

to God) to his people Israel. Though priests mock, and scribes roar against me, it is in vain, they are on record, and will not be blotted out.

I have not wrote to obtain favour, or obtain a prize, who am one of the most simple of the servants of the Lord; and history hath not inspired my mind with these things; neither hath the hands of the learned scribe been laid upon my soul. My worship is performed alone, and I am at peace with all people; there is none in my way; neither am I in the way of any. I fully believe in the fulfilment of the christian dispensation; but that it will pass away, as Judaism literally has done, and in like manner perish in the earth, that is to say, it shall not reign triumphant over Israel, but shall be divided in all nations as the limbs of one broken body, and no christian shepherd shall be able to gather them.

Thus I'll go to my tent and sing,
Below the shady bough,
My soul shall hope in Israel's King:
With him I'll keep my vow.

Still on the earth his feet shall stand,
Mine eyes his name shall see,
To rule the fold, and bless the land,
And every vine and tree.

His springs shall rise, his waters flow,
From fountains pure and still;
'Tis all my prayer, I mourn to know
My Saviour, and his will.

No oak shall shade him from my soul,
Within he writes his name;
Thunders may roar and billows roll,
The tempest is in vain.

I still seek the immortal prize,
That none on earth can give,
A Saviour's name to make me wise,
And God with me to live.