



P R A Y E R,

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

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.

V.

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

X