

On circling wing, through clouds, the minstrel wends
 Her airy flight to near the throne of GOD ;
 So do his lays exalt and warm the heart
 With kindred feelings, which his lays inspired,
 When from our eyes the contrite tear shall start,
 Or when the sense of mercy is acquired.
 Such only can appreciate his muse,
 Sublimely soaring 'midst the blaze of grace,
 Winging her flight, to catch transcendent views
 Of mercy's fulness to our fallen race.
 Ye ranked with the great three of David's heroes,
 Who for his royal branch, dared to maintain
 War with the legions of malignant Neros,
 Leagued with infernals, 'gainst Messiah's reign.
 Blest be that sovereign grace, which sweetly touched
 Your hearts and lips, with glowing coals of love
 From mercy's altar, where you all avouched
 Jehovah's cause to serve with one resolve.

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