

DEAR Lord, and shall Thy Spirit rest
In such a fallen heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!

- 2 Yet, the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis He sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And all assurance then depart.
- 3 When some kind promise lifts my soul,
Do I not find His healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?
- 4 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?
- 5 What less than Thine almighty Word,
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to Thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure and my trust?

Anne Steele, 1717-78