

HYMN

*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