

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PARAPHRASE

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

O God! whose court's of sinners throng,
Who all their hearts on thee depend,
Who know themselves too weak to stand
Without thine all-supporting hand.

Woe to our fall, we feel and own
Our hearts to evil strongly prone,
That nothing truly good can do
Unless thy grace our hearts renew.

Oft as we pour the suppliant strain
May we thy gracious ear obtain!
When dangers fright, or sins allure,
Thou only canst our souls secure.

Oft if thy grace exert its sway
To make us all thy laws obey,
And thus our weak attempts succeed
To please thee both in will and deed.

METRICAL PARAPHRASE

OF THE COLLECT FOR THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

How happy they whom thou, O Lord!
Dost train in fear and love,
Bright marks of thy peculiar care
They never fail to prove.

O grant us, Lord! such gracious proofs
Of thy paternal care —
May we thy providence enjoy
And thy protection share.

Whatever foes against them rise
In thee they can confide, [paths
Thou art thro' life's most dangerous
Their sure support and guide.

But lest to such distinguish'd bliss,
We forfeit all our claim,
Fix in our hearts the fear and love,
Of thy most holy name.

METRICAL PARAPHRASE

OF THE COLLECT FOR THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Oft as we bend the suppliant knee
Before thy awful throne,
Thy gracious ear, O Lord! incline
And make thy mercy known.

Lord! grant that we whom thou hast
To seek thy aid in prayer, [taught
May never fail when danger's nigh,
That powerful aid to share.

A quick just sense of conscious guilt
Thy grace alone inspires.
And bid our anxious hearts pour forth
To thee their strong desires.

And when the darkest storms of life
With gloom o'erspread the scene,
O let thy comfort chase that gloom
And keep our souls serene.

METRICAL PARAPHRASE

OF THE COLLECT FOR THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Thou, God! whose kind protecting care
To all thy works is shown,
But most of all to humble souls
Who trust in thee alone.

O let thy mercies round us flow,
With still increasing tide;
Be thou through all life's dangerous sea
Our ruler and our guide.

To thee for holiness and strength
Must all our suit be made
For nothing's holy, nothing's strong
Without thy grace and aid.

Secure, through this world's various
Thus may we steer our way, [scenes
Nor lose the purer bliss of Heav'n
That suffers no decay.