

If impious in this darling thought,
 Oh ! suffer that I flee,
 The fearful spell some pow'r hath wrought,
 Inimical to thee ;—
 For, *what am I* to earn the wrath
 Of evil, but as one
 Who of thy shade a gleaming hath,
 That darkly lights his span !

I ask not worldly riches, Lord,
 Nor worldly honors crave ;
 Shine faintly on the *mystic* word,
 That triumphs o'er the grave.
 That this is selfishness I *feel*,
 But, Mighty God, they say
 Eternal wo ! eternal weal !—
 How shall an atom pray ?

With deep humility I own,
 I merit not thy grace;
 CREATOR ! if for this alone,
 Oh ! hide not aye thy face.—
 O !—Silence, wild, affrighted ; *hears*
 Eternity begun :—
 My God ! on thee I cast my fears ;
 Ev'n let thy will be done !