



A PRAYER for the YEAR, 1745.

ALMIGHTY Wisdom, at whose Nod
The Stars shall cease to shine,
Great Nature's Father, Guide, and God,
O let me call thee mine,

Yet not for me, and me alone,
Thy Mercies I implore :
No, let that Bliss to all be known,
That tremble and adore.

Now Fear, that makes the Sorrows flow
Ev'n from the Infant's Eyes,
O'er-whelms in one promiscuous Woe
The Ignorant and Wise.

Then hear, O hear, thy Servants cry,
We beg thy saving Hand :
To whom but Heav'n shou'd we apply,
To raise a drooping Land !

Be thou the Guard of helpless Age,
 The wretched Orphan's Friend :
 O smoothe the Face of hostile Rage,
 And spare its purple End.

Restrain the Hand of threat'ning Pride,
 Asswage the cruel Breast :
 Teach Mercy to the Victor Side,
 And Patience to the rest.

And when the Sword of Conquest shall
 The trembling Wretch arraign,
 Let Justice guide the equal Scale,
 Nor swerve the steady Beam.

Preserve the merciful and kind
 From Violence and Pain :
 And let the meek and gentle Mind
 Rejoice, and not complain.

Nor

Nor let the barb'rous Steel invade

The Breast of hoary Age :

Nor give the unresisting Babe

A Prey to purple Rage.

Amongst un-number'd Worlds if I

Am worth my Maker's Care,

Then let me live and let me die

Unwounded by Despair.

Tho' Want or Peril, Pain or Death,

Affault this feeble Clay,

Let Hope attend my latest Breath

And chear the gloomy Way.

Preserve my Parent and my Friend

From Danger, Guilt or Shame :

In Peace their chearful Days extend

To praise thy holy Name.

Forgive the Errors of my Youth,

If in my Youth I fall :

Or teach my Age thy saving Truth,
O hear me when I call.

Thou mighty Lord of all above
And all beneath the Sun,
Thy Servant's humble Suit approve;
If not, thy Will be done.



DAVID'S *Complaint*, ii Samuel, chap. i.

MOURN, *Judab*, mourn beneath the silent
Sky,
And pierce the Deserts with thy midnight Cry.
See *Zion*, conscious of her failing Powers,
Heaves from her Base and shakes the nodding Bowers.
For their lost Sires orphan'd Babes complain,
And Matrons strike their widow'd Breasts in vain;
From Street to Street the howling Mourners fly,
Fear on their Brows and Horror in their Eye.
For why, her Peers are wash'd with purple Gore:
Her Princes and her Monarch is no more:

Whom