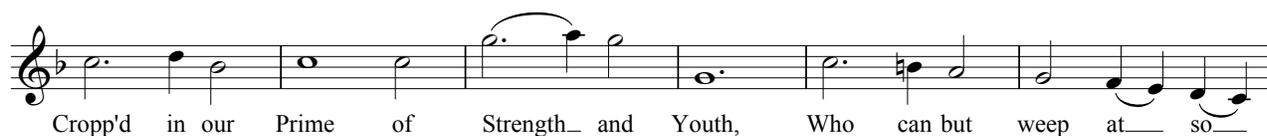
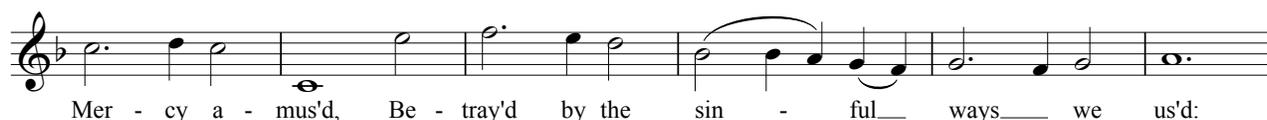
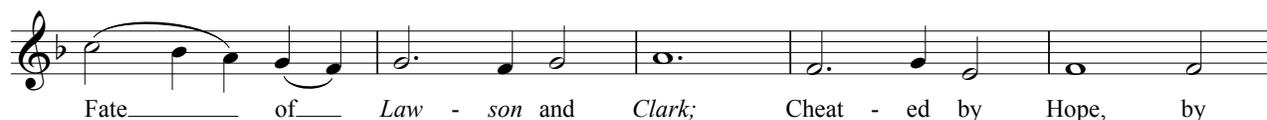
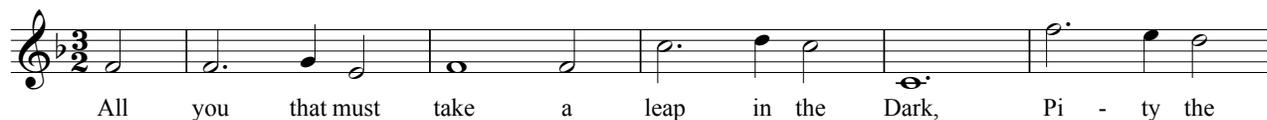


A HYMN upon the Execution of two CRIMINALS,
by Mr. RAMONDON.



Once we thought 'twould never be Night,
But now alas 'twill never be light;
Heavenly mercy shine on our Souls,
Death draws near, hark, *Sepulchres* Bell Toles:
Nature is stronger in Youth than in Age,
Grant us thy Spirit Lord Grief to assuage:

Courses of Evil brought us to this,
Sinful Pleasure, deceitful Bliss:
We ne'er shou'd have cause so much to repent,
Could we with our Callings have been but Content:
The Snares of Wine and Women fair,
First were the cause that we now Despair.

You that now view our fatal End,
Warn'd by our Case your Carriage mend;
Soon or late grim Death will come,
Who'd not prepare for a certain Doom:
Span long Life with lifeless Joys,
What's in this World but care and noise.

Youth, tho' most blest by being so,
As vast thy Joy, as great thy Woe;
Ev'ry Sin that gives Delight,
Will in the end the Soul affright:
'Tis not thy Youth, thy Wealth nor Strength,
Can add to Life one Moments length.

God is as Merciful as Just,
Cleanse our Hearts, since die we must:
Sweet Temptations of worldly Joys,
Makes for our Grief, and our Peace destroys,
Think then when Man his Race has run,
Death is the Prize which he has won.

Sure there's none so absurd and odd,
To think with the Fool there is no God;
What is't we fear when Death we meet,
Where't not t' account at the Judgment-Seat:
That Providence we find each Hour,
Proves a supernatural Power;
In Mercy open thy bright Abode,
Receive our Souls tremendous God.