

The Reflection,

WHere gilde my thoughts, *rash inclinations stay,*
And let me think what'tis you fool away,
Stay ere it be to late, yet stay and take,
A short review of the great prize at stake.
Oh ! stupid folly 'tis eternal Joy,
That I'm about to barter for a toy ;
It is my God oh dreadful hazard where,
Shall I again the boundless loss repair !
It is my Soul a Soul that cost the blood,
And painful agonies of an humbled God,
Oh blest occasion made me *stay to think,*
Ere I was hurri'd off the dangerous brink,
Should I have took the charming venom in,
And cop'd with all *these terrors for a sin,*
How equal had my condemnation been ?