through which I was travelling, a description of the place to which I was going, and plain instructions concerning the road I was to take: this book, of so much importance to my safety and comfort, I was informed was written by the direction of a person of consummate skill and undoubted veracity, and who had also promised such powerful protection and assistance to those travellers who might sincerely desire it, as should preserve them through every danger and enable them to surmount every difficulty.

Desiring to follow the directions of this book, and imploring the protection and assistance of its

great author, I chose a narrow path, which I was assured led to life, another name for the land of happiness.

Here I met with some agreeable companions, whose longer acquaintance with the sacred book, and better knowledge of the road, made their conversation not only entertaining but useful; of these some pursued their way with cheerfulness and alacrity, others were timorous and fearful, ready to faint under discouragements and terrified at the apprehensions of danger. Though they were all travelling to the same place, and professed to follow the same directions, yet by reason of weakness and misapprehension, they had different notions concerning some circumstances in their journey, which often occasioned disputes among them, and interrupted that peace and harmony which it was their mutual interest to maintain.

I sometimes looked round me and saw the roads on either side peopled with a multitude of passengers, some hurrying on, seeking, as they vainly imagined, the land of happiness, but despising those unerring directions which only could teach the way; and fondly believing their own wild conjectures a sufficient guide, they contemned those in the narrow path, as a company of precise fools, sometimes deriding, or if they happened to see

any one stumble, laughing aloud, and sometimes endeavouring to seduce them to their own party, gave them great annoyance. Another company, no less mistaken, were also desirous of happiness, but not liking the journey and fancying their present abode with improvements might be made a paradise, were busily employed in measuring the ground, collecting materials, projecting schemes, and drawing plans, which ere they were finished were rejected for new ones: these were quiet enough, but generally appeared dissatisfied. As to myself I met with many difficulties, occasioned by thick mists which arose from the earth, and sometimes almost obscured the light of the sun; in these seasons of darkness I went slowly on, trembling and diffident, ready to fear I should never reach the abodes of happiness! But as rays of light now and then broke through the gloom, it was seldom totally dark, and my book often afforded me comfort and support: as I went farther the gloom dispensed by degrees, and the cheering sunbeams inspired new life and vigour.

In the earlier part of my journey, I was delighted with the charms of rural music, and learned to imitate the soothing strains; retaining still my fondness for the soft amusement, I often tuned the lyre to complaining notes or cheerful airs, according



to my different situation, and found it an agreeable solace: sometimes, the various distresses of my fellow travellers awoke the friendly strings to sympathizing sorrow, and sometimes the fatal errors of those deluded mortals who were pursuing, unconcerned, the way to the region of misery, drew forth the melting notes of pity!

Now and then in a happy shining hour, fired with the glorious description of the land of happiness contained in the sacred book, I aimed a nobler song, and my thoughts, winged with love and desire, seemed to rise above mortality, and longed to join the blissful natives in strains of celestial harmony! but ah, how short were these delightful seasons! how oft my weak forgetful heart found cause to mourn its frailty! a few flowers, which grew here and there on the borders of the road, often drew my attention; but when I stopped to view and admire their painted beauties, diverted with the trifling employ, my thoughts retained but faintly the impression of my journey's end; till entangled in the thorns which were interspersed among the flowers, I became sensible of my careless folly, or the monitory voice beforementioned roused me from the fatal indolence. And oft the radiant lamp of day, as if to chide my misimprovement of his useful beams, wrapped his cheering influences

in a gloomy cloud, and left my steps desolate and sad. In these distressful hours my heart sought comfort in the sacred book, imploring that divine strength which it encouraged me to ask and hope for, nor did I ask and hope in vain; again the gloom withdrew, the sun appeared, and with his vital beams revived my drooping spirits and animated my feeble steps.

Yet other difficulties attended my journey, cold piercing blasts and chilling showers, pained and oppressed my shivering frame, but when the storm abated the sunshine seemed brighter and warmer than before. Sometimes invisible enemies attacked me, against whose power all my strength was weakness, but my great protector displayed before me his impenetrable shield, and my baffled foes retreated. If the path was rough my feet were apt to stumble, but my kind guardian extended his assisting hand and preserved me from falling. Yet amidst my various discouragements, when I looked round me, I saw the sufferings of many of my fellow travellers were far greater than mine, which excited sentiments of gratitude for myself and compassion for them.

Thus exercised with vicissitudes, I reached at length the summit of the mountain, where I turned

myself round to survey the steps my weary feet had measured; I saw nothing in the retrospection to tempt my return, but much to make me humble in myself, and thankful to my gracious preserver. I now turned to pursue my journey, but paused a little to confider the prospect before me, and found it not much unlike that on the other side the mountain, this remarkable difference indeed there was the groves and flowery vales which had so charmed me in the earlier part of my journey now appeared less verdant and lively, and the scenes of pomp and luxury, and the din of busy crowded streets, seemed still more distasteful.

I yet saw multitudes of poor mistaken creatures in the road to misery, but helpless pity and unavailing wishes were all I could give them. I missed many whom I had seen in my journey, some in the narrow path, others in the different roads, who had been snatched away by an unseen hand, ere they had reached the summit: I now looked forward as far as my eye could reach, to try if I could discover the end of my way, but a thick cloud terminated the view. All I could do was to consult my book, in which I had often read, that before I could enter the land of happiness, I must pass through a dismal vale, overshadowed with more than midnight darkness, and filled with

a thousand terrors; but that the powerful and gracious friend whom I have so often mentioned, had himself passed through it, and made it safe to those who trust in his protection; not all its terrors can hurt them, he will sustain their fainting spirits, and open the shining gates of happiness to receive them, and they shall dwell forever with him in fullness of joy.

As I reviewed these sweet assurances, hope warmed my bosom and calmed my rising fears, my reverie became an awful reality, and I concluded humbly desiring to trust the remainder of my journey, whether long or short, painful or easy. to the infinite power and goodness of this almighty friend, and to enter under his care, in his due time, into die land of immortal happiness. Amen.

## All Thy Works Praise Thee.

The glory of God is the end of the creation. To this the vegetable and the animal world in their various orders and different capacities contribute, and render their humble praise to their almighty author. The sun and moon, and all those glittering luminaries which deck the trackless azure, proclaim the glorious source of light, from whence they derive their lustre, and with fervid blaze, mild beam, or twinkling ray, reflect their maker's praise. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. The changing seasons, as they roll, display the divine perfections, and the shorter revolutions of day and night, with alternate voice repeat the constant, the universal theme. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

But man, the master-piece of this lower creation, the finishing stroke of almighty skill, man, distinguished with the godlike faculty of reason, and endowed with superior abilities to display his Maker's

praise, alas, how fallen! What ruin has sin occasioned! the lowest reptile, the minutest insect, answer the end of their creation better than man! humbling thought — ah, let me never boast of a distinction so inverted, a capacity so sadly misimproved! How is this soul of mine almost unconscious of its divine original, and thoughtless of its infinite importance, groveling in the dust? These active powers, these restless desires, which were implanted in my frame, to contemplate the perfections of my almighty Maker, and aspire to the enjoyment of his favour, how are they sunk in a stupid indolence! busied and confused with trifling cares, or bewildered in the chafe of empty vanities.

### Human Frailty.

How mean and despicable a character is that of the wretched Carlos? I justly call him wretched, though by the world accounted great and noble, for real greatness and true nobility are not

the gift of fortune; it is not birth, estate, or titles, but virtue only that confers true honour! 'Tis this adorns the character with real brightness, and far outshines those tinsel trappings which dazzle vulgar eyes. Virtue can indeed ennoble these advantages, and with communicated lustre make them truly valuable. But a man whom providence has placed in so high a rank, capable of being the friend and ornament of his country, and an example to all around him; to see such a man employ his time and cares in childish sports, pursuing and collecting butterflies, which have nothing to recommend them but their gaudy colours, excites at once my pity and contempt. And yet with conscious shame I may reflect, that this is the very picture of my conduct! I am a rational being, capable of thought and reflection; I have a soul born to noble purposes and expectations! an heir of immortality! made to glorify my Maker, and blest with the advantages of reason and revelation to direct me in my duty, to teach me how to aspire to the enjoyment of his favour here, and everlasting happiness in his blissful presence above. But ah, how thoughtless and negligent am I of these important, these eternal concerns! how are my

cares employed, my time and talents wasted in the mean pursuit of vanities and trifles, as worthless as those little shining insects! How weak, how foolish, how criminal is this conduct! I argue with myself, I am convinced, I complain, but what can I do? Could all the power of reasoning and force of argument alter the disposition of Carlos? Or can it alter mine? No, it is not human power that can effect it; the work requires supernatural strength! 'Tis only the almighty influences of divine grace that can rouse my languid powers, recall my wandering thoughts, and engage my whole heart in the arduous, yet delightful employment for which this soul of mine was made:

To thee, almighty, all-gracious Lord, I come for help, convince me more fully of my weakness. my folly, and my guilt, and pity and forgive me for thy mercy sake! grant me wisdom to choose, and strength to pursue nobler objects! let the important concerns of thy glory, and the welfare of my immortal soul employ my thoughts, my time, and all my powers, with warm attention and sincere delight,



73. [A prayer.] [10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 O God of mercy, thou that hearest prayer!  
Let these poor breathings reach thy gracious ear,  
Weak, impotent, and blind, to thee I fly,  
O may thy grace my every want supply!
- 2 Thy powerful grace, which only can impart  
Conviction, life, and vigour to my heart.  
Illuminate my yet beclouded eyes!  
These empty trifles teach me to despise!
- 3 Let nobler cares, my time, my thoughts employ,  
And bid my spirit pant for real joy!  
Be thy almighty arm, my strength, my guide,  
And never from thy precepts let me slide.
- 4 Let thy kind influence mark my future days,  
A life of pleasure, and a life of praise.

O raise these faint desires to a flame of sacred ardour,  
and accept them in Jesus the Mediator, the Lord our  
righteousness!

## On the Knowledge of Ourselves

This science is absolutely necessary to happiness, both in the moral and religious life: In the moral life, this is the first step to all other knowledge, as it shows us our ignorance and want of acquirements, awakens our desire and quickens

our diligence in the pursuit of them, it has the peculiar advantage of mortifying pride, that dangerous encroaching enemy, and teaching the lovely virtue of humility. The more we know of ourselves, the less room we find for vanity and self-applause; and humility, the wife Solomon assures us, is the nearest way to honour, It places our merits, our necessities, and our enjoyments in their just and proper light, from whence proceeds the truest taste of pleasure. Thus the knowledge of ourselves leads to profit, pleasure and honour, in which is comprehended the general notion of happiness. 'Tis essential to the being of the religious life, for we must know our native misery before we can begin to breathe after spiritual happiness; the more we know of ourselves, the more clearly we perceive there is nothing in us that bears the least proportion to our wants, and consequently, that every degree of true satisfaction must come from a higher spring: we must be convinced of our extreme weakness and indigence before our desires can arise to God, for the necessary supplies of strength and grace. — We must be sensible of our ignorance, to make us seek for divine instruction from our glorious teacher, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

O may this important study be my daily employ! teach  
me, O Lord the knowledge of myself, and lead me to thee  
the eternal source of true felicity!

74. [Knowledge of Ourselves.]

[11s]

- 1 Man is himself a little world of wonders,  
An ample field of science, though the study  
Is hard and difficult: yet, useful knowledge  
Attends the search and compensates the pains.
- 2 Whene'er I contemplate the human frame,  
What cause of admiration do I find,  
To see such traces of almighty wisdom,  
And power almighty every where appear.
- 3 The labour of a God! the masterpiece  
Is man of all his wondrous works  
Below the skies, and but a step removed  
From angels, those immortal sons of light!
- 4 But ah, what cause for deep abasement too!  
What room for mourning at the painful thought.  
That man is viler than the beasts that perish,  
Debased by sin, accursed sin! despoiled  
Of all his glory! blotted from his soul  
Those characters divine, which once bespoke  
His Maker's glorious image there impressed.
- 5 O may redeeming love, renewing grace,  
Wash the soul stain away and make me pure!  
Restore that glorious image in my soul,  
And nobler honours give than those I lost!

## Humility.

“Be clothed with humility.” This apt and beautiful allusion to a garment, seems peculiarly suited to impress the sacred lesson on the mind, by an accommodation absolutely necessary to the comfort of life; in this light let me consider the heavenly virtue recommended, Should I not be ashamed to appear in company in an undress, or in ragged dirty clothing? And have I not much more reason to blush when I discover a neglect of this necessary, this ornamental robe? Would the most tattered, dirty cloths render my person so disagreeable, as the appearance of pride and self-conceit would make my mind contemptible to a discerning eye? How then must it appear to the all-seeing eye of a holy God!

Here, all my highest attainments, ail my best acquirements are in themselves as filthy rags! Attainments did I say and acquirements? Alas! of myself I can do nothing, I have nothing to boast of! and if my proud heart, or my partial friends can discover any thing amiable, is not the supposed excellence the unmerited gift of my almighty benefactor? To his service, reason tells me it should be entirely dedicated, and his word, that it must be improved! but ah, how far do I come short? wretched, ungrateful creature! is it possible for me to think of this and find any place for pride? O let me throw it from me with more abhorrence than I would a garment covered with mire, and fly to the great Redeemer, whose spotless righteousness is the only robe in which I dare appear before the throne of God! Gracious God, who wilt with the moil inestimable gift of thy love, freely give us all things which we need, O give me more and more this lovely ornament of humility! enable me to meditate with delightful attention on the infinitely amiable excellencies of my adorable Saviour, and ardently desire to be more like him in this engaging virtue! O how bright it shone in every scene of his astonishing abasement! And did the holy Jesus, the Lord of Lords, and king of kings condescend to innumerable instances of benevolence to poor sinners! did he even

stoop to wash the feet of his disciples, to teach them a lesson of affectionate humility! and shall not I, a poor sinful creature, rejoice to be able to administer any comfort or assistance to the meanest of his servants? Transform me, blessed Saviour into thy own lovely image, and make me meek and lowly!

## Acquaintance with God the Supreme Good.

Job 21-22. Psalm 4 and 6.

There is a desire implanted in the human mind, which no earthly enjoyment can ever satisfy, a restless, craving wish for some distant happiness, some good unpossessed!

That something which still prompts the eternal sigh,  
For which we wish to live, and dare to die. – Pope.

All mankind pursue it under different forms, but how false the notions! how mistaken the apprehensions of far the greatest part! The libertine follows it, in the shape of pleasure, through all the

crooked labyrinths of vice, and sacrifices virtue and its celestial hopes to dreams of happiness; but wakes to real woe, and all the racking pangs of conscious guilt! The avaricious man with incessant toil vainly seeks for it in the acquisition of wealth, and devotes his time, his cares, and even his soul to the wretched slavery of heaping up useless treasures, useless to the immortal mind, which can never feed on shining dust. While others, no less deceived expect to find it in honours, titles, or popular applause. Honours and titles, what are they but empty forms of painted air? The bubble breaks, and all the gaudy colours vanish! and what is applause? a fleeting breath of wind, a musical air played and forgotten, and oft it breaks abruptly off, or sinks to harsh discordant notes: deluded mortals! to seek substantial bliss in empty sounds, while they are perhaps regardless of the real satisfaction, which flows from the secret whispers of a peaceful conscience, sprinkled with the atoning blood of Jesus! Jesus, by whom we, who were afar off, are brought nigh to God! we, who were enemies are reconciled! He, with his dying agonies obtained our pardon, and restored us to the favour of God, which we had forever forfeited! here only can the soul find rest, here only is that good to be found, which every where else is sought in vain! the favour of God!

'Tis this irradiates the celestial regions, and beams immortal bliss and joys ineffable on all the sons of light. The hope of this, though but a momentary ray, can gild the darkest scenes of mortal life, and present a glimpse of heaven through the surrounding gloom. Acquaintance with God, the views of an interest in him as our Father, our almighty friend! Glorious privilege! fullness of bliss! how immense, how unspeakable! in this is contained every thing we can want or desire! full satisfaction for the boundless wishes of the soul! pleasures unalloyed, honour unfading, and riches incorruptible and exhaustless! In thy favour, O Lord, is life, and thy loving kindness is better than life.

Let others stretch their arms like seas  
And grasp in all the shore,  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more!

Watts.



## Content.

Daily experience affords ample proof, that there is no such thing as real satisfaction in any earthly enjoyments. Pleasure, happiness. what are they but empty names? visionary forms! romantic scenes, which never had existence but in fancy! Of this reason and reflection fully convince us, and sighing we confess the melancholy truth! and yet (unaccountable folly) we eagerly pursue the airy fleeting shadows, and vex ourselves that we cannot overtake them!

Our first parents sinned and lost their earthly paradise, and in vain do their wretched posterity seek for bowers of bliss! no shades of sweet repose and undisturbed tranquility are to be found on earth! Let us then sit down and seriously enquire what is the highest happiness mortals can enjoy? Be gone ambition, nor let vanity appear; fame, wealth, and pleasure hide your heads, 'tis not in our united power to bestow. It is content! 'tis this alone which bears a true resemblance of happiness, so often sought, so rarely found!

How easy, how cheerful, and how blest is the contented man! a stranger to the busy cares and restless anxieties of the ambitious, the covetous, and the gay; pleased with his little share of earthly good, he moves calmly on in the sphere assigned by providence, nor minds the noisy bustle round him, nor envies all the gaudy blaze of grandeur; nor follows the tempting gay delusive forms of pleasure. He enjoys a little heaven below, in the hope of that consummate bliss prepared for him in the mansions of glory: bliss which will forever flourish in immutable perfection, when all those glittering appearances are vanished and forgotten, Divine, content! inestimable blessing! How shall I attain the enjoyment of so desirable a state? Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Gracious God, who had in thy sacred word encouraged thy poor creatures to ask those blessings which thy unmeasured goodness can bestow, give me, O give me from thy exhaustless treasures of grace in Jesus the Redeemer, that sweet content, that inexpressible satisfaction which flows from the hope of thy favour, and the delightful views of my interest in thy everlasting love through him!

Let the peace of God which passeth all understanding fill my heart and mind! Then shall I be easy and cheerful in the distributions of thy providence, nor suffer a repining thought at the want of lesser comforts.

Father, I wait thy daily will,  
Thou shalt divide my portion still,  
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,  
'Till death and heaven reveal the rest.  
Watts.

### True Honour.

“Christian is the highest style of man.”

Of all the candidates for honour which appear on the great theatre of the world, a Christian has the highest claim. Are men of eminent and distinguished wisdom entitled to universal esteem? A Christian is wife unto salvation! Are men of great estates and titles accounted honourable? Christians are the sons of God! they are entitled to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled,

and which fadeth not away; and have treasures laid up for them in heaven, which can never be exhausted! Is the favourite of a king envied for the honours his sovereign bestows? how mean his situation compared with a favourite of the King of kings! Nay, what are kings themselves arrayed in all their short-lived blaze of earthly glory, compared with the followers of Christ, who shall live and reign with him forever and ever? How worthless are all the laurels acquired by the most ambitious and victorious conqueror, compared with the palm bestowed on the triumphant Christian by the captain of his salvation, through whom he is more than a conqueror over all the powers of earth and hell? A Christian — let me reflect — have I indeed a claim to that noble appellation, that truly honourable title? Do I walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called? What is it to be a Christian? To love Christ and to follow him. How am I to love him? with all my heart and soul and strength, with a fervent, a constant and supreme love. He that loveth father or mother, *etc.* more than me is not worthy of me. Consider, O my soul, thy infinite obligations! consider what he has done, and what he will do for wretched, guilty, lost, miserable sinners. Reflect on thy deserts, and on thy hopes, and then canst thou withhold thy worthless all, thy ardent love, from this adorable Saviour?

Will not this lead thee to a felicitous enquiry, how shall I follow him? Attend to his own words! If ye love me keep my commandments and a new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another, by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another.

Glorious and delightful test of Christianity! Gracious Lord, enable me to evidence my love to thee, by my affectionate regard for all thy faithful followers, and my tenderest concern for the welfare, of even the meanest of those who bear thy sacred image!

If I can, humbly and penitently conscious of my own frailty, cheerfully desire in my great redeemer's strength to obey his commands which are not grievous; shall I not also earnestly wish to follow his example in his imitable excellencies? O let me read and meditate his wondrous life, who went about doing good, till I find my heart warmed with his love, impressed with his lovely image, and ardently desiring to trace the footsteps of my Lord! A Christian should think and speak much of Christ and his love; this should be his constant subject of meditation and converse, the sweetness of his blessings, and the solace of his care. And do I call myself a Christian?

And can I live a day at a distance from my dear Redeemer, and be content and easy? No. for there is no satisfaction in anything besides! The empty trifles which divert my thoughts or fill up my conversation, are all like the prodigal's husks, they neither please nor nourish. Arise, O my soul, leave this wretched trash, and go to thy Father's house where there is bread enough and to spare! Were I to see a prince, heir expectant of a crown, instead of employing his time in acquiring and cultivating those princely virtues, which are suitable to his high station, and preparative to his future royalty, spend hours and days playing with pebbles or piddling in the dirt, should I not pronounce him unworthy of the dignity for which he was designed, and look on him with an eye of pity and contempt? yet this is the picture of a careless Christian, who spends his time in foolish unprofitable thoughts or idle chat.

Blessed Jesus! pity my weakness, pardon my guilty, my inexcusable folly, fill my heart with thy love, and teach me to think, to speak, to live, as becomes a Christian.

## Friendship.

Friendship has been oft my favourite theme, and afforded many a pleasing thought, but hitherto my experience of this blessing answers not my ideas, perhaps they are raised too high, or it may be, this is too near akin to all other earthly pleasures which fly our wishes or disappoint our expectations.

Let me then raise my thoughts from earth and consider this amiable subject in its divine perfection, let me meditate on the friendship of the blessed Jesus, who says, henceforth I call you not servants but friends. Wondrous condescension! delightful assurance! infinitely more engaging than the dearest ties on earth! an interest in his friendship how desirable, how extensive the blessing! it contains every thing we need for time and eternity.

The dearest friend on earth, though his heart be ours and his will ever ready, may want the power to assist us; in necessities, dangers, and distresses

we can have no more than his tenderest concern, his sincerest good wishes: we disclose our griefs with unavailing confidence, while friendship mourns but cannot help us. But Jesus is infinitely powerful, all power in heaven and in earth is his, he is able as well as willing to save to the uttermost: to him we may lay open all our hearts and pour out our souls without reserve; to him lament our frailties, for he alone can correct them; to him reveal our wants, he can supply them all; to him we may tell our sorrows, he can and will remove or give us strength to bear them; to him we may recount our comforts and our joys, for he is the spring from whence they flow; he only can continue and increase them.

Our friends may be so far distant in our greatest extremities, that we may be deprived even of the benefit of their kind condolence and companionate sympathy, because they cannot be acquainted with our distress: but Jesus is ever near, ever ready to assist his beloved friends; he hears every groan and pities every sorrow, he is touched with a feeling of their infirmities, and his divine companion and sympathizing tenderness are far beyond all that mortal friendship ever knew! Are they exposed to want, affliction, and distress, he shares in all their sufferings; and to express how intimately his affection is united to them,



he even speaks of those sufferings as his own; I was sick, I was in prison *etc.* and kind offices done to the least of those whom he graciously condescends to calk his brethren, he rewards as done to himself; and if he hide his blissful face, yet still they dwell upon his heart, and in his own best time he will relieve them: his sovereign hand can turn afflictions into blessings, and grief shall terminate in joy.

His own soft hand shall wipe the tear  
From every weeping eye.

Watts.

In straits and difficulties if we apply to earthly friends for counsel, and receive the best advice they are capable of giving; they are weak shortsighted creatures like ourselves, and by following their directions, we may be led into irretrievable errors and misfortunes: but Jesus the heavenly friend, is infinite in wisdom! he guides his favourites by his counsels, the unerring dictates of his sacred word, makes their way plain before them, by the constant care of his providence, and conducts them, through all the difficulties and embarrassments of life, to eternal safety and happiness.

Human nature is frail, and the warmest, sincerest friendship may cool and change to indifference, and though friendship is ever ready to put the most favourable construction on the behaviour,

to place every action in its fairest light, and to pity and forgive the faults it cannot mend, yet as it cannot know the heart and judges only by words and actions, these are liable to misunderstandings and false representations, which may interrupt its course, and perhaps entirely dissolve those ties, which seemed too firm for time and chance to loosen.

But if the love of Jesus is unchangeable, he that made the heart knows all its inmost recesses, and can never be misinformed, can never mistake; if there is a principle of sincere love to him, though buried amid a thousand imperfections, that love himself inspired, he approves, and will reward. The soul once his, is his forever, not all the powers of earth or hell, not things present nor things to come, shall be able to separate from his everlasting love.

In mortal friendships, the satisfaction a generous mind enjoys in obliging, and the sentiments of a grateful heart in being obliged, are exceedingly agreeable; but this heavenly friend engages our warmest our everlasting gratitude, and even gratitude is swallowed up in wonder, when we meditate the immeasurable extent of his divine beneficence, in what he has done, is still doing, and will do for the objects of his love. Of enemies and traitors, he has made friends and favourites!

For guilty, lost, undone creatures, deserving nothing but never-ending misery and eternal death, he has purchased pardon, life and immortal happiness and this with his own most precious blood! It would be a surprising effect of friendship for a man to lay down his life for his friend; but Jesus freely gave his life for such as were his inveterate enemies. Stupendous love! astonishing goodness!

At death, earthly friendships are dissolved, with the friend our comforts die, and the satisfaction we enjoyed in their society, leaves only a painful remembrance of the pleasures we have lost. But Jesus lives forever! lives to make intercession for his friends above, to communicate constant supplies of grace to them below, to guide them through all the scenes of mortal life, to guard them from every danger, to strengthen them in encountering their last enemy, crown them with victory, and bring them safe to his glorious presence, to live with him forever and ever. Happy, happy souls! who have an interest in this all-sufficient, this everlasting friend! O may I never rest satisfied till I can say with a humble, yet well-grounded confidence, this is my beloved, this is my friend! Blessed Jesus! teach me to know thee and to love thee more, let me hear the voice of thy sacred Spirit whispering to my heart that thou art mine, assure me of my interest in thy almighty, thy unchangeable love! then shall I be blest indeed.

75. [A Prayer.]

[10s]

- 1 My Lord, my Saviour, my almighty friend,  
O wilt thou, gracious, own the humble claim!  
And let thy spirit, sacred evidence,  
Confirm it to my soul with power divine!
- 2 Tell me, O tell me thou art mine indeed,  
And fill my heart with gratitude and love!  
But ah! how weak, how languishing and low  
My strongest gratitude, my highest love.
- 3 How cold, the warmed ardours of my soul,  
For blessings so divine! how poor a gift  
This vile, this wretched heart! and yet tis all  
A worthless worm can offer, mean return!
- 4 Nor can I render this without thy aid;  
O help me to surrender all my heart,  
Its powers and passions, to thy sovereign love!  
Accept it, Lord, and make it thine entire!
- 5 Let thy abounding grace remove my guilt,  
Forgive my wanderings, fix me thine forever,  
In bands which time nor death have power to loose!

## An Evening Reflection.

Another day is gone, never to return — the hours and minutes fled away forever another portion of time, that inestimable treasure spent — but how? sad reflection replies with conscious shame, spent alas, unprofitably! wasted in trifles! what have I done this day to answer the great ends of life, promoting the glory of my Maker and my soul's eternal happiness? Ah! how can I answer this necessary this important question? Just now I heard a man wish the future spring was come, inconsiderate wish! How short is our time on earth, and of what infinite consequence are the concerns of eternity, which depend, on our fleeting moments! Another was for wishing rather the past spring to return; this though it speaks more of thought and reflection is no less vain! Were time in our power, were it possible for us to recall the golden hours, the invaluable treasure we have squandered; such is the frailty of our nature, that (without the aids of divine grace)

we should spend it in the same thoughtless manner, and be guilty of the same inexcusable prodigality as before.

I am now another day nearer to death, that awful period to my days on earth! that closing scene which will soon put an end to this present state of existence, and fix my doom forever! then must I appear before the tremendous bar of heaven! before the awful, the impartial judge, whose all-seeing eye is witness to every thought and word, and action of my life, and searches into the inmost recesses of my heart! then must I give an account of the talents entrusted to my care, the time and mercies I have enjoyed! Ah, how shall I appear? What account can I give? In myself I have nothing to say but guilty, lost, undone forever! — But yet there is hope, time and mercies are yet lengthened out! O for strength and grace from on high, to enable me to improve the precious remnant as I ought! But O were it protracted to many years, and were it possible for me to improve every moment, to apply all my powers and faculties with constant and unwearied diligence to the arduous work; my best obedience could never atone for past negligence, or procure the least hope of pardon and acceptance! I would depend alone on the merits and righteousness of a crucified

Redeemer; my best obedience is full of sin, and can merit nothing but everlasting punishment.

But I'll retire beneath the cross,  
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie,  
And the keen sword that justice draws,  
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

Watts.

Here is my only hope! still let me fly to this glorious refuge, for here is life and safety. Blessed Jesus to thee would I come, and plead thy gracious promise, that him that cometh to thee thou wilt in no wise cast out. My God, my Saviour, wash me in the sacred fountain of thy blood, and clothe me in the spotless robe of thy righteousness! Then shall I appear before thy awful bar without trembling;

My debts all cancelled and my crimes forgiven,  
My judge all glorious but without a frown.

My God my Saviour, O let me not repeat in vain this awful, this delightful sentence! confirm it to my soul with the strongest evidence, the firmest, fullest assurance of my interest in thee! That at thy glorious appearing, I may lift up my head with joy, and hear with unspeakable transport thy gracious words, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, before the foundation of the world."

O may I often meditate on this dreadful, blissful period! and may it influence all my future hours! Grant me, O Lord, the constant aids of thy Spirit and grace! let me live as on the confines of eternity, and improve the short remainder of my span of life, in thy strength, in thy service, to thy praise! guide me by thy counsels and afterwards receive me to thy glory.

### Absence from God.

And canst thou, O my soul, be satisfied at such a mournful distance from the fountain of happiness? Where are thy wishes and thy hopes, those ardent wishes and pleasurable hopes, which in thy happier moments could look down, with a noble contempt, on the vain amusements of sense, as unworthy of thy notice; and shall these empty trifles, which yet thou despisest, ensnare thee into a thoughtless negligence of thy eternal interest? Hast thou not sought the favour of God



as thy only bliss, thy everlasting all, and rejoiced in the delightful hope of an interest in it as the dawning of immortal day? And canst thou now sit down content in the shades of mortal night? Recall those happy seasons, when the kind intimations of his gracious presence afforded such pleasure as all the joys of earth can never yield! and raised thy wishes and thy hopes to that blissful world, where happy spirits enjoy the full beams of his favour, without an interposing cloud: return ye shining moments, return and bless my unsatisfied, pining heart with an enlivening ray of heaven! Or was it a bright delusion which soothed my fond imagination like a pleasing dream, and vanishing leaves me awake and miserable? Tormenting doubts away surely, my hopes, my comforts must be real, for were they not built on the word of God, the promises of a God that cannot lie? And shall I question infinite veracity?

76. [Untitled.]

[88. 66.]

No, tis myself, my sins I fear,  
These springs of doubt are ever near,  
    These gloomy clouds which rise  
    And hide his lovely face.

Wretched heart! to wander from the source of bliss, till the cheering beams of hope are almost lost in the gloom of sin, and darkness, wretched heart indeed! If God is absent not all created good can compensate the loss — where can I rest?

Were all the joys of sense to sooth me with their softest blandishments, they cannot give me inward peace — thy voice alone, O God of mercy, can speak consolation to my soul, thy gracious presence, the sensible influences of thy favour can enliven the most uncomfortable scenes of mortality, and spread celestial morning through affliction's darkest night, but absent from thee, the brightest scenes of earthly bliss were only splendid misery; what heart can bear the thought of everlasting banishment from thee, horror dwells in the dreadful apprehension! but blessed be infinite mercy there is hope, hope fixed on the merits of my great Redeemer, through him thy abounding grace is ready to receive the penitent wanderer with smiles of divine forgiveness and returning favour.

### The Evil of Sin.

When I reflect on the state of innocence, happiness and glory of man at his first creation; surrounded with earthly delights, and in the full enjoyment of his Maker's favour; on his fall from that blissful state,

and the endless train of miseries in which all his wretched descendants were involved, sharers in the guilt, their blood tainted with the dire infection, by nature blind to their own felicity, and inclined to go astray from God, and pursue the road to destruction; I cannot but pronounce sin the greatest evil, the source of pain and sorrow, and the cause of temporal and eternal death. But never does my heart appear so vile as when it mourns at the foot of my Redeemer's cross, never does sin appear so hateful, so detestable, as when I meditate his dreadful sufferings, 'tis here I see that infinite justice was offended, and infinite punishment incurred, since nothing but an infinite satisfaction could atone. Not all the glorious angels which surround the throne of God, though shining in the highest excellence of created purity, could have paid the dreadful debt; the work was impossible to any power below omnipotence. The eternal Son of God, O glorious triumph of almighty love! enthroned in all the glories of the deity, lest his father's bosom for these abodes of sin and misery, and became a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; exposed to shame, contempt, and infamy, resigned himself to the most cruel agonizing tortures; and, O amazing thought! made his soul an offering for sin! Dreadful evil! which nothing

less than the sufferings of the Son of God could expiate! And shall I allow it a place in my heart? — Almighty grace forbid! But alas! so weak, so depraved is this wretched heart, as to give way to the destructive insinuations of this dangerous, this fatal enemy! The strongest efforts of my reasoning powers can make but a feeble, an unavailing resistance, and often may my soul complain, the evil which I would not that do I. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? O that I could say with joyful assurance, I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord! Is there not, O blessed Saviour, infinite efficacy in thy precious blood, to cleanse as well as to atone for sin? And wilt thou not grant the powerful influences of thy Holy Spirit to purify the heart that desires to wear thy sacred image, and to strengthen a weak, a helpless creature that fain would be devoted to thy service? O let me hear thy gracious voice saying, “I will, be thou clean,” and assuring my soul that thou will strengthen, and help and uphold me with the right hand of thy righteousness! Show me my interest in these kind promises, and enable me to look up with humble hope and say, that though iniquities prevail against me, thou wilt purge my transgressions away! Nothing is too hard for omnipotence to effect, nor can the hope be lost which is fixed on infinite goodness and invariable truth.

## Breathing after God.

My God, my portion! O could I repeat the blissful accents with sacred confidence, with sweet propriety! this were happiness indeed! happiness, which nothing else can give! all the delights of sense cannot yield one hour of real satisfaction; if God is absent, what is the whole world but a scene of poverty and darkness? His presence makes a paradise below! and every distant glimpse of his favour is a beam of heaven, and yet, O unaccountable stupidity! how often do I wander careless in this gloomy desert, amusing myself with reaching after every painted blossom that displays its gaudy colours to my sight! worthless flowers! on a nearer view they lose their tempting dyes, and ere they are gathered wither quite away. Torn with entangling briars, disappointed, tired and unsatisfied, I find I am lost. I have wandered from my God the only centre of my bliss!

To him I would return, but O how shall I find him? convinced of my fatal folly, I mourn his absence, I seek him but I find him not. Yet let me seek him still, still let me breathe my humble sighs, his gracious ear is ever open to the humble sighs of the complaining mourner; his mercy is ever on the wing to convey the sweet hope of pardon to the repentant sinner. O may my penitence be sincere! Gracious God, if these remorseful sighs, though weak and languid, are influenced by thy sacred Spirit, O increase them to ardent longings and unsatisfied desires, and answer them with the smiling beams of divine forgiveness. I know, I acknowledge, I am utterly unworthy of the least kind notice, the least favourable regard of thine awful eye, but Jesus is worthy, and he has promised that whatsoever we ask the Father in his name, believing, we shall receive; in his blessed name, I would humbly ask for mercy? Lord I would believe, help thou my unbelief! O what have I not to ask? I want every spiritual good! and in this prevailing name, what may I not ask? thy favour, O thou eternal source of good! the blissful views of my interest in the Redeemer and in thy everlasting love through him! This is the comprehensive, the infinite blessing I want! this only can satisfy my soul, for without this I am miserable;

Were I assured of this I hope I could resign temporal blessings, and be content with whatever share of earthly good my heavenly Father should allot me, for thou art infinite in wisdom and in goodness! But this blessing is of everlasting consequence! on this my life, my all, my present comfort, and my eternal felicity depend! still let me plead with thee, O Lord, with a restless importunity, and resolve not to let thee go, except thou bless me! For Jesus sake alone I ask the important boon, the firm, the full assurance of my interest in thy love! O let the sacred witness of thy spirit seal my title to this blissful inheritance and make me happy.

Be thou my portion, here I rest,  
Of all my utmost wish possessed!

And O let my wishes never rest below thee! let me never be satisfied till I can say assuredly, the Lord is my portion, therefore will I hope in him. Thou wilt never disappoint the hopes of those who trust in thee. Thou wilt infinitely exceed their highest expectations, and satisfy the boundless desires of the immortal soul, with boundless pleasures and immortal happiness!

## Seeking Rest.

“Arise ye, depart hence, for this is not your rest, it is polluted.” Attend, O my soul, to the heavenly admonition! Convinced as thou art that unmingled felicity is not to be found on earth, that there is nothing here to rest in with entire complacency and satisfaction. Why should my thoughts dwell in this land of dreams and shadows, amused with trifles too mean to entertain the mind, and pursuing vanity and vexation of spirit? O for the powerful influences of almighty grace? To raise my thoughts, my hopes, my heart to that blissful world.

Where pleasure rolls its living flood  
From sin and dross refined,  
Fresh springing from the throne of God,  
And fit to cheer the mind.

Watts.



The sweetest rills of earthly pleasure are tinctured with bitterness and polluted with the dregs of mortal care; and how seldom do we taste the streams of celestial consolation, which flow from the eternal fountain of perfect happiness, to cheer and support the weary pilgrim in his journey to the heavenly country. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so pants the thirsty soul after the salutary springs of divine comfort; when found, how sweet, but ah how short the kind refreshment! How soon is the reviving scene changed to a barren desert, a dry and thirsty land where no water is! Yet the blissful source of sacred pleasure is ever full, and ever free. Alas, 'tis sin, accursed sin, that separates between God and the soul, and withholds good things from us! How easily is the heart ensnared with empty vanities or sunk in thoughtless indolence, ungrateful heart! Unhappy weakness! Yet in the moments of reflection the sighing heart confesses, this is not my rest — Arise then, O my soul! Awake all thy powers to life and activity, and with an ardour worthy of the glorious motives which sometimes inspire thy wishes, pursue thy journey to the region of happiness, the land of rest. Alas in vain! — My best efforts how feeble! If left to myself, I am weak, helpless and miserable, enemies and dangers surround my steps, and sin and doubt throw a veil of darkness over my glimmering hope.

O God of power and mercy, restore my soul and lead me in the paths of righteousness for thy name's sake! Let thy Spirit seal to my heart the blest assurance! Thy Redeemer is strong, the Lord of hosts is his name, then shall I not be afraid of enemies or dangers. Lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, the reviving beams of pardon and reconciled love; and the shades of guilt and fear shall disperse. Let thy almighty arm support me, and bless me with continual supplies of strengthening, animating grace; then shall I walk in the way safely, and my foot shall not stumble: Let me not slumber where I cannot rest, nor in this wilderness of perils, suffer amusing trifles to interrupt my journey to the celestial Canaan; may I never indulge the delusive thought of seeking tranquility below, but convinced that the world affords no repose to an immortal spirit, O let me seek, and find rest in thee, "Here in full trust, hereafter in full joy."

## God's Omnipresence.

The Lord is here! awful thought! — the just, the holy God, who cannot endure sin in his sight, is present! — how then can I appear before him all sinful and polluted? — O whither shall I fly from his presence? what gloomy cave, what impenetrable shade shall I seek, to hide me from his glorious eye? Vain enquiry!

One single glance, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.

Watts.

Lord thou knowest my down-sitting and my uprising,  
thou understandest my thoughts afar off, thou compassest  
my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my  
ways.

Thou seest my heart though every winding maze,  
Each secret rising thought thine eye surveys.

What then can I do, but fall prostrate in the dust before  
thee, acknowledge my guilt and beg for mercy?

But oh! how can I open my polluted lips in the presence of infinite purity? what argument shall I use? I deserve nothing at thy hand hut immediate punishment, irretrievable perdition! Lord I humbly plead the all-sufficient merits and righteousness of Jesus thy beloved son! Jesus, the Mediator, Redeemer and Intercessor! I fly to his atoning cleansing blood! O let the powerful influences of thy Holy Spirit apply it, with almighty efficacy, to my soul! Let thy abounding grace remove my guilt, and purge away my every deadly stain in that sacred fountain! Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow! Then shall I approach thy throne with humble confidence, and rejoice in the delightful thought, that God, my God, is ever present with me.

77. [Untitled.]

[Irreg.]

- 1 Tremble, my soul with awful conscious fear.  
The Lord, the God of holiness is here!  
Ye sins and empty vanities depart,  
Too long alas you have possessed my heart.  
Hence to eternal distance fly,  
Nor dare the lightnings of his eye,  
Dreadfully keen they pierce the soul  
And every thought descry.
  
- 2 In vain I bid my lurking foes be gone,  
Lord, tis thy grace, thy mighty grace alone,  
Can drive them hence and all my guilt forgive,  
O speak the powerful word and bid me live!  
Life flows amid the crimson tide  
Which issued from the wounded side  
Of Jesus when for guilty man,  
He suffered, groaned and died!

- 3 O let it flow to my polluted heart,  
And life, and health, and purity, impart!  
The sacred flood shall wash my sins away,  
Thy glories then shall shine with kindest ray,  
(Unmixed with terrors) round my trembling soul,  
And sovereign mercy all my fears control.  
Then shall the thought inspire delight,  
That I am in my father's sight,  
And thy bright presence bless mine eyes,  
With beams of heavenly light.

Let me pursue the reviving thought. If God is my father, my reconciled God and Father, through a Redeemer, what consolation will the reflection afford, that he is ever present with me? What have I then to fear or wish? what though I am surrounded with dangers, the Lord is here! in his gracious presence is safety, Beneath his kind protecting care, no danger can approach me. Though beset with enemies on every side, and sin and hell unite with dreadful power, and threaten my destruction; my God is present! and greater is he that is with me than they which are against me.

His almighty arm is my defence, he can control their utmost rage, can give me strength to resist, and make me more than conqueror.

78. [Untitled.]

[10s]

One beam of glory from his radiant face  
Can drive the powers of darkness all away.

And when pain and sickness assault this feeble frame, and the shades of death hang black and heavy o'er me, O my God, let thy kind hand support me, let thy cheering voice speak divine consolation to my drooping soul! and pain and sickness can never hurt me: let thy blissful smiles irradiate the dismal gloom, and all its terrors shall vanish! Blessed with thy gracious presence what have I to wish? earth's vain allurements lose their charms, nor all the joys it can bestow are worth one faint desire!

79. [Untitled.]

[10s]

No more their faded lustre strikes the sight  
Than tapers dying in meridian light!

Were all created beauty sunk in darkness, and every charm of nature, every delight of sense withdrawn forever — blest with thy gracious presence I should not mourn their loss! thy gracious presence can create a paradise of light and joy amid the gloomy desert!

80. [Untitled]

[Irreg.]

Should the world frown, and all its pleasures fly,  
Should every earthly comfort disappear,  
And all the charms of nature sink in darkness!  
If thou art with me, if thou art my God,  
Am I not happy? can I wish for more?  
Thy gracious presence well supplies the loss  
Of earthly bliss, and yields superior joy  
To all that universal nature boasts!  
My God, O may I call thee mine indeed!  
And may the humble breathings of my soul  
Accepted rise, before thy throne of grace,  
In his dear name, his all-sufficient merits,  
Who died, and rose, and intercedes above  
For guilty rebels! reconciled in him  
Smile on my soul, all placid and serene!  
O let thy gracious visits cheer my heart  
In this sad wilderness, and light my parade  
Through the last gloomy scene, the shades of death!  
Then raise me to those bright those blest abodes,  
Where thy kind presence with unclouded ray  
Forever shines! full joys forever smile,  
And pleasure triumphs in immortal bloom!

## Self-Contradiction.

What strange contrarieties do I find in myself, how uncertain and fluctuating my thoughts and cares! I profess to believe in unseen realities; to look forward to futurity, and hope eternal happiness is my chief pursuit; and yet how much are my passions influenced by things present to my senses! Unaccountable weakness that sometimes even trifles should appear momentous, and affairs of the utmost importance, of everlasting consequence, be almost absent from my mind! Has not my soul aspired to the favour of God as my supreme felicity, my present hope, my everlasting portion? And yet how often are my thoughts roving on earth as if I expected satisfaction here, though I am fully convinced 'tis not to be found! — How am I filled with compunction for little failures (through inadvertency) in my conduct to my friends, and yet how seldom do I mourn, with heartfelt remorse, my frequent wanderings from my God!



How infinite the disproportion betwixt him, my almighty friend, my only support, my eternal refuge, and an earthly friend frail and mutable like myself! Should not the least deviation from his sacred laws pain my heart with deeper sorrow than heedlessly offending against the rules of friendship? I love my friends, and esteem their affection as one of the chief blessings of life, which I ought to do every thing in my power to preserve; but what is this to the favour of God? No more than momentary life to an endless eternity! Gracious God, wean me more from earth, teach me a greater indifference to every thing below thee, let an interest in thy favour, and the advancement of thy glory be my supreme, my ardent wish, and offending thee the most painful grief I feel! Could I attain and preserve this desirable temper, the troubles of this vale of tears would be less grievous; troubles I must expect, for when I look around me, who is free? I sigh at the melancholy prospect, and nature and religion teach me sympathy; yet even in this necessary exercise, how are my thoughts confined to sense and time! How often do I find my heart melting at the present pains and sorrows of my fellow creatures, and wishing to relieve them, and yet how seldom do I view with mournful pity the deplorable condition of wretched souls in the road to everlasting misery? Lord, teach my thoughts to dwell on this affecting subject,

awaken my tenderest compassion for such unhappy souls and my earnest desires for their salvation! I think my disposition grateful, and the kindness of my friends engages my affectionate esteem, and yet how cold is my gratitude to my heavenly benefactor! Whose indulgent goodness sustains my life, and bestows innumerable blessings, and all unmerited! I wish to make suitable returns for the favours I receive from earthly friends, but how seldom do I enquire, with grateful solicitude, what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?

Ten thousand blessings from above  
Encompass me around,  
But O how few returns of love  
Has my Creator found.

Watts.

Vain were the attempt to recount the numberless mistakes and inconsistencies of this frail erring mind: Who can understand his errors? Grant me, O thou eternal fountain of good! cleansing, strengthening and animating grace! Revive and maintain in my heart, the desires of my happier moments; convince me more effectually of my weakness; give me a humble, sensible, constant dependence on thee, and form me for thyself to show forth thy praise!

## Comfort under the Painful Sense of Frailty, in the Unchangeable Goodness of God.

Happy is it for man, that the designs of infinite mercy are not influenced by these frail, changing hearts of ours. How frequent our wanderings from God! How cold and indifferent our hearts to his worship and our own comforts! How short and interrupted our few seasons of lively devotion! And even when most fixed and fervent, too soon the sacred ardour declines, and our thoughts, which just now seemed raised to heaven in delightful contemplation, sink down again to earth and vanity. Should God withdraw the kind influences of his providence and grace, when our inconstant, ungrateful hearts withdraw from him, what would become of us? Soon must we sink into the horrors of eternal night! But his goodness is unchangeable, his thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways. When our backsliding hearts turn aside from him into paths of vanity, how sweet the voice of forgiving love!

How kind the gracious promise, which invites us to return unto the Lord, and assures us that he will have mercy! To our God for he will abundantly pardon. Adorable goodness! O why should our unbelieving thoughts hesitate a moment, whether we should cast ourselves at the feet of infinite goodness with humble hope, though in the deepest abasement in the sense of our own vileness.

Were we to measure the extent of divine mercy by our own merits, not one of the guilty race of Adam could look up with the least hope of favour. When I consider my own heart, even in its best desires and firmest resolves, conscious of my extreme weakness, I cannot but renounce every thought of dependence on myself, and acknowledge that I am wretched, vile, and utterly unworthy! But when I meditate the infinite goodness of God, in his immutable covenant of grace, through a blessed Redeemer, here is solid support, this is the rock on which my soul desires to rest.

Here is firm footing, all is sea beside.

Dr. Young.

This will defy the waves of sin and temptation, and keep the anchor of my soul sure and steadfast.

I hope, if my heart deceive me not, I have fled for refuge to Jesus who is able to save; and if I have, his own words assure me, he will in no wise cast me out; whom he loveth, he loveth to the end. Here then in all my fears and dejections, under the painful sense of my weakness, let me find comfort! Enable me, O Lord, to rest with a firmer affiance on thy abounding grace, thy unchangeable love in Jesus! whose merits are infinite, and whose prevailing intercession secures my weak trembling faith, that it shall not totally fail. O let the powerful influences of thy promised comforter, apply to my heart with almighty efficacy, the atoning, cleansing blood of Jesus! Dispel these frequent rising doubts, and fill me with all joy in believing! Teach my thoughts to dwell, in delightful contemplation, on thy infinite perfections, and when I mourn the inconstancy of this wavering, changing heart, let me find relief in the hope of my interest in thy unalterable love, and bring me at last to that world of unchanging bliss, where sins and doubts can never enter, and sorrow and sighing flee away!

## Longing for the Manifestations of Divine Love.

Twas a bold, though pious request of the prophet — “I beseech thee, show me thy glory!” Yet the almighty graciously condescended to indulge his favoured servant with the dazzling view, as far as frail mortality could bear. Lord, wilt thou permit a worthless creature, unworthy the name of the meanest of thy servants, to prefer the same petition? I beseech thee show me thy glory! Not in thy awful attributes of omnipotence, holiness and justice, these alone unmixed with thy milder glories, would dazzle and confound my sight, and overwhelm my soul with dreadful lustre and insufferable brightness! 'Tis the blissful view of thy love, for which my ardent breathings rise! That charming attribute which softens thy tremendous glories, and without diminishing their splendour, far outshines them all! Shines on guilty wretched man, with aspect all serene, benevolent and kind! In Jesus! mines the brightness of thy glory,

and the express image of thy person! Jesus the Saviour!  
Transporting name! Here holiness, justice, power and  
wisdom, unite with mingled radiance; and love, sheds  
sweeter glories o'er them all! Almighty love, how  
inexpressible, how inconceivable are thy charms! My  
thoughts are lost in the boundless ocean, without beginning  
and without end! Eternity alone can measure its infinite  
extent!

81. [Untitled.]

[C. M.]

Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow!  
For guilty rebels lost in sin,  
And doomed to endless woe!

Lord, I humbly hope I have seen some dawning rays of  
thy glory, and experienced some little tastes of thy love! And  
I would not lose the cheering light, nor exchange the blissful  
relish for all the gratifications of sense, for the highest  
pleasures the world can bestow! I would not barter my hope  
of an interest in thee, for crowns and scepters, nor all the  
mining treasures of the east; fading perishing things! How  
worthless all and vain! compared with my immortal hopes  
they are despicable trifles. — One smile from my Redeemer's  
face, outshines the brightest blaze of earthly glory.

82. [Untitled.]

[10s]

Beneath the heavenly radiance of his eye,  
Earth loses all its charms, they fade and die,

O the endless wonders, the unsearchable glories of  
redeeming love! One moment's blissful view of my interest  
in a dying Saviour, is infinitely better than all the joys of  
sense, than ages employed in earthly pleasures! O could I  
close my eyes, my ears, and all the avenues to my heart, and  
shut out intruding vanities forever!

83. [Untitled.]

[Irreg.]

Then should the world and its alluring toys  
No more ensnare my easy yielding heart:  
Vanish ye unsubstantial airy forms,  
Delusive shadows, cheat mine eyes no more  
With painted shows of pleasure.  
One ray of heaven, bright dawning o'er my soul,  
Eclipses all your visionary charms,  
And points to happiness beyond your reach.

But ah! too soon I fear the charming glimpse of ethereal  
light will vanish, and leave my soul benighted, surrounded  
with gloomy doubts, groveling in the dust or wandering far  
from thee, my God, the centre of immortal joys, in the mean  
pursuit of empty vanities and fleeting shadows.



I fear my inconstant heart, too easily ensnared and drawn away with every trifle, that presents itself before me; forgive the boldness of a sinful worm, let me repeat my request, I beseech thee, show me thy glory! Bless mine eyes with more delightful views than they have ever yet beheld! Let thy all-enlivening beams. O sun of righteousness, shine on my soul and dispel the interposing clouds of sin and doubt! Shine with the full manifestations of thy love! Engage all the powers and passions of my heart! and bind me with the strongest ties of gratitude and love to be thine forever.

### Weary souls invited to rest.

*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden  
and I will give you rest. Matt. xi. 28.*

Reviving sound! who is the kind friend that thus in the hour of distress cheers the poor fainting sinner with the healing voice of comfort? May his word be depended on? And is he able to make good the important promise?

Listen again, O doubting soul, attend the compassionate Saviour's voice! "Tis I that speak in righteousness mighty to save." Yes, his faithfulness and power are unquestionable; but is it possible that he should be willing to save a rebel who has rejected his authority, turned a deaf ear to his gracious calls, and strayed far from him in paths of sin and vanity? Hearken to his own words! "The son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost." Encouraging assurance to a heedless wanderer sensible of his folly! But can it extend to such vile wretches as have sinned with a high hand, and by a long course of rebellion declared, we will not have this man to reign over us? Yes, even such as these are invited to come, for Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom (says a favoured servant of his) I am chief, and after enumerating his acts of treason and rebellion, yet, says he, I obtained mercy! How strange, how amazing is the compassion of this tender-hearted Saviour, when a poor deluded sinner has roamed through all the pleasures of sense, in the vain pursuit of satisfaction, tired and restless, panting beneath a heavy load of guilt, and surrounded with darkness and terrors, a beam sent from heaven breaks through the dismal gloom, and points him to Jesus Christ, as the only refuge, the only rest! May he not reasonably fear that if in this last extremity, he applies to that mercy which he has so long abused, he shall be rejected with indignation?

No, for the blessed Redeemer says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Come then weary heavy laden sinner, come to Jesus and he will give thee rest. Methinks the words present the idea of a weary traveller who has gone a long journey over a sandy desert, bending beneath a heavy burden, scorched with the piercing heat of the sun, and just ready to faint: In this extremity, O how desirable a cool, refreshing shade! How would the sight of it, though at a distance, animate his spirits, and invigourate his feeble steps to reach it! Thus desirable, thus animating, is a sight of Jesus Christ to a poor sensible sinner, groaning beneath a heavy load of guilt, and scorched with terrible apprehensions of the wrath of an offended God! How refreshing then is this shadow of a great rock in a weary land! How suitable, how seasonable an all-powerful and merciful Saviour to them that are ready to perish! But the rest which the great Redeemer gives is not only refreshment but satisfaction: this is what the flattering world with all the allurements it displays, cannot pretend to bestow. Say, ye deluded votaries of pleasure, riches or honour, have you ever found satisfaction? No, for whether in the pursuit, or in the attainment of their wishes, disappointment ever attends them.

And say, ye happy souls who have sat under your Redeemer's shadow with great delight, have you ever found any enjoyment in your former attachments equal to a moment's hope of an interest in his favour? No, says a sincere lover of Jesus.

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

Mr. Herbert represents the Creator as pouring a variety of blessings on man, but reserving rest, that at length finding no satisfaction in creature enjoyments, weariness might bring him home to God the center of his rest. 'Tis not in the nature of earthly good to yield satisfaction: The mind, whether desiring or possessing, is still restless and uneasy, till led by divine grace to Jesus, who only can give rest to the weary — so Dr. Young.

Man's sickly soul, though turned and tossed forever  
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee;  
Here in full trust, hereafter in full joy.

This rest only can suit the nature, and fill the desires of an immortal soul, it is not only present refreshment, and true satisfaction, but eternal joy!

How would it embitter the pleasure and destroy the repose of a weary traveller seated in a cool delightful shade, if at the end of his journey, he expected nothing but pain and misery! So when a poor sinner is brought to Jesus Christ and begins to enjoy refreshment and satisfaction, how would it alarm and terrify his soul, and embitter all his comfort, to know that there was a possibility that he might at last be shut out from that rest which remains for the people of God! but adored be everlasting love, the divine veracity is engaged for the endless happiness of all that come to Jesus Christ! He who is the way, the truth, and the life, has said, I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. Eternal life! and the hope and expectation of it confirmed to the believing soul, by the strongest, and most inviolable assurances! This is rest indeed! who would not come to the great Redeemer at his kind invitation to receive a blessing so desirable, so immense! Well may the happy Christian who has tasted that the Lord is gracious, say, return unto thy rest O my soul, for the Lord has dealt bountifully with thee! Blessed be that almighty grace which has convinced me of my wretched, my undone condition, and brought me to Jesus Christ; imparted to me some delightful tastes of that divine refreshment, that ineffable satisfaction, which he only can bestow, and encouraged my humble hope to look forward to that glorious rest,

that state of perfect and invariable felicity which he has prepared for them that love him! O let every one who has been enabled to obey the blessed Redeemer's invitation, and found rest in him, pity the deplorable condition of those poor deluded wretched souls who are still roving, restless, in the vain pursuit of satisfaction where they can never find it! Convince them, O merciful Saviour, of their miserable state, display the almighty power of thy resistless grace, bring them weary and heavy laden to thee, and give them rest.

### Motives to Divine Meditation.

What have I to do with this vain world? Have I not long since renounced it as incapable of making me happy, and therefore unworthy of my care? and yet it will intrude with its vexatious teasing vanities to hinder, or at least to interrupt my attention to awful realities. Again I repeat, vain world be gone. O that I could shut my heart effectually against thy mischievous influences!

The fashion of this world passeth away, its amusements fleet before me in quick succession on the wings of time, and soon these eyes will close upon the transient scene, to open on eternity. Eternity — amazing idea! how shall these active, thinking, reasoning faculties which are now so often busied with trifles, be employed through the endless duration? The sacred word allures me that every one shall receive for the things done in the body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. God is just, and everlasting misery must be the portion of every wretched soul who leaves this mortal stage unsanctified and unforgiven, then will the powers of thought and reflection be employed in bitter yet unavailing remorse and unutterable anguish, far from God and far from hope, in the dismal regions of despair, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched! dreadful eternity! tremble, O my soul, and fly for refuge to Jesus who delivereth from the wrath to come; in him is safety, life, and bliss forever — thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift! and can I, do I hope for an interest in this almighty Saviour? and through his all-sufficient merits for an entrance into the mansions of glory where love and praise and raptures inconceivable shall employ the active joyful powers of every happy spirit through the ever-circling ages of eternity!

Blissful eternity! And have I any hope of joining in that sweet employ, and shall I not begin it here? O blessed Redeemer, work in my heart by thy own spirit a sincere contrition for all my vile offences and ungrateful wanderings! increase my faith, my hope, my love and joy, and fix my thoughts in delightful meditation on the pains thou hast suffered, and the happiness thou hast prepared for them that love thee! and what heart O adorable Saviour but must love thee that has ever enjoyed a glimpse of thy infinite excellence with hope of an interest in thy great salvation! Can I reflect unmoved, on the state of never-ending misery my sins deserve, on the dreadful pains thou hast suffered to redeem lost perishing sinners who come to thee as their only refuge, and on the heaven of everlasting joy thou hast ensured to them for their glorious inheritance? can I meditate on these animating subjects which I hope have sometimes warmed my heart, and not wonder at my frequent coldness! Alas how frail is my heart! how foolish and ungrateful! frail and foolish indeed, to be tempted away from my true interest, my only happiness, by empty vanities! and O what vile ingratitude to be forgetful of such infinite obligations!



Shall admiring angels search into the glorious wonders of redeeming love with all the ardour of intense desire! and shall I be cold to its surprising charms, and hardly raise a languid wish to reach the immortal theme! Yet angels cannot taste the sweets of pardon, nor feel the transporting joys of salvation from eternal woe, for those happy spirits have never sinned.

84. [Untitled.]

[10s]

Ye sons of harmony who ardent tune  
To boundless joy the heaven resounding song,  
O could I hear your rapture breathing strains,  
How would my kindling powers awake to praise  
And join with ecstasy the blissful theme;  
Earth's flattering trifles then should tempt in vain,  
Nor interrupt my sweet, my blest employ.

But O my great Redeemer! thou only canst inspire the sacred flame, thou only canst teach me the celestial song: grant me the kind influences of that blessed spirit which thy gracious promise encourages me to ask, display before me the amazing wonders of thy love, give me the assured hope of pardon and salvation through thy infinite merits, teach me to begin the work of heaven below, and bring me at last to the glorious assembly of the ransomed of the Lord, to join the celestial choir in strains of harmony and praise unknown below, and repeat with immortal ardour, blessing, honour, glory, and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever.

## Thoughts in Sickness, and on Recovery.

Of what a feeble texture is this mortal tabernacle! and how much is the tenant mind (although of an immortal nature) pained and depressed by its weakness, and hurt by the storms which shake the tottering frame! The first attacks of a fever have so weakened my nerves and spirits, that every sprightly faculty, and almost every cheerful thought is sunk in a stupid languor, a listless inattention even to common things overspreads me, conversation is tasteless, and reading and thinking almost impracticable — but alas, this is not the worst! the bounties of providence, and the blessings of grace hardly excite a grateful thought, or quicken a warm desire — wretched state! And can I know it, and yet not be affected with it? Am I enough awake to feel my chains, and yet not wish for liberty?

Let me try to rouse myself from this lethargy of the mind, and if I cannot look forward through the gloom which hangs so heavy on my intellectual sight, let me look back and try to recover some little remembrance of past scenes. Shall the immortal spirit united to this frail disordered body, be so much influenced by its weakness, as if it were to sink with it into the common earth? Think O my soul, hadst thou not once nobler views and brighter hopes? Couldst thou not once, conscious of thy great original, look up to the glorious author of thy being with ardent desires after the enjoyment of his favour as the only good that could fill thy capacious wish? Couldst thou not at some happy seasons delight in the contemplation of his infinite perfections, and desire to know him more, to love him more, and to be more like him? How often hast thou mourned the unhappy influence of earthly vanities that have drawn thee aside from the center of thy best desires, and longed to cast thyself at the feet of heavenly mercy, in deep abasement yet with humble penitential hope, and wished to dwell forever beneath the attractive, the constraining influences of pardoning love. Surely there was something even in those painful sensibilities preferable, far preferable to this death-like stupor.

The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, blessed be the Lord who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me. Adored, forever adored be the riches of divine love manifested in the great Redeemer, who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, through whom I hope I have found sweet access to the throne of grace, and been enabled to pour my humble breathings there.

Whence are these quickenings after so much deadness, this deep abasement in the sense of my exceeding vileness, my utter unworthiness, mingled with such admiring views of the infinite condescension of the great God, the almighty power of pardoning grace, and O, with the delightful hope of my interest in it! Can I ascribe the happy alteration to any thing below the influences of his own spirit? O for the continuance of those divine influences! quickening, cheering, strengthening, and purifying my heart. My heart, alas how frail, how apt to lose the relish of divine enjoyments, and grow cold ungrateful and remiss. O blessed Redeemer let the heavenly comforter abide with me forever! To preserve me in this state of trial and temptation, and guide me safe to the kingdom of thy glory. Infinite grace, that so vile a sinner should be favoured with the hope of a dwelling there!

My Saviour God! and hast thou prepared a place for me in the mansions of light? And wilt thou come again and receive me to thyself? And shall I rejoice in thy blissful presence forever? O confirm the glorious hope to my thankful, yet still desiring soul!

Then faith shall triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs,  
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
My God, my Saviour comes.

Watts.

Amid these delightful hopes, the terrors of death disappear, its pains are supportable, and the gloomy vale is brightened with some reviving beams from the regions of immortal day! What evil can I fear if thou art with me? Thy smile is celestial comfort, O let it cheer my fainting heart in the awful hour of dissolution, till mortality is swallowed up in life. But why O my soul these rising doubts? Shall they be suffered to cloud thy dawning happiness, and cast a shade on all thy comforts? Has not thy Redeemer said, "Fear not little flock, for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Were any thing in myself the motive, I were lost indeed; but 'tis his good pleasure, his sovereign grace, and what can be too great for infinite bounty?

My vileness, my unworthiness can be no bar. Almighty grace, and utter unworthiness! Contemplate O my soul with delightful wonder the astonishing contrast! and sink lower still in thy own eyes, while the glories of divine mercy are exalted above all thy wonder and thy praise! Whether life or death, all is yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's; what fulness, what immensity of bliss is contained in the glorious assurance! And am I (so vile, so wretched) permitted to hope an interest in it? O the heights, the depths, the unsearchable wonders of almighty grace! Forgive O gracious God, forgive these guilty unbelieving thoughts which would embitter my comforts, and rob thee of the humble tribute which my grateful heart would bring to the footstool of thy throne! Rebuke the tempter, and confirm the comforting hope which thy word now affords, that the God of peace shall bruise Satan under my feet shortly.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. But O how shall my narrow thoughts and narrower words recount them! How am I surrounded with mercies! Indulgent goodness has blessed me with unnumbered favours, both temporal and spiritual, and even this affliction, may I not call it a blessing from the happy effects, which I hope it has produced?

May I not esteem it a paternal correction to reprove my ungrateful coldness, to awaken me to a state of sensibility, and renew the relish of those important blessings which have been almost neglected, or at best too faintly sought? How gentle, O my God, were the strokes of thy chastising hand, how kind the teachings of thy word, and how sweet the consolations of thy promises to my soul! O may thy goodness dwell upon my grateful heart, and animate all my powers and passions to a delightful activity in thy service! Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee, he only is the proper centre of my rest, and all the enjoyments of nature without the kind influences of his grace are weariness and vanity. Vainly does the roving mind expect satisfaction among the pleasures of sense and time.

Creatures without a God can yield me no supply.

Watts.

But sweetened with the hope of his favour, and enjoyed as blessings from the hand of an indulgent father, every comfort of life acquires a power to entertain and please. O how inexcusable the folly of my past wanderings! And yet, convinced as at present I hope I am of my true interest, so deceitful is this wretched heart that I fear to trust it, I fear I shall again relapse into cold indifference and vile ingratitude.

Gracious God, maintain in my soul this necessary self-diffidence, inspire me with constant breathings for the aids of thy almighty grace and an entire dependence on thy strength in the sense of my own weakness. Let thy praise be my business and delight, thy favour my felicity here and my portion forever!

What is there in this world of vanity that I should wish to stay for? how frail is the tenure of earthly bliss, how unsatisfying to the mind which with divine ambition looks forward to immortal happiness! The dearest comforts of life are painfully sweet. O that I could enjoy them with thankfulness unmingled with anxious apprehensions of the pangs of separation! O for a stronger faith, for brighter views of the invisible glories of the upper world! glories invisible to the eye of sense, but revealed in the sacred word to the believing soul. O for a more assured hope of my interest there! then how sweet were the expectation of meeting the friends united to my heart by the ties of nature, friendship and piety, in the regions of immortal love and unprecarious felicity! Then though I were left to pursue alone my painful pilgrimage, how comforting were the hope that in a little time I should follow them to my father's house — perhaps I may go before them — whenever I am called, O may the messenger be welcome to my soul!



May the smiles of my Redeemer rising o'er the gloomy shades of death, dispel all its horrors and open before me the transporting prospect of eternal joy! O may the blissful foretastes of heaven prevail over the agonies of nature, comfort my mourning friends, and sweeten the parting tear! But why these reflections? my business, my important business is to examine where my hope is fixed, to seek earnestly to the God of grace for the unerring influences of his Holy Spirit to guide me in the way to heaven, to strengthen my faith, my hope, and every grace, to make me fit for that state of spotless purity, and then receive me to himself. May my title to the inheritance of the saints in light be secured to my soul through the infinite merits of a crucified exalted Saviour, and let time and circumstance, O gracious God, be resigned to thy sovereign disposal. — This is a state of probation, perhaps it may please God to exercise me with many trials before I leave this mortal stage, hitherto my lot has been easy compared with that of many of my fellow Christians, and why should I expect to reach the haven and escape the storms of trouble which others meet with? I am indeed unable to sustain them, but everlasting strength can support me. O may the anchor of my soul be sure and steadfast! Father of mercy and God of all comfort, say to my soul, “My grace is sufficient for thee,” and I shall be safe.

THE END.

## APPENDIX A – INDEX TO STANZAS

### In All Three Volumes

<u>Stanza</u>	<u>Vol</u>	<u>Pg</u>	<u>H</u>	<u>St</u>	<u>Meter</u>
A death-watch! how distinct it beats!—in vain.....	1	235	126	1	Irreg.
A faithful God is ever nigh .....	3	76	36	4	C.M.
A kingdom of immense delight .....	3	140	70	4	L.M.
A kingdom which can ne'er decay.....	3	140	70	5	L.M.
A muse, in learning's arduous toil unskilled .....	1	185	106	1	10 10.10 10.10 10.
A ray of heaven fair beaming through the gloom .....	3	18	9	2	10 10.10 10.
Abroad, protection and success.....	3	125	60	3	88.88.88.
Absent from thee, my guide, my light.....	1	111	60	4	C.M.
Active, busy, restless mind.....	3	35	18	1	Irreg.
Adieu to all below the skies.....	2	57	26	9	C.M.
Adieu to all terrestrial things.....	1	130	70	14	L.M.
Adieu, ye shining fields of air .....	2	125	52	5	Irreg.
Adoring angels tuned their songs .....	1	86	43	5	C.M.
Afflicted long have I complained.....	2	192	77	11	L.M.
Again I hear thy voice divine.....	2	157	65	12	C.M.
Again our restless cruel foes.....	3	121	58	4	L.M.
Again the almighty gave the dreadful word .....	2	219	84	8	Irreg.
Again, the solemn warning strikes my ear.....	3	21	11	1	Irreg.
Again to thee, O gracious God .....	2	157	65	9	C.M.
Against the God I love and fear.....	2	177	73	3	L.M.
Against thy all-supporting grace.....	1	133	73	4	C.M.
Ah! how unequal to the theme.....	3	76	36	6	C.M.
Ah! how when entering on a world of snares .....	3	50	23	2	10 10.10 10.
Ah, no! a thousand tender cares.....	2	42	20	2	C.M.
Ah no, a thousand, thousand tongues .....	3	78	37	8	L.M.
Ah no, Belinda, you have only found .....	2	8	3	4	10 10.10 10.
Ah! see the fatal cross appears.....	1	11	4	23	C.M.
Ah what is earth, with all her flattering toys .....	2	16	6	4	Irreg.
Ah! what is life, so loved, so dearly prized .....	2	60	28	3	Irreg.
Ah! why should this immortal mind.....	1	227	122	1	886.886.
Ah! why should this mistaken mind.....	1	70	33	3	C.M.
Ah why that sigh?—peace, coward heart .....	2	9	4	2	L.M.
Ah wretched souls, who strive in vain .....	1	161	89	1	L.M.
Ah! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart .....	1	119	65	1	L.M.
Alas! in vain, my heart replies .....	3	8	3	2	Irreg.
Alas! my heart where is thy absent God .....	3	63	29	1	10 10.10 10.
Alas! not friendship's tendered, kindest art.....	3	51	23	6	10 10.10 10.
Alas, what hourly dangers rise.....	1	79	39	1	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Alike they err, who leave the world to dwell.....	1	200	111	2	Irreg.
All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart.....	1	6	3	14	C.M.
All how shall these poor languid powers.....	3	79	37	10	L.M.
All I can wish is thine to give.....	1	72	34	2	C.M.
All I enjoy, and all I hope is thine.....	3	57	26	10	10.10.10.10.
All my celestial hopes on God depend.....	2	76	35	4	Irreg.
All nature owns his guardian care.....	1	89	46	2	C.M.
All needful, present good, his hand provides.....	3	59	27	7	10.10.10.10.
All, no; shall Zion's sacred airs.....	2	229	88	5	L.M.
All other helps I found were vain.....	2	236	91	3	L.M.
All rose to life at thy command.....	1	4	3	4	C.M.
Almighty Author of my frame.....	1	1	1	1	L.M.
Almighty Father, gracious Lord.....	1	50	22	1	C.M.
Almighty God, thy powerful grace.....	1	255	134	7	C.M.
Almighty goodness, call our hearts and eyes.....	1	195	108	10	10.10.10.
Almighty goodness, power divine.....	1	40	19	4	L.M.
Almighty grace, thy healing power.....	1	88	45	4	C.M.
Almighty love! victorious power.....	1	185	105	4	L.M.
Almighty Maker of my frame.....	2	169	69	4	L.M.
Almighty Saviour, gracious Lord.....	3	34	17	3	88.88.810.
Almighty Sovereign, gracious Lord.....	2	84	38	1	8810.8812.
Along the lovely scene.....	1	160	88	3	S.M.
Amazing goodness! love divine.....	1	131	71	5	L.M.
Amazing love! that stooped so low.....	3	83	40	7	L.M.
Amid his sacred courts, where holiness.....	2	153	64	2	Irreg.
Amid the dark, the deathful scene.....	1	87	44	3	L.M.
Amid the devious labyrinth she marks.....	1	243	129	3	Irreg.
Amid the gloomy shades of night.....	1	147	81	6	L.M.
Amid the glories of thy name.....	2	231	89	3	C.M.
Amid the splendours of his throne.....	1	13	4	34	C.M.
Amid the verdant flowery meads.....	2	147	61	2	C.M.
Amidst these gloomy wilds below.....	1	59	26	6	C.M.
An awed attention bade the crowd be still.....	3	111	54	8	Irreg.
And art thou spared? and will astonishment.....	3	105	52	2	Irreg.
And can my heart aspire so high.....	3	132	65	1	C.M.
And can my heart desire in vain.....	3	72	34	4	L.M.
And can my vile ungrateful heart.....	1	148	81	9	L.M.
And can no sovereign balm be found.....	1	63	28	3	L.M.
And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive.....	1	88	45	3	C.M.
And did the friendly monitor in vain.....	3	100	49	3	Irreg.
And did the holy and the just.....	1	175	99	1	C.M.
And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed.....	1	180	102	4	L.M.
And ere the dreadful storm descends.....	1	10	4	17	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
And hark! the feathered warblers sing .....	3	6	2	3	C.M.
And heaven alone deserves Eusebia's care.....	2	105	46	6	Irreg.
And is the gospel peace and love .....	1	122	67	1	L.M.
And is there nothing permanent, but grief.....	2	82	37	4	Irreg.
And may a worm, a little particle.....	2	115	49	9	Irreg.
And may I hope that Christ is mine .....	1	52	22	12	C.M.
And now a different scene my eye surveys.....	2	18	7	5	Irreg.
And now behold the beauteous queen .....	3	4	1	6	Irreg.
And now with treasures fraught returning home .....	3	88	43	5	10 10.10 10.
And O let mercy still be nigh .....	2	237	92	2	L.M.
And O, whate'er of earthly bliss .....	1	136	74	8	C.M.
And see, my Silvia, see that friend appears .....	3	51	23	9	10 10.10 10.
And see those lovely melting eyes .....	1	181	103	3	L.M.
And shall a reptile of the dust, aspire .....	3	57	26	7	10 10.10 10.
And shall I harbour in my breast.....	1	183	104	3	L.M.
And shall my guilty fears prevail.....	1	111	60	3	C.M.
And shall not these cold hearts of ours .....	1	92	47	7	L.M.
And shall those heavenly sweets no more be mine.....	3	64	29	7	10 10.10 10.
And shall we long and wish in vain.....	3	137	68	7	C.M.
And still these bright perfections shine.....	1	148	81	8	L.M.
And these can never change; here let our souls .....	2	32	14	2	Irreg.
And when my cheerful hope can say.....	1	62	27	7	L.M.
And when the snares of earth were broke.....	3	74	35	6	L.M.
And while your mournful thoughts deplore.....	3	127	61	2	L.M.
And why must harmless insects be accused.....	1	236	126	2	Irreg.
And will the Lord thus condescend.....	1	67	31	1	C.M.
And yet ten thousand thousand more .....	1	18	6	7	C.M.
And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart.....	1	23	9	6	L.M.
Angels, happy spirits, say.....	2	46	22	1	Irreg.
Another awful warning heaven has sent .....	2	48	23	1	Irreg.
Another day is past .....	1	56	25	1	S.M.
Are not the sorrows of the mind.....	2	9	4	3	L.M.
Arise my thoughts, my heart arise .....	1	102	54	3	L.M.
Arise, O Lord, with saving power.....	2	136	55	7	C.M.
Around me nature spreads her charms in vain .....	3	102	50	2	10 10.10 10.
Around my path what dangers rose .....	1	50	22	4	C.M.
Around thee crowd a plaintive throng .....	3	119	56	4	L.M.
Arraigned at Pilate's impious bar .....	1	10	4	19	C.M.
Arrayed in frowns his angry face .....	2	185	75	7	L.M.
Art thou not mine, my living Lord .....	1	138	76	2	L.M.
As distant as creating power .....	2	207	82	7	L.M.
As the poor hart tired in the chase .....	2	171	70	1	L.M.
As those who wait with longing eyes .....	2	226	86	5	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Ask, and I give to thee alone .....	2	134	54	8	C.M.
Assembled there his saints attend .....	2	204	81	22	C.M.
Assist me, gracious God .....	1	48	20	16	66.66.44.44.
Assume the human form, and wear the chains .....	2	87	39	2	Irreg.
At his command, returning spring .....	3	5	1	8	Irreg.
At his fierce storms of icy hail.....	2	252	96	15	L.M.
At length confirmed, erect he rose.....	3	11	5	2	L.M.
At length fair health with cheerful aspect comes.....	2	63	29	3	Irreg.
At length she deigns, indulgent power! .....	3	42	21	1	Irreg.
At length, to fill the measure of their woes .....	2	219	84	9	Irreg.
At length, ye Britons, lift your eyes .....	1	253	134	2	C.M.
At the sweet mention of his love.....	1	120	66	2	L.M.
Attend her cheering whisper to your heart .....	3	32	16	2	Irreg.
Attentive bow thy pitying ear .....	2	158	66	2	L.M.
Awake, awake the sacred song.....	1	85	43	1	C.M.
Awake my heart, arise my joyful powers .....	2	62	29	1	Irreg.
Awake my soul, attune the hallowed lyre.....	2	209	83	1	Irreg.
Awake my soul, awake my tongue.....	2	206	82	1	L.M.
Awake, my soul, nor slumbering lie .....	1	151	84	1	L.M.
Awake the harp! awake the sounding lyre .....	2	165	68	2	Irreg.
Awake the trumpet's piercing sound.....	2	259	99	3	L.M.
Away distressing fears.....	1	143	79	4	S.M.
Basking in the vernal ray.....	3	13	6	4	77.77.
Be all my heart, and all my days .....	1	179	101	6	L.M.
Be earth's quick changing scenes or dark, or fair.....	3	97	47	7	10 10.10 10.
Be gone, unworthy of my cares .....	3	142	72	2	C.M.
Be happy—what on earth! the thought how vain.....	2	31	13	4	10 10.10 10.
Be this my chief, my only care.....	1	125	68	6	L.M.
Be this the purpose of my soul.....	1	161	89	4	L.M.
Be thy almighty arm my stay.....	1	27	11	9	C.M.
Be wise, ye monarchs; learn to fear.....	2	134	54	10	C.M.
Beauties, ah how short their boast.....	2	12	5	3	7710.7710.
Before his ever watchful eye .....	1	81	40	6	C.M.
Before the radiance of thine eye.....	1	66	30	2	C.M.
Before thy throne, O God of grace.....	2	181	74	1	L.M.
Before thy throne with prostrate joy .....	2	231	89	2	C.M.
Before thy word gave nature birth.....	2	193	78	2	L.M.
Begone, with all your soothing charms.....	1	103	55	3	L.M.
Begone, ye gilded vanities.....	1	30	14	3	C.M.
Behold the gaping tomb! it seems to speak .....	1	218	117	2	Irreg.
Behold your King, your Saviour crowned.....	3	136	68	2	C.M.
Belinda to her utmost wish is well .....	2	7	3	1	10 10.10 10.
Beneath the chastening of thy hand .....	2	170	69	9	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Beneath the heavenly radiance of his eye .....	3	207	82	1	10s.
Beneath thy kind protecting arm .....	2	156	65	7	C.M.
Beneath thy soul-reviving ray .....	3	82	40	2	L.M.
Beyond the woes of life, she lifts her eyes .....	2	25	9	7	10 10.10 10.
Black o'er our wrath devoted heads .....	1	8	4	5	C.M.
Blest be the kind, the gracious power .....	1	104	55	5	L.M.
Blest be the Lord, forever blest .....	2	162	66	21	L.M.
Blest be the Lord, my strength, my shield .....	2	240	93	1	L.M.
Blest is the man, whose crimes are all removed .....	2	163	67	1	Irreg.
Bright morning star, when wilt thou rise .....	2	4	1	7	Irreg.
Bright realms of bliss, where Jesus reigns.....	3	83	40	4	L.M.
Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies.....	1	228	122	4	886.886.
Bright terrors guard thy awful seat .....	3	123	59	2	C.M.
Bright terrors wait his high commands.....	2	258	98	7	L.M.
Bright world of bliss! O could I see .....	1	105	56	5	L.M.
But ah! a dreary vale between .....	3	69	32	6	C.M.
But ah how blind! how weak we are.....	1	123	67	6	L.M.
But ah, how far from mortal sight .....	1	156	86	3	C.M.
But ah, how short the bright untroubled hour .....	1	238	127	2	Irreg.
But ah! how soon the blissful ray.....	1	75	36	2	L.M.
But ah! how weak my best desires .....	1	100	52	5	L.M.
But ah, my voice unequal to my wishes .....	2	63	29	4	Irreg.
But ah! the song, how cold it flows .....	1	77	37	4	C.M.
But ah! this weak inconstant mind.....	1	118	64	2	L.M.
But ah, too soon, the pleasing scene .....	1	165	92	4	C.M.
But ah, what cause for deep abasement too .....	3	162	74	4	11s.
But aim not, my ambitious song.....	3	43	21	3	Irreg.
But all the notes which mortals know .....	1	176	100	2	L.M.
But can a vile, a guilty creature dare.....	2	90	41	3	10 10.10 10.
But can the mind, with heavy clay oppressed.....	3	20	10	7	10 10.10 10.
But chiefly of his sacred word enquire.....	3	63	29	2	10 10.10 10.
But clouds and darkness intervene .....	1	32	15	2	C.M.
But down to earth, alas, in vain .....	1	74	35	2	C.M.
But earth, nor heaven can e'er proclaim .....	3	135	67	4	88.88.88.
But earthly bliss is ever mixed with pain.....	1	223	119	3	Irreg.
But foolish mortals oft mistake the way.....	1	195	108	8	10 1010.
But frail mortality in vain .....	1	52	22	14	C.M.
But friendship, kindled by fair piety.....	1	204	112	5	Irreg.
But grief, substantial grief is here.....	2	23	8	4	88.84.
But he, for his own mercy's sake.....	3	80	38	4	C.M.
But his eternal faithfulness and love.....	2	216	84	2	Irreg.
But hope, dear comforter, relieves her care.....	2	38	17	4	Irreg.
But how soon to liberty .....	2	47	22	2	Irreg.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
But I have trusted in thy name.....	2	161	66	14	L.M.
But I rebuke my drooping heart .....	2	185	75	8	L.M.
But if a noxious blast arise .....	2	208	82	10	L.M.
But I've a part to live .....	1	56	25	3	S.M.
But life attends the deathful sound .....	1	179	102	2	L.M.
But light divine breaks from the sacred word .....	1	208	114	3	Irreg.
But lo! yon shining skies.....	1	57	25	7	S.M.
But, Lord, thy mercy hitherto .....	2	142	58	5	C.M.
But love attempts every ray .....	3	137	68	4	C.M.
But man, vile man, his love abused.....	1	9	4	14	C.M.
But mark its date, tomorrow you may find.....	2	8	3	5	10 10.10 10.
But mercy with unchanging rays.....	2	208	82	11	L.M.
But never can these languid notes express .....	3	85	41	5	10 10.10 10.10 10.
But nobler works his grace record.....	2	253	96	17	L.M.
But not the natives of that glorious place.....	3	59	27	8	10 10.10 10.
But not thy noblest strokes, thy sweetest force .....	3	41	20	6	Irreg.
But O let mercy soon prevail .....	2	170	69	10	L.M.
But O may heaven thy rigorous hand restrain .....	2	26	9	10	10 10.10 10.
But O my heart, reflect with shame.....	3	74	35	4	L.M.
But O, that nobler life on high.....	3	68	32	2	C.M.
But oh! from human tongues.....	1	47	20	15	66.66.44.44.
But oh! how precious, how divinely sweet .....	2	234	90	4	Irreg.
But oh! indulge this only wish.....	1	149	82	6	C.M.
But oh, the amazing power of love divine .....	2	54	25	5	Irreg.
But oh! the soul, that never dying part.....	2	114	49	5	Irreg.
But oh! their transports, oh! their songs.....	1	36	16	12	C.M.
But oh! to show thy smiling face .....	1	66	30	4	C.M.
But oh! what agonies unknown.....	1	182	103	5	L.M.
But oh! what mortal eye can bear the ray.....	1	214	115	7	Irreg.
But oh! what tongue can speak, what heart conceive .....	2	64	29	5	Irreg.
But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail .....	1	145	80	4	C.M.
But oh, with watchful eye, and tender care.....	2	168	68	8	Irreg.
But see my glorious Leader nigh .....	1	153	85	3	C.M.
But see, the bright, the morning star.....	1	38	17	4	L.M.
But see, the promised morn appear.....	1	13	4	30	C.M.
But short alas their bloom, and soon they fade .....	1	216	116	2	Irreg.
But should my brightest hopes be vain.....	1	125	68	7	L.M.
But soon alas, his absence mourn .....	1	109	59	4	L.M.
But soon its transient charms decay .....	2	56	26	4	C.M.
But sovereign mercy dwells with thee .....	2	225	86	3	C.M.
But still let man adoring own.....	2	140	57	8	L.M.
But stronger ties than nature knows .....	1	20	7	7	C.M.
But sweet humility, a shining robe .....	1	197	109	3	Irreg.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
But sweet humility, the source of peace .....	1	197	109	5	Irreg.
But sweetly flowing strains shall tell.....	2	244	94	7	C.M.
But then a warmth, impatient of control .....	2	73	34	2	Irreg.
But this delightful season must decay.....	2	65	30	2	Irreg.
But thou, my glory, and my shield .....	2	135	55	3	C.M.
But thou, O Lord, shalt still endure.....	2	202	81	12	C.M.
But upward point that glass of truth, and see.....	2	6	2	4	10 10.10 10.
But vengeance waits the impious race.....	2	249	95	10	L.M.
But wait the interposing gloom.....	2	27	10	4	C.M.
But what are earthly joys? has not my heart .....	2	53	25	4	Irreg.
But what avails or friendship's tendered tear .....	3	61	28	2	Irreg.
But when his painful sufferings rise .....	1	60	26	10	C.M.
But when to reach those blissful plains.....	1	140	77	7	C.M.
But when wintry storms arise .....	3	13	6	5	77.77.
But where shall we begin to trace.....	3	125	60	2	88.88.88.
But while the eye roves o'er the blooming mead.....	1	224	120	2	Irreg.
But while thy sufferings I survey.....	1	178	101	2	L.M.
But while to this low world confined.....	2	121	51	9	C.M.
But who, of all his creatures, may aspire .....	2	149	62	2	Irreg.
But with diviner beams, the sacred word .....	2	145	60	4	Irreg.
But yet beneath the hostile sword.....	3	126	60	4	88.88.88.
By cooling streams, and softening showers .....	1	41	19	6	L.M.
By daily observation are we taught .....	2	80	36	1	Irreg.
By every name of power and love .....	1	137	75	3	C.M.
By lawless pleasure led, whose siren song.....	3	104	52	1	Irreg.
By nature meant for regal sway.....	2	44	21	3	L.M.
By their Creator's hand the thirsty hills .....	2	211	83	3	Irreg.
Can I bid thee, lovely stranger .....	3	129	63	1	87.87.
Can I my bleeding Saviour view.....	1	173	97	4	C.M.
Can I survey this scene of woe .....	1	180	102	5	L.M.
Can I view with languid thought .....	2	12	5	6	7710.7710.
Can lasting happiness be found .....	1	102	54	2	L.M.
Can mournful penitence and prayer.....	1	146	81	2	L.M.
Can ought beneath a power divine.....	3	141	71	3	C.M.
Can reason's dictates be obeyed .....	2	34	15	4	L.M.
Can those, who hear the Saviour's voice.....	1	93	48	5	C.M.
Care plants a thorny forest on the plain.....	2	6	2	6	10 10.10 10.
Celestial content, inexhaustible treasure.....	3	25	12	1	1212.126.
Celestial guests! your smile can cheer the heart.....	3	96	47	4	10 10.10 10.
Celestial hope, fair child of truth divine .....	3	17	8	5	Irreg.
Celestial hope, on thy propitious smile .....	3	16	8	2	Irreg.
Celestial hope relieves your anxious mind.....	2	7	2	7	10 10.10 10.
Cleansed in the Saviour's blood from every stain.....	3	18	9	3	10 10.10 10.



Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Come, all ye pining, hungry poor .....	1	93	48	3	C.M.
Come bid adieu, my soul, to earthly pleasures .....	1	217	117	1	Irreg.
Come charming guest, divine content .....	1	205	113	1	C.M.
Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign .....	1	170	95	9	C.M.
Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry .....	1	110	59	5	L.M.
Come, dearest Lord, thy power impart.....	1	180	102	6	L.M.
Come, dearest Lord, with power divine .....	1	164	91	5	C.M.
Come faith, and hope, celestial pair.....	2	10	4	6	L.M.
Come friendship, tune the pleasing lyre .....	2	41	19	1	C.M.
Come friendship, with thy sweetly-pleasing power .....	3	97	48	1	10.10.10.10.
Come, gentle evening, cheer my fainting sense.....	1	214	115	8	Irreg.
Come, glorious conqueror, gracious Lord.....	1	183	104	6	L.M.
Come heaven born faith, fair seraph come.....	2	3	1	5	Irreg.
Come, heaven-born faith, and aid my flight.....	1	140	77	6	C.M.
Come heavenly love, inspire my song .....	1	7	4	1	C.M.
Come, let our souls adore the Lord .....	1	252	133	1	C.M.
Come Lord, and warm each languid heart.....	1	34	16	1	C.M.
Come, Lord, on wings of mercy fly .....	2	238	92	7	L.M.
Come Lord, thy love alone can raise .....	1	77	37	5	C.M.
Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart .....	1	102	54	4	L.M.
Come, Lord, thy saving power display.....	1	118	64	5	L.M.
Come love divine, my languid wishes raise .....	3	20	10	6	10.10.10.10.
Come, O ye saints, your voices raise.....	2	156	65	4	C.M.
Come praise the Lord, ye tuneful bands.....	2	257	98	1	L.M.
Come radiant faith, and guide my way .....	3	9	3	3	Irreg.
Come, sacred contemplation, heavenly guest .....	2	81	37	1	Irreg.
Come sacred flame, and warm my heart .....	2	109	48	3	886.886.
Come Silvia, come, for you the muses wait .....	3	102	50	3	10.10.10.10.
Come, sweet Urania, come, thy cheering power .....	2	2	1	3	Irreg.
Come then, thou dear delightful guest .....	1	206	113	8	C.M.
Come, thou desire of all thy saints .....	1	76	37	1	C.M.
Come tune, ye saints, your noblest strains .....	1	184	105	1	L.M.
Come weary souls with sin distressed .....	1	27	12	1	L.M.
Come, while I teach, ye uninstructed, hear.....	2	164	67	3	Irreg.
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name .....	3	136	68	1	C.M.
Companion of your life, for heaven ordains .....	2	6	2	3	10.10.10.10.
Conducted by his gracious guide .....	3	30	15	2	866.866.
Confiding still in thy almighty arm.....	2	115	49	8	Irreg.
Consumed by thy vindictive frown .....	2	194	78	7	L.M.
Could all the powers of eloquence divine.....	3	86	42	1	10.10.10.10.
Could e'er one soul in deep distress.....	3	78	37	7	L.M.
Could these weak nerves, this trembling hand impart.....	3	128	62	1	10.10.10.10.
Create my inmost powers anew .....	2	179	73	10	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Crown, gracious God, thy gift of peace.....	3	126	60	7	88.88.88.
Dark as the shades of night .....	1	143	79	2	S.M.
Daughter of grave reflection, gentle power .....	3	13	7	1	Irreg.
Dear center of my best desires.....	1	163	91	1	C.M.
Dear faithful friend, thy lenient hand allays.....	3	16	8	3	Irreg.
Dear innocent, her lovely smiles.....	2	43	20	3	C.M.
Dear Lord, accept my heart's desire .....	3	79	37	11	L.M.
Dear Lord, and shall I ever be.....	2	94	43	6	88.88.86.
Dear Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest .....	1	61	27	1	L.M.
Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand.....	1	16	5	7	L.M.
Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell.....	1	175	99	4	C.M.
Dear Lord, while we adoring pay.....	1	172	96	5	C.M.
Dear refuge of my weary soul .....	1	144	80	1	C.M.
Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts .....	1	163	90	5	C.M.
Dear Saviour, let thy boundless grace .....	1	167	94	2	L.M.
Dear Saviour, let thy cheering smile .....	1	27	11	8	C.M.
Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine.....	1	77	37	6	C.M.
Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue.....	1	131	71	6	L.M.
Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love.....	1	28	12	5	L.M.
Dear Saviour, let thy spirit seal.....	1	167	93	6	L.M.
Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace.....	1	185	105	6	L.M.
Dear Saviour, thy victorious love .....	1	108	58	3	C.M.
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall .....	3	79	38	1	C.M.
Dear shepherd, if I stray .....	1	160	88	5	S.M.
Dear source of all my joys .....	1	144	79	5	S.M.
Dear sovereign of my soul's desires .....	3	143	72	6	C.M.
Dear to the Lord, forever dear .....	2	251	96	10	L.M.
Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence .....	1	151	84	3	L.M.
Death frowned severe, and all the prospect round.....	2	62	29	2	Irreg.
Death spread around his fatal chains .....	2	222	85	3	L.M.
Death spreads like winter's frozen arms .....	2	26	10	2	C.M.
Death! tis a name with terror fraught.....	1	107	58	1	C.M.
Deep are the wounds which sin hath made.....	1	63	28	1	L.M.
Deep in the grave be lying tongues .....	2	162	66	18	L.M.
Delusive hope! what dangers rise unseen .....	3	51	23	5	10.10.10.10.
Descend from heaven, almighty Lord.....	2	241	93	5	L.M.
Destruction waits thy awful word .....	2	194	78	3	L.M.
Did ever supplicating sigh .....	3	118	56	3	L.M.
Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown .....	1	169	95	3	C.M.
Diffusing life, his influence spreads .....	1	40	19	3	L.M.
Dispensing good where'er he came.....	1	123	67	5	L.M.
Divine instructor, gracious Lord.....	1	60	26	12	C.M.
Divinely free, his mercy flows.....	2	206	82	2	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Do I not love thee? ah my conscious heart .....	3	19	10	2	10 10.10 10.
Do I not love thee? can I then allow .....	3	20	10	3	10 10.10 10.
Does he not bid his children rise.....	3	127	61	3	L.M.
Does he not bid the weary come.....	3	133	66	2	L.M.
Each rising day repeats instructive songs .....	2	144	60	2	Irreg.
Each rolling year new favours brought .....	1	51	22	7	C.M.
Earth flies with all her soothing charms .....	1	141	78	2	C.M.
Earth never can bestow the sovereign good .....	1	195	108	7	10 1010.
Earth's fairest pleasures which allure my sight .....	3	90	44	3	9-10s.
Earth's firm foundation felt the shock .....	1	12	4	28	C.M.
Earth's highest pleasures, could they last .....	1	68	32	2	L.M.
Earth's old foundations by his word were fixed.....	2	210	83	2	Irreg.
Earth's old foundations thou hast laid.....	2	205	81	25	C.M.
Earth's wide-extended varying scenes .....	2	183	74	11	L.M.
Ecstatic joy! immense delight .....	2	125	52	6	Irreg.
E'en death's tremendous vale appears.....	3	67	31	3	L.M.
E'er the first dawn of life this frame was thine .....	2	234	90	3	Irreg.
Emblem of Aminta's form.....	3	10	4	1	77.77.
Enchanting prospects court the eye .....	2	23	8	3	88.84.
Encouraged by so full, so sweet a word .....	2	90	41	2	10 10.10 10.
Encouraged by thy sacred word .....	1	251	132	6	L.M.
Endowed with knowledge—though before my eye.....	2	39	18	2	Irreg.
Engaging argument! here let me rest.....	2	90	41	1	10 10.10 10.
Enough to nature and to grief is paid .....	3	18	9	1	10 10.10 10.
Enslaved by sin and bound in chains .....	1	130	71	1	L.M.
Ensure my nobler life on high .....	1	153	84	9	L.M.
Ere long the sun with genial ray .....	2	120	51	5	C.M.
Ere rolling worlds began to move .....	2	197	79	2	L.M.
Ere the summer sunbeams flee .....	3	13	6	6	77.77.
Eternal life thy words impart.....	1	55	24	3	L.M.
Eternal mansions! bright array.....	1	105	56	3	L.M.
Eternal power, almighty God .....	1	65	30	1	C.M.
Eternal source of joys divine.....	1	82	41	1	C.M.
Eternity is just at hand.....	1	124	68	4	L.M.
Eternity of woe! tremendous sound .....	2	114	49	6	Irreg.
Eternity, to pure and holy souls .....	2	48	23	2	Irreg.
Eternity, tremendous sound.....	1	125	68	5	L.M.
Ethereal fires which blaze along the skies .....	2	254	97	5	Irreg.
Exalted near their Saviour's seat.....	1	95	49	8	L.M.
Exposed with thieves to public view.....	1	11	4	24	C.M.
Extensive promise! O what hopes divine .....	3	58	27	1	10 10.10 10.
Extinguished! No—immortal is the flame.....	2	104	46	4	Irreg.
Extracting food amid the vernal bloom.....	3	88	43	7	10 10.10 10.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Faint are all the notes I raise.....	2	13	5	8	7710.7710.
Fair distant land!—could mortal eyes.....	1	157	87	2	C.M.
Fair mansions in his father's blest abode .....	3	60	27	11	10 10.10 10.
Fair regent of the night .....	1	47	20	13	66.66.44.44.
Fair smiling peace again restore.....	1	251	132	9	L.M.
Faith, hope and charity, on earth remain.....	2	41	18	6	Irreg.
Faith leads to joys beyond the sky .....	1	70	33	1	C.M.
Faith, rising upward, points her view .....	1	70	33	4	C.M.
Faith, scarce discerned a glimpse of light .....	3	34	17	2	88.88.810.
Fancy never waiting long.....	3	3	1	4	Irreg.
Fancy sees the angels stand .....	3	35	18	2	Irreg.
Far from our dear-loved native soil.....	2	229	88	6	L.M.
Far from these narrow scenes of night.....	1	157	87	1	C.M.
Far from these wretched eyes removed.....	2	191	77	5	L.M.
Father of mercies, in thy word .....	1	58	26	1	C.M.
Fly for your lives, to safety instant fly .....	1	247	130	5	Irreg.
Fly to that Saviour, Whose atoning blood.....	3	105	52	3	Irreg.
For all that charms the taste or sight .....	3	65	30	2	C.M.
For blooming happiness young Florio sighs.....	2	5	2	1	10 10.10 10.
For every thirsty, longing heart .....	1	162	90	2	C.M.
For God my thirsty spirit longs.....	2	171	70	2	L.M.
For know, the man of upright heart.....	2	137	56	3	C.M.
For man and beast, here daily food .....	1	41	19	5	L.M.
For mortal crimes a sacrifice .....	1	178	101	4	L.M.
For nobler ends, my time and powers are given .....	2	76	35	3	Irreg.
For them, reserves a radiant crown.....	1	14	4	36	C.M.
For this, the vernal buds arise .....	2	30	12	5	L.M.
For this, when future sorrows rise .....	2	222	85	2	L.M.
Forbid it Lord, O bind this heart.....	1	173	97	5	C.M.
Forever gracious is the Lord .....	2	223	85	5	L.M.
Forever ye departed months, adieu.....	3	94	46	2	10 10.10 10.
Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord.....	1	84	42	6	L.M.
Frail man, how soon his beauty flies.....	2	170	69	11	L.M.
Friend of the fainting mind, Whose kindly ray.....	3	16	8	1	Irreg.
Friend to virtue, foe to pride .....	3	14	7	2	Irreg.
Friendship communicates our joys and pains.....	1	201	111	4	Irreg.
Friendship disdains the studied forms of speech .....	3	91	45	1	Irreg.
Friendship, for Silvia, shall collect her powers .....	3	50	23	4	10 10.10 10.
Friendship, with thy pleasing power .....	2	69	31	5	Irreg.
From awful Calvary the flight begins.....	2	123	52	3	Irreg.
From diffidence our sorrows flow .....	2	28	11	3	L.M.
From discord free and war's alarms .....	1	157	87	4	C.M.
From heaven, his high eternal throne .....	2	203	81	19	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
From heaven, where in eternal majesty .....	2	167	68	7	Irreg.
From Jesus, who alone can give .....	3	80	38	3	C.M.
From the dark borders of despair .....	2	225	86	1	C.M.
From the philosophic grove .....	2	11	5	1	7710.7710.
From thee no fragrant odours breathe.....	2	45	21	7	L.M.
From thee the breath of life he drew .....	1	6	3	10	C.M.
Full in thy view our crimes appear .....	2	195	78	8	L.M.
Gentle melancholy, say .....	3	14	7	3	Irreg.
Gentle zephyrs wake and rise .....	3	2	1	2	Irreg.
Give me a calm, a thankful heart .....	1	136	74	9	C.M.
Give to the Lord, ye potentates of earth .....	2	153	64	1	Irreg.
Go, Vario, trace creation's ample round .....	2	30	13	1	10 10.10 10.
God is a sun; our brightest day .....	2	190	76	10	L.M.
God is my sun, his blissful rays .....	1	126	69	1	L.M.
God is our strength, omnipotence our stay .....	2	174	71	1	Irreg.
God of my life, thy radiant face reveal .....	3	64	29	4	10 10.10 10.
God's only Son, (stupendous grace!).....	1	8	4	7	C.M.
Gracious Saviour, guide divine.....	3	37	18	7	Irreg.
Grant, O my God, this one request .....	1	31	14	8	C.M.
Great advocate, almighty friend .....	1	65	29	5	L.M.
Great Father of eternity .....	2	194	78	4	L.M.
Great God, accept the humble praise .....	1	2	1	5	L.M.
Great God, and why is Britain spared.....	1	248	131	3	C.M.
Great God, and wilt thou condescend .....	1	66	30	3	C.M.
Great God, I own thy justice, while beneath.....	2	52	25	1	Irreg.
Great God, I would not ask to see .....	1	132	72	3	L.M.
Great God, inspire each heart and tongue.....	3	125	60	1	88.88.88.
Great God, this sacred day of thine .....	3	138	69	1	88.88.88.
Great God, thy sovereign grace impart .....	1	107	57	6	C.M.
Great God, to thee my evening song .....	1	22	9	1	L.M.
Great God, to thy almighty love.....	1	90	46	6	C.M.
Great God, whilst nature speaks thy praise .....	2	245	94	10	C.M.
Great is our guilt, our fears are great .....	1	252	133	3	C.M.
Great is the Lord! our souls adore .....	2	243	94	3	C.M.
Great King of kings, eternal God.....	1	37	17	1	L.M.
Great Physician, gracious Lord.....	3	9	3	5	Irreg.
Great Ruler of the earth and skies .....	1	38	18	1	L.M.
Great Saviour, born of David's race .....	3	118	56	1	L.M.
Great source of boundless power and grace .....	1	78	38	1	C.M.
Great source of good, attend my plaintive cries .....	1	226	121	3	10 10.10 10.
Great source of light thy beams display .....	2	121	51	11	C.M.
Great spring of all felicity .....	1	101	53	5	C.M.
Guilty and weak to thee I fly.....	1	184	104	7	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Had angels cause of wonder? Man has more .....	2	15	6	3	Irreg.
Hail, glorious hope! how sweet the distant view.....	2	106	46	8	Irreg.
Hail peaceful retirement, thy shades how serene .....	3	103	51	1	1112.116.
Happy the man, and he alone.....	1	199	110	5	88.84.
Happy the man approved by thee .....	2	181	74	4	L.M.
Happy the man of heavenly birth.....	3	30	15	1	866.866.
Happy the man who then shall rise .....	2	230	88	12	L.M.
Happy the man, whom grace divine has taught.....	1	211	115	1	Irreg.
Happy the man, whose heaven-directed feet.....	2	131	53	1	Irreg,
Happy the man, Whose hopes divine .....	2	248	95	5	L.M.
Happy the men, whom strength divine .....	2	189	76	5	L.M.
Happy the mind, by heaven inspired.....	1	241	128	9	C.M.
Happy the mind of nobler texture framed.....	1	204	112	3	Irreg.
Happy the mind, where true devotion glows .....	2	88	40	1	Irreg.
Happy the soul, whose wishes climb .....	1	97	51	1	C.M.
Hark! how the birds sweet-warbling from the spray .....	3	45	21	8	Irreg.
Hark the glad shout! our God to conquest leads .....	2	176	72	2	Irreg.
Harmonious all and fair! whole nature joins .....	1	192	107	3	Irreg.
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face.....	1	145	80	6	C.M.
Hast thou not often called the Lord .....	3	71	33	2	L.M.
He bends complacent to your praise .....	2	257	98	5	L.M.
He breathes, he thinks, but ah, he dies .....	2	248	95	4	L.M.
He can teach thee to explore .....	3	36	18	5	Irreg.
He comes, he comes, with triumph crowned .....	3	136	67	6	88.88.88.
He conquered death and hell.....	1	57	25	9	S.M.
He counts the host of starry flames.....	2	250	96	4	L.M.
He died, to raise to life and joy.....	3	83	40	8	L.M.
He died! ye seraphs tune your songs .....	3	84	40	9	L.M.
He fills my longing soul with good.....	2	206	82	3	L.M.
He fought, he conquered, though he fell .....	1	94	49	3	L.M.
He gave his Son, his only Son.....	1	89	46	3	C.M.
He groaned! he died! the awful scene .....	1	182	103	6	L.M.
He hears die breathings of desire .....	3	131	64	4	L.M.
He holds all nature in his hand.....	1	83	42	2	L.M.
He is a friend, who scorns the little sphere .....	1	237	127	1	Irreg.
He knows our frame, surveys our birth.....	2	207	82	9	L.M.
He knows that all these glittering things.....	1	98	51	3	C.M.
He knows that his body, the grave now detaining.....	3	26	12	6	1212.126.
He lives, the great Redeemer lives .....	1	64	29	1	L.M.
He pours his kindest blessings down.....	2	190	76	11	L.M.
He sees the groaning prisoner's pain.....	2	204	81	20	C.M.
He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs.....	1	166	93	4	L.M.
He speaks! and swiftly from the skies .....	2	252	96	13	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
He speaks! the ice and snows obey .....	2	252	96	16	L.M.
He sweetens every humble groan.....	3	131	64	6	L.M.
He took the dying traitor's place .....	1	175	99	3	C.M.
He veils the sky with treasured showers .....	2	251	96	7	L.M.
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan .....	1	136	75	1	C.M.
Hear, O my God, in mercy hear .....	2	157	65	11	C.M.
Hear, O my God, with pity hear.....	2	237	92	1	L.M.
Heaven calls! and can I yet delay.....	1	228	122	5	886.886.
Heaven, earth and sea declare his name.....	2	248	95	6	L.M.
Heaven's awful sovereign, throned on high.....	2	133	54	4	C.M.
Hence, away, ye dark surmises .....	3	129	63	2	87.87.
Hence, guilty diffidence be gone.....	3	35	17	4	88.88.810.
Hence guilty diffidence depart .....	3	131	64	3	L.M.
Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts .....	1	65	29	3	L.M.
Hence, vain, intruding world depart.....	1	124	68	1	L.M.
Hence, ye vain cares and trifles fly .....	3	138	69	2	88.88.88.
Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads .....	2	156	65	6	C.M.
Her mortal part, beneath his watchful eye .....	3	33	16	3	Irreg.
Her part in those fair realms of bliss.....	3	66	30	8	C.M.
Her powerful aid supports the soul.....	2	34	15	5	L.M.
Her present woes, when weighed with future joy .....	2	75	34	4	Irreg.
Her subjects take their orders from her eye.....	3	88	43	3	10.10.10.10.
Here, at thy feet, I wait thy will .....	1	20	7	8	C.M.
Here beauteous landscapes spread their various charms	2	69	32	2	10.10.10.10.
Here ceased the king: yet farther to atone .....	3	111	54	9	Irreg.
Here fix my soul, for life is here.....	3	70	32	10	C.M.
Here, fix your choice; (immortal wisdom cries,).....	1	244	129	4	Irreg.
Here, Florio, take this glass, and look again.....	2	5	2	2	10.10.10.10.
Here freely expatiate the rational powers .....	3	103	51	2	1112.116.
Here let me rest, on thee depend .....	1	79	38	4	C.M.
Here let me search my inmost mind .....	1	124	68	2	L.M.
Here let my constant feet abide .....	1	54	23	4	L.M.
Here, let my faith unshaken dwell.....	1	138	76	4	L.M.
Here let my invocation end .....	2	4	1	6	Irreg.
Here let my spirit rest .....	1	160	88	4	S.M.
Here may I stretch my wondering eyes around .....	1	192	107	2	Irreg.
Here may the blind and hungry come .....	1	59	26	5	C.M.
Here, may the wretched sons of want .....	1	59	26	3	C.M.
Here mercy's boundless ocean flows .....	1	28	12	3	L.M.
Here, mines of heavenly wealth disclose .....	1	58	26	2	C.M.
Here, O my soul, thy trust repose .....	1	139	76	5	L.M.
Here, on a verdant plain bespread with flowers.....	2	16	7	2	Irreg.
Here pardon, life, and joys divine.....	1	7	4	3	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Here pardon, life, and joys divine.....	3	206	81	1	C.M.
Here shall the ransomed of the Lord.....	3	117	55	9	Irreg.
Here shall your numerous wants receive .....	1	93	48	4	C.M.
Here spreading flocks adorn the plain.....	2	183	74	15	L.M.
Here, springs of consolation rise.....	1	59	26	7	C.M.
Here, springs of sacred pleasure rise.....	1	162	90	3	C.M.
Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows.....	1	59	26	4	C.M.
Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice.....	1	60	26	9	C.M.
Here, then, my soul, let thy enquiry fix.....	3	23	11	4	Irreg.
Here with unwearied diligence they rove.....	3	88	43	4	10 10.10 10.
Here wonders rise, and all my thoughts transcend.....	2	78	35	7	Irreg.
Hide not from me thy blissful ray .....	2	152	63	10	L.M.
His bounteous hand, (great spring of good!) .....	2	251	96	8	L.M.
His constant love, his saving power .....	2	240	93	2	L.M.
His crowded courts shall see me pay .....	2	224	85	12	L.M.
His dreadful anger now awakes.....	2	133	54	5	C.M.
His ear, indulgent to their feeble prayer .....	3	58	27	5	10 10.10 10.
His eye, attentive marks his children's way .....	3	58	27	4	10 10.10 10.
His frown, what mortal can sustain.....	2	156	65	5	C.M.
His glorious power, O radiant sun, display.....	2	254	97	2	Irreg.
His gracious hand alone, has power to heal.....	1	230	123	2	Irreg.
His hand, thus righteously severe .....	2	258	98	9	L.M.
His hardy soldiers now the victims seize.....	3	110	54	6	Irreg.
His heart, whence love abundant flowed .....	1	173	97	3	C.M.
His heart, where love and pity dwelt .....	1	172	97	2	C.M.
His hopes are fixed on joys to come.....	1	98	51	6	C.M.
His justice favours those who mourn.....	2	248	95	7	L.M.
His kindest words their doubts remove .....	1	13	4	31	C.M.
His love, what mortal thought can reach.....	1	171	96	2	C.M.
His name, enrolled among the just .....	2	108	47	5	8810.8810.
His name the measured dance shall guide .....	2	257	98	3	L.M.
His pitying ear attends the cry .....	2	246	94	18	C.M.
His place thy forming hand assigned.....	2	140	57	5	L.M.
His potent word spread the wide arch of heaven.....	2	166	68	4	Irreg.
His righteousness, (immortal robe!) he gives.....	2	70	32	5	10 10.10 10.
His sacred word invites me to his feet .....	3	63	29	3	10 10.10 10.
His Salem now the Lord restores .....	2	250	96	2	L.M.
His truth, his mercy, and his power .....	2	203	81	18	C.M.
His warm benevolence, his sacred zeal .....	2	72	33	8	10 10.10 10.
His wish, his hope, his soul aspires.....	1	199	110	7	88.84
His word here let your soul rely .....	3	127	61	4	L.M.
His word recalls my heart, invites my trust.....	2	14	6	2	Irreg.
Holy and just in all its ways.....	2	246	94	16	C.M.



Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Honours, unconscious of decay .....	2	108	47	4	8810.8810.
Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom.....	1	74	35	3	C.M.
Hope, in the absence of my Lord .....	1	126	69	4	L.M.
Hope looks beyond the bounds of time .....	2	27	10	5	C.M.
Hope with ever-cheerful eye .....	2	12	5	4	7710.7710.
How barren of sincere delight.....	1	112	61	2	L.M.
How blest are those, how truly wise .....	1	91	47	3	L.M.
How blest in his protecting care .....	2	246	94	19	C.M.
How blest the minds, which daily rise .....	2	93	43	1	886.88.86.
How blest the nation who can call the Lord .....	2	167	68	6	Irreg.
How blest the unbodied minds above .....	3	48	22	3	8810.8810.
How changed, alas! are truths divine.....	1	249	131	5	C.M.
How changed the face of nature shows .....	3	6	2	1	C.M.
How cold, the warmed ardors of my soul .....	3	179	75	3	10s.
How faint the joy the blooming season yields .....	3	102	50	1	10.10.10.10.
How far beyond our vile deserts .....	2	207	82	6	L.M.
How feeble my supporter's arm .....	3	9	3	4	Irreg.
How fondly those mistake who seek for joys .....	1	200	111	1	Irreg.
How free his plenteous mercies flow .....	2	207	82	5	L.M.
How full the Lord's compassions flow .....	2	244	94	8	C.M.
How gracious is the Lord! how kind .....	2	250	96	5	L.M.
How great, how glorious, is the sovereign hand .....	1	224	120	3	Irreg.
How have I spent the time? reflection say .....	3	95	46	5	10.10.10.10.
How helpless guilty nature lies .....	3	141	71	1	C.M.
How kind the influence of the skies .....	3	6	2	4	C.M.
How large his tender mercies are .....	2	244	94	9	C.M.
How long, forgetful of thy heavenly birth .....	3	89	44	1	9-10s.
How long shall earth's alluring toys .....	1	96	50	1	C.M.
How long shall my dejected soul .....	2	141	58	2	C.M.
How long shall scoffers turn with lies .....	2	137	56	2	C.M.
How long wilt thou, O God of grace.....	2	141	58	1	C.M.
How lovely, how divinely sweet .....	2	188	76	1	L.M.
How many blessings round me shone.....	1	51	22	6	C.M.
How mean the tribute mortals pay .....	3	135	67	5	88.88.88.
How oft, alas, this wretched heart.....	1	88	45	1	C.M.
How oft convinced shall I complain .....	2	23	8	5	88.84.
How oft my mournful thoughts complain .....	1	79	39	2	C.M.
How oft, ungrateful to thy God.....	3	74	35	5	L.M.
How pleasing is the scene, how sweet .....	2	227	87	1	L.M.
How shall I meet this potent foe.....	1	153	85	2	C.M.
How shall we meet her in the blest abode.....	3	40	20	5	Irreg.
How should I look, with pitying eye.....	1	113	61	5	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
How should our songs, like those above.....	1	77	37	3	C.M.
How soft rolled the hours, how serene was my heart.....	1	232	124	1	118.118.
How soon divine forgiveness smiles serene.....	2	32	14	3	Irreg.
How strange! how awful is thy love.....	1	66	30	5	C.M.
How vain a thought is bliss below.....	2	55	26	1	C.M.
How vain the dear hope!—She despises the lays.....	1	233	124	6	118.118.
How weak, how languid is the immortal mind.....	2	118	50	1	10 10.10 10.
How will the wonders of his grace.....	1	36	16	10	C.M.
How will your now unmoved, relentless heart.....	1	247	130	4	Irreg.
Humility how glorious! how divine.....	1	198	109	7	Irreg.
Humility thy steps attends.....	1	205	113	3	C.M.
I call to mind the former days.....	2	238	92	5	L.M.
I hate their works, I hate their ways.....	2	159	66	6	L.M.
I hear thy groans with deep surprise.....	1	178	101	3	L.M.
I heard the cruel slander rise.....	2	161	66	13	L.M.
I laid me down and slept secure.....	2	136	55	5	C.M.
I languish for superior joy.....	1	142	78	3	C.M.
I love the Lord, his gracious ear.....	2	222	85	1	L.M.
I rashly said, I sink, I die.....	2	162	66	22	L.M.
I said, to thee my God I pray.....	2	204	81	24	C.M.
I sink with hope's departing ray.....	2	202	81	11	C.M.
I spend the watchful night alone.....	2	201	81	7	C.M.
I thought on God with terrors armed.....	2	184	75	3	L.M.
I want delights thou canst not give.....	2	22	8	2	88.84.
I would submit to all thy will.....	3	132	65	2	C.M.
I yield to thy dear conquering arms.....	1	14	4	38	C.M.
If cares and sorrows me surround.....	1	115	62	6	C.M.
If faith and hope, fixed on the word divine.....	3	94	45	6	Irreg.
If from his fold I thoughtless stray.....	2	147	61	3	C.M.
If glittering riches tempt the eyes.....	1	240	128	5	C.M.
If I forget thy ruined state.....	2	229	88	7	L.M.
If I indulge a mirthful song.....	2	229	88	8	L.M.
If I look back, thy awful steps I see.....	2	233	90	2	Irreg.
If in my heart, thy heavenly day.....	2	110	48	4	886.886.
If in my heart true faith appears.....	1	71	33	6	C.M.
If minds, where piety and friendship glow.....	1	191	106	6	10 10.10 10.10 10.
If my immortal Saviour lives.....	1	138	76	3	L.M.
If native sense, and unaffected ease.....	3	99	49	1	Irreg.
If now and then a ray divine.....	3	48	22	2	8810.8810.
If pain and sickness rend this frame.....	1	115	62	5	C.M.
If pleasure laughs a moment, is the joy.....	2	80	36	2	Irreg.
If pleasure smiles sincere below the skies.....	1	200	111	3	Irreg.
If real, why when distant pleasures rise.....	2	30	13	2	10 10.10 10.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
If sacrifice would please my God .....	2	180	73	15	L.M.
If the short remnant of my fleeting time.....	3	55	25	6	10 10.10 10.
If this frail tottering mansion soon should fall .....	3	55	25	8	10 10.10 10.
If thou accept, and aid my wish to praise.....	3	57	26	9	10 10.10 10.
If thou art but a dream, an empty name .....	1	194	108	3	10 1010.
If thou return, how sweet the joy .....	1	118	64	4	L.M.
If wandering strangers friendless roam.....	2	249	95	9	L.M.
If when the tender sympathizing sigh.....	1	229	123	1	Irreg.
Illusive dream! it fleets in air.....	1	199	110	4	88.84
Illusive dreams of happiness .....	1	30	14	2	C.M.
Immortal charity improved shall shine.....	2	40	18	4	Irreg.
Immortal charms shall all my powers control .....	3	90	44	5	9-10s.
Immortal formed by power divine .....	2	208	82	14	L.M.
Immortal glories crown his head.....	1	166	93	3	L.M.
Immortal honours wait above .....	1	95	49	7	L.M.
Immortal joy thy smiles impart.....	1	31	14	5	C.M.
Immortal treasure! all the glittering store .....	2	146	60	5	Irreg.
In a frail, shattered bark I trembling ride .....	2	95	44	1	Irreg.
In armies, fleets, or strong allies .....	1	252	133	2	C.M.
In cold affliction's dreary shade .....	1	206	113	7	C.M.
In every dark distressful hour.....	1	65	29	4	L.M.
In griefs and pains thy sacred word .....	1	135	74	5	C.M.
In her mind good nature blooms.....	3	10	4	2	77.77.
In him, my soul, behold thy rest .....	2	10	4	5	L.M.
In him, the father reconciled .....	1	17	6	4	C.M.
In him the poor oppressed shall find .....	2	206	82	4	L.M.
In him what countless, endless wonders meet .....	2	70	32	6	10 10.10 10.
In his own house to spend my days .....	2	151	63	5	L.M.
In his prevailing, his accepted name.....	3	60	27	12	10 10.10 10.
In life's first dawn, my tender frame .....	1	50	22	2	C.M.
In life's mid-way my strength declined .....	2	204	81	23	C.M.
In life's unfolding bloom, ye young and gay .....	2	256	97	12	Irreg.
In mournful silence long restrained .....	2	169	69	2	L.M.
In nature what can him delight .....	2	251	96	9	L.M.
In our first parent's crime we fell.....	1	7	4	4	C.M.
In songs of grateful rapture tell .....	1	184	105	2	L.M.
In suffering and in sentiment allied .....	3	128	62	3	10 10.10 10.
In thee, my God, I will rejoice.....	2	159	66	7	L.M.
In these dark scenes of pain and woe.....	1	72	34	3	C.M.
In this dark wilderness of pain and woe.....	2	57	27	1	Irreg.
In those happy worlds are given .....	2	124	52	4	Irreg.
In vain, her siren voice may try .....	1	228	122	7	886.886.
In vain I bid my lurking foes be gone.....	3	195	77	2	Irreg.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
In vain I charge my thoughts to stay.....	1	119	65	2	L.M.
In vain I trace creation o'er .....	1	101	53	2	C.M.
In vain my boldest thoughts arise .....	1	3	2	2	L.M.
In vain my heart with pleasure tries.....	3	77	37	2	L.M.
In vain my roving thoughts would find .....	1	102	54	1	L.M.
In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms .....	1	98	51	2	C.M.
In vain the erring world enquires .....	1	30	14	1	C.M.
In vain the sons of wealth and pride.....	3	140	70	3	L.M.
In vain, the woods and fields resume their charms.....	2	60	28	2	Irreg.
In vain the world's alluring smile.....	1	68	32	1	L.M.
In vain to ease my hopeless woe .....	2	191	77	6	L.M.
In vain, while dark affliction spreads .....	3	65	30	1	C.M.
In vain would boasting reason find.....	1	53	23	2	L.M.
In vain would this low world employ.....	1	101	53	3	C.M.
In Zion's cause thou wilt arise .....	2	202	81	13	C.M.
Inclement winter now resigns his power .....	2	59	28	1	Irreg.
Increase my faith, increase my hope.....	1	80	39	4	C.M.
Indulge, forgive the sister and the friend.....	3	28	14	3	10 10.10 10.
Indulgent father, ever gracious God .....	3	54	25	1	10 10.10 10.
Indulgent friendship, listening, caught the strain .....	1	190	106	3	10 10.10 10.10 10.
Indulgent mercy blends, with lenient skill.....	3	18	9	5	10 10.10 10.
Indulgent mercy wafts the heavenly sound .....	1	244	129	5	Irreg.
Indulgent still to my request .....	3	72	34	1	L.M.
Infernal legions trembling fled .....	1	9	4	13	C.M.
Infinite power and boundless grace .....	3	137	68	5	C.M.
Infinite wisdom! boundless power.....	1	84	42	4	L.M.
Inspired to praise I then shall join .....	3	7	2	9	C.M.
Intellectual pleasures here.....	2	67	31	3	Irreg.
Invested him with power and sway .....	2	140	57	6	L.M.
Is darkness and distress my share .....	1	132	72	4	L.M.
Is health and ease my happy share .....	1	135	74	3	C.M.
Is there a heart that will not bend .....	1	170	95	7	C.M.
Is there no kind, no lenient art .....	2	33	15	3	L.M.
Is there on earth a solitude .....	1	198	110	1	88.84
Is this a theme of mirth? who can rejoice .....	3	94	46	1	10 10.10 10.
Jehovah's boundless glory shall endure.....	2	213	83	5	Irreg.
Jehovah's praise, in high immortal strains.....	2	253	97	1	Irreg.
Jerusalem, his honours raise .....	2	251	96	11	L.M.
Jerusalem, lamented name .....	2	229	88	9	L.M.
Jesus, accept this wretched heart.....	1	182	103	7	L.M.
Jesus! and art thou mine.....	1	58	25	10	S.M.
Jesus—and didst thou leave the sky .....	1	169	95	4	C.M.
Jesus, be thou my sure defence .....	1	154	85	4	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Jesus demands this heart of mine .....	1	120	66	3	L.M.
Jesus, from thy atoning blood .....	3	120	57	5	L.M.
Jesus, in thee alone I trust.....	3	70	32	11	C.M.
Jesus, in thee, in thee I trust, to raise .....	2	119	50	6	10 10.10 10.
Jesus, in thy dear name I trust.....	1	105	56	6	L.M.
Jesus—in thy transporting name .....	1	169	95	1	C.M.
Jesus, let thy almighty love inspire .....	2	79	35	10	Irreg.
Jesus my Lord, in thy dear name unite.....	3	19	10	1	10 10.10 10.
Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light.....	1	165	92	5	C.M.
Jesus my Lord, O give me strength divine .....	3	21	10	9	10 10.10 10.
Jesus, my Saviour, and my God.....	1	128	70	8	L.M.
Jesus, my soul, adoring, bends .....	1	176	99	5	C.M.
Jesus—O loveliest, dearest name .....	1	163	91	2	C.M.
Jesus the Lord, the mighty God .....	1	130	71	3	L.M.
Jesus the sacrifice became.....	1	131	71	4	L.M.
Jesus, the spring of joys divine .....	1	53	23	1	L.M.
Jesus, thou Lord of life divine.....	3	118	56	2	L.M.
Jesus, thy glory, beaming from afar.....	1	215	115	9	Irreg.
Jesus, to multitudes unknown .....	3	143	72	3	C.M.
Jesus, to thee alone I owe .....	3	49	22	5	8810.8810.
Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer .....	3	140	70	7	L.M.
Jesus, to thee, I would return.....	1	119	65	4	L.M.
Jesus, to thee, to thy atoning blood.....	3	95	46	7	10 10.10 10.
Jesus, to thy soul-cheering light.....	1	19	7	5	C.M.
Jesus, what shall I do to show .....	3	81	39	1	L.M.
Jesus, who died that we might live.....	1	174	98	4	L.M.
Jesus, who left his blest abode .....	1	74	35	4	C.M.
Jesus who left his throne on high.....	1	171	96	4	C.M.
Jesus, who once upon the tree .....	1	174	98	3	L.M.
Jesus who vanquished all your foes.....	3	135	67	2	88.88.88.
Jesus, whom my soul adores.....	2	126	52	7	Irreg.
Join the universal song.....	3	115	55	6	Irreg.
Kind adversity, thou friend to truth .....	2	24	9	1	10 10.10 10.
Kind hope, she rules the mind with sweet control .....	2	6	2	5	10 10.10 10.
Kind hope, the mourner's faithful friend.....	3	46	21	10	Irreg.
Kind Intercessor, to thy love .....	1	252	133	4	C.M.
Kind peace, from her propitious smiles.....	3	126	60	6	88.88.88.
Kind solitude, I love thy friendly shade .....	2	75	35	1	Irreg.
Late raging storm, twas mercy stayed.....	1	254	134	4	C.M.
Lead me! O lead me to that sovereign balm.....	3	62	28	3	Irreg.
Leave not my hope to sink in shame .....	2	161	66	17	L.M.
Leave not my life to impious foes.....	2	152	63	13	L.M.
Less fragrant was the ointment poured .....	2	227	87	2	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Let all creation join.....	1	42	20	2	66.66.44.44.
Let all my sins, (though deep their dye,) .....	2	179	73	9	L.M.
Let all whom life and breath inspire .....	2	260	99	6	L.M.
Let changeful vapour rise his power to show.....	2	254	97	6	Irreg.
Let earth and all her charms depart.....	1	101	53	4	C.M.
Let earth and seas their Maker's honour raise.....	2	254	97	4	Irreg.
Let earth's alluring joys combine.....	1	55	24	4	L.M.
Let every age adore thy name.....	3	122	58	8	L.M.
Let every creature join.....	1	47	20	14	66.66.44.44.
Let every mouth be filled with praise .....	2	258	98	6	L.M.
Let fainting Israel on the Lord .....	2	226	86	6	C.M.
Let faith our feeble senses aid.....	1	177	100	5	L.M.
Let fame the shining annals spread .....	2	107	47	1	8810.8810.
Let heaven, and earth, and time, and nature sing.....	2	256	97	13	Irreg.
Let her employ her utmost power.....	2	107	47	2	8810.8810.
Let humble penitential woe .....	1	177	100	6	L.M.
Let Israel's tribes, with blessings crowned.....	2	257	98	2	L.M.
Let me reflect with humble awe.....	1	149	82	4	C.M.
Let nobler cares, my time, my thoughts employ .....	3	160	73	3	10 10.10 10.
Let not my dear Emilia call severe .....	3	101	49	6	Irreg.
Let past experience of thy care.....	3	124	59	5	C.M.
Let the loud cymbal sounding high .....	2	260	99	5	L.M.
Let the sweet hope that thou art mine.....	1	136	74	10	C.M.
Let these petitions of my lips arise.....	2	146	60	6	Irreg.
Let this blest hope my eyelids close.....	1	23	9	9	L.M.
Let this vain world engage no more .....	1	106	57	3	C.M.
Let this weak, erring mind no more .....	1	71	33	8	C.M.
Let those bright worlds of endless joy.....	1	103	54	5	L.M.
Let thy abounding grace remove my guilt .....	3	179	75	5	10s.
Let thy almighty work appear .....	2	196	78	16	L.M.
Let thy enlivening healing voice.....	1	148	81	10	L.M.
Let thy indulgent pitying ear .....	2	191	77	2	L.M.
Let thy kind influence mark my future days.....	3	160	73	4	10 10.10 10.
Let thy kind Spirit in my heart.....	1	62	27	8	L.M.
Let thy reviving word impart.....	2	178	73	8	L.M.
Let wonder still with love unite .....	1	171	96	3	C.M.
Life is a journey, heaven my home.....	1	99	52	1	L.M.
Life is a span, a fleeting hour.....	2	26	10	1	C.M.
Lift up your heads, O ye celestial gates .....	2	149	62	4	Irreg.
Like a poor solitary fowl .....	2	201	81	6	C.M.
Little monitor, by thee.....	3	106	53	1	7sIrreg.
Live to declare his glorious name.....	2	204	81	21	C.M.
Long and mournful is the night.....	3	26	13	1	77.77.10 10.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Long be your life preserved, long may you share.....	3	91	45	2	Irreg.
Long has divine compassion strove .....	1	253	134	1	C.M.
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye.....	1	251	132	5	L.M.
Look, Sovereign Goodness from the skies .....	2	23	8	6	88.84.
Look up and smile, to hail the glorious day.....	2	119	50	5	10 10.10 10.
Look up my soul with cheerful eye.....	3	131	64	5	L.M.
Lord, bring unwilling souls to thee .....	1	93	48	6	C.M.
Lord, form my temper to thy will.....	3	71	33	4	L.M.
Lord, guide this wandering heart to thee .....	1	32	15	3	C.M.
Lord, hear my prayer, and heal my woes .....	2	141	58	3	C.M.
Lord, hear thy servant's humble prayer.....	2	200	81	1	C.M.
Lord, how astonishing, how vast thy works .....	2	212	83	4	Irreg.
Lord, how my numerous foes increase.....	2	135	55	1	C.M.
Lord, how mysterious are thy ways.....	1	131	72	1	L.M.
Lord, how shall wretched sinners dare.....	3	123	59	1	C.M.
Lord, I commit my soul to thee .....	1	154	85	7	C.M.
Lord, if a distant glimpse of thee.....	3	81	39	4	L.M.
Lord, if thy word confirm my heavenly birth.....	3	58	27	2	10 10.10 10.
Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name .....	2	158	66	1	L.M.
Lord, let thy mercy, full and free.....	2	177	73	1	L.M.
Lord of hosts, attend my prayer.....	2	189	76	8	L.M.
Lord of my life, inspire my heart.....	1	152	84	7	L.M.
Lord of my life, O may thy praise .....	1	20	8	1	C.M.
Lord of my life! to thee I owe.....	3	47	21	11	Irreg.
Lord of my life to thee my powers belong.....	3	84	41	1	10 10.10 10.10 10.
Lord of the earth, and seas, and skies.....	1	24	10	1	L.M.
Lord, raise my faith, my hope, my heart.....	1	34	15	10	C.M.
Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace .....	1	68	31	5	C.M.
Lord, send a beam of light divine.....	1	97	50	6	C.M.
Lord, shall the breathings of my heart .....	3	66	30	9	C.M.
Lord, teach me to adore thy hand .....	1	134	74	2	C.M.
Lord, thou hast been thy children's God .....	2	193	78	1	L.M.
Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love .....	1	37	16	13	C.M.
Lord, twas thy favour fixed my rest.....	2	157	65	8	C.M.
Lord, we accept with thankful heart.....	1	28	12	4	L.M.
Lord, we adore thy boundless grace.....	1	92	48	1	C.M.
Lord, what is man, that he should share .....	2	139	57	4	L.M.
Lord, what is man, that he should share .....	2	240	93	3	L.M.
Lord, when my raptured thought surveys.....	1	4	3	1	C.M.
Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove .....	1	178	101	1	L.M.
Lord, when these blissful wonders I explore .....	2	78	35	8	Irreg.
Lord, when this mortal frame decays .....	1	53	22	15	C.M.
Lord, when this roving heart again forgets .....	2	54	25	6	Irreg.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Lord, while my thoughts with wonder trace .....	3	67	31	1	L.M.
Lord, who shall stand before thy face .....	2	225	86	2	C.M.
Lord, wilt thou gracious hear my cry .....	2	171	69	12	L.M.
Lost in despair, beset with foes .....	1	94	49	2	L.M.
Low at thy feet my soul would lie.....	1	55	24	6	L.M.
Low at thy glorious feet, eternal God .....	2	91	42	2	Irreg.
Low at thy gracious feet I bend.....	3	73	35	1	L.M.
Low in the grave my hopes are laid .....	2	191	77	4	L.M.
Man, ah how far removed below.....	1	37	17	3	L.M.
Man has desires, capacious as his soul .....	2	113	49	3	Irreg.
Man is himself a little world of wonders .....	3	162	74	1	11s.
Man's short existence, frail at best .....	2	240	93	4	L.M.
Marinda's temper, open and sincere .....	2	73	34	1	Irreg.
Mark how the stately tree disdainful rears .....	1	196	109	1	Irreg.
May gracious heaven the happy union crown .....	1	222	119	2	Irreg.
May humble resignation calm your breast .....	3	19	9	7	10.10.10.10.
May I resolve with all my heart.....	1	161	89	2	L.M.
May the same grace that led her safely through .....	3	42	20	9	Irreg.
Mayest thou know the gracious donor.....	3	130	63	5	87.87.
Meditation, come away.....	2	12	5	5	7710.7710.
Meditation, pleasing guest.....	2	11	5	2	7710.7710.
Meek patience looks unmoved on pain and care .....	2	25	9	6	10.10.10.10.
Melancholy, friendly power.....	3	15	7	4	Irreg.
Mercy, that rich unbounded store.....	1	22	9	2	L.M.
Messiah comes! glad nature hails.....	3	112	55	1	Irreg.
Messiah comes! let every heart be glad .....	3	113	55	3	Irreg.
Messiah reigns, the Prince of peace .....	3	116	55	7	Irreg.
Methinks in Silvia I revive again.....	3	102	50	4	10.10.10.10.
More gaily smiles the blooming spring .....	1	221	118	3	C.M.
Morning of that glorious day .....	3	27	13	2	77.77.10.10.
Mortality, with painful load.....	1	140	77	8	C.M.
Mortality's unnumbered ills .....	3	71	33	3	L.M.
My all of hope is fixed on thee .....	1	184	104	8	L.M.
My cheerful hope can never die.....	1	133	73	3	C.M.
My chosen king exalted see.....	2	133	54	6	C.M.
My comforts all decay.....	1	143	79	3	S.M.
My days are shorter than a span.....	2	169	69	5	L.M.
My days by thy kind presence blest .....	2	138	56	8	C.M.
My days like smoke consume away .....	2	200	81	3	C.M.
My days unclouded, as they pass .....	1	22	9	3	L.M.
My dear Emilia, would you always know .....	3	99	49	2	Irreg.
My dearest friends who shared my heart.....	2	193	77	13	L.M.
My Father, dear, delightful name .....	2	10	4	9	L.M.



Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
My father O permit my heart.....	3	133	65	4	C.M.
My God, be thou forever nigh .....	1	117	63	7	L.M.
My God, for yet my trembling heart.....	1	147	81	4	L.M.
My God, if thou art mine indeed.....	1	84	42	5	L.M.
My God—important, glorious, blissful name .....	2	14	6	1	Irreg.
My God, my Father, be thy name .....	1	115	62	8	C.M.
My God, my Father, blissful name .....	1	114	62	1	C.M.
My God, my guide, be thou forever near .....	3	97	47	6	10 10.10 10.
My God, my hope, if thou art mine .....	1	116	63	1	L.M.
My God, my king, to thee I'll raise .....	2	243	94	1	C.M.
My God, my life, if thou appear.....	1	116	63	3	L.M.
My God, O could I call thee mine .....	1	142	78	5	C.M.
My God—O could I make the claim.....	1	137	75	2	C.M.
My God, O may I call thee mine indeed .....	3	198	80	2	Irreg.
My God, shall every creature join .....	2	51	24	5	88.88.10 10.
My God, the visits of thy face .....	1	32	15	1	C.M.
My God, thy presence can impart.....	1	113	61	7	L.M.
My God, tis to thy mercy-seat .....	1	133	73	1	C.M.
My God, to thee I call .....	1	143	79	1	S.M.
My God, to thee my soul aspires.....	1	30	14	4	C.M.
My God, whene'er my longing heart .....	1	2	2	1	L.M.
My great preserver, to thy gracious hand .....	3	56	26	1	10 10.10 10.
My great protector, and my Lord.....	1	134	73	5	C.M.
My guardian, my almighty friend.....	1	73	34	8	C.M.
My heart, my life, my tongue are thine .....	1	1	1	2	L.M.
My heart sinks down oppressed with grief.....	2	172	70	6	L.M.
My heart, where mental winter reigns .....	2	120	51	4	C.M.
My highest praise, alas, how poor .....	1	52	22	13	C.M.
My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord .....	1	83	41	4	C.M.
My hope was ready to depart .....	2	153	63	14	L.M.
My life is spent in grief and tears.....	2	160	66	10	L.M.
My life, my all, is in thy hand .....	2	161	66	15	L.M.
My Lord, my life, does not thy love inspire .....	3	87	42	5	10 10.10 10.
My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart .....	3	66	30	6	C.M.
My Lord, my Saviour, dwell upon my tongue.....	3	62	28	4	Irreg.
My Lord, my Saviour, my almighty friend .....	3	179	75	1	10s.
My lovely Silvia, while in blooming youth .....	3	87	43	1	10 10.10 10.
My Maker, and my King.....	1	48	21	1	S.M.
My melting soul in grief is spent.....	2	172	70	4	L.M.
My nightly songs I call to mind.....	2	185	75	5	L.M.
My numerous foes awake my fears.....	2	135	55	2	C.M.
My numerous wants are known to thee.....	1	23	9	5	L.M.
My persecuting foes prevail .....	2	238	92	3	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
My Saviour God, O loveliest, dearest name .....	2	116	49	10	Irreg.
My soul's desires ascend to thee.....	2	239	92	9	L.M.
My spirit asks a firmer prop .....	1	150	83	2	C.M.
My spirit fails, my hopes decline.....	2	200	81	4	C.M.
My spirit overwhelmed with grief.....	2	236	91	2	L.M.
My strength is lost, my life resigned .....	2	191	77	3	L.M.
My strength, with oft-repeated groans.....	2	201	81	5	C.M.
My taste no food with comfort cheers.....	2	201	81	9	C.M.
My thoughts recall thy favours past.....	1	147	81	7	L.M.
Mysterious love, in every scene .....	1	9	4	10	C.M.
Nature, o'er her ample frame.....	3	44	21	5	Irreg.
No cloud those blissful regions know .....	1	158	87	7	C.M.
No darkness there shall cloud our sight .....	1	168	94	4	L.M.
No darkness there shall cloud the eyes .....	3	69	32	5	C.M.
No earthly good my wish inspires .....	3	73	35	2	L.M.
No evil can my soul dismay .....	2	148	61	5	C.M.
No factious strife, no envy there.....	1	158	87	6	C.M.
No fancied joy beyond the sky.....	1	91	47	6	L.M.
No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze.....	2	57	26	8	C.M.
No meaner help, no mortal art.....	2	224	85	10	L.M.
No more confined to these low scenes of night .....	2	71	33	2	10 10.10 10.
No more could music soothe our cares .....	2	228	88	3	L.M.
No more in princes vainly trust.....	2	247	95	3	L.M.
No more let diffidence prevail.....	3	76	36	5	C.M.
No more, mistaken youth she cries .....	3	12	5	6	L.M.
No more, my friend—at length, alas! I see.....	2	103	46	3	Irreg.
No more, O pale destroyer, boast.....	1	108	58	6	C.M.
No more the furious lion waits.....	3	116	55	8	Irreg.
No more their breaking hearts despair.....	2	250	96	3	L.M.
No more their faded lustre strikes the sight .....	3	197	79	1	10s.
No other name will heaven approve.....	1	54	23	3	L.M.
No, says the soul whom heaven-born faith inspires .....	3	29	14	6	10 10.10 10.
No short-lived pleasure there beguiles .....	2	94	43	5	886.88.86.
No, still the ear of sovereign grace .....	1	146	80	7	C.M.
No sun shall gild the blest abode .....	1	35	16	4	C.M.
No, the pleasures were real, though soon they withdrew1	233	124	4		118.118.
No, there is nobler bliss for man designed .....	1	195	108	6	10 1010.
No, thy dear name engraven stands .....	1	81	40	5	C.M.
No, tis myself, my sins I fear .....	3	184	76	1	88.66.
No, were the brightest scenes of mortal bliss .....	2	113	49	4	Irreg.
Nor be this alone her praise.....	3	10	4	4	77.77.
Nor can I render this without thy aid .....	3	179	75	4	10s.
Nor gold nor gems, could buy our peace .....	1	130	71	2	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Nor is her power to single minds confined .....	1	209	114	6	Irreg.
Nor is it liberty alone.....	1	104	56	2	L.M.
Nor kings nor heroes graced her artless lay.....	1	185	106	2	10 10.10 10.10 10.
Nor let me curious ask if dark or fair.....	3	96	47	3	10 10.10 10.
Nor low to earth in sorrow bends.....	1	98	51	4	C.M.
Nor reverend hoary age, nor blooming youth .....	1	219	117	4	Irreg.
Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie .....	1	15	5	4	L.M.
Not all its horrors can affright .....	1	116	63	4	L.M.
Not all the good which earth bestows.....	1	31	14	6	C.M.
Not e'en those happy minds can trace .....	3	78	37	9	L.M.
Not even the good man's virtues ought avail .....	1	219	117	5	Irreg.
Not flowery Hermon e'er displayed .....	2	227	87	3	L.M.
Not for our sakes, we conscious own.....	3	122	58	6	L.M.
Not in vain aspires the heart .....	3	27	13	5	77.77.10 10.
Not so the sinner's hope; he soon shall find.....	2	132	53	2	Irreg,
Now breathless in the silent tomb .....	1	12	4	29	C.M.
Now deeply humbled, self-abased, we read .....	2	70	32	3	10 10.10 10.
Now earth receives the precious seed .....	2	183	74	12	L.M.
Now faintly smile day's hasty hours.....	2	119	51	1	C.M.
Now gaily-painted bubbles rise.....	2	56	26	2	C.M.
Now let us raise our cheerful strains .....	1	173	98	1	L.M.
Now on his Father's throne he reigns .....	1	94	49	4	L.M.
Now reigns the lovely spring in all her pride .....	1	223	120	1	Irreg.
Now rise my wishes high to joys divine.....	2	21	7	10	Irreg.
Now rising from the dark retreats of death .....	1	212	115	4	Irreg.
Now shall my head exalted rise .....	2	151	63	7	L.M.
Now sounds the various strain; the solemn call.....	3	108	54	3	Irreg.
Now, the celestial flame that warmed thy breast.....	2	71	33	4	10 10.10 10.
Now the mind enraptured soars.....	2	68	31	4	Irreg.
Now thick descending flakes of snow.....	2	252	96	14	L.M.
Now to thy heavenly Father's praise.....	3	75	36	1	C.M.
Now will I walk before the Lord .....	2	223	85	9	L.M.
O be a nobler portion mine .....	2	170	69	7	L.M.
O be his service all my joy.....	1	161	89	3	L.M.
O be that dearest friend your trust.....	3	128	61	5	L.M.
O be that life, which thy indulgent hand .....	3	84	41	2	10 10.10 10.10 10.
O be the life thy hand restores.....	3	76	36	8	C.M.
O bid each fatal, fair illusion flee.....	1	195	108	11	10 1010.
O bid us turn, almighty Lord.....	1	249	131	6	C.M.
O blest religion, heavenly fair .....	2	35	16	1	C.M.
O bliss too high for mortal thought .....	1	33	15	9	C.M.
O blissful state! on earth my wish supreme.....	2	117	49	11	Irreg.
O change these wretched hearts of ours.....	3	142	71	6	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
O cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain .....	2	179	73	13	L.M.
O come, and with his children taste.....	1	18	6	5	C.M.
O come, thou life of every grace .....	2	110	48	7	886.886.
O could I know my sins forgiven.....	1	128	70	7	L.M.
O could I rise, one happy minute rise.....	3	86	42	2	10.10.10 10.
O could I with unshaken hope declare .....	2	58	27	2	Irreg.
O could my longing spirit rise .....	1	156	86	4	C.M.
O could our thoughts and wishes fly .....	1	96	50	4	C.M.
O could those distant seats of joy impart.....	3	60	27	9	10 10.10 10.
O could we read our interest here .....	1	167	94	1	L.M.
O dearer to my thankful heart.....	3	82	40	1	L.M.
O death, frail nature's dreaded foe.....	1	128	70	5	L.M.
O death, thou king of terrors! dreadful name.....	1	218	117	3	Irreg.
O do not hide thy blissful face.....	2	200	81	2	C.M.
O for a beam of glory from above.....	2	19	7	8	Irreg.
O for a friend whose all-sustaining arm .....	3	51	23	8	10 10.10 10.
O for a friend whose life-inspiring smile .....	3	51	23	7	10 10.10 10.
O for a sweet inspiring ray .....	1	166	93	1	L.M.
O for one celestial ray .....	2	47	22	3	Irreg.
O for the animating fire.....	2	109	48	1	886.886.
O for the bright, the joyful day.....	1	127	69	5	L.M.
O for the eye of faith divine .....	3	69	32	8	C.M.
O for the wings of faith and love .....	2	93	43	2	886.88.86.
O free my soul, dissolve the chain .....	2	237	91	6	L.M.
O friendship, what sincere delights are thine.....	1	202	111	6	Irreg.
O God of mercy, thou that hearest prayer.....	3	160	73	1	10 10.10 10.
O God of nature, God of grace.....	3	7	2	8	C.M.
O gracious God, for Jesus' sake .....	1	253	133	5	C.M.
O gracious God, in whom I live .....	1	79	39	3	C.M.
O happiness, by all admired, pursued .....	1	194	108	1	10 1010.
O happiness, thou pleasing dream .....	1	25	11	1	C.M.
O happy people! favoured state .....	2	242	93	14	L.M.
O happy period! blissful day .....	3	49	22	4	8810.8810.
O happy period! glorious day.....	3	137	68	8	C.M.
O happy portion! lot divine.....	3	31	15	6	866.866.
O happy scenes of pure delight .....	3	66	30	7	C.M.
O happy state, divine abode.....	2	121	51	10	C.M.
O hear his voice! for heaven attends the sound.....	3	51	23	10	10 10.10 10.
O Hervey, be thy pleasing labours crowned.....	2	70	32	7	10 10.10 10.
O Hervey, honoured name, forgive the tear.....	2	71	33	1	10 10.10 10.
O how benevolent and kind .....	1	122	67	3	L.M.
O keep me in thy heavenly way .....	1	80	39	6	C.M.
O kind adversity, without thy aid .....	2	25	9	8	10 10.10 10.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
O let it flow to my polluted heart .....	3	196	77	3	Irreg.
O let me ask my conscious, trembling heart.....	3	22	11	3	Irreg.
O let me call thy grace to mind .....	1	78	38	3	C.M.
O let me hear that voice divine .....	3	140	70	8	L.M.
O let me hear thy blissful voice.....	1	87	44	6	L.M.
O let me join the raptured lays.....	1	155	85	10	C.M.
O let me not despairing mourn.....	1	126	69	3	L.M.
O let me trace the heavenly transcript o'er .....	2	77	35	6	Irreg.
O let my heart confess thy power .....	2	36	16	6	C.M.
O let my heart her needful dictates hear.....	3	95	46	4	10 10.10 10.
O let my nobler wishes soar.....	2	56	26	6	C.M.
O let my soul the wondrous power confess.....	2	52	25	2	Irreg.
O let my wondering heart confess .....	3	6	2	5	C.M.
O let the humble destitute .....	2	203	81	17	C.M.
O let the sacred hyssop prove .....	2	178	73	7	L.M.
O let the saints aloud rejoice .....	2	258	98	5	L.M.
O let the same almighty care .....	1	21	8	5	C.M.
O let the wretched sons of woe .....	3	78	37	6	L.M.
O let thy beams resplendent shine .....	1	32	15	4	C.M.
O let thy favour, bliss divine .....	2	161	66	16	L.M.
O let thy goodness, Lord, appear.....	2	180	73	17	L.M.
O let thy grace guide every song.....	1	3	2	6	L.M.
O let thy grace inspire.....	1	49	21	6	S.M.
O let thy grace my heart inspire.....	1	3	2	3	L.M.
O let thy love, my God, my King.....	1	141	77	9	C.M.
O let thy love shine forth, and raise .....	1	121	66	7	L.M.
O let thy love with sweet control.....	1	120	65	5	L.M.
O let thy love's all-powerful ray .....	1	129	70	9	L.M.
O let thy mercy on my heart .....	1	25	10	5	L.M.
O let thy mercy's healing ray .....	2	85	38	4	8810.8812.
O let thy potent arm control.....	2	241	93	7	L.M.
O let thy powerful grace appear .....	1	255	134	8	C.M.
O let thy sacred word impart.....	1	69	32	4	L.M.
O let thy sovereign grace impart .....	1	251	132	7	L.M.
O let thy spirit now impart.....	1	168	94	7	L.M.
O let thy spirit's sacred influence seal .....	2	91	41	4	10 10.10 10.
O let us fly, to Jesus fly.....	1	107	57	5	C.M.
O look, with pity look on me .....	3	119	56	5	L.M.
O Lord, how glorious is thy name.....	2	139	57	1	L.M.
O Lord, my God, oppressed with grief .....	2	155	65	2	C.M.
O Lord, my life, my Saviour God.....	2	190	77	1	L.M.
O Lord, my strength, my righteousness .....	2	137	56	1	C.M.
O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace.....	2	190	76	12	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
O Lord, thy awful searching eye has traced .....	2	232	90	1	Irreg.
O Lord, thy saving power oppose .....	2	242	93	10	L.M.
O lost to earth!—no, in his works he lives .....	2	72	33	7	10 10.10 10.
O make our sacred pleasures rise .....	2	196	78	15	L.M.
O may every mental grace .....	3	11	4	5	77.77.
O may I meet the dreadful hour.....	1	154	85	5	C.M.
O may I never faint nor tire.....	1	162	89	5	L.M.
O may I reach the blissful plains .....	1	69	32	7	L.M.
O may I still with thankful heart enjoy.....	3	96	47	2	10 10.10 10.
O may I thirst for thee, my God.....	1	29	13	5	C.M.
O may my name but find some humble place .....	1	220	117	7	Irreg.
O may my Silvia raise her wishes high.....	3	98	48	5	10 10.10 10.
O may my soul with gratitude sincere .....	1	210	114	9	Irreg.
O may our souls thy grace adore .....	3	123	59	3	C.M.
O may our willing hearts confess.....	1	170	95	8	C.M.
O may providence defend thee .....	3	130	63	3	87.87.
O may redeeming love, renewing grace .....	3	162	74	5	11s.
O may that glorious, happy world emit.....	3	41	20	8	Irreg.
O may the gentle pair propitious tarry .....	2	75	34	5	Irreg.
O may the heavenly prospect fire.....	1	159	87	10	C.M.
O may the kind correction prove .....	3	74	35	9	L.M.
O may the needful sigh be unsuppressed.....	3	38	19	6	10 10.10 10.
O may the rod the happy end promote.....	3	55	25	5	10 10.10 10.
O may the sweet, the blissful theme.....	1	172	96	6	C.M.
O may these heavenly pages be .....	1	60	26	11	C.M.
O may this weak, this fainting mind .....	3	71	33	5	L.M.
O may thy favour bliss divine! .....	3	73	35	3	L.M.
O may thy favour, Lord, return.....	2	196	78	13	L.M.
O may virtue's charms be mine.....	3	13	6	7	77.77.
O may your erring wishes learn to rise .....	2	8	3	6	10 10.10 10.
O my Philander, may the blissful ray.....	3	33	16	4	Irreg.
O never let my soul remove.....	1	134	73	6	C.M.
O Salem, in thy sacred courts .....	2	225	85	15	L.M.
O sent by heaven, to teach the Saviour's praise.....	2	69	32	1	10 10.10 10.
O shine on this benighted heart .....	1	111	60	5	C.M.
O spare me, and my strength restore.....	2	171	69	13	L.M.
O speak the word! her joyful wings.....	3	49	22	6	8810.8810.
O teach me, Lord, thy sacred way.....	2	152	63	12	L.M.
O teach me the celestial skill .....	1	152	84	8	L.M.
O teach my faith on stronger wing to rise.....	3	24	11	7	Irreg.
O teach my heart, my life, my voice .....	3	82	39	6	L.M.
O the rich depths of love divine .....	1	14	4	37	C.M.
O think what glorious scenes above .....	1	100	52	4	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
O thou both nature's author and her lord.....	1	193	107	6	Irreg.
O thou, from whose almighty breath .....	1	71	33	7	C.M.
O thou supreme, eternal source of good .....	2	83	37	6	Irreg.
O thou who hearest our humble cry .....	2	181	74	2	L.M.
O thou whose eye surveys my inmost heart.....	3	90	44	4	9-10s.
O thou, whose potent word, from nothing raised.....	3	23	11	5	Irreg.
O thou, whose tender mercy hears .....	1	110	60	1	C.M.
O wash this guilty heart of mine.....	2	177	73	2	L.M.
O were these heavenly prospects mine.....	1	99	51	7	C.M.
O when shall time the period bring .....	3	124	59	7	C.M.
O when will that illustrious day .....	1	129	70	12	L.M.
O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord.....	3	80	38	5	C.M.
O wondrous gift of love divine.....	1	92	48	2	C.M.
O yet support thy feeble child .....	3	73	34	5	L.M.
Obedient to his word, pale famine came .....	2	216	84	4	Irreg.
O'er the ocean, deep, and wide .....	3	36	18	6	Irreg.
O'er the wide ocean storm and terror spread.....	2	154	64	3	Irreg.
O'er yon wide extended lawn .....	3	3	1	5	Irreg.
O'erwhelmed with restless griefs and fears.....	1	146	81	1	L.M.
Oft hast thou listened to my humble prayer .....	3	56	26	2	10 10.10 10.
Oft have I said, with inward sighs.....	1	127	70	1	L.M.
Oft have I viewed the flowers while bright and gay .....	1	216	116	1	Irreg.
Oft have I wished to have my heart refined.....	3	54	25	4	10 10.10 10.
Oft in the temples of his grace .....	1	109	59	3	L.M.
Oft let thy shining visits cheer.....	1	141	77	10	C.M.
Oft through the gloomy shades of mortal night.....	3	129	62	4	10 10.10 10.
Oft, when imaginary woes oppress.....	3	98	48	3	10 10.10 10.
Oft when the child in wanton play.....	1	239	128	1	C.M.
Oh, blest the men, blest their employ .....	2	188	76	4	L.M.
Oh! could my weary spirit rise .....	1	112	61	4	L.M.
Oh, happy favourites of almighty love .....	2	21	7	9	Irreg.
Oh! if this heaven-born grace were mine.....	1	71	33	5	C.M.
Oh trained to virtue in affliction's school .....	3	128	62	2	10 10.10 10.
Oh! what can I impart .....	1	49	21	4	S.M.
Old time was posting by in haste .....	3	11	5	4	L.M.
Omniscient Lord, before whose awful eye.....	2	86	39	1	Irreg.
On God alone my soul would wait .....	2	226	86	4	C.M.
On inviolate truth while his hopes are depending .....	3	25	12	4	1212.126.
On me that providence has shone .....	1	6	3	13	C.M.
On the tremendous brink .....	1	57	25	5	S.M.
On thee alone my hope relies .....	1	14	4	39	C.M.
On thee I lean, all-gracious God.....	1	100	52	6	L.M.
On this are built the brightest joys.....	1	150	83	3	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
On wings of faith and strong desire .....	1	92	47	8	L.M.
Once more has heaven indulgent heard our prayers.....	2	31	14	1	Irreg.
One beam of glory from his radiant face.....	3	197	78	1	10s.
One day within thy sacred gate .....	2	189	76	9	L.M.
One ray of heaven, bright dawning o'er my soul.....	3	207	83	2	Irreg.
One word of thy resistless power .....	1	228	122	6	886.886.
Oppressed with guilt, a painful load .....	1	27	12	2	L.M.
Oppressed with pain my feeble powers decay .....	3	55	25	7	10 10.10 10.
Or canst thou patient see death's threatening dart.....	3	55	25	9	10 10.10 10.
Or grant your heart should all its wish possess .....	2	31	13	3	10 10.10 10.
Or if aspiring fame employs.....	1	240	128	6	C.M.
Our arms, O God of armies, bless.....	1	251	132	8	L.M.
Our arms succeed, our councils guide .....	3	124	59	6	C.M.
Our barbarous masters mocked our pains.....	2	228	88	4	L.M.
Our days, alas, how short their bound.....	2	195	78	9	L.M.
Our hearts, so late oppressed with fear .....	2	41	19	2	C.M.
Our mighty woes increasing rise .....	2	228	88	2	L.M.
Pale famine now, and wasting war .....	1	250	132	4	L.M.
Parent of good, tis thine to give .....	2	10	4	7	L.M.
Paternal love with ever-watchful eye .....	3	50	23	3	10 10.10 10.
Patient, the cruel scourge he bore .....	1	11	4	21	C.M.
Peace, my complaining, doubting heart.....	1	148	82	1	C.M.
Perfect bliss resides above.....	3	53	24	6	77.77.
Perhaps my closing eyes .....	1	56	25	2	S.M.
Perhaps some loved, perhaps some honoured life .....	3	22	11	2	Irreg.
Perhaps the awful stroke may seem severe.....	3	38	19	4	10 10.10 10.
Perhaps to threescore years and ten .....	2	195	78	10	L.M.
Permit me, Lord, to seek thy face .....	1	72	34	1	C.M.
Phantoms of pleasure rise, and smiling fair.....	1	195	108	9	10 1010.
Pleasures, unsullied, flourish there .....	1	35	16	3	C.M.
Power to the faint, thy sacred word assures.....	2	53	25	3	Irreg.
Praise, a tribute ah how poor.....	2	13	5	7	7710.7710.
Praise ye the Lord: Oh, blissful theme.....	2	249	96	1	L.M.
Praise ye the Lord; let praise employ .....	2	259	99	1	L.M.
Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine .....	1	159	87	11	C.M.
Preserve me from the fatal snare .....	2	159	66	4	L.M.
Preserve me, oh my God; on thee alone.....	2	142	59	1	Irreg.
Preserved by thy almighty arm.....	1	20	8	2	C.M.
Pressed with affliction, let me then conclude .....	1	217	116	4	Irreg.
Pretty vagrant of the air .....	3	12	6	1	77.77.
Pride is the livery of the prince of darkness .....	1	196	109	2	Irreg.
Pride is the source of discord, strife, and war .....	1	197	109	4	Irreg.
Pride leads her wretched votaries to contempt.....	1	197	109	6	Irreg.



Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Propitious heaven that smiled before .....	2	41	19	3	C.M.
Proud monarchs meet, and breathing war.....	2	133	54	2	C.M.
Providence profusely kind .....	3	52	24	2	77.77.
Queen of seasons come away .....	3	2	1	3	Irreg.
Queen of seasons, lovely spring .....	3	1	1	1	Irreg.
Queen of the gay parterre I reign .....	2	44	21	2	L.M.
Rage flashed vindictive from the tyrant's eyes .....	3	109	54	4	Irreg.
Reason, the glory of the human frame.....	1	207	114	1	Irreg.
Recall, my heart, that dreadful hour .....	1	181	103	1	L.M.
Recount his works in strains divine.....	2	259	99	2	L.M.
Reflect how soon my life will end.....	1	124	68	3	L.M.
Reflection, care, and foresight, all retreat .....	2	17	7	3	Irreg.
Reflection now returning, may our souls .....	3	39	20	2	Irreg.
Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice .....	2	165	68	1	Irreg.
Rekindled now from heaven, her dying lamp.....	1	209	114	5	Irreg.
Released from the sorrows of time his glad spirit .....	3	25	12	5	1212.126.
Religion's sacred lamp alone.....	1	26	11	5	C.M.
Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons .....	2	230	88	10	L.M.
Repeated crimes awake our fears.....	1	64	29	2	L.M.
Repentant sorrow fills my heart .....	1	179	101	5	L.M.
Restore thy favour, bliss divine.....	2	179	73	11	L.M.
Return my soul, and sweetly rest.....	2	223	85	7	L.M.
Return, O blissful sun, and bring.....	2	121	51	8	C.M.
Robbed of her cheering light, what woes attend .....	1	210	114	7	Irreg.
Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart.....	1	17	6	3	C.M.
Round you affluence spreads her stores .....	3	52	24	3	77.77.
Sad prisoners in a house of clay .....	1	104	56	1	L.M.
Safe lead me through this world of night .....	1	54	23	5	L.M.
Salvation, Lord, is thine alone .....	2	136	55	8	C.M.
Satan and sin unite their art .....	1	73	34	6	C.M.
Save me, by thy almighty arm .....	2	170	69	8	L.M.
Say, can these untaught airs acceptance find .....	1	190	106	4	10 10.10 10.10 10.
Say, could the awful messenger appear.....	3	40	20	3	Irreg.
Say, dear Amira, while this bosom shares.....	3	28	14	1	10 10.10 10.
Say, dear Urania, silent why so long .....	2	102	46	1	Irreg.
Say, Delia, whence these cares arise .....	2	28	11	1	L.M.
Say, does not heaven our comforts mix .....	2	43	20	5	C.M.
Say, gentle muse, who oft has deigned .....	2	1	1	1	Irreg.
Say, happy natives of the sky .....	1	113	61	6	L.M.
Say to my heart, that often hath preferred.....	3	54	25	3	10 10.10 10.
Say, while you press, with growing love .....	2	42	20	1	C.M.
Say, wilt thou ne'er return .....	2	2	1	2	Irreg.
Scarce through the shades, a glimpse of day .....	1	126	69	2	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Seal my forgiveness in the blood.....	1	23	9	8	L.M.
Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart.....	1	125	68	8	L.M.
See, crowned with thorns that sacred head.....	1	181	103	2	L.M.
See, dearest Lord, my wretched state.....	1	121	66	6	L.M.
See, fraught with vengeance how it spreads.....	1	254	134	3	C.M.
See, gracious God, before thy throne.....	1	248	131	1	C.M.
See, in the Saviour's dying blood.....	1	64	28	5	L.M.
See, Jesus stands with open arms.....	1	17	6	2	C.M.
See Lebanon with all his honours bend.....	2	154	64	4	Irreg.
See, Lord, thy willing subject bows.....	3	83	40	5	L.M.
See! low before thy throne of grace.....	1	110	60	2	C.M.
See, the eyelids of the blind.....	3	114	55	4	Irreg.
See, the helpless cripple rise.....	3	115	55	5	Irreg.
See the shades open!—now direct your eye.....	2	7	2	8	10 10.10 10.
See! through the dreadful gloom a cheering ray.....	2	96	44	2	Irreg.
See yonder gaudy tulip rise.....	2	44	21	1	L.M.
See yonder stalk! there lately grew a flower.....	1	236	126	3	Irreg.
Sense can but furnish scenes of woe.....	1	70	33	2	C.M.
Serenely bright ascends the silver moon.....	1	193	107	5	Irreg.
Shall every warning be in vain.....	1	254	134	5	C.M.
Shall fond expectance lean on earthly friends.....	1	225	121	1	10 10.10 10.
Shall gay amusements rise between.....	1	152	84	4	L.M.
Shall I wish the world caressing.....	3	130	63	4	87.87.
Shall I withhold thy due.....	1	49	21	5	S.M.
Shall Jesus for admission sue.....	1	67	31	3	C.M.
Shall love like thine be thus repaid.....	3	79	38	2	C.M.
Shall loyal nations hail the day,*.....	3	134	67	1	88.88.88.
Shall man, alone, unsatisfied remain.....	1	194	108	5	10 1010.
Shall the kind mother's gentle breast.....	1	81	40	2	C.M.
Shall we submit to his commands.....	2	133	54	3	C.M.
Short delight your charms impart.....	3	12	6	2	77.77.
Should all created blessings fade.....	1	117	63	5	L.M.
Should both the Indies at my call.....	3	143	72	4	C.M.
Should boundless wealth increase my store.....	1	31	14	7	C.M.
Should earth's vain treasures all depart.....	3	143	72	5	C.M.
Should every earthly friend depart.....	2	152	63	11	L.M.
Should famine o'er the mourning field.....	1	86	44	1	L.M.
Should gloomy shades the path o'erspread.....	3	31	15	4	866.866.
Should he recall we tremble at the thought.....	3	29	14	8	10 10.10 10.
Should heaven with every wish comply.....	2	28	11	4	L.M.
Should I be banished from that blest abode.....	2	78	35	9	Irreg.
Should lavish wealth display her shining stores.....	2	91	42	1	Irreg.
Should lowing herds and bleating sheep.....	1	86	44	2	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Should nature's charms to please the eye .....	1	155	86	1	C.M.
Should numerous hosts besiege me round .....	2	150	63	3	L.M.
Should sorrow like a whelming deluge roll .....	1	226	121	5	10 10.10 10.
Should, sudden, to his hopeless eye .....	1	29	13	2	C.M.
Should the world frown, and all its pleasures fly .....	3	198	80	1	Irreg.
Sin like a raging fever reigns .....	1	63	28	2	L.M.
Sin throws in vain its pointed dart .....	1	64	28	6	L.M.
Since inward truth thy laws require .....	2	178	73	6	L.M.
Sing to the Lord, let praise inspire .....	2	250	96	6	L.M.
Smile on my minutes as they roll .....	1	21	8	6	C.M.
Smile on my soul, and bid me sing .....	3	83	40	6	L.M.
Smooth complaisance, and well-dissembled kindness ....	1	203	112	2	Irreg.
So bounds the wanton heifer o'er the mead .....	2	154	64	5	Irreg.
So fades the lovely, blooming flower .....	2	33	15	1	L.M.
So, if my soul's bright sun impart .....	2	120	51	6	C.M.
So longs the weary fainting mind .....	1	29	13	3	C.M.
So shall the heathen nations fear .....	2	203	81	15	C.M.
So, wandering meteors of the night .....	1	229	122	8	886.886.
So withers all my bloom of life away .....	2	112	49	2	Irreg.
Softly-pleasing Solitude .....	2	66	31	1	Irreg.
Some gentle spirit aid my flight .....	1	198	110	3	88.84.
Soon as my infant life began .....	2	178	73	5	L.M.
Soon let thy mercy cheer our hearts .....	2	196	78	14	L.M.
Soon will their transient date expire .....	2	29	12	2	L.M.
Sooner the mountains shall depart .....	2	84	38	2	8810.8812.
Sorrow, and pain, and every care .....	1	35	16	5	C.M.
Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace .....	1	137	75	5	C.M.
Speak to my heart; the gloomy night .....	2	239	92	8	L.M.
Stern winter throws his icy chains .....	2	120	51	2	C.M.
Still from the same eternal spring .....	3	67	31	2	L.M.
Still his unwearied love pursued .....	1	10	4	15	C.M.
Still, must the scenes of bliss remain .....	1	142	78	4	C.M.
Still shall we fight, and still prevail .....	1	95	49	6	L.M.
Still they pursue the painful road .....	2	189	76	7	L.M.
Still with prevailing power he pleads .....	1	14	4	35	C.M.
Strange as it is, yet this may be .....	1	81	40	4	C.M.
Stretched on the cross the Saviour dies .....	1	179	102	1	L.M.
Such are the objects earth displays .....	1	99	52	3	L.M.
Such bliss no other nation shares .....	2	253	96	18	L.M.
Such is the Christian's glorious prize .....	2	108	47	6	8810.8810.
Such mournful scenes, what heart unmoved could bear.	2	18	7	6	Irreg.
Such ruin, Babel, thou shalt share .....	2	230	88	11	L.M.
Superior bliss invites my eyes .....	1	139	77	2	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Sure I am thine—or why this load .....	1	118	64	3	L.M.
Sure I must love the Saviour's name .....	1	120	66	1	L.M.
Sure the blest comforter is nigh .....	1	61	27	3	L.M.
Sure the Lord of life is near .....	3	27	13	4	77.77.10 10.
Surely, the mind must be akin to heaven .....	2	37	17	3	Irreg.
Surprising grace!—and shall my heart .....	1	67	31	2	C.M.
Sweet charity, long-suffering, meek and kind .....	2	39	18	3	Irreg.
Sweet guest of retirement, O come to my breast.....	3	104	51	5	1112.116.
Sweet peace, to crown the happy scene.....	2	252	96	12	L.M.
Sweet plant of paradise, its seeds are sown .....	2	8	3	3	10 10.10 10.
Take, take my passions in thy sovereign hand .....	3	20	10	4	10 10.10 10.
Teach me to do thy sacred will .....	2	239	92	10	L.M.
Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord.....	3	131	64	7	L.M.
Teach us to count our shortening days .....	2	195	78	12	L.M.
Tell her that providence, immensely kind.....	3	98	48	2	10 10.10 10.
Tell me, O tell me thou art mine indeed.....	3	179	75	2	10s.
Tell me, Silvia, why the sigh .....	3	52	24	1	77.77.
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues.....	2	94	43	4	886.88.86.
Thankful own what you enjoy.....	3	53	24	5	77.77.
That awful hour will soon appear .....	1	151	84	2	L.M.
That awful word, that sovereign power .....	1	85	43	2	C.M.
That bounteous hand my thoughts adore.....	3	7	2	6	C.M.
That end approaching is our chief concern .....	3	38	19	5	10 10.10 10.
That friend who left his throne above .....	3	70	32	9	C.M.
That grace which bids my hope aspire .....	3	134	66	6	L.M.
That grace, which smiles approving on their lays .....	3	86	42	4	10 10.10 10.
That hand divine, which can assuage .....	1	16	5	5	L.M.
That hand, in this hard heart of mine .....	3	7	2	7	C.M.
That smiling dawn derives its ray .....	3	35	17	5	88.88.810.
That sound e'er long shall mark the solemn hour .....	3	61	28	1	Irreg.
That word which stills the raging seas .....	2	182	74	8	L.M.
That Zion, which thy servants love.....	2	202	81	14	C.M.
The Almighty former of the skies .....	1	8	4	8	C.M.
The author fainted at the sight .....	3	12	5	5	L.M.
The bleating flocks, the lowing herds.....	2	140	57	7	L.M.
The blessings God hath lent, when he recalls .....	3	29	14	7	10 10.10 10.
The blissful realms, where thy loved matter reigns .....	2	71	33	3	10 10.10 10.
The blissful word, with joy replete .....	1	69	32	5	L.M.
The brighter Seraph veils his face.....	1	37	17	2	L.M.
The brightest joy your smile can boast.....	1	103	55	2	L.M.
The busy town, the crowded street .....	1	26	11	3	C.M.
The cares of mortal life, how vain.....	3	68	32	1	C.M.
The charms of grandeur, pomp and show.....	1	25	11	2	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
The Christian seeks a nobler prize .....	2	107	47	3	8810.8810.
The constant bounty of his Lord .....	3	31	15	5	866.866.
The cowslip's virtues, and my own.....	2	45	21	8	L.M.
The creature of thy hand.....	1	49	21	3	C.M.
The dear-loved blessing while we view .....	2	42	19	4	C.M.
The desert through her vast domain .....	3	113	55	2	Irreg.
The dull, defective! tis too faint a name .....	1	234	125	1	Irreg.
The dumb, the deaf, the lame, the blind.....	1	9	4	12	C.M.
The earth through all her wide dominion owns .....	2	148	62	1	Irreg.
The eternal God looks kindly down.....	2	231	89	6	C.M.
The falling saint, with powerful grace .....	2	245	94	13	C.M.
The Father's blissful smile withdrawn .....	1	12	4	26	C.M.
The flowers are silent while she speaks.....	2	45	21	5	L.M.
The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise.....	1	41	19	7	L.M.
The friendly hint, ye listening fair.....	2	45	21	9	L.M.
The fruitful tree, the blooming flower .....	1	5	3	6	C.M.
The full clouds poured their watery store .....	2	187	75	14	L.M.
The gifts indulgent heaven bestows.....	1	221	118	1	C.M.
The glorious monarch there displays.....	1	158	87	9	C.M.
The God in heavenly strains they sung.....	1	8	4	9	C.M.
The God of my salvation lives.....	1	87	44	4	L.M.
The great Creator, just, and good, and wise .....	1	194	108	4	10 1010.
The hand that holds the rod I see.....	3	72	34	2	L.M.
The heathen empires trembling own his power .....	2	177	72	3	Irreg.
The heathen nations, strangers to the Lord .....	2	167	68	5	Irreg.
The heathen raged with war, the empires shook.....	2	175	71	3	Irreg.
The heaven-born mind requires immortal food .....	2	81	37	2	Irreg.
The heavens declare their Maker's glorious name .....	2	144	60	1	Irreg.
The helpless child, that oft her eyes.....	1	81	40	3	C.M.
The horrors of the sanguine field .....	3	126	60	5	88.88.88.
The kindest, gentled virtues form thy train .....	2	25	9	5	10 10.10 10.
The labour of a God! the masterpiece.....	3	162	74	3	11s.
The lay which friendship claims heaven will approve .....	3	85	41	4	10 10.10 10.10 10.
The living tribes of countless forms .....	1	4	3	3	C.M.
The Lord Almighty deigns amazing thought! .....	3	58	27	3	10 10.10 10.
The Lord forgets his wonted grace.....	1	80	40	1	C.M.
The Lord is king, his hand alone .....	2	208	82	13	L.M.
The Lord is mine, the portion of my choice .....	2	143	59	3	Irreg.
The Lord, my Saviour, is my light.....	2	150	63	1	L.M.
The Lord, my Shepherd and my Guide .....	2	147	61	1	C.M.
The Lord of hosts is with us; Israel's God.....	2	175	71	4	Irreg.
The Lord preserves, with tender care .....	2	223	85	6	L.M.
The Lord shall reign forever King.....	2	249	95	11	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
The Lord, the fountain of immortal power .....	2	155	64	7	Irreg.
The Lord, the God of glory, reigns .....	2	197	79	1	L.M.
The Lord, the mighty God exalted reigns .....	2	198	80	1	Irreg.
The Lord, the mighty God, on high .....	2	197	79	4	L.M.
The loving kindness of the Lord .....	3	77	37	1	L.M.
The meads, arrayed in smiling greens .....	1	5	3	5	C.M.
The men that hear my sacred lyre .....	2	244	94	6	C.M.
The men, to this high strain of impious pride .....	3	109	54	5	Irreg.
The mind was formed to mount sublime .....	1	227	122	2	886.886.
The monarchs of the earth shall hear .....	2	231	89	5	C.M.
The moon and stars his absent light .....	1	5	3	8	C.M.
The mournful gift, attentive, while I view .....	3	37	19	1	10 10.10 10.
The once loved form now cold and dead .....	2	27	10	3	C.M.
The pains that wait our fleeting breath .....	1	75	36	1	L.M.
The path to thy divine abode .....	1	73	34	5	C.M.
The powers of darkness will rejoice .....	2	141	58	4	C.M.
The praise of God, delightful theme .....	2	247	94	20	C.M.
The praises of my God, my King .....	2	247	95	2	L.M.
The prince! the Saviour, long desired .....	1	109	59	2	L.M.
The prince, who late in a surprising hour .....	3	107	54	2	Irreg.
The promise guides her ardent flight .....	2	34	15	7	L.M.
The rising morn, the closing day .....	2	183	74	10	L.M.
The rising sun, serenely bright .....	1	40	19	2	L.M.
The sacred word, the solemn oath .....	1	151	83	5	C.M.
The sacrifice the Lord will own .....	2	138	56	5	C.M.
The Saviour calls—let every ear .....	1	162	90	1	C.M.
The Saviour, dying, rising, crowned .....	1	36	16	11	C.M.
The Saviour! O what endless charms .....	1	7	4	2	C.M.
The Saviour pleads his dying blood .....	1	76	36	5	L.M.
The senses soon are tired, and sink to rest .....	2	37	17	2	Irreg.
The shining firmament shall fade .....	1	91	47	5	L.M.
The sorrow-shaded scenes that rise between .....	3	29	14	9	10 10.10 10.
The soul, from sin forever free .....	1	35	16	6	C.M.
The sparrows near thy altar live .....	2	188	76	3	L.M.
The sun withdraws his vital beams .....	2	120	51	3	C.M.
The sun's productive quickening beams .....	1	5	3	7	C.M.
The sweet experience of thy grace .....	3	77	37	4	L.M.
The swelling floods tumultuous rise .....	2	197	79	3	L.M.
The tedious day was spent in grief .....	2	184	75	2	L.M.
The tenderest yearning nature knows .....	2	207	82	8	L.M.
The thoughts of death's envenomed dart .....	3	69	32	7	C.M.
The vital principle within .....	2	110	48	6	886.886.
The voice of this alarming scene .....	1	106	57	4	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
The voice, ye Britons, hear with awe.....	1	254	134	6	C.M.
The waters with thy presence awed .....	2	186	75	13	L.M.
The ways of providence, how kind! how wise.....	3	98	48	4	10 10.10 10.
The weary traveller, lost in night .....	1	18	7	1	C.M.
The well-fed ox shall then afford.....	2	242	93	13	L.M.
The will perverse, the passions blind.....	3	141	71	2	C.M.
The wondering nations have beheld .....	1	109	59	1	L.M.
The wonders of thy grace complete .....	3	122	58	7	L.M.
The word of God is sacred, just and right.....	2	166	68	3	Irreg.
The word of life dispensed today .....	3	138	69	3	88.88.88.
The world employs its various snares .....	1	227	122	3	886.886.
Thee, dearest Lord, my soul adores.....	1	117	64	1	L.M.
Thee, Lord, my thankful soul would bless.....	2	155	65	1	C.M.
Their brightest day, alas, how vain.....	1	96	50	3	C.M.
Their sharp reproaches pierce my heart.....	2	173	70	10	L.M.
Their shining wonders all shall fade.....	2	205	81	26	C.M.
Their source is unbelief, a foe confessed.....	3	28	14	4	10 10.10 10.
Then, be our earthly joys resigned .....	2	43	20	6	C.M.
Then bear me to the blissful seats .....	1	121	66	8	L.M.
Then cease fond nature, cease thy tears .....	2	27	10	6	C.M.
Then, cheerful shall my heart survey .....	2	11	4	10	L.M.
Then croaking frogs spontaneous rose to life .....	2	218	84	7	Irreg.
Then crowned with honours and enriched with spoils ....	2	220	84	10	Irreg.
Then, Delia, send your fears away .....	1	222	118	4	C.M.
Then, faith, and hope, and love decay.....	2	110	48	5	886.886.
Then faith, and hope, and love shall rise.....	2	121	51	7	C.M.
Then gentle patience smiles on pain .....	2	34	15	6	L.M.
Then if my troubles rise.....	1	144	79	7	S.M.
Then join, my dear Amlra, join your friend .....	3	30	14	10	10 10.10 10.
Then let me listen to her friendly lore.....	2	82	37	5	Irreg.
Then let my utmost glory be .....	2	158	65	13	C.M.
Then let our hearts repine no more .....	1	75	35	6	C.M.
Then Moses by divine command was sent .....	2	218	84	6	Irreg.
Then, O my God, let this reviving thought.....	2	119	50	4	10 10.10 10.
Then, O my soul, since this deluding world .....	1	220	117	6	Irreg.
Then, Oh! what loads of wrath unknown.....	1	12	4	25	C.M.
Then peace returns with balmy wing .....	1	39	18	4	L.M.
Then plenty shall our stores increase.....	2	242	93	12	L.M.
Then raise me to those bright those blest abodes .....	3	198	80	3	Irreg.
Then safe beneath thy guardian care .....	1	25	10	6	L.M.
Then shall I change the mournful strain.....	1	129	70	10	L.M.
Then shall I leave these fetters here.....	1	129	70	13	L.M.
Then shall I meet my much loved friends above .....	1	226	121	6	10 10.10 10.

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Then shall I spread his power abroad .....	2	173	70	12	L.M.
Then shall I wait serene, with steady faith.....	2	59	27	3	Irreg.
Then shall my cheerful spirit sing .....	3	66	30	10	C.M.
Then shall my closing eyes .....	1	58	25	11	S.M.
Then shall my drooping spirit rise .....	1	137	75	6	C.M.
Then shall my heart and tongue proclaim.....	2	142	58	6	C.M.
Then shall my joyful powers unite .....	1	53	22	16	C.M.
Then shall my joyful spirit rise.....	1	69	32	6	L.M.
Then shall my joyful tongue proclaim .....	2	180	73	14	L.M.
Then shall my prayer to thee ascend .....	1	29	13	6	C.M.
Then shall my soul contented stay.....	1	113	61	8	L.M.
Then shall my soul with rapture trace .....	1	165	92	6	C.M.
Then shall my thankful powers rejoice.....	1	83	41	5	C.M.
Then shall my thankful powers rejoice.....	3	75	35	10	L.M.
Then shall on faith's sublimest wing.....	1	97	50	7	C.M.
Then shall our hearts enraptured say .....	1	78	37	7	C.M.
Then shall our sons beneath thy care .....	2	242	93	11	L.M.
Then shall the joyful spirit soar .....	1	108	58	5	C.M.
Then shall the mourner at thy feet.....	3	80	38	6	C.M.
Then shall the muse her long neglected strain .....	2	61	28	5	Irreg.
Then shall the sick, the blind, the lame .....	1	16	5	8	L.M.
Then shall thy name new songs inspire .....	2	241	93	8	L.M.
Then shone almighty power and love .....	1	85	43	3	C.M.
Then should insulting foes invade .....	1	249	131	7	C.M.
Then, should my dearest earthly comforts die.....	1	226	121	4	10 10.10 10.
Then should the world and its alluring toys .....	3	207	83	1	Irreg.
Then solitude, or social joy .....	1	199	110	6	88.84.
Then, though I sink in death's cold sleep .....	1	34	15	11	C.M.
Then, though this mortal frame by slow degrees.....	2	55	25	7	Irreg.
Then, though your bleeding heart its loss deplore .....	3	18	9	4	10 10.10 10.
Then to his glorious throne on high.....	1	185	105	3	L.M.
Then to the shining seats of bliss .....	1	34	16	2	C.M.
Then upward on faith's friendly pinion he rises.....	3	25	12	3	1212.126.
Then weep my eyes, complain my heart.....	1	76	36	4	L.M.
Then well may mortals try in vain .....	1	185	105	5	L.M.
Then, when the cares of life are o'er .....	1	241	128	10	C.M.
Then whispers busy cruel fear.....	2	43	20	4	C.M.
Then why, my soul, so loath to leave .....	1	127	70	2	L.M.
Then will I teach thy sacred ways .....	2	179	73	12	L.M.
Then with heaven's fair armies in triumph ascending.....	3	26	12	7	1212.126.
There all the favourites of the Lamb .....	1	167	93	5	L.M.
There is a glorious world on high .....	1	90	47	1	L.M.
There is a God, all nature speaks.....	1	40	19	1	L.M.



Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
There is a great Physician near.....	1	63	28	4	L.M.
There is a river of immortal peace .....	2	174	71	2	Irreg.
There is a world all fair and bright.....	1	127	70	3	L.M.
There, Jesus lives, (transporting name!).....	2	109	48	2	886.886.
There Jesus reigns! may I be clothed .....	1	33	15	5	C.M.
There Jesus, source of bliss divine .....	1	26	11	7	C.M.
There joys unseen by mortal eyes .....	1	97	50	5	C.M.
There life divine no languor knows.....	2	111	48	8	886.886.
There low before his glorious throne.....	1	166	93	2	L.M.
There may we meet, and with the blissful choir.....	3	129	62	5	10.10.10.10.
There myriads worship at thy feet.....	1	156	86	5	C.M.
There no alternate night is known .....	1	158	87	8	C.M.
There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!) .....	1	35	16	7	C.M.
There pain and sickness never come .....	1	157	87	3	C.M.
There pleasure flows forever clear .....	2	57	26	7	C.M.
There rich varieties of joy.....	1	158	87	5	C.M.
There shall mortality no more.....	1	105	56	4	L.M.
There shall my thoughts transported trace .....	1	122	66	9	L.M.
There shall our hearts no more complain .....	1	168	94	3	L.M.
There shall the favourites of the Lord .....	1	91	47	2	L.M.
There shall the followers of the Lamb .....	1	36	16	8	C.M.
There shall we see thy lovely face .....	1	168	94	5	L.M.
There shall your eyes with rapture view.....	3	140	70	6	L.M.
There with eternal glory crowned.....	1	13	4	33	C.M.
There, with united heart and voice .....	1	18	6	6	C.M.
These anxious doubts indulge no more.....	1	82	40	7	C.M.
These are the happy souls that seek the Lord .....	2	149	62	3	Irreg.
These dreadful glories of thy name.....	1	24	10	4	L.M.
These envious clouds remove .....	1	144	79	6	S.M.
These transient scenes will soon decay.....	1	96	50	2	C.M.
Think in that awful, that tremendous hour .....	3	101	49	5	Irreg.
Think not these lines my dear Amira fraught.....	3	93	45	4	Irreg.
Think, O my soul, each flying hour .....	1	99	52	2	L.M.
Think, O my soul, how much depends.....	1	152	84	5	L.M.
This can my every care control.....	3	66	30	5	C.M.
This drooping heart again shall trace .....	2	186	75	9	L.M.
This is the gift I would impart.....	2	180	73	16	L.M.
This joy, my wishes long to find.....	1	142	78	6	C.M.
This monument shall bear my name .....	3	11	5	3	L.M.
This mortal frame must lie.....	1	56	25	4	S.M.
This only boon my heart desires.....	2	151	63	4	L.M.
This only can my fears control.....	1	114	62	2	C.M.
This trembling frame worn out with pains .....	3	134	66	4	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
This worthless heart, to thee I would resign.....	3	57	26	5	10 10.10 10.
Thither if the heart aspire .....	3	27	13	3	77.77.10 10.
Those active powers the Lord of nature gave .....	3	87	43	2	10 10.10 10.
Those happy realms of joy and peace.....	3	69	32	4	C.M.
Those healing hands with blessings fraught.....	1	181	103	4	L.M.
Those shining realms of endless day .....	2	24	8	8	88.84.
Those unrelenting foes destroy .....	2	239	92	12	L.M.
Thou art my rock, thy name alone.....	2	159	66	3	L.M.
Thou art my Son, thee I proclaim.....	2	134	54	7	C.M.
Thou art my star: O let thy beams impart .....	2	96	44	4	Irreg.
Thou art my strength, my life, my stay .....	1	78	38	2	C.M.
Thou art the confidence and stay .....	2	182	74	6	L.M.
Thou ever good, and kind .....	1	49	21	2	S.M.
Thou friendly power, how kind thy cheering strain .....	2	104	46	5	Irreg.
Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord .....	1	39	18	5	L.M.
Thou hast not left my life to groan.....	2	160	66	8	L.M.
Thou holy, wise, and kind, O bid my heart.....	3	54	25	2	10 10.10 10.
Thou last, kind solace of distress .....	3	17	8	4	Irreg.
Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfill .....	2	232	89	8	C.M.
Thou lovely source of true delight.....	1	164	92	1	C.M.
Thou narrow heart, ye fleeting hours .....	3	81	39	3	L.M.
Thou only center of my rest.....	3	65	30	3	C.M.
Thou only sovereign of my heart.....	1	54	24	1	L.M.
Thou sacred spring of all my joys .....	2	151	63	8	L.M.
Thou seest me wretched, weak and low .....	2	237	91	5	L.M.
Thou seest the tempest of my soul .....	1	147	81	5	L.M.
Thou source of light and heat .....	1	46	20	12	66.66.44.44.
Thou Sun of righteousness, thy beams impart .....	1	213	115	6	Irreg.
Though all the powers of nature fail.....	3	134	66	5	L.M.
Though every comfort should depart.....	1	116	63	2	L.M.
Though hastening to the silent tomb.....	2	147	61	4	C.M.
Though justice near thy awful throne .....	1	253	133	6	C.M.
Though nature, friendship, filial love awake .....	3	39	20	1	Irreg.
Though nature's voice you must obey.....	3	127	61	1	L.M.
Though nought remain below the sky .....	1	117	63	6	L.M.
Though rough thy aspect, and thy frown severe.....	2	25	9	4	10 10.10 10.
Though sin detains me from my Lord.....	3	120	57	3	L.M.
Though sin prevails with dreadful sway.....	2	181	74	3	L.M.
Though still reviving foes arise .....	1	95	49	5	L.M.
Though terrors late alarmed my breast.....	3	34	17	1	88.88.810.
Though the lily and the rose.....	3	10	4	3	77.77.
Thoughtless nymphs are butterflies .....	3	12	6	3	77.77.
Through all resolves, how soon it flies.....	1	119	65	3	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Through all the world the sacred lines are spread .....	2	145	60	3	Irreg.
Through Baca's thirsty vale they go .....	2	189	76	6	L.M.
Through life's bewildered, darksome way.....	2	35	16	4	C.M.
Through the dark scenes of mortal care.....	3	67	31	4	L.M.
Through the deep horrors of thy pain .....	1	170	95	5	C.M.
Through the sad night and mournful day.....	2	172	70	3	L.M.
Thus children weary of their play .....	1	240	128	8	C.M.
Thus ever mindful of his sacred word .....	2	221	84	11	Irreg.
Thus heavenly joys attract my eyes.....	1	140	77	5	C.M.
Thus Hervey mourns; his kind intrusive page.....	1	212	115	3	Irreg.
Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine.....	1	19	7	4	C.M.
Thus may my hopes and wishes rise .....	1	199	110	8	88.84.
Thus melancholy tuned the mourning lay.....	2	61	28	4	Irreg.
Thus pondering o'er the gloomy scenes of life .....	1	242	129	2	Irreg.
Thus shall thy goodness, love and care .....	2	148	61	7	C.M.
Thus sweet the consolations are .....	1	29	13	4	C.M.
Thus sweet the dawn of heavenly day- .....	1	19	7	2	C.M.
Thus, to the soul affliction oft supplies.....	1	216	116	3	Irreg.
Thus, when the spring of youth decays.....	2	30	12	4	L.M.
Thy active life must wake the silent strings .....	2	102	46	2	Irreg.
Thy anger, like a swelling flood .....	2	194	78	5	L.M.
Thy arrogance, imperious flower.....	2	45	21	6	L.M.
Thy awful voice in thunder broke.....	2	187	75	15	L.M.
Thy awful word with potent sound.....	2	182	74	7	L.M.
Thy beams alone can bring my day.....	2	5	1	8	Irreg.
Thy bright perfections, all divine.....	2	205	81	27	C.M.
Thy charms, alluring, in fair prospect rise .....	1	194	108	2	10 1010.
Thy comforts, O divine content.....	1	206	113	6	C.M.
Thy constant bounties me surround.....	2	148	61	6	C.M.
Thy deep decrees from creature sight .....	1	132	72	2	L.M.
Thy dreadful signs displayed abroad .....	2	182	74	9	L.M.
Thy eye beholds, with kind regard .....	1	90	46	5	C.M.
Thy fair example may we trace .....	1	123	67	7	L.M.
Thy favour, Lord, is all I want.....	1	101	53	6	C.M.
Thy fierce displeasure who can bear.....	2	193	77	12	L.M.
Thy friendly admonitions rouse the soul.....	2	24	9	3	10 10.10 10.
Thy glories, the seraphic lyre.....	1	2	1	3	L.M.
Thy glorious image fair impressed .....	2	196	78	17	L.M.
Thy glory o'er creation shines .....	1	165	92	2	C.M.
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.....	2	183	74	14	L.M.
Thy grace this languid heart can raise .....	2	51	24	6	88.88.10 10.
Thy gracious hand shall near thee hide.....	2	162	66	20	L.M.
Thy gracious presence, O my God .....	3	65	30	4	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Thy guardian wing alone can bless .....	3	78	37	5	L.M.
Thy hand sustains me lest I faint .....	3	72	34	3	L.M.
Thy kingdom, Lord, forever stands.....	2	245	94	12	C.M.
Thy love and power, (celestial guard).....	1	22	9	4	L.M.
Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom .....	3	132	65	3	C.M.
Thy love inspires the active sons of light.....	3	20	10	5	10 10.10 10.
Thy mercy chased the shades of death .....	2	156	65	3	C.M.
Thy mercy, Lord, preserved my breath.....	2	223	85	8	L.M.
Thy mercy-seat is open still .....	1	146	80	8	C.M.
Thy name inspires the harps above .....	1	3	2	5	L.M.
Thy name my inmost powers adore.....	1	55	24	5	L.M.
Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue .....	2	243	94	2	C.M.
Thy name, thy righteousness I plead.....	2	239	92	11	L.M.
Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet .....	1	89	45	5	C.M.
Thy path, O Lord, thy trackless way.....	2	187	75	16	L.M.
Thy people found thy guardian care.....	2	187	75	17	L.M.
Thy potent arm, forever near .....	2	186	75	12	L.M.
Thy power and grandeur they shall sing.....	2	245	94	11	C.M.
Thy power from tender babes can raise .....	2	139	57	2	L.M.
Thy powerful grace, which only can impart .....	3	160	73	2	10 10.10 10.
Thy powerful word supports my hope .....	1	135	74	7	C.M.
Thy praise shall be my awful theme.....	2	244	94	5	C.M.
Thy presence beams eternal day.....	1	156	86	6	C.M.
Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart.....	1	87	44	5	L.M.
Thy presence, Lord, can gild the shades of death.....	2	92	42	3	Irreg.
Thy presence only can bestow .....	1	111	60	6	C.M.
Thy presence smooths the face of woe .....	1	205	113	2	C.M.
Thy promises are large and free .....	1	147	81	3	L.M.
Thy providence, his constant guard.....	1	6	3	12	C.M.
Thy remnant minutes strive to use .....	1	152	84	6	L.M.
Thy sacred dictates can assuage.....	2	35	16	3	C.M.
Thy servant, Lord, is wholly thine.....	2	224	85	13	L.M.
Thy servant's children still thy care .....	2	205	81	28	C.M.
Thy smile can gild the shades of woe .....	1	82	41	3	C.M.
Thy smile can give me real joy .....	1	82	41	2	C.M.
Thy smile—sweet dawn of endless day.....	2	10	4	8	L.M.
Thy smile, whence all my comfort springs.....	2	138	56	7	C.M.
Thy soul-enlivening grace impart.....	3	76	36	9	C.M.
Thy sovereign bounty freely gives .....	2	246	94	15	C.M.
Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down .....	1	39	18	3	L.M.
Thy sovereign laws are ever sure.....	2	198	79	5	L.M.
Thy sovereign voice can still the raging sea .....	2	96	44	3	Irreg.
Thy sovereign ways are all unknown.....	1	115	62	7	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Thy spirit's powerful aid impart.....	3	139	69	4	88.88.88.
Thy sweet refreshing showers attend.....	2	183	74	13	L.M.
Thy terrors, Lord, forbid my rest.....	2	185	75	4	L.M.
Thy terrors overwhelm my soul.....	2	172	70	7	L.M.
Thy way, O God, thy wondrous way.....	2	186	75	10	L.M.
Thy wholesome cold, like winter, kills the weeds.....	2	26	9	9	10 10.10 10.
Thy wisdom, power and goodness, Lord.....	1	5	3	9	C.M.
Thy wondrous praise, not all creation's tongues.....	3	57	26	6	10 10.10 10.
Thy wonted mercy, Lord, renew.....	2	160	66	9	L.M.
Thy word of grace rich treasure of delight.....	3	64	29	6	10 10.10 10.
Thy word permits, commands to seek thy face.....	3	64	29	5	10 10.10 10.
Till every mortal weakness left in dust.....	3	87	42	6	10 10.10 10.
Till filled with light, and joy, and love.....	1	110	59	6	L.M.
Till from their memory I slide.....	2	160	66	12	L.M.
Till that illustrious morning come.....	1	154	85	8	C.M.
Till the last beam faint-glimmering dies away.....	2	80	36	3	Irreg.
Time, nor for trifling nor for business stays.....	2	76	35	2	Irreg.
Tis distance lessens every star.....	1	140	77	4	C.M.
Tis finished! now aloud he cries.....	1	12	4	27	C.M.
Tis guilt alone provokes that frown.....	1	107	58	2	C.M.
Tis he supports this fainting frame.....	1	84	42	3	L.M.
Tis here, I view with pleasing pain.....	1	52	22	10	C.M.
Tis here, my faith resolves to dwell.....	1	133	73	2	C.M.
Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds.....	2	227	87	4	L.M.
Tis here, when content from the seats of delight.....	3	104	51	4	1112.116.
Tis here, when'er my comforts droop.....	1	165	92	3	C.M.
Tis just, tis right; thus he ordains.....	2	9	4	4	L.M.
Tis mercy, mercy I implore.....	3	119	56	6	L.M.
Tis, perhaps, some friendly voice.....	3	52	24	4	77.77.
Tis power divine, tis God alone.....	2	241	93	9	L.M.
Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power.....	1	121	66	5	L.M.
Tis sin, alas, with tyrant power.....	1	67	31	4	C.M.
Tis sin that would my ruin prove.....	1	183	104	4	L.M.
Tis sin which arms his dreadful frown.....	1	128	70	6	L.M.
Tis then their real estimate we know.....	2	19	7	7	Irreg.
Tis there my Saviour lives.....	1	57	25	8	S.M.
Tis thine the passions to recall.....	3	141	71	4	C.M.
Tis this upholds the rolling spheres.....	1	150	83	4	C.M.
Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine.....	2	28	11	2	L.M.
To certain trouble we are born.....	2	33	15	2	L.M.
To chase the shades of death away.....	3	142	71	5	C.M.
To do his heavenly Father's will.....	1	123	67	4	L.M.
To dwell with misery below.....	1	85	43	4	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
To endless day! to perfect life .....	1	33	15	6	C.M.
To ever fragrant meads .....	1	159	88	2	S.M.
To eyes long closed in mental night .....	1	15	5	2	L.M.
To feast, with ever new delight .....	1	33	15	8	C.M.
To God I breathed my ardent cry.....	2	136	55	4	C.M.
To God, I raised my earnest cries .....	2	184	75	1	L.M.
To God the refuge of his saints .....	2	236	91	1	L.M.
To heaven my restless heart aspires .....	1	72	34	4	C.M.
To him, all glorious Lord, my song is due.....	2	214	83	7	Irreg.
To him, our longing eyes we raise.....	1	38	17	5	L.M.
To Jesus, our exalted Lord.....	1	176	100	1	L.M.
To Jesus, our victorious Lord .....	1	94	49	1	L.M.
To life immortal, he reveals the way .....	3	38	19	7	10 10.10 10.
To me hath providence assigned a part .....	3	92	45	3	Irreg.
To melancholy, softly-pensive power.....	2	16	7	1	Irreg.
To nobler bliss my soul aspires .....	1	69	32	3	L.M.
To nobler joys than earth bestows.....	2	3	1	4	Irreg.
To our Redeemer's glorious name.....	1	171	96	1	C.M.
To perfect bliss my soul aspires .....	1	104	55	4	L.M.
To regions of eternal peace .....	1	26	11	6	C.M.
To share the pleasures of his happy state .....	2	217	84	5	Irreg.
To sightless eyes, long closed in night .....	2	248	95	8	L.M.
To slaves oppressed with cruel chains.....	1	19	7	3	C.M.
To soften every painful stroke.....	1	149	82	3	C.M.
To suffer in the traitor's place.....	1	180	102	3	L.M.
To that bright world my heart aspires .....	3	82	39	5	L.M.
To thee, almighty God, we bring .....	3	121	58	1	L.M.
To thee, great Advocate, to thee I fly.....	1	235	125	2	Irreg.
To thee, I stretch my suppliant hands.....	2	238	92	6	L.M.
To thee, I tell each rising grief .....	1	145	80	3	C.M.
To thee, I'll cry, my God, my rock.....	2	173	70	9	L.M.
To thee my God, I breathed my cries .....	2	236	91	4	L.M.
To thee, my God, my heart shall bring.....	2	230	89	1	C.M.
To thee, my gracious God, I raise .....	2	158	65	14	C.M.
To thee, O Lord, for daily meat.....	2	245	94	14	C.M.
To thee, the pious sacrifice .....	2	180	73	18	L.M.
To thee we pay our grateful songs.....	1	39	18	6	L.M.
To thee, with sacrifice of praise .....	2	224	85	14	L.M.
To things unseen by mortal eyes.....	1	98	51	5	C.M.
To this dear refuge, Lord, we come.....	1	90	46	4	C.M.
To those bright courts, when hope ascends.....	1	75	35	5	C.M.
To those, who with delightful awe.....	2	208	82	12	L.M.
To thy kind hand, O gracious Lord.....	2	159	66	5	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
To view, unveiled, thy radiant face .....	1	33	15	7	C.M.
To wear the chain—how long? till grace divine.....	2	118	50	3	10 10.10 10.
To win them from the fatal way .....	1	91	47	4	L.M.
To your creator God .....	1	42	20	1	66.66.44.44.
Too oft, alas, my passions rove .....	1	164	91	3	C.M.
Touch the sweet, the charming lyre.....	3	43	21	2	Irreg.
Transparent now, and all serene .....	2	56	26	3	C.M.
Transporting view! O for a seraph's wing.....	2	105	46	7	Irreg.
Tremble, my soul with awful conscious fear.....	3	195	77	1	Irreg.
Tremendous judgments from thy hand .....	1	248	131	2	C.M.
Triumphant he ascends on high .....	1	13	4	32	C.M.
True Friendship is the noblest earthly gift.....	1	203	112	1	Irreg.
True happiness is not the growth of earth.....	2	7	3	2	10 10.10 10.
True, the friendly social mind.....	2	66	31	2	Irreg.
True we are weak, but do we not depend .....	3	93	45	5	Irreg.
Turn at the friendly call; O yet be wise.....	1	246	130	3	Irreg.
Twas then in my extreme distress .....	2	222	85	4	L.M.
Twas thy dear hand redeemed the slave .....	1	19	7	6	C.M.
Two nymphs divine, of blest religion's train.....	2	74	34	3	Irreg.
Uncertain life, how soon it flies.....	2	194	78	6	L.M.
Unequal to so bold a choice .....	3	43	21	4	Irreg.
Unerring wisdom guides his hand .....	1	149	82	2	C.M.
Unlike to these, yon restless tribe behold.....	2	17	7	4	Irreg.
Unnumbered though their sins appear .....	2	226	86	7	C.M.
Unnumbered woes shall be their fatal lot.....	2	143	59	2	Irreg.
Unsatisfied, and tired at last.....	1	240	128	7	C.M.
Unworthy, as I am .....	1	160	88	6	S.M.
Unworthy dwelling of a heaven-born guest .....	2	118	50	2	10 10.10 10.
Urania, drop thy pencil, take the lyre.....	3	41	20	7	Irreg.
Vain enquiry! silent all .....	3	36	18	3	Irreg.
Vain his ambition, noise and show.....	2	169	69	6	L.M.
Vain is the toilsome search of good .....	2	138	56	6	C.M.
Vain were her fairest beams displayed.....	1	155	86	2	C.M.
Vain world be gone, nor vex my heart.....	1	139	77	1	C.M.
Vain world, be gone with all thy toys .....	3	83	40	3	L.M.
Vexatious world, thy flattering snares .....	2	22	8	1	88.84.
Victorious love! can language tell .....	1	170	95	6	C.M.
Victorious love! thy wondrous power .....	1	108	58	4	C.M.
Was it for sin, for mortal guilt.....	1	182	104	1	L.M.
We hear, with trembling and affright.....	1	24	10	2	L.M.
We smile to see his infant mind .....	1	239	128	2	C.M.
Weak-sighted reason upward rises too .....	1	209	114	4	Irreg.
Weary of these low scenes of night .....	2	9	4	1	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Well might the skies with wonder view .....	1	169	95	2	C.M.
Were all the power of elocution mine .....	2	38	18	1	Irreg.
Were I to mount the flying wind.....	1	112	61	3	L.M.
Were once our vain desires subdued.....	2	29	11	5	L.M.
Were reason's beam withdrawn, life would be death .....	1	210	114	8	Irreg.
Were universal nature ours.....	1	174	98	5	L.M.
What are the joys of riper age .....	1	240	128	4	C.M.
What awful infinite concerns depend.....	2	114	49	7	Irreg.
What blessings on a thankless race.....	1	9	4	11	C.M.
What comfort e'er can cheer my taste.....	2	202	81	10	C.M.
What death-like lethargy detains.....	1	121	66	4	L.M.
What endless bliss, O bounteous Lord.....	2	162	66	19	L.M.
What glad return can I impart.....	1	176	99	6	C.M.
What glories in our great Immanuel shine .....	2	70	32	4	10 10.10 10.
What glory can my death afford.....	2	157	65	10	C.M.
What glory, Lord, to thee is due.....	1	86	43	6	C.M.
What is the business and the joy above.....	2	77	35	5	Irreg.
What is the Christian's portion? bliss terrene .....	3	29	14	5	10 10.10 10.
What is this thinking power, this active mind .....	2	36	17	1	Irreg.
What is this world with all its gay delights .....	1	241	129	1	Irreg.
What less than thy almighty word.....	1	62	27	6	L.M.
What, like this, has earth to give .....	3	53	24	7	77.77.
What mean these questions? all depends on thee.....	3	55	25	10	10 10.10 10.
What mortal could sustain the stroke.....	1	24	10	3	L.M.
What mortal thought can comprehend .....	2	195	78	11	L.M.
What numerous crimes increasing rise .....	1	249	131	4	C.M.
What pain, what soul-oppressing pain .....	1	10	4	16	C.M.
What shall I render to the Lord .....	2	224	85	11	L.M.
What soft delight the peaceful bosom warm.....	2	64	30	1	Irreg.
What though around my painful way.....	2	232	89	7	C.M.
What though subdued this body lies.....	1	154	85	6	C.M.
What though ten thousand foes in arms .....	2	136	55	6	C.M.
Whate'er thy providence denies.....	1	114	62	3	C.M.
Whate'er thy sacred will ordains .....	1	114	62	4	C.M.
When all thy shining works on high.....	2	139	57	3	L.M.
When angry nations run to arms.....	1	38	18	2	L.M.
When bleeding, groaning, on the tree .....	1	183	104	2	L.M.
When blest with that transporting view .....	1	52	22	11	C.M.
When blooming youth is snatched away.....	1	106	57	1	C.M.
When calm reflection finds a place .....	1	23	9	7	L.M.
When chilled by time's cold hand, those sprightly powers.....	3	88	43	6	10 10.10 10.
When conscious grief laments sincere .....	3	139	70	2	L.M.
When cruel foes, the sons of strife .....	2	150	63	2	L.M.



Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
When death appears before my sight .....	1	153	85	1	C.M.
When deep suppressed my inward anguish lay .....	2	163	67	2	Irreg.
When dismal thoughts, and boding fears.....	2	35	16	2	C.M.
When fainting in the sultry waste .....	1	28	13	1	C.M.
When fancy spreads her boldest wings.....	1	100	53	1	C.M.
When feeble reason, tired and blind.....	2	36	16	5	C.M.
When filled with grief, my anxious heart .....	1	141	78	1	C.M.
When flattering fortune shines with gaudy blaze .....	2	24	9	2	10 10.10 10.
When foes unnumbered rise, and fear alarms .....	3	59	27	6	10 10.10 10.
When freezing palsy chills the veins .....	1	16	5	6	L.M.
When fury kindling in his eye.....	2	135	54	12	C.M.
When guilt and terror, pain and grief .....	1	60	26	8	C.M.
When hell and Rome combined their power .....	3	121	58	3	L.M.
When his almighty power appears alone .....	2	214	83	6	Irreg.
When I resolved to watch my thoughts .....	2	168	69	1	L.M.
When I survey life's varied scene .....	1	134	74	1	C.M.
When I this wretched heart explore.....	3	120	57	4	L.M.
When I unfold my matchless bloom .....	2	44	21	4	L.M.
When in his earthly courts we view .....	3	137	68	6	C.M.
When in the day of deep distress .....	2	231	89	4	C.M.
When life hung trembling on a breath.....	1	51	22	5	C.M.
When now and then a heavenly ray .....	3	69	32	3	C.M.
When o'er the shining plain .....	2	122	52	2	Irreg.
When pensive thought recalls the scenes of life.....	2	111	49	1	Irreg.
When perjury fails to stain his name.....	1	11	4	20	C.M.
When Phoebus had withdrawn his radiant beams .....	1	191	107	1	Irreg.
When pleasure dawns, serenely fair and bright .....	1	245	130	2	Irreg.
When present sufferings pain my heart.....	1	135	74	6	C.M.
When reason dawns upon the infant mind .....	2	40	18	5	Irreg.
When reason with my stature grew.....	1	50	22	3	C.M.
When shall the gospel's healing ray.....	3	124	59	8	C.M.
When sin and sorrow, fear and pair .....	1	150	83	1	C.M.
When sin prevails, and gloomy fear.....	1	61	27	2	L.M.
When sins and fears prevailing rise.....	1	138	76	1	L.M.
When sleep, death's semblance o'er me spread .....	1	21	8	4	C.M.
When some kind promise glads my soul.....	1	61	27	4	L.M.
When soothing fancy paints, with mimic art .....	3	89	44	2	9-10s.
When spring displays her various sweets .....	2	29	12	1	L.M.
When the dark gulf below .....	1	57	25	6	S.M.
When thou with condescending grace .....	2	152	63	9	L.M.
When thus the king, with inward anguish pressed.....	3	110	54	7	Irreg.
When thy triumphant armies sing .....	1	155	85	9	C.M.
When troubles rise, my guardian God .....	2	151	63	6	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
When Urania appears, o'er the field and the grove.....	1	233	124	5	118.118.
When warmed with grateful love to thee my Lord .....	3	56	26	3	10 10.10 10.
When we thy wondrous glories hear .....	1	77	37	2	C.M.
When your bosom breathes a sigh.....	3	53	24	8	77.77.
When Zion's God, with power arrayed .....	2	203	81	16	C.M.
Whene'er he sends afflicting pains .....	3	75	36	3	C.M.
Whene'er I contemplate the human frame .....	3	162	74	2	11s.
Whene'er I look with frighted eyes .....	1	128	70	4	L.M.
Whene'er temptations fright my heart .....	1	80	39	5	C.M.
Whene'er the angry passions rise.....	1	122	67	2	L.M.
Whene'er the tempting foe alarms .....	1	73	34	7	C.M.
Whene'er thy injured people's cries.....	2	182	74	5	L.M.
Whene'er to call the Saviour mine .....	1	62	27	5	L.M.
Whene'er, ungrateful to my God.....	3	74	35	8	L.M.
Where are the happy moments fled .....	3	8	3	1	Irreg.
Where Babel's rivers winding stray .....	2	228	88	1	L.M.
Where Babylon, the seat of empire, shone .....	3	107	54	1	Irreg.
Where is my God? can he be mine .....	3	131	64	2	L.M.
Where is my God? does he retire .....	3	130	64	1	L.M.
Where ne'er one cheering ray of light .....	2	192	77	8	L.M.
Where peace extends her halcyon wing .....	1	198	110	2	88.84.
Where shall I fly but to thy feet.....	3	119	57	1	L.M.
Where shall I rest but on thy grace.....	3	120	57	2	L.M.
Where shall we fly, but to thy feet .....	1	250	132	2	L.M.
Where smiling beauties charmed the sight.....	2	29	12	3	L.M.
Where'er I turn my gazing eyes .....	1	4	3	2	C.M.
Whether he threaten long, or sudden rend.....	3	56	25	11	10 10.10 10.
Whether with pleasing rapture I survey.....	1	193	107	4	Irreg.
Which nought below omnipotence can give .....	3	23	11	6	Irreg.
While all his works his praise proclaim .....	2	209	82	16	L.M.
While all our powers obey the soft control.....	1	213	115	5	Irreg.
While all the day my cruel foes .....	2	201	81	8	C.M.
While beauty clothes the fertile vale .....	3	6	2	2	C.M.
While black reproaches blot my fame .....	2	160	66	11	L.M.
While Britain favoured of the skies .....	3	121	58	2	L.M.
While changing aspects all things wear .....	1	221	118	2	C.M.
While faith, (kind Seraph!) points her view.....	1	206	113	5	C.M.
While golden harps, and angel tongues .....	1	66	30	6	C.M.
While haughty princes bound in chains.....	2	258	98	8	L.M.
While hope revives, though pressed with fears.....	1	145	80	2	C.M.
While humbly prostrate in the dust .....	2	178	73	4	L.M.
While I survey the azure sky .....	2	122	52	1	Irreg.
While in his temple, every praiseful tongue .....	2	154	64	6	Irreg.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
While in the arms of death your Delia sleeps .....	3	32	16	1	Irreg.
While irregularly gay.....	3	4	1	7	Irreg.
While justice waves her vengeful hand.....	1	250	132	1	L.M.
While majesty's effulgent blaze.....	3	136	68	3	C.M.
While many spent the night in sighs .....	1	21	8	3	C.M.
While mercy mingles all with lenient art.....	1	230	123	3	Irreg.
While mercy, with inviting rays .....	2	134	54	11	C.M.
While musing in the solitary hour .....	3	50	23	1	10 10.10 10.
While my Redeemer's near .....	1	159	88	1	S.M.
While o'er affliction's gloom, a deeper night .....	3	28	14	2	10 10.10 10.
While peace and plenty blessed our days.....	1	250	132	3	L.M.
While pity prompts the rising sigh .....	1	106	57	2	C.M.
While round you hourly gratulations rise .....	1	222	119	1	Irreg.
While ruffian bands the Lord surround .....	1	10	4	18	C.M.
While sacred virtue lights the holy fire.....	1	202	111	5	Irreg.
While seraphs tune the immortal song .....	1	174	98	2	L.M.
While she soothed all my cares, and my passions to rest.1	232	124	2	118.118.	
While still new dainties rise to view .....	3	10	3	6	Irreg.
While such delightful gifts as these .....	1	135	74	4	C.M.
While sweet reflection calls to mind.....	1	36	16	9	C.M.
While sweet reflection, through my days .....	1	51	22	8	C.M.
While the frail scenes of momentary life.....	1	204	112	4	Irreg.
While thus a stranger muse presents the lay .....	2	72	33	9	10 10.10 10.
While thus oppressive sorrows flow .....	2	238	92	4	L.M.
While thus the inward anguish burned.....	2	169	69	3	L.M.
While thy keen pointed lightnings fly .....	2	241	93	6	L.M.
While to the grave our friends are borne .....	1	74	35	1	C.M.
While yet their numbers and their strength were small...2	216	84	3	Irreg.	
While yonder wide-extended fields.....	3	44	21	6	Irreg.
While your almighty benefactor pours.....	3	100	49	4	Irreg.
Whither, ah! whither shall I go.....	1	55	24	2	L.M.
Who will not to thy sceptre bow.....	2	134	54	9	C.M.
Whoe'er invokes the God of grace .....	2	246	94	17	C.M.
Whoe'er surveys thy works must own .....	2	186	75	11	L.M.
Why breathes my anxious heart the frequent sigh .....	3	96	47	1	10 10.10 10.
Why do I here expect repose.....	2	56	26	5	C.M.
Why do I live? Past errors to deplore.....	3	95	46	6	10 10.10 10.
Why do the heathen nations rise.....	2	132	54	1	C.M.
Why, gracious God, is Britain saved .....	3	122	58	5	L.M.
Why is my heart with grief oppressed .....	3	70	33	1	L.M.
Why is the heaven-descended mind .....	3	48	22	1	8810.8810.
Why, Lord, wilt thou reject my soul .....	2	192	77	10	L.M.
Why, O my soul, thus sunk in woe.....	2	172	70	5	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Why should my pining spirit be .....	3	133	66	1	L.M.
Why should my spirit cleave to earth .....	1	112	61	1	L.M.
Why sinks my fainting spirit down .....	2	173	70	11	L.M.
Why sinks my weak desponding mind .....	1	83	42	1	L.M.
Why will this wretched, this deluded heart .....	1	225	121	2	10 10.10 10.
Wide o'er the fruitful fields and verdant meads .....	2	89	40	2	Irreg.
Will God forever leave his care .....	2	185	75	6	L.M.
Wilt thou from dust thy wonders raise .....	2	192	77	7	L.M.
With all my powers renewed, refined .....	3	68	31	6	L.M.
With all the boasted pomp of war .....	3	123	59	4	C.M.
With anxious thought an author piled .....	3	11	5	1	L.M.
With beams of sweet celestial light .....	2	23	8	7	88.84.
With cheerful air and look sedate .....	1	205	113	4	C.M.
With cheerful heart I then shall sing .....	1	129	70	11	L.M.
With humble fear let love unite .....	1	3	2	4	L.M.
With love supreme be heaven adored .....	2	42	19	5	C.M.
With pity he looks on the many, pursuing .....	3	25	12	2	1212.126.
With strong desire my spirit faints .....	2	188	76	2	L.M.
With thorns they crown that awful brow .....	1	11	4	22	C.M.
With trembling awe your heart survey .....	2	137	56	4	C.M.
Wrapped in the gloom of dark despair .....	1	8	4	6	C.M.
Ye beasts of prey, who wild in forests roam .....	2	255	97	8	Irreg.
Ye birds, that high in trackless ether rove .....	2	255	97	9	Irreg.
Ye clouds, or fraught with flowers .....	1	46	20	11	66.66.44.44.
Ye curious minds, who roam abroad .....	1	41	19	8	L.M.
Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart .....	1	68	31	6	C.M.
Ye diffident, desponding hearts .....	3	45	21	7	Irreg.
Ye earthly vanities depart .....	1	172	97	1	C.M.
Ye favourites of the Lord, who love his name .....	2	199	80	2	Irreg.
Ye feathered warblers come .....	1	43	20	5	66.66.44.44.
Ye flattering scenes of earthly bliss, adieu .....	3	39	19	8	10 10.10 10.
Ye flowers, which blooming show .....	1	45	20	8	66.66.44.44.
Ye gay deceivers of the mind .....	1	103	55	1	L.M.
Ye gentle delusions! ye dreams of delight .....	1	232	124	3	118.118.
Ye glittering toys of earth adieu .....	3	142	72	1	C.M.
Ye grateful tribes, approach Jehovah's throne .....	2	215	84	1	Irreg.
Ye happy spirits, blest inhabitants .....	2	81	37	3	Irreg.
Ye happy tribes, proclaim your sacred joys .....	2	176	72	1	Irreg.
Ye heavenly hosts adore the Lord .....	2	209	82	15	L.M.
Ye heavens supreme, where his full glories shine .....	2	254	97	3	Irreg.
Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes .....	1	15	5	3	L.M.
Ye herds of larger size .....	1	43	20	4	66.66.44.44.
Ye humble souls, approach your God .....	1	89	46	1	C.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Ye humble souls complain no more.....	3	139	70	1	L.M.
Ye humble souls, in every strait .....	2	153	63	15	L.M.
Ye humble souls, who love the Lord.....	3	75	36	2	C.M.
Ye humble souls, who seek his face .....	2	163	66	24	L.M.
Ye judges, his impartial laws revere.....	2	255	97	11	Irreg.
Ye lovely offspring of the ground.....	2	50	24	2	88.88.10 10.
Ye lovely, verdant fields .....	1	44	20	7	66.66.44.44.
Ye mirthful tribes, who careless, vain and gay.....	1	245	130	1	Irreg.
Ye monarchs of the earth, your Lord adore .....	2	255	97	10	Irreg.
Ye mourning sinners, here disclose.....	1	15	5	1	L.M.
Ye numerous fleecy flocks .....	1	43	20	3	66.66.44.44.
Ye radiant orbs that guide the day.....	2	51	24	4	88.88.10 10.
Ye restless, dark, distracting fears, begone.....	2	97	45	1	Irreg.
Ye rivers, as you flow .....	1	45	20	9	66.66.44.44.
Ye rocky mountains, sound his praise on high.....	2	255	97	7	Irreg.
Ye sad survivors, while each bleeding heart.....	3	38	19	3	10 10.10 10.
Ye saints, to whom his mercy flows .....	2	163	66	23	L.M.
Ye sinners, come, tis mercy's voice.....	1	163	90	4	C.M.
Ye sins, ye cruel sins, depart.....	1	183	104	5	L.M.
Ye sons of harmony who ardent tune.....	3	216	84	1	10s.
Ye sons of Zion, praise the Lord .....	2	247	95	1	L.M.
Ye teasing vanities depart .....	1	164	91	4	C.M.
Ye trees, which form the shade .....	1	44	20	6	66.66.44.44.
Ye trembling souls, with fear oppressed.....	3	46	21	9	Irreg.
Ye virgin train with joy advance .....	2	259	99	4	L.M.
Ye votaries of pleasure, of grandeur and fame .....	3	103	51	3	1112.116.
Ye warblers of the vernal shade.....	2	50	24	1	88.88.10 10.
Ye winds, that shake the world.....	1	45	20	10	66.66.44.44.
Ye winds that waft his fragrant spring.....	2	50	24	3	88.88.10 10.
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor .....	1	17	6	1	C.M.
Yes, behold that friend appears.....	3	36	18	4	Irreg.
Yes by the kindest, tendered names.....	3	133	66	3	L.M.
Yes, dearest Lord, my heart is thine .....	3	81	39	2	L.M.
Yes, dearest Lord, to dwell with thee.....	1	168	94	6	L.M.
Yes, gracious God, before thy throne.....	3	74	35	7	L.M.
Yes, here and there, amid the dreary wild.....	3	97	47	5	10 10.10 10.
Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord.....	1	51	22	9	C.M.
Yes, I have cause indeed to mourn.....	1	76	36	3	L.M.
Yes, in my Silvia I again enjoy .....	3	103	50	5	10 10.10 10.
Yes Lord, I own thy sovereign hand .....	1	149	82	5	C.M.
Yes, Lord, in thy divine abode .....	3	68	31	5	L.M.
Yes, Lord, thy promises are clear .....	2	85	38	3	8810.8812.
Yes, Lord, we love and we adore .....	1	177	100	4	L.M.

Stanza	Vol	Pg	H	St	Meter
Yes, the Redeemer left his throne .....	1	175	99	2	C.M.
Yes, thou art worthy dearest Lord .....	3	135	67	3	88.88.88.
Yes, we resign thee to thy Saviour God .....	2	72	33	5	10.10.10.10.
Yet, all the powers I have are thine .....	3	77	37	3	L.M.
Yet fain my grateful soul would bring .....	3	76	36	7	C.M.
Yet friendship dwells with piety sincere .....	1	190	106	5	10.10.10.10.10.10.
Yet from his word, a bright enlivening ray .....	3	60	27	10	10.10.10.10.
Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee .....	1	145	80	5	C.M.
Yet he commands to love and to obey .....	3	20	10	8	10.10.10.10.
Yet higher would I stretch my flight .....	2	93	43	3	886.88.86.
Yet I may love thee, this is thy command .....	3	56	26	4	10.10.10.10.
Yet if retirements pleasing charms .....	1	26	11	4	C.M.
Yet, if thou bid me try the heavenly theme .....	3	57	26	8	10.10.10.10.
Yet is not heaven unkind which shades with woe .....	2	31	13	5	10.10.10.10.
Yet is the subject of their song the fame.....	3	86	42	3	10.10.10.10.
Yet its own loss must every heart deplore .....	2	72	33	6	10.10.10.10.
Yet next to heaven to friendship's honoured name.....	3	85	41	3	10.10.10.10.10.10.
Yet nobler favours claim his praise,.....	1	6	3	11	C.M.
Yet, o'er the ruins of mankind he weeps.....	1	212	115	2	Irreg.
Yet oft her warning voice, e'er yet they past .....	3	94	46	3	10.10.10.10.
Yet shall thy works, almighty Lord .....	2	243	94	4	C.M.
Yet, should his feet forgetful stray .....	3	31	15	3	866.866.
Yet sovereign mercy calls, Return .....	1	88	45	2	C.M.
Yet still to thee my cries ascend.....	2	192	77	9	L.M.
Yet the great Sovereign of the skies .....	1	2	1	4	L.M.
Yet this my soul desires to know .....	1	132	72	5	L.M.
Yet though for bounty so divine.....	1	174	98	6	L.M.
Yet though my soul in darkness mourns.....	1	137	75	4	C.M.
Yet thus exalted, man, ungrateful man.....	1	207	114	2	Irreg.
Yet while around his board we meet.....	1	177	100	3	L.M.
Yet will the Lord command his care.....	2	173	70	8	L.M.
Yon starry plains, how bright they shine.....	1	139	77	3	C.M.
Young, blooming, amiable, lamented maid.....	3	37	19	2	10.10.10.10.
Your stay, perhaps for high important ends.....	3	19	9	6	10.10.10.10.
Youth has its toys, when pleasure's charms .....	1	239	128	3	C.M.

# APPENDIX A – METRIC INDEX TO HYMNS

## In All Three Volumes

First Line (Title)	V	Pg	H	Sts
<u>66. 66. 44. 44.</u>				
To your creator God (A Rural Hymn) .....	1	42	20	16
<u>66. 86. (S. M.)</u>				
Another day is past (An Evening Reflection) .....	1	56	25	11
My God, to thee I call (Mourning the Absence of God) .....	1	143	79	7
My Maker, and my King (God my Creator and Benefactor) .....	1	48	21	6
While my Redeemer's near (The Heavenly Shepherd) .....	1	159	88	6
<u>77. 77.</u>				
Emblem of Aminta's form (To a Flower) .....	3	10	4	5
Pretty vagrant of the air (The Butterfly) .....	3	12	6	7
Tell me, Silvia, why the sigh (To Silvia Pensive) .....	3	52	24	8
<u>7s Irreg.</u>				
Little monitor, by thee (To My Watch) .....	3	106	53	1
<u>77. 77. 10 10.</u>				
Long and mournful is the night (Waiting for Morning) .....	3	26	13	5
<u>77 10. 77 10.</u>				
From the philosophic grove (An Evening Walk) .....	2	11	5	8
<u>86. 86. (C. M.)</u>				
Alas, what hourly dangers rise (Watchfulness and Prayer) .....	1	79	39	6
Almighty Father, gracious Lord (Praise to God for the Blessings) .....	1	50	22	16
And can my heart aspire so high (Filial Submission) .....	3	132	65	4
And did the holy and the just (The Wonders of Redemption) .....	1	175	99	6
And will the Lord thus condescend (The Heavenly Guest) .....	1	67	31	6
Awake, awake the sacred song (The Incarnate Saviour) .....	1	85	43	6
Come charming guest, divine content (Ode to Content) .....	1	205	113	8
Come friendship, tune the pleasing lyre (To a Friend on the Birth of a Child) .....	2	41	19	5
Come heavenly love, inspire my song (Redeeming Love) .....	1	7	4	39
Come Lord, and warm each languid heart (The Joys of Heaven) .....	1	34	16	13
Come, let our souls adore the Lord (On the Fast, Pleading for Mercy) .....	1	252	133	6
Come, thou desire of all thy saints (Entreating the Presence of Christ) .....	1	76	37	7
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name (The King of Saints) .....	3	136	68	8
Dear center of my best desires (Jesus the Best Beloved) .....	1	163	91	5
Dear refuge of my weary soul (God the only Refuge) .....	1	144	80	8

86. 86. (C. M.) (continued)

Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall (Penitence and Hope) .....	3	79	38	6
Death! tis a name with terror fraught (Sin the Sting of Death) .....	1	107	58	6
Eternal power, almighty God (The Condescension of God) .....	1	65	30	6
Eternal source of joys divine (Desiring Assurance of the Favour of God) .....	1	82	41	5
Faith leads to joys beyond the sky (Faith in the Joys of Heaven).....	1	70	33	8
Far from these narrow scenes of night (The Promised Land) .....	1	157	87	11
Father of mercies, in thy word (The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures) .....	1	58	26	12
From the dark borders of despair (Psalm CXXX) .....	2	225	86	7
Great source of boundless power and grace (Desiring to Trust in God) .....	1	78	38	4
Happy the soul, whose wishes climb (The Christian's Prospect).....	1	97	51	7
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan (Desiring the Presence of God).....	1	136	75	6
Here pardon, life, and joys divine [Untitled].....	3	206	81	1
How changed the face of nature shows (Written in May).....	3	6	2	9
How helpless guilty nature lies (The Necessity of Renewing Grace) .....	3	141	71	6
How long shall earth's alluring toys (Longing after unseen Pleasures) .....	1	96	50	7
How long wilt thou, O God of grace (Psalm XIII).....	2	141	58	6
How oft, alas, this wretched heart (Pardoning Love).....	1	88	45	5
How vain a thought is bliss below (Pleasure) .....	2	55	26	9
In vain the erring world enquires (The Favour of God the only Good).....	1	30	14	8
In vain, while dark affliction spreads (The Presence of God) .....	3	65	30	10
Jesus—in thy transporting name (Hymn to Jesus) .....	1	169	95	9
Life is a span, a fleeting hour (To a Friend, on the Death of a Child) .....	2	26	10	6
Long has divine compassion strove (National Judgments and Mercies).....	1	253	134	8
Lord of my life, O may thy praise (A Morning Hymn).....	1	20	8	6
Lord, hear thy servant's humble prayer (Psalm CII).....	2	200	81	28
Lord, how my numerous foes increase (Psalm III) .....	2	135	55	8
Lord, how shall wretched sinners dare (On a Day of Prayer for Success in War) ..	3	123	59	8
Lord, we adore thy boundless grace (Divine Bounty) .....	1	92	48	6
Lord, when my raptured thought surveys (Meditating on Creation) .....	1	4	3	14
My God, my Father, blissful name (Humble Reliance) .....	1	114	62	8
My God, my king, to thee I'll raise (Psalm CXLV) .....	2	243	94	20
My God, the visits of thy face (The transforming Vision of God).....	1	32	15	11
My God, tis to thy mercy-seat (Refuge and Strength in the Mercy of God).....	1	133	73	6
Now faintly smile day's hasty hours (A Reflection on a Winter Evening) .....	2	119	51	11
Now to thy heavenly Father's praise (Acknowledging His Goodness).....	3	75	36	9
O blest religion, heavenly fair (The Comforts of Religion).....	2	35	16	6
O happiness, thou pleasing dream (Searching after Happiness) .....	1	25	11	9
O Lord, my strength, my righteousness (Psalm IV).....	2	137	56	8
O thou, whose tender mercy hears (Absence from God) .....	1	110	60	6
Oft when the child in wanton play (On Children's Play).....	1	239	128	10
Peace, my complaining, doubting heart (Submission to God under Affliction)...	1	148	82	6



86. 86. (C. M.) (continued)

Permit me, Lord, to seek thy face (Strength and Safety in God Alone).....	1	72	34	8
Say, while you press, with growing love (To the Mother) .....	2	42	20	6
See, gracious God, before thy throne (On the Public Fast) .....	1	248	131	7
Should nature's charms to please the eye (Christ the Supreme Beauty).....	1	155	86	6
The cares of mortal life, how vain (A Thought of Life and Death).....	3	68	32	11
The gifts indulgent heaven bestows (To Delia).....	1	221	118	1
The Lord forgets his wonted grace (Divine Compassion).....	1	80	40	7
The Lord, my Shepherd and my Guide (Psalm XXIII).....	2	147	61	7
The Saviour calls—let every ear (The Saviour's Invitation) .....	1	162	90	5
The weary traveller, lost in night (Light and Deliverance) .....	1	18	7	8
Thee, Lord, my thankful soul would bless (Psalm XXX) .....	2	155	65	14
Thou lovely source of true delight (Desiring to Know and Love Him More) .....	1	164	92	6
To our Redeemer's glorious name (Praise to the Redeemer) .....	1	171	96	6
To thee, my God, my heart shall bring (Psalm CXXXVIII) .....	2	230	89	8
Vain world be gone, nor vex my heart (Aspiring towards Heaven).....	1	139	77	10
When blooming youth is snatched away (At the Funeral of a Young Person) .....	1	106	57	6
When death appears before my sight (Victory over Death through Christ) .....	1	153	85	10
When fainting in the sultry waste (Thirsting after God) .....	1	28	13	6
When fancy spreads her boldest wings (True Happiness Only in God).....	1	100	53	6
When filled with grief, my anxious heart (God My only Happiness) .....	1	141	78	6
When I survey life's varied scene (Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness) .....	1	134	74	10
When sin and sorrow, fear and pair (Trusting in the Divine Veracity).....	1	150	83	5
While to the grave our friends are borne (A Funeral Hymn).....	1	74	35	6
Why do the heathen nations rise (Psalm II) .....	2	132	54	12
Ye earthly vanities depart (Desiring to Love Christ without Wandering).....	1	172	97	5
Ye glittering toys of earth adieu (The Pearl of Great Price).....	3	142	72	6
Ye humble souls, approach your God (The Goodness of God) .....	1	89	46	6
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor (Souls Invited to the Gospel Feast).....	1	17	6	7

87. 87.

Can I bid thee, lovely stranger (To an Infant Three Weeks Old) .....	3	129	63	5
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88. 66.

No, tis myself, my sins I fear [Untitled] .....	3	184	76	1
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886. 886.

Ah! why should this immortal mind (The Fettered Mind).....	1	227	122	8
Happy the man of heavenly birth (The Happy Man).....	3	30	15	6
O for the animating fire (Christ the Christian's Life) .....	2	109	48	8

First Line (Title)	V	Pg	H	Sts
<u>886. 88. 86.</u>				
How blest the minds, which daily rise (Divine Contemplation) .....	2	93	43	6
<u>88. 84</u>				
Is there on earth a solitude (Imitation of Mr, Pope's Ode on Solitude) .....	1	198	110	8
Vexatious world, thy flattering snares (Desiring to Bid Adieu to the World) .....	2	22	8	8
<u>88. 88. (L. M.)</u>				
Ah wretched souls, who strive in vain (The Christian's Noblest Resolution).....	1	161	89	5
Ah! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart (The Inconstant Heart) .....	1	119	65	5
Almighty Author of my frame (Desiring to Praise God) .....	1	1	1	5
And is the gospel peace and love (The Example of Christ) .....	1	122	67	7
As the poor hart tired in the chase (Psalm XLII) .....	2	171	70	12
Awake my soul, awake my tongue (Psalm CIII).....	2	206	82	16
Awake, my soul, nor slumbering lie (Time Flying and Death Approaching).....	1	151	84	9
Before thy throne, O God of grace (Psalm LXV).....	2	181	74	15
Blest be the Lord, my strength, my shield (Psalm CXLIV).....	2	240	93	14
Come praise the Lord, ye tuneful bands (Psalm CXLIX) .....	2	257	98	9
Come tune, ye saints, your noblest strains (Christ Dying and Rising) .....	1	184	105	6
Come weary souls with sin distressed (Weary Souls Invited to Rest) .....	1	27	12	5
Dear Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest (The Influences of the Spirit of God) .....	1	61	27	8
Deep are the wounds which sin hath made (Christ the Physician of Souls) .....	1	63	28	6
Enslaved by sin and bound in chains (Redemption by Christ Alone) .....	1	130	71	6
God is my sun, his blissful rays (Hope in Darkness) .....	1	126	69	5
Great God, to thee my evening song (An Evening Hymn) .....	1	22	9	9
Great King of kings, eternal God (Humble Worship) .....	1	37	17	5
Great Ruler of the earth and skies (Praise for National Peace) .....	1	38	18	6
Great Saviour, born of David's race (The Blind Man's Petition) .....	3	118	56	6
He lives, the great Redeemer lives (The Intercession of Christ).....	1	64	29	5
Hear, O my God, with pity hear (Psalm CXLIII) .....	2	237	92	12
Hence, vain, intruding world depart (Retirement and Reflection) .....	1	124	68	8
How lovely, how divinely sweet (Psalm LXXXIV) .....	2	188	76	12
How pleasing is the scene, how sweet (Psalm CXXXIII) .....	2	227	87	4
I love the Lord, his gracious ear (Psalm CXVI).....	2	222	85	15
In vain my roving thoughts would find (Lasting Happiness).....	1	102	54	5
In vain the world's alluring smile (God the Soul's Only Portion) .....	1	68	32	7
Indulgent still to my request (Trusting in His Mercy).....	3	72	34	5
Jesus, the spring of joys divine (Christ the Way to Heaven).....	1	53	23	5
Jesus, what shall I do to show (Devoting the heart to Jesus) .....	3	81	39	6
Life is a journey, heaven my home (Life a Journey) .....	1	99	52	6
Lord of the earth, and seas, and skies (On a Stormy Night) .....	1	24	10	6
Lord, how mysterious are thy ways (The Mysteries of Providence).....	1	131	72	5

88. 88. (L. M.) (continued)

Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name (Psalm XXXI).....	2	158	66	24
Lord, let thy mercy, full and free (Psalm LI) .....	2	177	73	18
Lord, thou hast been thy children's God (Psalm XC) .....	2	193	78	17
Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove (Faith in a Redeemer's Sufferings) .....	1	178	101	6
Lord, while my thoughts with wonder trace (Faith and Hope) .....	3	67	31	6
Low at thy gracious feet I bend (Entreating the Presence of God in Affliction) ...	3	73	35	10
My God, my hope, if thou art mine (The Presence of God the Life and Light) .....	1	116	63	7
My God, when'er my longing heart (Imploring Divine Influence) .....	1	2	2	6
Now let us raise our cheerful strains (The Exalted Saviour) .....	1	173	98	6
O could we read our interest here (The Happiness of the Saints Above) .....	1	167	94	7
O dearer to my thankful heart (The Love of Christ Exciting Thankful Devotion)..	3	82	40	9
O for a sweet inspiring ray (The Glorious Presence of Christ in Heaven) .....	1	166	93	6
O Lord, how glorious is thy name (Psalm VIII).....	2	139	57	8
O Lord, my life, my Saviour God (Psalm LXXXVIII) .....	2	190	77	13
O'erwhelmed with restless griefs and fears (Complaining at the Throne) .....	1	146	81	10
Oft have I said, with inward sighs (Death and Heaven).....	1	127	70	14
Praise ye the Lord: Oh, blissful theme (Psalm CXLVII).....	2	249	96	18
Praise ye the Lord; let praise employ (Psalm CL) .....	2	259	99	6
Recall, my heart, that dreadful hour (Meditating on Redeemer's Sufferings) .....	1	181	103	7
Sad prisoners in a house of clay (Longing for Immortality) .....	1	104	56	6
Say, Delia, whence these cares arise (To Delia Pensive) .....	2	28	11	5
See yonder gaudy tulip rise (The Tulip and the Violet).....	2	44	21	9
Should famine o'er the mourning field (Faith in God in Time of Distress) .....	1	86	44	6
So fades the lovely, blooming flower (To Amira on the Death of her Child).....	2	33	15	7
Stretched on the cross the Saviour dies (A Dying Saviour) .....	1	179	102	6
Sure I must love the Saviour's name (Cold Affections) .....	1	120	66	9
The Lord, my Saviour, is my light (Psalm XXVII).....	2	150	63	15
The Lord, the God of glory, reigns (Psalm XCIII).....	2	197	79	5
The loving kindness of the Lord (Desiring to Praise God) .....	3	77	37	11
The pains that wait our fleeting breath (Sin the Cause of Sorrow).....	1	75	36	5
The wondering nations have beheld (Presence of Christ the Joy of his People)..	1	109	59	6
Thee, dearest Lord, my soul adores (Resigning the Heart to God) .....	1	117	64	5
There is a glorious world on high (True Honour) .....	1	90	47	8
There is a God, all nature speaks (The Voice of the Creatures) .....	1	40	19	8
Thou only sovereign of my heart (Life and Safety in Christ Alone).....	1	54	24	6
Though nature's voice you must obey (To —, on the Death of her Father) .....	3	127	61	5
To God the refuge of his saints (Psalm CXLII) .....	2	236	91	6
To God, I raised my earnest cries (Psalm LXXVII).....	2	184	75	17
To Jesus, our exalted Lord (Communion with Christ at His Table) .....	1	176	100	6
To Jesus, our victorious Lord (The Heavenly Conqueror) .....	1	94	49	8
To thee, almighty God, we bring (On the Fifth of November).....	3	121	58	8

88. 88. (L. M.) (continued)

Was it for sin, for mortal guilt (Sin the Cause of Christ's Death).....	1	182	104	8
Weary of these low scenes of night (Resignation).....	2	9	4	10
When I resolved to watch my thoughts (Psalm XXXIX) .....	2	168	69	13
When sins and fears prevailing rise (Christ the Life of the Soul) .....	1	138	76	5
When spring displays her various sweets (Spring and Autumn) .....	2	29	12	5
Where Babel's rivers winding stray (Psalm CXXXVII).....	2	228	88	12
Where is my God? does he retire (Breathing after God) .....	3	130	64	7
Where shall I fly but to thy feet (Rest and Comfort in Christ Alone).....	3	119	57	5
While justice waves her vengeful hand (National Judgments Deprecated) .....	1	250	132	9
Why is my heart with grief oppressed (Desiring a Firmer Affiance in God) .....	3	70	33	5
Why should my pining spirit be (Humble Trust) .....	3	133	66	6
Why should my spirit cleave to earth (Desiring a Taste of Real Joy) .....	1	112	61	8
Why sinks my weak desponding mind (Hope Encouraged) .....	1	83	42	6
With anxious thought an author piled (The Salutary Disappointment) .....	3	11	5	6
Ye gay deceivers of the mind (Bidding Adieu to Earthly Pleasures).....	1	103	55	5
Ye humble souls complain no more (Happy Poverty, or the Poor in Spirit).....	3	139	70	8
Ye mourning sinners, here disclose (The Great Physician).....	1	15	5	8
Ye sons of Zion, praise the Lord (Psalm CXLVI) .....	2	247	95	11

88. 88. 88.

Great God, inspire each heart and tongue (Day of Public Thanksgiving).....	3	125	60	7
Great God, this sacred day of thine (Hymn for the Lord's Day Morning).....	3	138	69	4
Shall loyal nations hail the day (Hymn to Jesus).....	3	134	67	6

88. 88. 8 10.

Though terrors late alarmed my breast (Support in Trouble).....	3	34	17	5
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88. 88. 10 10.

Ye warblers of the vernal shade (Ingratitude Reproved) .....	2	50	24	6
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88 10. 88 10.

Let fame the shining annals spread (Ambition).....	2	107	47	6
Why is the heaven-descended mind (The Complaint of the Mind).....	3	48	22	6

88 10. 88 12.

Almighty Sovereign, gracious Lord (The Faithfulness of God) .....	2	84	38	4
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10 10 10.

O happiness, by all admired, pursued (Happiness) .....	1	194	108	11
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10 10. 10 10.

Alas! my heart where is thy absent God (Desiring the presence of God).....	3	63	29	7
Belinda to her utmost wish is well (To Belinda) .....	2	7	3	6
Come friendship, with thy sweetly-pleasing power (To Silvia) .....	3	97	48	5
Could all the powers of eloquence divine (A Friend Commend My Verses).....	3	86	42	6
Could these weak nerves, this trembling hand impart (To Myra).....	3	128	62	5
Engaging argument! here let me rest (Encouragement to Trust in God) .....	2	90	41	4
Enough to nature and to grief is paid (To Amira, on the Death of her Son).....	3	18	9	7
Extensive promise! O what hopes divine (Happiness of the Children of God) .....	3	58	27	12
For blooming happiness young Florio sighs (To Florio) .....	2	5	2	8
Go, Vario, trace creation's ample round (To Vario).....	2	30	13	5
How faint the joy the blooming season yields (To Silvia).....	3	102	50	5
How weak, how languid is the immortal mind (A Thought in Sickness) .....	2	118	50	6
Indulgent father, ever gracious God (Written in a painful Illness).....	3	54	25	11
Is this a theme of mirth? who can rejoice (Close of the Year) .....	3	94	46	7
Jesus my Lord, in thy dear name unite (Desiring to Love Christ and Obey him)..	3	19	10	9
Kind adversity, thou friend to truth (Reading Mr. Gray's Hymn to Adversity) .....	2	24	9	10
My great preserver, to thy gracious hand (Desiring a Devotion to God) .....	3	56	26	10
My lovely Silvia, while in blooming youth (To Silvia).....	3	87	43	7
O God of mercy, thou that hearest prayer [A prayer].....	3	160	73	4
O Hervey, honoured name, forgive the tear (On the Death of Mr. Hervey).....	2	71	33	9
O sent by heaven, to teach the Saviour's praise (To Mr. Hervey) .....	2	69	32	7
Say, dear Amira, while this bosom shares (To Amira on her Mother's Illness).....	3	28	14	10
Shall fond expectance lean on earthly friends (On the Sickness of a Friend).....	1	225	121	6
The mournful gift, attentive, while I view (On receiving a Mourning Ring).....	3	37	19	8
While musing in the solitary hour (To Silvia).....	3	50	23	10
Why breathes my anxious heart the frequent sigh (Resignation to Divine Will) .	3	96	47	7

10 10. 10 10. 10 10.

A muse, in learning's arduous toil unskilled (To Lysander).....	1	185	106	6
Lord of my life to thee my powers belong (On Recovery from Sickness) .....	3	84	41	5

10 10. 10 10. 10 10. 10 10 10. (9-10s)

How long, forgetful of thy heavenly birth (Wishing for real Pleasure) .....	3	89	44	5
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### 10s.

Beneath the heavenly radiance of his eye [Untitled] .....	3	207	82	1
My Lord, my Saviour, my almighty friend [A Prayer] .....	3	179	75	5
No more their faded lustre strikes the sight [Untitled] .....	3	197	79	1
One beam of glory from his radiant face [Untitled] .....	3	197	78	1
Ye sons of harmony who ardent tune [Untitled] .....	3	216	84	1

### 11 8. 11 8.

How soft rolled the hours, how serene was my heart (The Absent Muse) .....	1	232	124	6
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### 11 12. 11 6.

Hail peaceful retirement, thy shades how serene (Retirement) .....	3	103	51	5
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### 11s.

Man is himself a little world of wonders [Knowledge of Ourselves] .....	3	162	74	5
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### 12 12. 12 6.

Celestial content, inexhaustible treasure (True Happiness) .....	3	25	12	7
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### Irregular

A death-watch! how distinct it beats!—in vain (The Death-Watch) .....	1	235	126	3
Active, busy, restless mind (The Restless Mind) .....	3	35	18	7
Again, the solemn warning strikes my ear (On hearing the Funeral Bell) .....	3	21	11	7
Angels, happy spirits, say (Captivity) .....	2	46	22	3
Another awful warning heaven has sent (Death of a Neighbour) .....	2	48	23	2
At length she deigns, indulgent power! (Ode on a Rural Prospect in June) .....	3	42	21	11
Awake my heart, arise my joyful powers (Recovery from Sickness) .....	2	62	29	5
Awake my soul, attune the hallowed lyre (Psalm CIV) .....	2	209	83	7
Blest is the man, whose crimes are all removed (Psalm XXXII) .....	2	163	67	3
By daily observation are we taught (No True Happiness Below) .....	2	80	36	3
By lawless pleasure led, whose siren song (On the Sudden Death of a Libertine) .....	3	104	52	3
Come bid adieu, my soul, to earthly pleasures (A Meditation on Death) .....	1	217	117	7
Come, sacred contemplation, heavenly guest (True Pleasure in Meditation) .....	2	81	37	6
Daughter of grave reflection, gentle power (Ode to Melancholy) .....	3	13	7	4
Friend of the fainting mind, Whose kindly ray (Ode to Hope) .....	3	16	8	5
Friendship disdains the studied forms of speech (To Amira) .....	3	91	45	6
Give to the Lord, ye potentates of earth (Psalm XXIX) .....	2	153	64	7
God is our strength, omnipotence our stay (Psalm XLVI) .....	2	174	71	4
Great God, I own thy justice, while beneath (Submission to God) .....	2	52	25	7
Happy the man, whom grace divine has taught (Mr. Hervey's Meditations) .....	1	211	115	9
Happy the man, whose heaven-directed feet (Psalm I) .....	2	131	53	2
Happy the mind, where true devotion glows (Devotion) .....	2	88	40	2

Irregular (continued)

He is a friend, who scorns the little sphere (The Friend) .....	1	237	127	2
How fondly those mistake who seek for joys (On Friendship) .....	1	200	111	6
If native sense, and unaffected ease (To Emilia) .....	3	99	49	6
If when the tender sympathizing sigh (To a Friend in Trouble) .....	1	229	123	3
In a frail, shattered bark I trembling ride (Refuge in Distress) .....	2	95	44	4
In this dark wilderness of pain and woe (The Pilgrim) .....	2	57	27	3
Inclement winter now resigns his power (An Ill State of Health in the Spring)....	2	59	28	5
Jehovah's praise, in high immortal strains (Psalm CXLVIII).....	2	253	97	13
Kind solitude, I love thy friendly shade (Retirement and Meditation) .....	2	75	35	10
Marinda's temper, open and sincere (The Picture; to Marinda) .....	2	73	34	5
Mark how the stately tree disdainful rears (Pride and Humility) .....	1	196	109	7
Messiah comes! glad nature hails (Messiah, an Ode).....	3	112	55	9
My God—important, glorious, blissful name (The Humble Claim).....	2	14	6	4
Now reigns the lovely spring in all her pride (The Pleasures of Spring).....	1	223	120	3
O Lord, thy awful searching eye has traced (Psalm CXXXIX).....	2	232	90	4
Oft have I viewed the flowers while bright and gay (A Simile) .....	1	216	116	4
Omniscient Lord, before whose awful eye (Love to Christ) .....	2	86	39	2
Once more has heaven indulgent heard our prayers (To Amira on Recovery).....	2	31	14	3
Preserve me, oh my God; on thee alone (Psalm XVI) .....	2	142	59	3
Queen of seasons, lovely spring (Ode to Spring, Written in March) .....	3	1	1	8
Reason, the glory of the human frame (On Reason) .....	1	207	114	9
Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice (Psalm XXXIII) .....	2	165	68	8
Say, dear Urania, silent why so long (Devotion and the Muse) .....	2	102	46	8
Say, gentle muse, who oft has deigned (The Invocation) .....	2	1	1	8
Should lavish wealth display her shining stores (The Wish) .....	2	91	42	3
Should the world frown, and all its pleasures fly [Untitled] .....	3	198	80	3
Softly-pleasing Solitude (Solitude) .....	2	66	31	5
That sound e'er long shall mark the solemn hour (Hearing the Bell) .....	3	61	28	4
The dull, defective! tis too faint a name (The Waste of Time).....	1	234	125	2
The earth through all her wide dominion owns (Psalm XXIV).....	2	148	62	4
The heavens declare their Maker's glorious name (Psalm XIX) .....	2	144	60	6
The Lord, the mighty God exalted reigns (Psalm XCVII) .....	2	198	80	2
Then should the world and its alluring toys [Untitled] .....	3	207	83	2
Though nature, friendship, filial love awake (To Amira, Death of her Mother) ...	3	39	20	9
To melancholy, softly-pensive power (The Prospect) .....	2	16	7	10
Tremble, my soul with awful conscious fear [Untitled] .....	3	195	77	3
True Friendship is the noblest earthly gift (On Friendship) .....	1	203	112	5
Were all the power of elocution mine (1 Corinthians 13th Chapter) .....	2	38	18	6
What is this thinking power, this active mind (The Desire of Knowledge).....	2	36	17	4
What is this world with all its gay delights (The Path of Life).....	1	241	129	5
What soft delight the peaceful bosom warm (A Rural Meditation).....	2	64	30	2

Irregular (continued)

When pensive thought recalls the scenes of life (The Complaint and Relief).....	2	111	49	11
When Phoebus had withdrawn his radiant beams (An Evening Meditation) .....	1	191	107	6
Where are the happy moments fled (The Sickly Mind).....	3	8	3	6
Where Babylon, the seat of empire, shone (Third Chapter of Daniel).....	3	107	54	9
While I survey the azure sky (The Elevation) .....	2	122	52	7
While in the arms of death your Delia sleeps (To Philander).....	3	32	16	4
While round you hourly gratulations rise (To Amira on her Marriage) .....	1	222	119	3
Ye grateful tribes, approach Jehovah's throne (Psalm CV) .....	2	215	84	11
Ye happy tribes, proclaim your sacred joys (Psalm XLVII) .....	2	176	72	3
Ye mirthful tribes, who careless, vain and gay (To the Votaries of Pleasure).....	1	245	130	5
Ye restless, dark, distracting fears, begone (Hope Reviving).....	2	97	45	1



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Reset by Barry C. Johnston, April-May 2020

Page Size: 5½ × 7½ inches (14 × 19 cm)

Body Font: Charter BT

Appendices: Myriad Condensed Web

Appendices newly done

Hymn numbers added for convenience in sorting; numbering continued into the hymns and poetic fragments embedded in the prose sections

Original pagination retained in main body of the book

Original spelling retained, except for changes since 1780 in British English (e.g., controul, ev'n) and obvious misspellings

Capitalization of text and titles standardized to modern British Christian usage

Poetic contractions expanded, unless they are in common use (e.g., unmov'd → unmoved, prest → pressed; but blest and e'er retained)

Most regular-metric hymns had stanzas numbered; stanza numbers added to the other metric hymns

Source was the copy in the Princeton Theological Seminary Library (Shelf F-46205 St323 v.1), as scanned to Archive.org (<https://archive.org/details/poetsc03stee>)

#### LITERATURE

Theodosia. 1760. *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional in Two Volumes*.

London, England: J. Buckland. Volume I, 255 pp. Volume II, 260 pp.

Theodosia. 1780. *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional, in Two Volumes, a New Edition, to Which is Added a Third Volume consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces*. Bristol, England: W. Pine. Volume I, 255 pp. Volume II, 260 pp.

Steele, Anne. 1780. *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose*. Edited by Caleb Evans. Bristol, England: W. Pine. 224 pp. Author given as *Theodosia* on title page, revealed as *Anne Steele* in Evans' Introduction. Second title page gives subtitle Volume III.