

3. Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.
4. The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(that vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.
5. The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint ;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.
6. Lord ! can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN CLXIV.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

1. WHY should this earth delight us so ?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow.
And ev'ry pleasure dies ?
2. While time his sharpest teeth prepares,
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.
3. Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.
4. When will that glorious morning rise ?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the sies,
From underneath the ground ?

DEDICATORY ODE.

1. With joyful hearts and tuneful song,
Let us approach the mighty Lord,