

That you I tempted oft, you find,  
Against the mighty God ;  
Your bold rebellion now demands  
His sin revenging rod.

While dreaming thus my restless mind,  
Was sorely pressed with these ;  
My conscience smote me, and my guilt  
Did on my spirit seize.

Then to that hateful prince of hell,  
With trembling I replied,  
'Tis true I have provoked my God,  
But Jesus Christ has died,

To save the humble simple soul,  
From hell's incessant pains ;  
And he will keep my soul always  
From your infernal chains.

Then did the apostate stalk away  
Some distance from my side,  
And towards the famous city, he,  
With monstrous feet did glide.