FOR SUNDAY.

THIS is that day of sacred rest,
   For holy meditation chose;
Then soar my thoughts among the blest,
   And let my mortal cares repose.

The joys above are painted here,
   By figures which the sense receives;
But how their glories shall appear,
   We know no human heart conceives.

The sacred leisure of this day,
   Let me improve for God and heaven;
To bliss that I secure my way,
   To me on earth were Sabbaths given.

Now be my virtues all renew'd
   And heavenly consolation speak;
Holy resolves be well pursued,
   And guard the duties of the week.