

And let imagination reach,
 The shadow of thy form ;
 'That aw'd submission may beseech,
 Attention to a worm.

With gloomy doubts and fears imbued,
 My soul to earth is chained ;
 I cannot reach thee as I would,
 By worthlessness restrain'd.
 Yet, O ! midst this intestine war,
 'Thou know'st that I'm sincere ;
 And, tearful, seek a pilot star,
 From Folly's rocks to steer.

With lowly fervor at thy feet,
 As now I nightly pray ;
 For pardon from the Mercy-seat,
 On errors of the day :
 And morning never shines on me,
 But I invoke thy smile ;
 And sacrifice a heart to thee,
 That would not walk with guile.

Is not one ray of light divine,
 Commission'd from the sky ,