

POEMS.

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Thou,

HYMNS and SACRED POEMS. 117

V.

Thou, LORD, art Love: from Thee pure Love
Flows forth in unexhausted Streams;
Let me its quick'ning Influence prove,
Fill my whole Heart with sacred Flames.

VI.

Thou, LORD, art Good, and Thou alone:
With eager Hope, with warm Desire,
Thee may I still my Portion own,
To Thee in ev'ry Thought aspire.

VII.

So shall my ev'ry Power to Thee
In Love, Thanks, Praise, incessant rise;
Yea, my whole Soul and Flesh shall be
One Holy, Living Sacrifice.

VIII.

LORD God of Armies, ceaseless Praise
In Heav'n thy Throne to Thee is given,
Hear as in Heav'n thy Name we raise,
For where thy Presence shines, is Heaven.

FREE GRACE.

I.

AND can it be, that I should gain
An Int'rest in the Saviour's Blood!
Dy'd He for Me?—who caus'd his Pain!
For Me?—who Him to Death pursu'd.
Amazing Love! how can it be
That Thou, my GOD, shouldst die for Me?
'Tis

118 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

II.

'Tis Myſt'ry all! th'Immortal dies!
Who can explore his ſtrange Deſign?
In vain the firſt-born Seraph tries
To ſound the Depths of Love Divine.
'Tis Mercy all! Let Earth adore;
Let Angel Minds enquire no more.

III.

He left his Fathers Throne above,
(So free, ſo infinite his Grace!)
Empty'd Himſelf of All but Love,
And bleſt for *Adam's* helpſſs Race!
'Tis Mercy all, immense and free!
For, O my GOD! it found out Me!

IV.

Long my imprifon'd Spirit lay,
Faſt bound in Sin and Nature's Night:
Thine Eye diffus'd a quickning Ray;
I woke; the Dungeon flam'd with Light;
My Chains fell off, my Heart was free,
I roſe, went forth, and follow'd Thee.

V.

Still the ſmall inward Voice I hear,
That whiſpers all my Sins forgiv'n;
Still the atoning Blood is near,
That quench'd the Wrath of hoſtile Heav'n:
I feel the Life his Wounds impart;
I feel my Saviour in my Heart.

VI.

No Condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in Him, is Mine:]
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HYMNS and SACRED POEMS. 119

Alive in Him, my Living Head,
And cloath'd in Righteousness Divine,
Bold I approach th'Eternal Throne,
And claim the Crown, thro' CHRIST, my own.

The CALL. From Herbert.

I.
COME, O my Way, my Truth, my Life!
A Way that gives us Breath,
A Truth that ends its Follower's Strife,
A Life that conquers Death!

II.
Come, O my Light, my Feast, my Strength!
A Light that shews a Feast;
A Feast that still improves by Length,
A Strength that makes the Guest!

III.
Come, O my Joy, my Love, my Heart!
A Joy that none can move;
A Love that none can ever part,
A Heart that joys in Love!

TRUE PRAISE. *From the same.*

I.
WHEN first my feeble Verse essay'd,
Of Heav'nly Joys to sing,
Fancy was summon'd to my Aid
Her choicest Stores to bring.

With