

1655 218. The

T H E  
D E A T H  
O F  
E U M E N I O.  
A P O E M.

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By JOHN FAWCETT.

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Smitten friends  
Are Angels sent on errands full of love ;  
For us they languish, and for us they die.  
Y O U N G.

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*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turrets.* H O R.

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TO THE MOURNFUL

RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF THE LATE

Mr. WILLIAM HUDSON,

OF GILDERSOME, GENTLEMAN, DECEASED;

THE FOLLOWING LINES, AS A TOKEN OF

RESPECT, ARE HUMBLY INSCRIBED, BY

THEIR SYMPATHIZING FRIEND,

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

BARLEY-HALL, near HALIFAX, }  
November 29, 1779. }  
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 THE  
 DEATH of EUMENIO.

**A** S once seraphic YOUNG, oppress'd with grief  
 Courted the lonesome night, as friendly to  
 His mournful lay ; or as the matchless bard  
 Of *Weston-Favel*, walk'd among the tombs ;  
 So I with awe profound, and trembling steps  
 Approach the gloomy regions of the dead ;  
 Where men of ev'ry order and degree  
 Promiscuous meet, an undistinguish'd throng.

Almighty LORD, whose potent hand infolds  
 The awful keys of hell and death, afford  
 My lab'ring soul thy kind and gracious aid ;  
 For 'tis thy aid alone my soul implores ;  
 To guide my roving thoughts, and teach me how  
 To profit by this melancholy scene.

Silence and darkness here extend their sway.  
 Here midnight ghosts, as fame reports, assume  
 Terrific shapes, pale spectres skim along  
 The yielding air, or stalk across the gloom.  
 The school-boy hastens home at dusk of eve,  
 While light-heel'd terror wings his rapid flight.\*  
 The gloomy owl, from yonder sky-topt tow'r,  
 Sounds thro' the night her long-resounding note ;  
 While pitchy darkness shades the rolling spheres.  
 The raven perch'd on yonder ancient yew,  
 Has croak'd the live-long day, and omens giv'n,  
 Portending death, as neighb'ring cottagers  
 O'er the dim taper mournfully relate ;  
 And shudder at the melancholy tale,

How quick the flight of life-consuming time !  
 The glancing moment slides away in haste.  
 Life is a dream, a vapour, or a shadow. †  
 Death ready stands to seize us ev'ry hour,  
 And lodge us in this cold and dark abode.  
 Should his strong hand arrest us unprepar'd  
 Our final doom is fixt ; eternal years,

Eternal

\* See a beautiful poem entitled, *The Grave*.

† — *Vita est hæc fabula quædam.*

Eternal sighs will nought avail to loose  
The awful, the inexorable chain.

O then that *Adam's* thoughtless sons would learn  
This plainest truth, that they must shortly die!  
We trifle like the natives of the bough,  
Inspir'd by vernal sunshine; not aware  
Of the insidious fowler's watchful eye.\*  
How cruel to ourselves, to live secure,  
While all our foes are up in arms, prepar'd  
To give the deadly stab, when most we think  
Ourselves in safety! how our groveling souls  
Cling to this wretched soil; forgetting God,  
And all the bliss prepar'd for saints in heav'n!  
Enslav'd to present things we slumber on,  
'Till death awakes us from our reverie.

Ambition! short is thy deceitful dream.  
Should wreaths of lawrel bind thy smiling brow,  
Sickness and death may blast them in an hour.  
Titles and mighty names but serve to swell,  
With pompous verse, the sculptur'd tomb, and still

A 4

The

\* *Quocunque ingrederis, sequitur mors, corpus ut  
umbra.*

The vain delusion ends in—*Here he lies.*\*  
 Soon, soon ambition drops her flutt'ring plume ;  
 Extinguish'd is proud grandeur's meteor-ray,  
 Death humbles Monarchs, Potentates and Kings,  
 And reptiles fatten on the miter'd brow.

How vain the boast of beauty's kindling bloom !  
 The snowy skin, the captivating eye,  
 The ruby lip, and well-proportion'd frame, †  
*Flora*, when once the dream of life is fled,  
 When sickness and the icy hand of death  
 Arrest you, how your roses fade and fall !  
 Your lillies mingle with the meanest mould,  
 And *Flora* is a feast for crawling worms ;  
 No longer courted as an angel fair,  
 Your lovers then would shudder at the sight.

The noise of folly, the impertinence  
 Of *Belial's* sons, with their polluting joys ;  
 Profaneness

\* Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?  
 What tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?  
 Earth's highest station ends in, " Here he lies."

Y O U N G.

† *Solvitur omne decus letbo.*  
*Res est forma fugax, quis sapiens bono*  
*Confidit fragili.*—SEN.

Profaneness with her vile envenom'd tongue ;  
 Debauchery, with all her hellish train,  
 Stand here condemn'd for ever.—

Here wrapt in solemn thought, I softly tread  
 O'er the promiscuous throng; some recently interr'd  
 Are yet lamented by surviving friends ;  
 And others quite forgot. How awful is  
 This place, amidst the dismal gloom of night !  
 Where ghastly corpses swell the yielding soil ;  
 Where skeletons and skulls and coffins lie,  
 Beneath the grassy turf, or letter'd stones.  
 My very blood runs chill; how sadly solemn,  
 How melancholy is this field of death !  
 These carcases once liv'd and breath'd and walk'd ;  
 Were strong and active, vigorous and gay,  
 As we who yet survive ; and we shall soon  
 (O mortifying thought) be vile as they ;  
 We too *are dust*, and must *to dust return*.

Here is \* *Eumenio's* grave ! O my full heart !  
 A flood of tears would give thee some relief.

Here

\* Eumenio, from Εὐμενέω, *benevolus sum*. Candor, humanity and benevolence, were remarkably exemplified in the character of the late Mr HUDSON, whose sudden death, by a fit of apoplexy, Nov. 7, 1779, gave rise to these meditations.

Here sleeps the breathless dust of him I lov'd,  
 Belov'd of all ; whose heav'nly virtues shone  
 With an unusual brightness, to the close  
 Of his dear life, alas (for us) too short.  
 He was a public blessing to mankind ;  
 And public grief attends his sudden fall.  
 Each friendly bosom heaves a bursting groan ;  
 Each neighbour pours a sympathizing tear ;  
 Each servant mourns the best of masters dead.

As heav'nly WATTS lamented GUNSTAN's fall,  
 So, dear *Eumenio*, I lament for thee.  
 Inferior is my strain ; not so my love.  
 Friendship divine, that sweet and sacred tie,  
 Had bound my heart to thee, and made us one.  
 Hence doubly painful is the parting hour.  
 Hence I this grave with nightly tears bedew.

As holy men lamented at the death  
 Of *Stephen*, martyr'd in his Saviour's cause ;  
 And JESUS wept at *Lazarus's* tomb,  
 And in his spirit groan'd aloud (such kind  
 And tender thoughts possess'd his holy soul)  
 So *Zion* mourns her loss of him, who long

Had



Had stood a pillar in the house of God.  
 Did I not see her daughters mourn and grieve?  
 Did I not hear her mourning sons complain?  
 " Shall we indeed behold his face no more?  
 " No more enjoy his sweet society?  
 " Nor profit by his counsels, or his pray'rs?  
 " His sweet discourse, and edifying walk?  
 " Mysterious providence! It must be right;  
 " And yet we can't forbear to wonder why,  
 " This sun went down at noon? Cloudless he shone,  
 " With lustre undiminish'd, unimpair'd,  
 " By wasting sickness, or declining years;  
 " When most we seem to need his friendly aid,  
 " Sudden he drops, and quits the hemisphere."

Beneath th' Almighty's hand submissive bow;  
 Search for the cause of this alarming stroke;  
 And learn t' improve it to some noble end.

*Mourn not as those who have no hope in heav'n.*

*Comfort each other with the word of grace.*

In closest union live. Tread in the steps

Of your deceased friend; and *walk in love.\**

His bright example set before your eyes.

He

\* *Ut ameris amabilis esto, — OVID.*

He had a noble soul. In him were seen  
 The gen'rous efforts of a friendly mind,  
 Anxious to please and profit all around.  
 Philanthropy, and sweet benevolence,  
 Smil'd in his looks, and charm'd us in his mein.  
 He was a living proof of grace's pow'r  
 O'er ruin'd man, to form him for the skies.  
 Love fir'd his heart, and evangelic truth  
 Govern'd his soul, and influenc'd his life.  
 He *liv'd* what others only do *profess*.

*Eumenio* on the dear Redeemer's cross  
 Suspended all his hopes; from thence he drew  
 His nourishment, his life and constant peace.  
 This, this was all his boast, his triumph this,  
 He glory'd in a Saviour crucify'd.  
 'Tis from IMMANUEL's cross salvation springs;  
 His death is life to man; his bleeding wounds,  
 The dying sinner's soveraign, only cure.  
 Mysterious this to *Gentile* and to *Jew*.  
 Proud reason deems it folly, unbelief  
 Denies, rejects, disdains the saving truth;  
 And in contempt enquires, how e'er the man,  
 The dying man should save a ruin'd world?

Thus

Thus impiously *Apisto* \* dares to slight  
 The best, the last, the only remedy,  
 By heav'n ordain'd, and publish'd round the globe,  
 To rescue sinners from destruction dire.

Vain man! Rejecting this, you surely lose  
 The only ground of hope and heav'nly peace.  
 For sin no other sacrifice is found,  
 For sinful man no other way to bliss.  
 Talk you of works? here is the sov'reign spring  
 Of holiness divine and purity.  
 When from the cross you turn your eyes away.  
 Contemptuous, you at once with that renounce,  
 The strongest motives to a holy life;  
 The noblest *stimulus* to grateful love,  
 Refined zeal and gospel sanctity.  
 You then give up the most engaging view  
 That ever was to sinful creatures giv'n,  
 Of his ador'd perfections, whose dread name  
 Both heav'n and earth acknowledge and adore.

Here awful justice shines with brighter beams,  
 Than if each sinner had been doom'd to bear

Eternal

\* An unbeliever

Eternal vengeance for his hated crimes.  
 And mercy reigns more glorious than she would,  
 Had ev'ry sin been pardon'd, ev'ry soul  
 Made happy and no justice exercis'd,  
 In damning sin, that dar'd th' Almighty's throne.  
 For sinners are mysteriously redeem'd  
 By sov'reign *mercy*, yet by *merit* too ;  
 Both matchless, both stupendous and divine.  
 By Jesu's blood our debts are all discharg'd.  
 Law has its due, stern justice sweetly smiles,  
 Eternal truth and mercy here embrace ;  
 And God is just in justifying man.

The man who shuts his eyes against the light  
 Of the sweet radiant sun, abhorring all  
 Creation's beauteous and attractive charms,  
 Does not in folly equal him who dares  
 Despise the wonders of the Saviour's cross.  
 In this the sinner stupidly conspires  
 His own destruction, while he thus rejects  
 The grand expedient wisdom infinite,  
 And love immense contriv'd to save a world.

But if *Apisto* still the truth deny,  
 The soul celestial-born receives with love,

And humble faith, this sacred remedy,  
 For all his griefs and fears, his wants and cares,  
 Thro' ev'ry dubious path of life's career,  
 And e'en in death it is his triumph still.  
 Nought short of this can draw the tyrant's sting ;  
 Nought short of this can overcome the grave.  
 " Forbid it, gracious Lord, that I should boast,  
 " Save in the cross of Christ, the sinner's friend."

No state exempts us from the awful stroke  
 Of unresisted unrelenting death.  
 Strength nought avails in that decisive hour.  
 Athletic limbs, the firmest nerves, or health  
 In all its vigor. These *Eumenio* had  
 In full possession, when the summons came.  
 Sudden as light'ning death's keen arrow flew,  
 He languished awhile, then breath'd his last.

To heedless mortals this alarm is giv'n,  
 To rouze us from our dreadful lethargy,  
 Our senseless, stupifying dreams, and cure  
 The vile intoxication of the mind.

Q boast

O boast not of to-morrow's dawn,\*  
 It is presumption all, the present day  
 Perhaps is pregnant with thy final doom ;  
 Short is the date of bliss on earth ; time flies  
 With unremitted speed, death follows close,  
 Eternity succeeds, hell threatens loud,  
 And heav'n invites ; but we are still secure.

*Strepson!* I saw the rolling tears bedew  
 Your blooming cheeks. While young *Lysander* stood  
 Fixt to this spot ; and with a ghastly look  
 Beheld a Father's grave. Deep fullen grief  
 Absorb'd his soul, and shook his tender frame.  
 Your loss is great : A *Father* you have lost,  
 Whose wife, indulgent and paternal care  
 You need to guard you from th' enchanting paths  
 Of cursed vice, with all its dang'rous snares.  
 O may you tread your Father's steps, and learn  
 To consecrate your early days to heav'n.

O may

\* By nature's law, what may be, may be now ;  
 There's no prerogative in human hours.  
 In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,  
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn ?  
 Where is to-morrow ? In another world.

Y O U N G.

O may your Father's God be yours ; may all  
 The Father's virtues live in both his sons.  
 Thus shall we less lament the loss of him,  
 Who now is number'd with the Saints above.  
 He best laments the loss who henceforth learns  
 To live like him whose death we all deplore.  
 To us it is a loss, not so to him ;  
 It is his truest gain : th' exulting soul,  
 Releas'd from earth, in triumph soars away,  
 Along the tracks where the quick light'ning glows,  
 And gladly quits the dusky globe below,  
 With these bleak climes of sorrow, noise and strife.  
 Angels convoy him on their airy wings,  
 To *Salem's* happy gates ; the gates expand  
 At his approach, cherubic legions shout  
 The stranger welcome to the climes of bliss.  
 There safely lodg'd, above these rolling spheres,  
 'Twere cruel now to wish for his return.

O might I too my wish'd release obtain,  
 And mount with thee, *Eumenio*, to the skies !  
 Joyful I'd bid adieu to earthly scenes,  
 And smile to leave all mortal things behind.  
 How would I fly from this corporeal cell,

This gloomy vale of night, and soar aloft  
 By angels guided to the mount of God.  
 Come, gentle death, kind messenger of peace,  
 Of liberty and joy ; my struggling soul  
 Waits thy arrival with a wishful look,  
 To loose her bands, break down her prison walls  
 And bid her follow dear *Eumenio's* flight,  
 And mingle with the sweet celestial throng.

*Selina !* you have felt the fatal stroke  
 That robb'd you of your dearer half, and left  
 Your bosom bleeding with the recent wound.  
 You recollect, with unremitted grief,  
 The past endearments of your happy hours.  
*Eumenio* is no more. Fall'n at your feet  
 You saw him lie : no warning had been giv'n.\*  
 Sudden the shock ; yet not for him unsafe.  
 Still, still the sad idea fills your mind,  
 Absorbing ev'ry joy. The bursting groan,  
 And deeply mournful tear too faintly shew,  
 The anguish of your soul. Torn from your arms,  
 The

\* *Rigidum jus est et inevitabile mortis.*



The dear companion of your life lies here,  
Shrowded and coffin'd in this bed of death.

As in the destin'd field the guided plow,  
Tears up the fallow soil, o'erturns the glebe,  
So pungent sorrow tears the bleeding heart,  
And leaves its long and deepen'd furrows there.  
Unnumber'd are the woes of human life.

The gleams of joy how transient and how few,  
In this sad vale of tears! Successive rounds  
Of pains and griefs and sicknesses attend  
Our steps, and measure all our circling years.  
Yet heav'nly mercy softens all the toils,  
Supports our fainting hearts, and gilds the gloom,  
With the sweet foretastes of eternal joy.

May these, *Selina*, be your happy lot,  
In measure large, to cheer your widow'd state.  
Let contemplation wing your soul to heav'n.\*  
There view the thrones of bliss, th'immortal crown,  
The mansions strong and fair, which ne'er shall mourn,

B 2

As

\* Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present scene  
Resumes them to prepare us for the next.

As often here on earth, their masters chang'd.  
 There sorrow, pain and death are known no more  
 There are the realms of permanent delight,  
 Boundless in measure, and without an end.

Think on the promise of a faithful God.  
 As stars that sparkle in the azure sky,  
 Such are the promises that shine and glow,  
 Illustr'ous in the bible's firmament.  
 These are the precious gospel's life and soul,  
 The nerves and sinews of its wondrous frame.  
 Read these and take them for your heritage.  
 " I'll be a Father to the fatherless ;  
 " The pious widow is my special care ;  
 " I'll be her husband, and her cause defend ;  
 " Her border I'll establish and maintain."  
 See here a cordial for your fainting heart :  
 May this support you in the mournful hour.

The infinitely wise his greatest works  
 Performs by secret and mysterious ways,  
 Nor gives account to man of what he does.  
 As when we see a skilful workman, cast  
 Into the glowing furnace some rude mass

Of ore metallic, to be purify'd ;  
 Then by repeated blows, with nervous arm,  
 Beat and chastize it on the anvil smooth :  
 We stand and wonder what the artist's purpose,  
 Nor can unfold the mystery, till at length,  
 We see the effort of his skill complete ;  
 And then we praise his wisdom thro' the whole.  
 So shall at last our wond'ring hearts adore  
 The deep and wise designs of providence,  
 Tho' clouds and darkness veil them from our sight,  
 In this benighted world. The op'ning morn,  
 And bright eternal day of bliss divine,  
 Shall banish ev'ry cloud obscure, that veils  
 The habitation of th' Almighty's throne.  
 The gloom dispell'd, our wond'ring souls shall see,  
 The deep, profound, mysterious ways of heav'n,  
 Shining with wisdom, faithfulness and love.  
 Rest sure of this, the end shall crown the work,  
 And speak th' Almighty's most indulgent care.

Now let me learn to live a stranger here,  
 Nor fix on earth the grasp of fond desire.  
 The joys arising from created things,  
 Should not ensnare and captivate the soul,

Or make us once forget the parting hour,  
 When we must lose them all; nor should the pain  
 Of losing what the present world can give,  
 Too deeply wound the heart. Man is immortal,  
 Immortal cares and hopes should fill his breast,  
 And far outweigh the trifles of an hour.  
 Whoever saw a mighty tempest rais'd  
 Of roaring winds, to puff a downy feather?  
 Or ocean heaving up her hideous waves  
 As rolling mountains but to drown a fly?  
 Yet these, alas! but faintly represent  
 Th' unequal'd folly of an earthly mind,  
 Wrought into tempest, tost, distracted, torn,  
 With care for what is light as empty wind,  
 And transitory as the fleeting vapour.

God of my life! thou source of ev'ry joy,  
 Bright centre where the num'rous varying lines  
 Of all my wishes meet; what can the soul  
 Or want or crave whom thou dost inly fill?  
 Enjoying thee, the once distracted bosom  
 Has rest and ease which all the pow'rs of speech  
 Would be too feeble fully to describe.  
 Thy own dear self alone, th' enlarged heart

Can amply fill : the brightest things below,  
 Whatever glory they *may seem* to wear,  
 Whatever charms to captivate the vain,  
 Are all inadequate to satisfy  
 The boundless cravings of th' immortal mind.  
 Th' immortal mind, form'd with capacious pow'rs  
 For the fruition of the good Supreme,  
 Must inly famish, starve and pine away,  
 Feeding on nothing more than earth can give,  
 Tho' circled round with all her richest stores.  
 Take then who will the honours of the great,  
 The wealth of misers, and the smiles of Kings ;  
 I envy not your fancy'd happiness.  
 Jesus, thy smile is heav'n ! Thy love divine,  
 Is dearer far than life with all its joys.  
 Thine are my rising hopes ; my warm desires,  
 Eternal excellence, to thee-ward move.  
 God is my hope, my shield and vast reward :  
 My life, my glory and exceeding joy ;  
 Yea more than these emphatic words express,  
 My *all in all*. The source of all my bliss ;  
 The object of my dearest, warmest love ;  
 My never-failing fountain of delights ;  
 My strength in life, and my support in death ;

My present portion, and my noblest end.  
O love divine, how ample are thy stores !

Hark ! what dull sound rolls murm'ring thro' the air !  
'Tis the soul-thrilling stroke of yonder clock ;  
The slow and solemn midnight knell I hear.  
Which bids me leave this melancholy scene,  
This dark and dreary, but instructive school,  
And give to languid nature some repose.

Some yet are wakeful, rack'd with ceaseless pain  
Or prest with heart-corroding cares, along  
The tedious night, and chide the heavy hours,  
Life is a conflict with a thousand ills,  
All tending to reduce us to the grave.  
The holiest mind possesses not below,  
Tranquility unmov'd : e'en conscience oft  
Has cause to give th' alarm within ; some mote  
Offends its tender eye, and makes it weep ;  
Nor ought can ease the smart but *Gilead's* balm,  
Or the sweet drops distill'd from *Sharon's* rose.

*Fidelio*,\* thou hast felt affliction's pow'r.  
Amidst the sea of life you oft have known,

Have

\* A faithful man.

Have felt the bellowing tempest, beating round  
 Your little bark, which rais'd a thousand fears,  
 While o'er your head the threatning billows roll'd,  
 In quick succession, wave pursuing wave ;  
 Often portending dire destruction nigh ;  
 At least, in unbelief's mistaken view.  
 Ah, troubled soul ! I inly feel for thee !  
 As oft I'm tutor'd in affliction's school,  
 In various tempests narras'd and involv'd ;  
 I see with tear-brim'd eye *Fidelio's* griefs ;  
 And tender pity bleeds within my breast,  
 Solicitous to give some friendly aid ;  
 Accept the will where ev'ry effort fails.

Sad day of terrors, when th' assaulted soul  
 Conflicts with *Satan*, feels his fiery darts,  
 Poison'd by diabolic craft, to give  
 The wounded bosom direful agony.  
 Thick as the rattling hail around they fly,  
 Redoubled and renew'd, as quick as thought ;  
 Thrown with infernal rage and furious hate :  
*Fidelio* trembles midst the hell-bred fray ;  
 Shook to the centre in his inmost frame,  
 As doubtful of th' event. His boding fears

Bring

Bring up unnumber'd doleful scenes to view.  
 Fainting with toil incessant, oft he cries,  
*I one day perish by the snares of hell.*

In his distress for succour loud he calls,  
 With cries and groans which rend the vault of heav'n,  
 And instant come before th' eternal throne.  
 From thence he finds immediate aid, t'inspire  
 His languid heart, support his feeble knees,  
 Lift up his strengthless hands, and fill his soul  
 With youthful vigor to renew the fight.  
 Then brandishing his sword, and handling close  
 The well-try'd shield of all-subduing faith,  
 He rushes on the foe with dauntless aim,  
 Makes stout resistance ; and the tempter flies.  
 Angels look on well-pleas'd, and fly to heal  
*Fidelio's* wounds, with unguents form'd in heav'n ;  
 And with nectarious cordials cheer his heart.

Now sacred peace descending from the skies,  
 Her olive branch displays, and calms the soul,  
 Attended with her smiling sister, joy ;  
 Whose charms at once dispel each gloomy thought,  
 And turn the desert to an *Eden* fair.



By these afflictions, purify'd from dross,  
*Fidelio's* ev'ry grace refulgent shines,  
As gold refined in the tort'ring flame,  
By efforts oft renew'd :\* So heav'n ordain'd  
To bring the heirs of glory to his throne.

The hour is near when all these tombs shall burst,  
And ev'ry faithful grave resign its prey.  
The pow'r that form'd the world shall wake the dead:  
When, *some shall rise to everlasting life,*  
And *some* be clothed with *contempt and shame,*  
In that great day of terror and of joy.

The moment comes, with winged haste it flies,  
Which closes up the scene of mortal things.  
How near is nature's universal wreck !  
When earth and skies, when sun and stars shall sink  
Involv'd in vast tremendous ruin all.

Foreboding signs are giv'n ; alarming sights  
Rise to the attentive eye ; the fount of day  
Seems clad in sable mourning, and the sky

Cover'd

\* *Rebus in adversis vera probanda fides.*  
*Rebus in adversis patientia vera probatur.*

Cover'd with sackcloth. *Cynthia's* silver ray  
 Is quench'd in crimson gore. Th' eternal hills  
 Rock on their centre, and asunder cleave.  
*Sinai* is mov'd, *Tabor* and *Hermon* quake,  
 And to the plains their nodding summits bow.  
 Earth is convuls'd, and nature sickens round,

The mighty monuments of human art,  
 The work of num'rous years, the lofty spires,  
 The pond'rous pyramids, the pride of Kings,  
 And boast of nations, gorgeous palaces,  
 And solemn temples, with their costly shrines,  
 Are in a moment levell'd with the ground,  
 In vast confusion, ne'er to be repair'd.  
*Rome, Paris, London, Europe* are no more,

Rouse, rouse, *Britannia*, let thy guilty sons  
 Prepare to meet their God; his lifted hand  
 Already waits to execute his wrath.

Tremendous vengeance thunders from afar  
 The mighty concave sounds; fierce tempests roar;  
 The rocks are rent; the lofty mountains all  
 Are melted into fiery streams; the sea

Boils

Boils like a pot ; heaving from shore to shore,  
 Her foaming billows lash the troubled sky.  
 Surrounding flames consume the pond'rous globe,  
 Dissolving all the mass from pole to pole ;  
 While stars and suns with all their num'rous hosts  
 Drop from their mazy orbits and expire.  
 The sov'reign Judge of all will soon appear ;  
 The frightened skies recoil at his approach ;  
 The heav'ns are wrapt together like a scroll ;  
 Time is arrested in his swift career ;  
 And nature makes a quick and solemn pause.  
 Ten thousand eyes with consternation gaze.  
 Loud lamentations rise, and mirth and songs  
 At once are turn'd to dismal shrieks and yells.  
 The midnight revel interrupted, ends  
 In dreadful howlings ; anguish and despair  
 And blackest horror rend the guilty heart.  
 Ambition drops her gaudy plume, and power  
 Unheeded throws her scepter to the ground,  
 And tramples lofty crowns beneath her feet :  
 Thrones are deserted, royalty contemn'd.

Vice stops her mad career, ne'er stopt before.  
 The drunkard quits his bowl, blaspheming tongues,  
 Perhaps

Perhaps, begin to pray, alas ! too late.  
 Now cards and dice bestrew the floor, and some  
 Snatch up the long-neglected bible, or the book  
 Of prayers, or for the slighted priest enquire.  
 Some cross themselves, and pray to fav'rite saints ;  
 Some to dumb idois bend the suppliant knee.  
 Some call for rocks and hills to hide their guilt,  
 And screen them from the Judge's dreadful ire.

'Tis all in vain. The solemn trumpet sounds.  
 The awful blast is heard from pole to pole ;  
 And rouses all the sleeping dead. Earth heaves,  
 As in her dying pangs, and from her womb  
 Dislodges all her sons. Saints then alive  
 Lift up their joyful, their triumphant heads,  
 And fearless hail the happy, happy morn.  
 (See *Goshen* once rejoic'd in cheering light,  
 While horrid darkness cover'd *Egypt* round.)  
 This is the final period of their woes ;  
 Their jubilee is come ; the trumpet sounds  
 Their sweet release, from sorrow, sin and strife.  
 Now they forget their woes, their conflicts end ;  
 Their tears are chang'd for shouts of sacred joy.  
 This is the blest, the long-expected day

Of their redemption from a thousand ills.  
 And while in extasies of joy they stand,  
 And wait the signal for their glorious change,  
 Lo, quick as thought, or twinkling of an eye,  
 By transformation strange, *Elijah*-like,  
 They all assume a bright celestial form,  
 And shine in glory like the fount of day.  
 They never feel the pangs of death, as late  
*Eumenio* witness'd when he left the world.

If we believe the great Redeemer dy'd,  
 And rose in triumph as the church's head ;  
 They who in JESUS sleep our God will bring  
 With JESUS in the triumph of that day,  
 When he appears to judge th' assembl'd world.  
 The midnight cry is heard. Behold he comes,  
 In solemn pomp ; before his awful face,  
 A brightness shines that dims the eyes of day.  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand saints attend  
 His glorious train. The grandeur of this hour  
 Exceeds whatever men or angels saw.  
 Language is lost, description fails, e'en thought  
 Cou'd never reach what all shall now behold.

Jesus

Jesus appears, the sov'reign Judge of all  
 In heaven, in earth, and in the deeps of hell.  
 Not now, as when he in the manger lay,  
 Or hung extended on the cursed tree :  
 He in his own essential glory shines,  
 And in his Father's, and in that of all  
 The bright celestial hosts around his throne ;  
 His spotless throne, type of his purity.  
 The books are open thrown. The book of life,  
 Of God's eternal law, and gospel too,  
 With all the pages of the human heart.  
 Each secret thing is brought to light, before  
 Both God and angels, and th' assembled world.

The guilty hear their dreadful doom denounc'd  
 " Depart ye cursed to eternal flames."  
 Then all the ranks of the profane are driv'n  
 In anger from the awful judgment-seat.  
 Drunkards, a num'rous band ; blaspheming crowds ;  
 Lyars, deceivers, painted hypocrites,  
 Insatiate misers, cruel tyrants all,  
 And persecutors of the saints of God,  
 With all the faithless, unrelenting crew,  
 Who lov'd their pleasures more than the Most High,

And

And disobey'd the gospel of his grace:  
Eternal vengeance to their follies due,  
O'ertakes them all, in this tremendous day:  
Hell bursting, opens her tremendous jaws,  
Hideously roaring for her prey ; while storms  
Salphureous, overwhelm the guilty throng,  
Now lost, lost, lost for ever.—

How happy then to have the Judge's smile !  
To hear the welcome accents from his lips,  
“ Ye blessed of my Father, come ; receive  
“ The promis'd kingdom heavenly love prepar'd,  
“ Ere time began his flight, or worlds were form'd !”

Straight they ascend the glorious thrones above ;  
And full possession take of all their blifs.  
There God himself, with his indulgent hand,  
Wipes all their tears away ; and amply fills  
Their happy souls with tides of ceaseless joy.  
They wear the sparkling crown of endless life ;  
Th' eternal weight of glory they possess ;  
The promis'd land with all its sacred fruits,  
Where an unfading spring for ever blooms.—  
But all these emblems fail ; the blifs above

Exceeds whate'er by mortal ear was heard;  
 By mortal eye beheld, or heart conceiv'd.  
 The sum of all, is GOD'S ETERNAL SMILE.

There death is known no more; no parting stroke  
 Shall e'er divide united hearts, as here.  
 Friendship divine inspires the worlds on high,  
 Those sacred realms of purity and love.  
 No interruption there it knows, or end;  
 But reigns and triumphs, flourishes and grows,  
 To full perfection in those climes of bliss.

Rest then, *Eumenio*, in thy clay-cold bed,  
 Till the last trumpet found, and call thee forth,  
 To bear the victor's palm; we too will wait  
 For our approaching change, in chearful hope,  
 Of meeting you amidst that happy throng,  
 Who cast their crowns before the throne divine;  
 Who Hallelujahs sing to his great name,  
 Whose matchless grace has rais'd them to the skies;  
 And as eternal ages roll away,  
 The bliss shall grow, and suffer no decay.

ELEGIAC



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ELEGIAC . V E R S E S

On the D E A T H of

Mr. William Greenwood,

L A T E O F

OXENHOPE, near HAWORTH;

*Who died September 30, 1779.*

**L**IKE as the setting sun in summer's eve  
Serenely shining quits the hemisphere,  
While in his absence nature seems to grieve,  
And weeping dews on ev'ry leaf appear :

Such was *Philander's* life, and closing scene ;  
Religion rul'd his heart with sov'reign pow'r ;  
Brighten'd his morning, made his eve serene,  
And cheer'd the gloom of his departing hour.

Within his breast a thousand tender cares  
 Arise, for those he now must leave behind,  
 Defenceless, and expos'd to num'rous snares ;  
 Yet calm submission sooth'd his patient mind.

“ Behold I die ; but still JEHOVAH lives ;  
 I leave you all in his Almighty hand ;  
 His promis'd care my fainting heart revives ;  
 Trust in his word, and rev'ence his command.”

Thus is his destin'd race of virtue run ;  
 However short the date, 'tis finish'd now ;  
 The hasty thread of active life is spun ;  
 Relentless death has struck the final blow.

Numbers around his gen'rous deeds proclaim,  
 And when his grave 'midst neighb'ring dead they see  
 Make grateful mention of his dear-lov'd name,  
 “ There lies the man who was a friend to me.”

Compassion reign'd within *Philander's* breast ;  
 He was a constant father to the poor ;  
 His bowels yearn'd to succour the distress'd,  
 Whose refuge was his hospitable door,

No haughty airs in him could e'er be seen ;  
Humility adorn'd his happy mind ;  
Calm was his temper, modest was his mein.  
His words were gentle as his soul was kind.

Riches ne'er made a captive of his heart ;  
He view'd earth's brightest baubles with a sigh ;  
He chose, and still pursu'd the better part ;  
And thus he liv'd as one prepar'd to die.

Malice herself would try her arts in vain,  
E'en envy's forked tongue could ne'er succeed,  
Upon his character to fix the stain  
Of an unmerciful, oppressive deed.

His widow'd mate o'erwhelm'd with tides of grief  
Laments her dearest earthly comforts fled :  
In vain her friends attempt to give relief,  
Her choicest friend, her other self is dead.

In sweetest harmony the happy pair,  
Of kindred souls were join'd in one great aim,  
Their hope, their fear, their comfort and their care,  
Knew no division, but were still the same.

They

They witness'd all the joys of social life,  
 Till death's relentless hand the union broke ;  
 The loving husband and the faithful wife  
 Were one, till sever'd by the fatal stroke.

Now from her side her dearer half is torn !  
 She saw, she felt her dearer half decay ;  
 The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn ;  
 May heav'n support her in this trying day.

While eight dear pledges of connubial love,  
 Who don't their loss of such a father know,  
 With mournful looks and flowing tears improve,  
 The mother's sad capacity of woe.

Methinks I see the lovely blooming train,  
 Silent and sad the fun'ral rites attend ;  
 I can't the sympathetic tear restrain,  
 For they have lost a father, I a friend.

Bereav'd of such a parent now they lie  
 Defenceless and expos'd to ev'ry snare ;  
 May he that *bears young ravens when they cry,*  
 Preserve and guard them with paternal care.

His word is firm, " I will a father be  
Unto the orphans of the man I love,  
And let the mourning widow trust in me,  
I will the mourning widow's husband prove."

Take comfort then, JEHOVAH is your friend ;  
'Tis he who gave, and he who takes away,  
He will the faithful widow's cause defend ;  
His truth is steadfast and shall ne'er decay.

With heav'nly ardor press to reach the shore  
Where mischiefs never fly ; corroding care,  
Tumult, distraction, anguish are no more ;  
The scene is bright, the bliss beyond compare.

*Philander* lives above ; he now obtains  
The *plaudit* of his God ; and calls you there,  
Where sweet celestial love for ever reigns ;  
And kindred souls no separation fear.

T H E E N D.

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