

After a Recovery from Sickness.

I.

AND live I yet by Pow'r Divine?
 And have I still my Course to run?
 Again brought back in its Decline
 The Shadow of my parting Sun?

II.

Wondring I ask, Is This the Breast
 Struggling so late and torn with Pain!
 The Eyes that upward look'd for Rest,
 And dropt their weary Lids again!

III.

The recent Horrors still appear:
 O may they never cease to awe!
 Still be the King of Terrors near,
 Whom late in all his Pomp I saw,

IV.

Torture and Sin prepar'd his Way,
 And pointed to a yawning Tomb!
 Darknefs behind eclips'd the Day,
 And check'd my forward Hopes of Home.

V.

My feeble Flesh refus'd to bear
 Its strong redoubled Agonies:
 When Mercy heard my speechless Pray'r,
 And saw me faintly gasp for Ease.

from Sickness.

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JESUS

VI.

JESUS to my Deliv'rance flew,
Where sunk in mortal Pangs I lay:
Pale Death his Ancient Conq'ror knew,
And trembled, and ungrasp'd his Prey!

VII.

The Fever turn'd its backward Course,
Arrested by Almighty Pow'r;
Sudden expir'd its Fiery Force,
And Anguish gnaw'd my Side no more.

VIII.

God of my Life, what just Return
Can sinful Dust and Ashes give?
I only Live my Sin to mourn,
To love my GOD I only Live!

IX.

To Thee, benign and saving Pow'r
I consecrate my lengthen'd Days;
While mark'd with Blessings, ev'ry Hour
Shall speak thy co-extended Praise.

X.

How shall I teach the World to love,
Unchang'd myself, unloos'd my Tongue?
Give me the Pow'r of Faith to prove,
And Mercy shall be all my Song.

XI.

Be All my Added Life employ'd
Thy Image in my Soul to see:
Fill with Thyself the Mighty Void;
Enlarges my Heart to compass Thee!

E 6

O give

XII. IV

O give me, Saviour, give me more!
 Thy Mercies to my Soul reveal:
 Alas! I *see* their endless Store,
 Yet O! I cannot, cannot *feel*!

XIII. IV

The Blessing of thy Love bestow:
 For This my Cries shall never fail;
 Wrestling I will not let Thee go,
 I will not, till my Suit prevail.

XIV. IV

I'll weary Thee with my Complaint;
 Here at thy Feet for ever lie,
 With longing sick, with groaning faint:
 O give me Love, or else I die!

XV.

Without this best, divinest Grace
 'Tis Death, 'tis worse than Death to live;
 'Tis Hell to want thy Blissful Face,
 And Saints in Thee their Heav'n receive.

XVI.

Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
 And fix in me thy lasting Home!
 Be mindful of thy gracious Word,
 Thou with thy promis'd Father, come!

XVII.

Prepare, and then possess my Heart,
 O take me, seize me from above;
 Thee Do I love, for GOD Thou art;
 Thee Do I feel, for GOD is Love!

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