

For Deliverance from a Fever

When sorrows had begirt me round,
 And pains within and out,
 When in my flesh no part was found,¹
 Then didst Thou rid² me out.
 My burning flesh in sweat did boil, 5
 My aching head did break,
 From side to side for ease I toil,
 So faint I could not speak.
 Beclouded was my soul with fear
 Of Thy displeasure sore, 10
 Nor could I read my evidence
 Which oft I read before.
 "Hide not Thy face from me!" I cried,
 "From burnings keep my soul.
 Thou know'st my heart, and hast me tried; 15
 I on Thy mercies roll."
 "O heal my soul," Thou know'st I said,
 "Though flesh consume to nought,
 What though in dust it shall be laid,
 To glory 't shall be brought." 20
 Thou heard'st, Thy rod Thou didst remove
 And spared my body frail,
 Thou show'st to me Thy tender love,
 My heart no more might quail.
 O, praises to my mighty God, 25
 Praise to my Lord, I say,
 Who hath redeemed my soul from pit,³
 Praises to Him for aye.⁴

1867

Here Follows Some Verses upon the Burning of
Our House, July 10th, 1666*Copied Out of a Loose Paper*

In silent night when rest I took
 For sorrow near I did not look
 I wakened was with thund'ring noise
 And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice.
 That fearful sound of "Fire!" and "Fire!" 5
 Let no man know is my desire.
 I, starting up, the light did spy,

1. I.e., when nothing was spared.
 2. Cleanse. "Thou": God.

3. Hell.
 4. Ever.