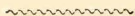


A PRAYER.



OH that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see ;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear ;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly ;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived in my breast ;
That by each deed, and word, and thought,
Glory may to my God be brought !
But what are wishes? Lord mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry !
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part ;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do.

THOMAS ELWOOD, A.D. 1639.