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re!*Hallelujah.*

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*To him that worketh not, but believeth on  
Him that justifieth the Ungodly, his  
Faith is counted for Righteousness.*

I.

**L**ORD, if to Me thy Grace hath given,  
A Spark of Life, a Taste of Heav'n,  
The Gospel-pearl, the Woman's Seed,  
The Bruiser of the Serpent's Head;

II.

Why sleeps my Principle Divine?  
Why hastens not my Spark to shine?  
The Saviour in my Heart to move,  
And all my Soul to flame with Love?

III.

Buried, o'erwhelm'd, and lost in Sin,  
And seemingly extinct within,  
Th'Immortal Seed unactive lies,  
The Heav'nly *Adam* sinks and dies:

IV.

Dies, and revives the Dying Flame,  
Cast down, but not destroy'd I am,  
'Midst thousand Lufts I still respire,  
And tremble, unconsum'd in Fire.

V.

Suffer'd awhile to want my GOD,  
To groan beneath my Nature's Load,  
That All may own, that All may see  
*Th' Ungodly justify'd in Me.*

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ACTS