

80 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Thrice happy He, who views with Scorn
Earth's Toys for Thee his constant Flame.
O help, that I may never move
From the blest Footsteps of thy Love!

VIII.

Each Moment draw from Earth away
My Heart, that lowly waits thy Call:
Speak to my inmost Soul, and say
I am thy Love, thy GOD, thy All!
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taste thy Love is all my Choice!

*Written in the Beginning of a Recovery
from Sickness.*

I.

PEACE, flutt'ring Soul! the Storm is o'er,
Ended at last the doubtless Strife:
Respiring now, the Cause explore
That bound thee to a wretched Life.

II.

When on the Margin of the Grave,
Why did I doubt my Saviour's Art?
Ah! why mistrust his Will to save?
What meant that Fault'ring of my Heart?

III.

'Twas not the searching Pain within
That fill'd my coward Flesh with Fear;
Nor Conscience of uncancel'd Sin;
Nor Sense of Dissolution near.

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IV.

Of Hope I felt no Joyful Ground,
The Fruit of Righteousness alone;
Naked of CHRIST my Soul I found,
And started from a GOD unknown.

V.

Corrupt my Will, nor half subdu'd,
Could I his purer Presence bear?
Unchang'd, unhallow'd, unrenew'd
Could I before his Face appear?

VI.

Father of Mercies, hear my Call!
Ere yet returns the Fatal Hour,
Repair my Loss, retrieve my Fall,
And raise me by thy quick'ning Pow'r.

VII.

My Nature re-exchange for Thine;
Be Thou my Life, my Hope, my Gain;
Arm me in Panoply Divine,
And Death shall shake his Dart in vain.

VIII.

When I thy promis'd CHRIST have seen,
And clasp'd him in my Soul's Embrace,
Possess of my Salvation, Then —
Then, let me, LORD, depart in Peace!