

A HYMN.

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My God, whose all-pervading eye  
Scans earth beneath and heav'n above,  
Witness if here or there thou see'st  
An object of mine equal love.

Not the gay scenes, where mortal men  
Pursue their blifs, and find their woe,  
Detain my rising heart, which springs  
The noblest joys of Heav'n to know.

Not all the fairest sons of light,  
That lead the army round thy throne,  
Can bound it's course, it presseth on,  
And seeks it's rest in God alone.

Fixt near the immortal source of blifs,  
Firm and undaunted it furveys  
Each shape of horror and distrefs,  
That Earth combin'd with Hell can raife.

This feeble flesh shall faint and die,  
This heart renew it's pulse no more ;  
Ev'n now it views the moment nigh,  
When life's last movements shall be o'er.

Thou vanquish'd King of Terrors, come !  
With thine own hand thy power destroy ;  
Approach, and bear my foul to God,  
My portion and eternal joy.

*W. M.*