

So on that fatal Day you did  
 The Levee of his Grace attend ;  
 You of your Memory was rid,  
 I of my Fortune and my Friend.

D A M O N.

'Tis Bus'ness, Sir, that fills my Head,  
 Believe me now I cannot stay ;  
 I'll order half a Pint of Red,  
 And if you'll drink it, Sir, you may.



*An ODE on MERCY:*

*In Imitation of Part of the 145th Psalm.*

I

**T**IS Mercy calls---Awake, my grateful String ;  
 Ye Worlds of Nature, listen while I sing ;  
 'Tis not his dire avenging Rod,  
 I sing the Mercies of a God ;  
 Hark, ye Warblers of the Sky,  
 Rivers glide serenely by ;  
 Or rather in the sacred Chorus join,  
 Till our united Voices reach the Seats Divine.

Where



II.

Where injur'd Saints, that us'd to mourn below,  
Find their glad Breasts with Joys eternal glow ;  
Where thousand Tongues incessant cry,  
Glory be to God on high ;  
Dominion, Power, Praise, and then  
Mercy to the Sons of Men.

Heav'n hears delighted, and the joyful Sound  
Swell'd with celestial Musick spreads the Regions round.

III.

The Lord, though seated far beyond the Sky,  
Yet sees the wretched with a pitying Eye ;  
That Power knows our secret Fear,  
The lonely Sigh, or silent Tear ;  
He sees the Widows streaming Eye,  
And hears the hungry Orphans cry.

Depending Worlds his sacred Bounty share,  
All Creatures find a Part of their Creator's Care.

IV.

His Justice next employs the heavenly String,  
And hymning Angels tremble while they sing ;

The



The Lord is just and holy, then  
 O weep ye thoughtless Sons of Men :  
 For who can from his Anger fly,  
 Or shun the Frown of God most high ?  
 Yet shall the Sigh, or penitential Groan,  
 Mount like the Seraph's Wing, and reach the sacred  
 Throne.

## V.

Hear this, ye pious but dejected Minds,  
 Whom Errors darken, or whom Weakness binds ;  
 Lift from the Dust your mournful Eye,  
 And know the Lord your Help is nigh ;  
 These Sorrows from your Breasts shall roll,  
 And Comfort blest the humble Soul ;  
 Let chearful Hope in ev'ry Bosom spring,  
 For boundless Mercy dwells with Heaven's immortal  
 King.

## VI.

Come then, ye Worlds, with mingled Voices raise  
 A Song of mean, but not ungrateful Praise ;  
 Tho' the dull Numbers rudely flow,  
 And our cold Hearts but faintly glow,

Our



Our Raptures own a less Degree,  
 Yet Cherubs sing, and so shou'd we.  
 The Almighty hears, and gives us leave to call  
 On him the Judge, the Guide and sacred Lord of All,

VII.

All you that bend beneath the Stroke of Time,  
 And you whose Cheeks confess their healthy Prime,  
 Your Maker and Preserver praise,  
 For early and for length of Days ;  
 The pious and the grateful Song,  
 Shall lisp upon the Infant's Tongue,  
 While heav'nly Mercy sooths the Mourner's Care,  
 And bids the Innocent rejoice, the Sinner not despair.



*The* BEAUTIES of *the* SPRING.

**H**AIL happy Shades, and hail thou chearful Plain,  
 Where Peace and Pleasure unmolested reign ;  
 Where dewy Buds their blushing Bosoms show,  
 And the cool Rivers murmur as they flow :

See