

SACRED POEMS.

Blood so largely flow'd
In Guilt and Pain.

IV.
As I fall,
In thy Faith embrace!
Hear my Call!
Come by thy Grace!
O'er thy Wounds I am;
Now I dread:
Thy Name,
Living Head!

V.
Be my Guide,
Lead me from me away;
Grace abide,
I may never stray.
In me dwell;
Give me thy Portion be,
And do thy Will,
I'm found in Thee!

VI. LORD,
Whole Armour, Might:
I kneels with thy Sword,
Thy conqu'ring Fight.
The threat'ning Grace,
From Grace to Grace,
Thou shalt I go on, Face,
I'll flee from thy Face,
What Grace begun.

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S A C R E D P O E M S.

P A R T II.

CHRIST the Friend of Sinners.

I.
W H E R E shall my wond'ring Soul
begin?
How shall I All to Heav'n aspire?
A Slave redeem'd from Death and Sin,
A Brand pluck'd from Eternal Fire,
How shall I equal Triumphs raise,
And sing my great Deliverer's Praise!

II.
O how shall I the Goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast show'd,
That I, a Child of Wrath, and Hell,
I should be call'd a Child of God!
Should know, should feel my Sins forgiven,
Blest with this Antepast of Heaven!

F 3

And

102 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

III.

And shall I slight my Father's Love,
Or basely fear his Gifts to own?
Unmindful of his Favours prove?
Shall I the hallow'd Cross to shun
Refuse his Righteousness t' impart
By hiding it within my Heart?

IV.

No—tho' the Antient Dragon rage
And call forth all his Hofts to War,
Tho' Earth's self-righteous Sons engage;
Them, and their God alike I dare:
JESUS, the Sinners Friend proclaim,
JESUS, to Sinners still the same.

V.

Outcasts of Men, to You I call,
Harlots, and Publicans, and Thieves!
He spreads his Arms t' embrace you all;
Sinners alone his Grace receives:
No Need of Him the Righteous have,
He came the Lost to seek and save!

VI.

Come all ye *Magdalens* in Lust,
Ye Ruffians fell in Murders old;
Repent, and live: despair and trust!
JESUS for you to Death was fold;
Tho' Hell protest, and Earth repine,
He died for Crimes like Yours—and Mine.

VII.

Come, O my guilty Brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your Load of Sin!

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VII.

Brethren, come,
our Load of Sin! His

His bleeding Heart shall make you room,
His open Side shall take you in.
He calls you now, invites you home—
Come, O my guilty Brethren, come!

VIII.

For you the purple Current flow'd
In Pardons from his wounded Side:
Languish'd for you th'Eternal GOD,
For you the Prince of Glory dy'd:
Believe; and all your Guilt's forgiven,
Only Believe—and yours is Heaven.

On the Conversion of a Common Harlot.

LUKE XV. 10.

*There is Joy in the Presence of the An-
gels of GOD over one Sinner that
repenteth.*

I.

SING ye Heav'ns, and Earth rejoice,
Make to GOD a cheerful Noise,
He the Work alone hath done,
He hath glorify'd his Son.

II.

Sons of GOD exulting rise,
Join the Triumph of the Skies,
See the Prodigal is come,
Shout to bear the Wand'rer home;

F 4

Strive