

impious Incense rise,  
Heart the Sacrifice:  
Word his Horrid Pray'r }

tion, Source of Bliss,  
lives and moves and is,  
ur my humble Pray'r,  
—O in Mercy spare.  
Thee depends my Trust,  
or frown me into Dust,  
, and rais'd again I see  
my Final Bliss in Thee.  
Thee I All resign,  
ng Needful, Ever Mine!

umptuous Muse forbear,  
ofane the Christian Ear:  
Friend I see,  
hen Love's Idolatry.  
if the Creator cries,  
e," What bold Wretch

wakes, he breaths again,  
more the slacken'd Rein."  
e claims a Part,  
e gives up All his Heart:  
o Partnership allows,  
jects divided Vows )  
ls the Idol thence,  
ed Omnipotence.  
" Cut off th' offending

his God's Command:  
let the Redeemer say;  
bleeding Orb away.  
Victorious

Victorious now to Nobler Joys aspires,  
His Bosom, touch'd with more than Earthly Fires:  
He leaves rough Passion for calm Virtue's Road,  
Gives Earth for Heav'n, and quits a Worm for  
God.

## I TIM. v. 6.

*She that liveth in Pleas.ure, is Dead  
while She liveth.*

**H**O W hapless is th' applauded Virgin's Lot,  
Her God forgetting, by her God forgot!  
Stranger to Truth, unknowing to obey,  
In Error nurs'd, and disciplin'd to stray;  
Sworn with Self-will, and principled with Pride,  
Sense all her Good, and Passion all her Guide:  
Pleasure its Tide, and Flatt'ry lends its Breath,  
And smoothly waft her to Eternal Death!

A Goddess Here, she sees her Vot'ries meet,  
Crowd to her Shrine, and tremble at her Feet;  
She hears their Vows, Believes their Life and Death  
Hangs on the Wrath and Mercy of her Breath;  
Supreme in Fancy'd State she reigns her Hour,  
And glories in her Plenitude of Pow'r:  
Herself the only Object worth her Care,  
Since all the kneeling World was made for Her.

For Her, Creation all its Stores displays,  
The Silkworms labour, and the Diamonds blaze:  
Air, Earth, and Sea conspire to tempt her Taste,  
And ransack'd Nature furnishes the Feast.  
Life's gaudiest Pride attracts her willing Eyes,  
And Balls, and Theaters, and Courts arise:

*Italian*



24 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

*Italian* Songsters pant her Ear to please,  
Bid the first Cries of infant Reason cease.  
Save her from Thought, and lull her Soul to Peace.

Deep sunk in Sense th'imprison'd Soul remains,  
Nor knows its Fall from GOD, nor feels its  
Chains:

Unconscious still, sleeps on in Error's Night,  
Nor strives to rise, nor struggles into Light:  
Heav'n-born in vain, degen'rate cleaves to Earth,  
(No Pangs experienc'd of the Second Birth)  
She only Faln, yet Unawaken'd found,  
While All th'enthrall'd Creation groans around.

---

J O H N XV. 18, 19.

I.

**W**HERE has my slumb'ring Spirit been,  
So late emerging into Light?  
So imperceptible, within,  
The Weight of this *Egyptian* Night!

II.

Where have they hid the *WORLD* so long,  
So late presented to my View?  
Wretch! tho' myself increas'd the Throng,  
Myself a Part I never knew.

III.

Secure beneath its Shade I sat,  
To me were all its Favours shown:  
I could no taste its Scorn or Hate;  
Alas, it ever lov'd its own!

JESUS,

HY

JESUS,  
From  
Retouch  
And g

O may I  
The V  
Its Judg  
Its Fri

Delusive  
The P  
It cannot  
I leave

No! Th  
I bow  
I cast thy  
And fl

Excluded  
Stain'd,  
Shalt Tho  
Shalt th

No! Tho  
Eternal  
Tho' Hell  
Prepar'd