

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 future 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.

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

'Tis



