

Have pity; O have pity—ye my friends;
 For 'tis Eloah's hand that toucheth me.
 But why, like God, should ye pursue?
 And not be satiated from my flesh?

(Pause.)

O, that my words were written now;
 O, that they were upon the record graved,
 With pen of iron, and of lead,—
 Upon the rock cut deep—a witness evermore.

(A brief silence.)

*I know that my Redeemer lives;
 And o'er my dust, Survivor, shall He stand.
 My skin all gone, this remnant they may rend;
 Yet from my flesh shall I Eloah see;—
 Shall see Him mine;—
 Mine eyes shall see Him—stranger now no more.
 (For this) with longing faints my inmost soul.*

(Pause.)

Yes, ye shall say why persecute we him?
 And seek to find in me a root of blame?
 Beware—Beware—the sword.
 For there is wrath; yea sins (that call) the sword;
 That ye may surely know that judgment is.

HYMN OF JUDGMENT.

TUNE,—“Jesus I my cross have taken”

Righteous God, whose vengeful vials
 All our fears and thoughts exceed,
 Big with woes and fiery trials,
 Hanging, bursting o'er our head;
 While thou visitest the nations,
 Thy selected people spare,
 Arm our cautioned souls with patience,
 Fill our humbled hearts with prayer.

If thy dreadful controversy,
 With all flesh is now begun,
 In thy wrath remember mercy,
 Mercy first and last be shown;