Tis God, whose thoughts to various ends

The human lot dispose,

Around thee plant assisting friends,

Or heap avenging Foes.

Not from the Bow the deaths proceed,
But from the Archer's skill;
Who lends the thirsty shaft its speed,
And gives it strength to kill.

A H Y M N.

BY THE SAME.

PART I.

GOD of my health, whose tender care
First gave me power to move,
How shall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of thy love?

While void of thought and fense I lay,
Dust of my parent Earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd me to the birth.

From Thee the parts their fashion took,
E'er life was yet begun,
And in the volume of thy Book
Were written one by one.

Thine eye beheld in open view

The yet unfinish'd plan:

The portrait lines thy pencil drew,

And form'd the future Man.

O may this frame, that rifing grew Beneath thy plastic hands, Be studious ever to pursue Whate'er thy Will commands!

The Soul, that moves this earthly load,
Thy femblance let it bear,
Nor lose the traces of the God
Who stamp'd his image there.

PART II.

THOU, who within this earthly shrine
Hast pour'd thy quick'ning ray,
O! let thine influence on me shine,
And purge each mist away.

With curious fearch let others ask Thro' Nature's depths to see: O teach my foul the better task, To know itself and Thee!

Teach

Teach me to know how weak the mind
That yields to erring pride;
And let my doubting Reason find
Thy Word its safest guide.

Let me not, lost in Learning's maze,

Religion's stame resign:

For what's the worth of human praise,

Compar'd, my God, to Thine?

Keep in my foul the strong delight,

The hopes that in me rise,

While Faith presents before my sight

The bliss that never dies.

O be those Hopes my only boast,
That Faith my whole employ,
Till Faith in Knowledge shall be lost,
And Hope in fullest Joy!

PART III.

WHERE-E'ER I turn my wakeful thought,
Unnumber'd foes I fee:
Guide of my youth, forfake me not,
But lead me fafe to Thee.

As on I press, Distrust and Doubt
Dissuasive step between;
While Pleasures tempt me from without,
And Passions war within.

Yet, fix'd on Thee, I lose each fear, Each vain assault I brave: I know Thee, Lord, nor slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.

O cast my errors from thy sight, And let them pass away, Unheeded, as a watch by night, Or as a cloud by day.

So while, in fecret thought arraign'd,
O'er my past life I go,
And mark how oft I urg'd thy hand
To strike th' avenging blow,

So oft shall my repeated lays
My thankful heart declare,
And joy to celebrate thy praise,
Whose Mercy deign'd to spare.

