Hymns and Sacred Poems.

Italy's Songsters pant her Ear to please,
Bid the first Cries of infant Reason cease,
Deep fume in Sense th' imprim'd Soul remains,
Nor knows its Fall from God, nor feels its Chains:

John xvi. 18, 19.

I. Where has my summing Spirit been,
So late emerging into Light?
The Weight of this Egyptian Night!

II. Where have they hid the WORLD so long,
So late presented to my View?
Wretch! tho' myself increas'd the Throng,
Myself a Part I never knew.

III. Secure beneath its Shade I lay,
To me were all its Favours shown;
I could no taste its Scorn or Hate;
Alas! it ever lov'd its own
SACRED POEMS.

her Ear to please,
in infant Reason cease.

and lull her Soul to Peace.

IV.

Jesus, if half discerning now;
From Thee I gain this glimm'ring Light,
Retouch my Eyes, anoint them Thou,
And grant me to receive my Sight.

V.

O may I of thy Grace obtain
The World with other Eyes to see:
Its Judgments false, its Pleasures vain,
Its Friendship Enmity with Thee.

VI.

Delusive World, thy Hour is past,
The Folly of thy Wisdom shew!
It cannot now retard my Haste,
I leave thee for the Holy Few.

VII.

No! Thou blind Leader of the Blind,
I bow my Neck to Thee no more!
I cast thy Glories all behind,
And flight thy Smiles, and dare thy Pow'r.

VIII.

Excluded from my Saviour's Pray'r,
Stain'd, yet not hallow'd, with his Blood,
Shalt Thou my fond Affection share,
Shalt thou divide my Heart with God?

IX.

No! Tho' it rouze thy utmost Rage,
Eternal Enmity I vow:
Tho' Hell with thine its Pow'r's engage,
Prepar'd I meet your Onset now.
Load me with Scorn, Reproach, and Shame;
My patient Master's Portion give;
As Evil still cast out my Name,
Nor suffer such a Wretch to live.

Set to thy Seal that I am His;
Vile as my Lord I long to be:
My Hope, my Crown, my Glory this,
Dying to conquer Sin and Thee!

HYMN TO CONTEMPT.

Welcome, Contempt! Stern, faithful Guide,
Unpleasing, healthful Food!
Hail pride-sprung Antidote of Pride,
Hail Evil turn'd to Good!

Thee when with awful Pomp array'd
Ill-judging Mortals see,
Perverse they fly with coward Speed,
To Guilt they fly from Thee.

Yet if One haply longing stands
To choose a Nobler Part,
Ardent from Sin's ensnaring Bands
To vindicate his Heart:

Present
Thro' Thee
That 
Shakes of
And we

His Portion
With to
The fierce
And all

Sent by A
To Thee
With glory
The F

With Thee
Incarnate
To Thee
He bow'd

And shall I
His Suf?
Disdain to m
When far

26 HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS.