He to thy every trial knows

Its just restraint to give,

Attentive to behold thy woes,

And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my Soul!
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of suture ill.

Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round, Still in thy God confide, Whose finger marks the Seas their bound, And curbs the headlong Tide.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN

THE PERSIC LANGUAGE.

BY THE SAME.

F mortal hands thy peace destroy,
Or friendship's gifts bestow,
Wilt thou to Man ascribe thy joy?
To Man impute thy woe?

Tis God, whose thoughts to various ends
The human lot dispose,
Around thee plant assisting friends,
Or heap avenging Foes.

Not from the Bow the deaths proceed,
But from the Archer's skill;
Who lends the thirsty shaft its speed,
And gives it strength to kill.

A H Y M N.

BY THE SAME.

PART I.

GOD of my health, whose tender care
First gave me power to move,
How shall my thankful heart declare
The wonders of thy love?

While void of thought and fense I lay,
Dust of my parent Earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd me to the birth.