

I keep,
Current flow;
w'ry Step,
er Thou go.

ful Fight hast won;
Vine-press trod:
races be shown,
thy Blood!

alt stand,
adore their Kings,
ight Hand,
Glories sing.

om the same.

ernal Three,
ove, th' unfathom'd Sea!
whose saving Grace,
Distress.

I.
exhaustless Store
on show'r;
soar away
ed Day.

My

III.

My Heart from all Pollution clean,
O purge it, tho' with Grief and Pain;
To Thee lo! I my All resign,
Thine be my Will, my Soul be Thine.

IV.

O guide me, lead me in thy Ways:
'Tis Thine the sinking Hand to raise.
O may I ever lean on Thee:
'Tis Thine to prop the feeble Knee.

V.

O Father, sanctify this Pain,
Nor let one Tear be shed in vain!
Soften, yet arm my Breast: no Fear,
No Wrath, but Love alone be there.

VI.

O leave not, cast me not away
In fierce Temptation's dreadful Day:
Speak but the Word; instant shall cease
The Storm, and all my Soul be Peace!

In DESERTION or TEMPTATION.

I.

AH! my dear LORD, whose changeless Love
To Me, nor Earth, nor Hell can part;
When shall my Feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless Heart?

H 2

Why

148 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

II.

Why do these Cares my Soul divide,
If Thou indeed hast set me free?
Why am I Thus, if GOD hath dy'd;
If GOD hath dy'd to purchase Me?

III.

Around me Clouds of Darknes roll,
In deepest Night I still walk on;
Heavily moves my fainting Soul,
My Comfort, and my GOD are gone.

IV.

Chearless, and all forlorn I droop;
In vain I lift my weary Eye;
No Gleam of Light, no Ray of Hope
Appears throughout the darken'd Sky.

V.

My feeble Knees I bend again,
My drooping Hands again I rear:
Vain is the Task, the Effort vain,
My Heart abhors the irksome Pray'r.

VI.

Oft with thy Saints my Voice I raise,
And seem to join the tasteless Song:
Faintly ascends th'imperfect Praise,
Or dies upon my thoughtless Tongue.

VII.

Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To thy dread Courts I oft repair;
By Conscience drag'd, or Custom led,
I come; nor know that GOD is there!

Nigh

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e free?
math dy'd;
hase Me?

mes roll,
walk on;
Soul,
D are gone.

droop;
Eye;
Ray of Hope
arken'd Sky.

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less Song:
t Praise,
tless Tongue.

rtless, dead,
oft repair;
Custom led,
... GOD is there!

Nigh

VIII.
Nigh with my Lips to Thee I draw,
Unconscious at thy Altar found;
Far off my Heart: nor touch'd with Awe,
Nor mov'd — tho' Angels tremble round.

IX.
In All I do, Myself I feel,
And groan beneath the wonted Load,
Still unrenew'd and carnal still,
Naked of CHRIST, and void of GOD.

X.
Nor yet the Earthly *Adam* dies,
But lives, and moves, and fights again,
Still the fierce Gulfs of Passion rise,
And rebel Nature strives to reign.

XI.
Fondly my foolish Heart essays
T' augment the Source of perfect Bliss,
Love's All-sufficient Sea to raise
With Drops of Creature-Happiness.

XII.
O Love! thy Sov'reign Aid impart,
And guard the Gifts Thyself hast giv'n:
My Portion Thou, my Treasure art,
And Life, and Happiness, and Heav'n.

XIII.
Would ought with Thee my Wishes share,
Tho' dear as Life the Idol be,
The Idol from my Breaſt I'll tear,
Resolv'd to seek my All from Thee.

H 3 Whate'er

XIV.

Whate'er I fondly counted Mine,
To Thee, my LORD, I here restore:
Gladly I all for Thee resign:
Give me Thyself, I ask no more!

JUSTIFIED, but not SANCTIFIED.

I.

MY GOD (if I may call Thee Mine
From Heav'n and Thee remov'd so far)
Draw nigh; thy pitying Ear incline,
And cast not out my languid Pray'r.
Gently the Weak Thou lov'st to lead,
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble Knee,
O break not then a bruised Reed,
Nor quench the smoking Flax in me.

II.

Buried in Sin, thy Voice I hear,
And burst the Barriers of my Tomb,
In all the Marks of Death appear,
Forth at thy Call, tho' bound, I come.
Give me, O give me fully, LORD,
Thy Resurrection's Pow'r to know;
Free me indeed; repeat the Word,
And loose my Bands, and let me go.

III.

Fain would I go to Thee my GOD,
Thy Mercies and my Wants to tell:
I feel my Pardon seal'd in Blood;
Saviour, thy Love I wait to feel.

Freed