

Utmost Ill,
 Weight to feel,
 Pound me roll,
 on my Soul.
 rnal Mind,
 affions blind,
 n abroad,
 GOD.

Desire obtain,
 nd gain,
 on show,
 elf bestow ;
 Sin,
 within,
 o get free,
 hee.

7.
 Often pants,
 ints,
 s t'aspire,
 ire:
 kirts are seen,
 e steals between ;
 y Wishes move,
 art Love.

8.
 o Thee I cry,
 se I die.
 from Hell set free,
 Want of Thee.

Quick'ned

Quick'ned by thy imparted Flame,
 Sav'd, when possess'd of Thee I am ;
 My Life, my only Heav'n Thou art :
 When shall I feel Thee in my Heart !

The CHANGE. From the German.

I.
JESU, whose Glory's streaming Rays,
 Tho' duteous to thy high Command
 Not Seraph's view with open Face,
 But veil'd before thy Presence stand :
 How shall weak Eyes of Flesh, weigh'd down
 With Sin, and dim with Error's Night,
 Dare to behold thy awful Throne,
 Or view thy unapproach'd Light ?

II.
 Restore my Sight ! let thy free Grace
 An Entrance to the Holiest give !
 Open my Eyes of Faith ! thy Face
 So shall I see ; yet seeing live.
 Thy Golden Scepter from above
 Reach forth : see my whole Heart I bow ;
 Say to my Soul, Thou art my Love,
 My Chosen midst ten thousand Thou.

III.
 O **J**ESU, full of Grace ! the Sighs
 Of a sick Heart with Pity view !
 Hark how my Silence speaks ; and cries,
 Mercy, Thou GOD of Mercy, shew !
 I know Thou canst not but be Good !
 How shouldst Thou, **L**ORD, thy Grace refrain ?
 Thou,

100 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Thou, LORD, whose Blood so largely flow'd
To save me from all Guilt and Pain.

IV.

Into thy gracious Hands I fall,
And with the Arms of Faith embrace!
O King of Glory, hear my Call!
O raise me, heal me by thy Grace!
—Now Righteous thro' thy Wounds I am;
No Condemnation now I dread:
I taste Salvation in thy Name,
Alive in Thee my Living Head!

V.

Still let thy Wisdom be my Guide,
Nor take thy Light from me away:
Still with me let thy Grace abide,
That I from Thee may never stray.
Let thy Word richly in me dwell;
Thy Peace and Love my Portion be,
My Joy t' endure, and do thy Will,
Till perfect I am found in Thee!

VI.

Arm me with thy whole Armour, LORD,
Support my Weakness with thy Might:
Gird on my Thigh thy conqu'ring Sword,
And shield me in the threat'ning Fight.
From Faith to Faith, from Grace to Grace,
So in thy Strength shall I go on,
Till Heav'n and Earth flee from thy Face,
And Glory end what Grace begun.

H Y M N