1. Pleased in youth, by Satans arts
   The word to our impractisde hearts
   A flattering prospect shew;
   Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
   Of gay delight & golden dreams
   And undiverted desire.
2. As in the trees, so in my soul,
   By magic power produced in haste
   As old Romances say,
   Castles formed & music sweet
   The sense of the Traveler cheat
   And stop him in his way.
3. As while he gapes with surprise
   The charm dissolving the vision dies
   Inexhausted ground;
   Thus or the mind our Spirits touch
   The word which promised so much
   A Welsummer doth found.
4. At first, as sweet & full distrest
   Toward us never can have rest
   On such a melancholy place;
   But he whose many-fold the charm
   Reveals his own Almighty Arm
   And bids us seek his face.
5. Then we begin to live indeed!
   When from every god we bend our face
   By this beloved friend.
   We follow him, from day to day
   Abound of grace, through all the way
   And glory at the end.
6. What thanks are to the Saviour due
   From me, dear maker from you
   That storm and tempest
   His voice in each returning year
   The intercourse of your love bring
   A God of loving favor!