

Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the time of tide roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach that place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues :

No more alarms from ghostly foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no cloudy sun,
But sacred high eternal noon,

O, long expected year ! begin ;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death and rest with God.

HYMN VI.

FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

FROM whence these direful Omens round,
Which heav'n and earth amaze ?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground ?
Why hides the Sun his rays ?

Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathise !
The Sun as darkest night be black !
Their Maker Jesus dies !

Behold fast streaming from the tree,
His all atoning blood ?
Is this the infinite ? 'tis he,
My Saviour and My God !

For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne ;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every-thorn.