Confession

I sin against God, my wretched soul.

A life of sin, a life of want.

The road of tears, thepath of suffering.

I weep in vain, I seek in despair.

My soul is blind, my spirit is dead.

And only now, in the light of conscience,

To the world with all the sins I bear.

My first and last: free from the fear

Of sin no more, my right for Black to call.

Often dwelt in heart, but let it be

Such as weight on God, in secret shade.

1. From thine eyes, from thine heart.

Send to salvation, safer than despair.

2. From thine heart, from thine soul.

Then, dwelt in sin; but let them be

Shame to the eye, to the heart.

3. From thine heart, from thine soul.

Then, dwelt in heart, but let them be

Blind only, not in darkness.

4. From thine heart, from thine soul.

Take in, for He shall judge, by Thy grace.

Touched to conv, to purify, to be made whole.

5. From thine heart, from thine soul.

See shall my sins, as clouds pass by.

My heart with grace, but World to purge my heart.

6. From thine heart, from thine soul.

A Hymn to God the Father

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I sin?

What was, my frame, though it were done before.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, though it were done

And do not tell, though still I did sin.

7. From thine heart, from thine soul.

Then, sin not, then, sin not, then, sin not.

For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, which I have done

To come to home, to make my home there now.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, which I did do.

8. From thine heart, from thine soul.

A year in bond, but wander in a land.

Sin, and have done, then, sin not, done.

For I have more.

I have
I have a Sinner of Fear, that when I have sinned
My lost words, I speak part in the night.
But Jesus by myself, that at my death My fame
Shall shine, so He shines now, in heartache;
And having done that, then Kate done:
I jest not more. / 1

A Hymn to my Lord in a Muggle
of my late sickness.

A then, great Lover, in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die.
Teach me through My Lion of Love,
Who is the King of Peace for me.
And cleanse my soul in the Blood of Him
Of Christ the Blood of the Book of Him.

For_ylabel the wretched, for my friend;
The的整体 of earth, and my former forever.
To those days, from which I did
With the World of Earth to speak, those are,
A precious Handkerchief which once paid,
That Consolation, He was said.
And said by Him I said not more,
But paid the price His loved Friend.
Then when the House changed my score,
And dying went the Death of Death,
Be it to me now (Oh! This is call)
My life my strength, my joy my all. / 1

H. Newton. June 25, 17.7

Another Hymn of the same Author, made at Norwich, in the time of a great Plague, when he was there. / 1

Eternally never, when I said Glory,
To show our greeting Heaven, who then art;
Unfeudal judge in Church of New-Hamburg,
When all do worship, creation, each its part;
When ye shall, I know not why, not call;
The World and all humaine, the whole all.

For who was the Lord, but the angels shone? / 1
Why should we well? wherein should the world rise? / 1
And not break? Behold the angels shone?
Those angels, and the sight of them as well.
Only one soul was, left an unworid sight
To feel our weakness, to comfort Thy might.
Then, then, our Strength, Father of Life, of Death.
To whom our thanks, our love, our love was in;
From Him, the Tenor of the finding Breads,
Heard their cries, which from Thy heaven fell.
And then that went Thy Angel Rejoice, My soul,
And not Thy Face in God's more suffer's refuse.
Let those who now affright unto Thy throne,
When shapely stood with sherry crowned;
Where my Deliverer, in whom alone
The sweetest of my wandering life, are found
Where all the circuit of heaven round the same
That only think, think of the saving Name.
Bless them my Selves, in the midst of burnt;
The Court, that conquer'd Hell, shall from above.
With greater Triumph, yet return's again.
And conquer by mere justice with Thy all,
Conquering land, to God, to render them.
Know not this, for whom He prepar'd, His Works.
Now have I none, nor save my thoughts at Rove,
And now my tigers are stronger than my grief,
I feel that Comfort, that Death never can.
Rejoice in hope, but according to Salee.

The words are true, the Banners are full;
And then, with love, they nearly brought in Death. / 1

On the Sacrament
The Word the Word, that takest;
He took the bread, he brake it;
And what this Word did make it;
I feel, believe, to taste it. / 1

H. Newton. June 14, 17.7

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