

Thy mercy upon *all* astray,
 And, suff'ring, seek for more ?
 Did I not beg for strength, to bear
 The sins of all my kind ?
 And in my agony, declare
 That I was far behind ?

Behind in suff'ring to my Lord,
 To whom I would succeed ;
 And who, according to thy word,
 Was " crucified indeed ?"
 Thy word, communicated *then*—
 As man to man would speak,—
 When first I spoke *with* thee, and when
 I felt thee on my cheek ?

O ! God of mercies, in that hour,
 How all my sorrows smil'd !
 How melted I beneath the pow'r,
 That kiss'd me as a child !
 And fondly bade me dry the tears,
 That wash'd my sins away :—
 No :—not for thine eternal years,
 Would I have bid them stay !