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# SICKNESS

GIVES A

## Sight of HEAVEN.

I.

**O**F T have I sat in Secret Sights  
To feel my Flesh decay,  
Then groan'd aloud with frightened Eyes  
To view this tott'ring Clay.

II.

But I forbid my Sorrows now,  
Nor dares the Flesh complain,  
Diseases bring their Profit too ;  
The Joy o'recomes the Pain.

III.

My chearful Soul now all the Day  
Sits waiting here and Sings ;

Looks

Looks thro' the Ruins of her Clay,  
And practises her Wings.

IV.

Faith almost changes into Sight,  
While from afar she Spies  
Her fair Inheritance in Light  
Above created Skies.

V.

Had but the Prison-Walls been strong,  
And firm without a flaw,  
In Darknes she had dwelt too long,  
And less of Glory saw.

VI.

But now the Everlasting Hills  
Thro' every Chink appear,  
And something of the Joy she feels  
While she's a Pris'ner here.

VII.

The Shines of Heaven rush sweetly in  
At all the Gaping Flaws,  
Visions of Endless Blifs are seen,  
And Native Air she draws.

## VIII.

O may these Walls stand tott'ring still,  
 The Breaches never close,  
 If I must here in Darknes dwell,  
 And all this Glory lose.

## IX.

Or rather let this Flesh decay,  
 The Ruins wider grow,  
 Till glad to see the Enlarged way  
 I stretch my Pinions thro'.

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