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Then as the opening dawn I find,  
Of time to me renew'd;  
Be what I do and where I fall,  
Impassably renew'd.

A HYMN IN SICKNESS.

And while th' important moments pass  
And time again revolves;  
Spirit of power and heavenly grace  
Assist my weak resolves.

From each imperfect virtuous part  
Then purer good shall spring  
From errors here a better part  
Gained renew'd and bright'ning.

**T**HIS mortal life may soon be over,  
Adieu ! adieu to all I know !  
The dust may soon my body cover,  
But whither shall my spirit go ?

Ere I hope pardon thro' his blood.  
Or can my Saviour's ransom claim ;  
Or dare aspire to Heaven's abode,  
Tell me conscience what I am ?

By him, the Universal Lord,  
Have I sought to be approv'd ?  
Him have I humbly still ador'd,  
And gratefully my Maker lov'd ?

Are thy commands, O God of truth,  
 Still my pleasure to obey ?  
 Have they temper'd well my youth,  
 And are they guards to guide my way ?

And do I shew my love to thee,  
 Whom my eyes have never seen ;  
 By love to those who are like me,  
 Subject to sorrow and to sin ?

As all my errors I've resolv'd,  
 Do I repent as I survey ?  
 Them have I faithfully resolv'd,  
 To leave thro' every future day.