

All pow'rful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey:
Lest lurking Folly with insidious art
Regain my volatile inconstant heart. 40
Shall ev'ry high resolve devotion frames,
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
Or rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this still hour each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb.
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
'Till the last morn its orient beam disclose;
Then, when the great Archangel's potent sound,
Shall echo thro' Creation's ample round, 50
Wak'd from the sleep of Death, with joy survey
The op'ning splendors of eternal day.

(1739)