

245

For friends, who form'd my mind with care,  
For all my means of grace ;  
Shall anxious doubts then check my prayer,  
Tho' now he veil his face ?

Raised, I wait a heavenly birth,  
When God shall call me home ;  
Gently he weans my heart from earth,  
My father bids me come.

245

**SUNDAY EVENING'S HYMN,**

*IN SICKNESS.*

If earthly sabbaths are no more,  
I'll ask a sabbath's hour ;  
My spirit would delighted soar,  
And join the heavenly choir.

**MY** fainting heart my God would praise,  
And tune my trembling tongue ;  
Review his love thro' all my days,  
And bid my faith be strong.

Tho' from his house his chast'ning hand,  
Withheld my languid frame ;  
His altar in my heart shall stand,  
And there I'll bless his name.

I'll count his mercies as they rose,  
And thanks for each employ ;  
For nights of peace and calm repose,  
And days of health and joy.

For friends, who form'd my mind with care,  
 For all my means of grace ;  
 Shall impious doubts then check my prayer,  
 Tho' now he veils his face ?

Resign'd, I wait a heavenly birth,  
 When God shall call me home ;  
 Gently he weans my heart from earth,  
 My father bids me come.

If earthly sabbaths are no more,  
 I'll ask a seraph's lyre ;  
 My spirit would delighted soar,  
 And join the heavenly choir.