

- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live!
For here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!
-

On Backsliding.

HYMN 14.

C. M.

- 1 O why did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove:
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love?
- 2 I forc'd thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy face aside;
Ah, Lord! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.
- 3 But O! how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pard'ning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.
- 4 O could I lose myself in thee;
Thy depth of mercy prove;
Thou vast unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love?
- 5 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies: