IMITATION OF THE FRENCH HYMN,

Quoted in the Spectator, No. 513.

GREAT God! thy judgments all are juſt,
With ſtricteſt Equity combin'd.
Though in thy ſight I am but duſt,
Thou ſtill delighteſt to be kind.
But I am crimſon'd o'er with ſin,
Have treſpaſs'd on thy ſuffering Grace,
Which gave my Soul that light within,
Might guide me to behold thy Face.
I've ſinn'd, and from thy Wrath would flee:
What City ſhall be refuge found?
For ſhould thy Goodneſs pardon me,
'T will thy Eternal Juſtice wound.
My Sins bereave my Soul of hope,
To hear, O God! thy pardoning Voice;
In thy dread power, they nought have left,
But of my Puniſhment the choice.
Thy Golden Sceptre, who rejects,
An Iron Rod ſhall find to bruiſe.
Thy Clemency my doom expects,
Nor, to avert thy Juſtice, ſues.
If, Lord! thy Glory it promote,
Thy fearful Wrath muſt yet impend,
My wounded Soul muſt ſtill be ſmote,
My Tears and contrite Groans offend.

In ſinning againſt Thee, I warr'd,
Avenge Thyſelf, diſplay thy Power!
Strike!—But whilſt periſhing,—O Lord!
My Soul, though trembling, ſhall adore.
Exhauſt the Phial of thy Wrath!
My countleſs Sins deſerve it all;
Yet can thy Juſtice pour it forth,
Or can thy dreadful Thunder fall
On any place,—Earth, Air, or Flood?—
Where canſt thou lift 'gainſt me thy Rod,
Which is not ſprinkled with Chriſt's Blood,
The Blood of an atoning God?

ODE TO ADVERSITY;

INSCRIBED TO MISS H———.

THOU Touchſtone of the human ſoul!
Of Virtue the ſtern, awful Teſt,
Whoſe fierce, terrific, high, control,
Subdues the loftieſt, plumed Creſt,
And makes the meekeſt heart repine:
The Thunder ſcaths the Mountain Pine;
It blaſts the foliage of the Dale,
Nor turns aſide to ſpare the Lilly of the Vale.

Againſt Thee, where's the Panoply?
Impregnable to Thee, what Place?
Nor Cots too low, nor Thrones too high,
O'er all thy Ravages we trace.