

I
94 Hymns and Sacred Poems.

X.

At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee :
Here then to Thee I all resign,
Thine is the Work, and only Thine.

XI.

No more to lift my Eyes I dare,
Abandon'd to a just Despair ;
I have my Punishment in View.
I feel a thousand Hells my Due.]

XII.

What shall I say thy Grace to move ?
Lord, I am Sin—but Thou art Love :
I give up every Plea beside
“Lord, I am Damn'd—but Thou hast died !

XIII.

While groaning at thy Feet I fall
Spurn me away, refuse my Call,
If Love permit, contract thy Brow,
And, if Thou canst, destroy me now !

In
Ye
Your
Who
Thou
And
Pleas'd

I.

M^y Soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To Thee her Source my Spirit flies,
My Wants I mourn, my Chains I see :
O let thy Presence set me free !

Loft

be
or Thee :
sign,
ly Thine,

II.

Loft and undone, for Aid I cry ;
In thy Death, Saviour, let me die !
Grief'd with thy Grief, pain'd with thy Pain,
Ne'er may I feel Self-Love again.

I dare,
;
view.
Due.]

III.

JESU, vouchsafe my Heart and Will
With thy meek Lowliness to fill ;
No more her Pow'r let Nature boast,
But in thy Will may mine be lost.

ance to move ?
ou art Love :
ut Thou hast died !

IV.

In Life's short Day let me yet more
Of thy enliv'ning Pow'r implore :
My Mind must deeper sink in Thee,
My Foot stand firm from Wand'ring free.

weet I fall
Call,
y Brow,
oy me now !

V.

Ye Sons of Men, here nought avails
Your Strength, here all your Wisdom fails ;
Who bids a sinful Heart be clean ?
Thou only, LORD, supreme of Men.

VI.

And well I know thy tender Love ;
Thou never didst unfaithful prove :
And well I know Thou stand'st by me,
Pleas'd from myself to set me free.

From the German.

VII.

Still will I watch, and labour still
To banish ev'ry Thought of Ill ;
Till Thou in thy good Time appear,
And sav'it me from the Fowler's Snare.

Already

Loff

rostrate lies,
my Spirit flies,
Chains I see :
free !

VIII.

Already springing Hope I feel ;
 GOD will destroy the Pow'r of Hell :
 GOD from the Land of Wars and Pain
 Leads me, where Peace and Safety reign.

IX.

One only Care my Soul shall know,
 Father, all thy Commands to do :
 Ah deep engrave it on my Breast,
 That I in Thee ev'n now am blest.

X.

When my warm'd Thoughts I fix on Thee,
 And plunge me in thy Mercy's Sea,
 Then ev'n on me thy Face shall shine,
 And quicken this dead Heart of mine.

XI.

So ev'n in Storms my Soul shall grow ;
 So shall I thy Hid Sweetness know ;
 And feel (what endless Age shall prove)
 That Thou, my LORD, my GOD, art Love !

The DAWNING. From Herbert.

I.

A WAKE, sad Heart, whom Sorrows drown,
 Lift up thine Eyes, and cease to mourn,
 Unfold thy Forehead's settled Frown ;
 Thy Saviour, and thy Joys return.

Awake,

 JES
M
If no
If no
If Th
And f
Hear,
Almig