

SECTION XXIII.

The dangers and snares of life.

1. AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host!
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
2. Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
3. See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
4. Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round :
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.
5. Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield :
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.
6. The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell :
The Man of Calvary triumph'd here ;
Why should his faithful followers fear ? BARBAULD.

SECTION XXIV.

The Divine Being knows and sees every thing.

1. LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through,
Thine eye beholds, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.
2. My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
3. Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.