Sung at a Charity Sermon, in Lancaster, on the 22d of January, 1797, for the Blind Asylum, Liverpool.

SUMMON'D before Jehovah's throne,
Conscience would shrink with fear;
If Heaven had not its mercy shewn,
And sent a Saviour here.

One great command that Saviour gave,
Whose life redeem'd from sin;
That tender mercies, call'd to save,
Should thro' our lives be seen.

To aid, to sooth the poor distrest,
The righteous must rejoice:
And every Christian's feeling breast,
Be tun'd to pity's voice.
While we behold the grateful light,
Can read th' instructive page;
May those debarr'd the bliss of sight,
All tenderness engage.

God’s wond’rous works they cannot trace,
In Nature’s beauteous train;
For veil’d to them her lovely face,
Her seasons change in vain.

To them descends no beam of light;
No suns have splendid shone;
And but the changing day and night,
By rest or labour known.

The poor and blind must claim your care;
Ye rich! tis yours to bless;
In pity needless wants oh spare!
And give to their distress.

Oh pour instructions on their mind!
Oh! cheer their dark abode!
And to their every want be kind;
Tis in the heavenly road