

The iweeping blatty the liky o dreatly

The joylefs winter-day,

Let others Tear, to ine more dear, Than all the pride of May:

RAYER, The leathers mees may famey please,

The Tempett's howl, it /osther my foul,

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Thou, POW'R SUPREME, whole mighty

Bald siScheme, BaW. vusiW. EHF Thefe woods for interestal file that h

W

Bu

Their fair refembles mine!

THOU unknown, Almighty Cause Of all my hope and fear! In whose dread Presence, ere an hour, Perhaps I must appear! Since to enjoy Thee deftedenys it trains out

Affic me to referre! .II

If I have wander'd in those paths Of life I ought to shun;

As Something, loudly, in my breast, Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me, With Passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, ALL-GOOD, for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

troud live de di em sen e modifi

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.