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- He sends the sun to circuit round,
 To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
 He bids the douds with plenteous rain
 Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- He makes the saint and sinner prove
 The common blessings of his love;
 But the wide diff' rence that remains
 Is endless joy, or endless pains.
- The Lord, that bruis'd the ærpent's head, On all the ærpent's seed shall tread; The stubborn sinner's hope confound, And smite him with a lasting wound.