

## Under The Pressure Of Violent Anguish

O Thou Great Being! what Thou art,  
Surpasses me to know;  
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee  
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,  
All wretched and distress;  
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul  
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure, Thou, Almighty, canst not act  
From cruelty or wrath!  
O, free my weary eyes from tears,  
Or close them fast in death!

But, if I must afflicted be,  
To suit some wise design,  
Then man my soul with firm resolves,  
To bear and not repine!