

SPIRITUAL SLUMBER. *From the
German.*

I.

O Thou, who all things canst controul,
Chafe this dead Slumber from my Soul;
With Joy and Fear, with Love and Awe
Give me to keep thy perfect Law.

II.

O may one Beam of thy blest Light
Pierce thro', dispel the Shades of Night:
Touch my cold Breast with heav'nly Fire,
With holy, conqu'ring Zeal inspire.

III.

For Zeal I sigh, for Zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my Soul and faint:
With Steps unway'ring, undismay'd
Give me in all thy Paths to tread.

IV.

Without-stretch'd Hands, and streaming Eyes
Oft I begin to grasp the Prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray:
But ah! how soon it dies away!

V.

The deadly Slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my Spirit steal:
Rise, Lord; stir up thy quick'ning Pow'r,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

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VI.

Single of Heart O may I be,
Nothing may I desire but Thee:
Far, far from me the World remove,
And all that holds me from thy Love!

Z E A L.

I.

DEAD as I am, and cold my Breast,
Untouch'd by Thee, Celestial Zeal,
How shall I sing th' unwonted Guest?
How paint the Joys I cannot feel?

II.

Assist me Thou, at whose Command
The Heart exults, from Earth set free!
'Tis Thine to raise the drooping Hand,
Thine to confirm the feeble Knee.

III.

'Tis Zeal must end this inward Strife,
Give me to know That Warmth Divine!
Thro' all my Verse, thro' all my Life
The Active Principle shall shine.

IV.

Where shall we find its high Abode?
iTo Heav'n the Sacred Ray aspires,
W th ardent Love embraces GOD,
Parent and Object of its Fires.

Three