

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. 5
 My burning flesh in sweat did boil,
 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 10
 Of Thy displeasure sore,
 Nor could I read my evidence
 Which oft I read before.
 "Hide not Thy face from me!" I cried,
 "From burnings keep my soul. 15
 Thou know'st my heart, and hast me tried;
 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. 25
 O, praises to my mighty God,
 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.

And to my God my heart did cry
 To strengthen me in my distress
 And not to leave me succorless. 10
 Then, coming out, beheld a space
 The flame consume my dwelling place.
 And when I could no longer look,
 I blest His name that gave and took,¹
 That laid my goods now in the dust. 15
 Yea, so it was, and so 'twas just.
 It was His own, it was not mine,
 Far be it that I should repine;
 He might of all justly bereft
 But yet sufficient for us left. 20
 When by the ruins oft I past
 My sorrowing eyes aside did cast,
 And here and there the places spy
 Where oft I sat and long did lie:
 Here stood that trunk, and there that chest, 25
 There lay that store I counted best.
 My pleasant things in ashes lie,
 And them behold no more shall I.
 Under thy roof no guest shall sit,
 Nor at thy table eat a bit. 30
 No pleasant tale shall e'er be told,
 Nor things recounted done of old.
 No candle e'er shall shine in thee,
 Nor bridegroom's voice e'er heard shall be.
 In silence ever shall thou lie, 35
 Adieu, Adieu, all's vanity.²
 Then straight I 'gin my heart to chide,
 And did thy wealth on earth abide?
 Didst fix thy hope on mold'ring dust?
 The arm of flesh didst make thy trust? 40
 Raise up thy thoughts above the sky
 That dunghill mists away may fly.
 Thou hast an house on high erect,
 Framed by that mighty Architect,
 With glory richly furnished, 45
 Stands permanent though this be fled.
 It's purchaséd and paid for too
 By Him who hath enough to do.
 A price so vast as is unknown
 Yet by His gift is made thine own; 50
 There's wealth enough, I need no more,
 Farewell, my pelf,³ farewell my store.
 The world no longer let me love,
 My hope and treasure lies above.

1. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord" (Job 1.21).
 2. Empty, worthless. Cf. Ecclesiastes 1.2.

3. Possessions, usually in the sense of being falsely gained.