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MY STRENGTH IS AS THE STRENGTH OF TEN
BECAUSE MY HEART IS PURE



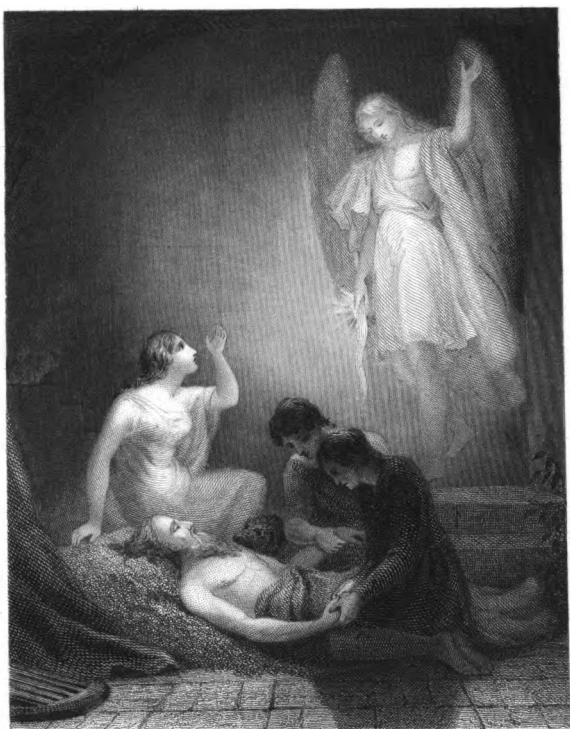
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

VOL. II.

LONDON :
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.



Drawn by G. Jones, R.A.

Engraved by Ait^d L. Heath.

*"Our Mother first beheld him, sore amazed
But terror grew to transport, while she gazed
— 'Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim."
The World before the Flood, Canto 4.*

THE
SACRAL WORKS
OF
MONTGOMERY
IN FIVE VOLUMES
VOL. III.



Printed in Great Britain by Longman, Orme & Co. at the New Printing Office, No. 15, Old Bailey, London.



THE
Works of
 OF
JAMES MONTGOMERY
 IN FOUR VOLUMES
 VOL. II.



*"Thus on his dulcet pipe while Savan play'd,
 Within her bower awoke the conscious maid."
 The World, before the Flood, Cant. 2.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

THE CLIMPING BOYS' SOLILOQUIES.

SONGS OF ZION.

M. G. A. Vallance
Aug: 9: 1842.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

A POEM, IN TEN CANTOS.

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PREFACE

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE following were the circumstances under which "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD" was conceived, executed, and at length published.

The delay of Mr. Bowyer's magnificent work, in passing through the press, whereby the poem of "THE WEST INDIES" was to be brought out, with every advantage of external dignity and illustration, preventing the author from again appearing before the public as a poet, so early as he had intended, he naturally became somewhat impatient, having, in the interval, composed many minor pieces, which he had reason to believe might be favourably received by those who had not ceased to call for successive editions of "THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND," and its accompaniments, though the three years of its doubtful existence, and foredoomed extinction, by the Edinburgh Reviewers, had already expired.

While in quest of a theme for a leading essay, the sudden recollection of the following passage in

the eleventh book of *PARADISE LOST*, referring to the translation of Enoch, at once determined his choice. After briefly alluding to the building of the first cities, the origin of war, battles, sieges, devastations, the prowess and achievements of the earliest heroes,

“Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise,”

the vision, opened into futurity by Michael the Archangel to fallen Adam, is described as presenting this scene:—

“In other part the sceptred heralds call
 To council, in the city-gates;—anon,
 Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
 Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon
 In factious opposition; till at last
 Of middle age one rising, eminent
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
 Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,
 And judgment from above. Him old and young
 Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence,
 Unseen amid the throng; so violence
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.”

In the course of a few months, the plan, thus suddenly conceived, was diligently elaborated, and the whole comprised in the space of four cantos. The copy was then despatched to the author's late friend, Daniel Parken, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, who had just been called to the bar, and in whose fine taste and sound judgment he had good reason to repose the highest confidence. Anticipating no serious hinderance, this gentleman was requested, after

perusal, to deliver the Poem to Messrs. Longman and Co. for immediate publication, with such other compositions as should be forwarded in due time. Accordingly Mr. Parken read and approved of the performance so much as to think it *worth* mending, and capable of being *greatly* mended, because the Author had not done justice either to himself or to his theme in so contracted a compass. Wherefore, with a courage and candour, not often hazarded by one friend towards another, in an affair of peculiar delicacy, where the most jealous of personal feelings must of necessity be wounded, how tenderly soever the sensitive operation may be performed,—he addressed a brief but earnest letter to his correspondent, imploring permission to detain the manuscript a few days longer, before he consigned it to the booksellers for the press, till the Author himself had given further consideration to the subject, with a view of bringing out its latent capabilities more effectually than had been attempted in the draft, or rather in the sketch which had been sent to him.

This was touching the apple of a Poet's eye, while in the act of self-complacently gazing on his newborn offspring, before the fondness of paternal affection had detected a fault or a failing about it. The pain inflicted was excruciating for a few hours, and arose, not more from mortified vanity than from the disappointment of "hope deferred" (which had previously "made the heart sick") by this unexpected frustration of a cherished purpose to appear a second time before the public, at the very moment

when, instead of being fulfilled, "the desire," which "when it cometh is a tree of life," was thus cut down to the ground, and the root alone spared to shoot up and grow under long and laborious culture, into "a plant of renown."

But Mr. Parken having shown him so heroic a proof of disinterested kindness—after a due struggle with himself during an afternoon's ramble in the fields and woods adjacent—the Author determined not to be outdone by his adviser in magnanimity, but to give him in return a corresponding token of genuine friendship, by unreservedly bowing to his judgment, and adopting his counsel.

Having once surrendered the point of hasty publication, he further resolved, as the manuscript was in London, to submit it to the examination of four other authorities in the small range of his literary acquaintance. By each of these, after indulgent perusal, it was returned with notes and comments freely and ingenuously expressed, but of course not altogether accordant. Sufficient commendation, however, was bestowed by all on the performance at large, and sufficient diversity of opinion manifested on a multitude of passages (the praises and the strictures reciprocally qualifying each other), to convince himself, at least, that, with all deference to them, the author was as competent a judge of his own performance as any of his courteous critics; much as he was benefited by their respective hints for the improvement of the text of his poem, as it then stood, though none had suggested either in-

cident or alteration in the plot for its better development.

Meanwhile, "THE WEST INDIES" came out in all the glory of typography and pictorial embellishment, and was well received by the public. After an interval of six months, according to contract with Mr. Bowyer, that poem being republished with such miscellaneous pieces as had accumulated upon his hands since the appearance of his former volume, the Author set himself resolutely to the task of remodelling "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD;" and, in the course of doing so, every day he felt himself more and more indebted to the faithful advice of that friend, who had rescued it from premature publication, when in all probability an untimely birth would have been to it the premonition of untimely death. To him, therefore, portions of the new poem were transmitted in its progress; and these were so generously appreciated, that each in its turn was welcomed as a pledge of better things to follow to the end. But in the month of July, 1812, when the work was about midway accomplished, "the days of his (friend's) youth were shortened," and he lived no longer on earth, except in the affections of his kindred, and the memory of his associates—in these he cannot die while either of them survive.

This brief statement will render more intelligible than they have hitherto been certain allusions in the introductory stanzas, addressed "*To the Spirit of a departed Friend.*"

October 10. 1840.

THE ORIGINAL PREFACE.

THERE is no authentic history of the world from the Creation to the Deluge, besides that which is found in the first chapters of Genesis. He, therefore, who fixes the date of a fictitious narrative within that period, is under obligation to no other authority whatever for conformity of manners, events, or even localities: he has full power to accommodate these to his peculiar purposes, observing only such analogy as shall consist with the brief information, contained in the sacred records, concerning mankind in the earliest ages. The present writer acknowledges, that he has exercised this undoubted right with great freedom. Success alone sanctions bold innovation; if he has succeeded in what he has attempted, he will need no arguments to justify it; if he has miscarried, none will avail him. Those who imagine that he has exhibited the antediluvians as more skilful in arts and arms than can be supposed, in their stage of society, may read the *Eleventh* Book of PARADISE LOST;—and those who think he has made the religion of the Patriarchs too evangelical, may read the *Twelfth*.

With respect to the personages and incidents of his story, the Author having deliberately adopted

them, under the conviction, that in the characters of the one he was not stepping out of human nature, and in the construction of the other not exceeding the limits of poetical probability, — he asks no favour, he deprecates no censure, on behalf of either ; nor shall the facility with which “ much malice and a little wit ” might turn into ridicule every line that he has written, deter him from leaving the whole to the mercy of general Readers.

But, — here is a large web of fiction involving a small fact of Scripture ! Nothing could justify a work of this kind, if it were, in any way, calculated to impose on the credulity, pervert the principles, or corrupt the affections of its approvers. Here, then, the appeal lies to conscience rather than to taste, and the decision on this point is of infinitely more importance to the Poet than his name among men, or his interests on earth. It was his design, in this composition, to present a similitude of events, that might be imagined to have happened in the first age of the world, in which such Scripture-characters as are introduced would probably have acted and spoken as they are here made to act and speak. The story is told as a parable only ; and its value, in this view, must be determined by its moral, or rather by its religious, influence on the mind and on the heart. Fiction though it be, it is the fiction that represents Truth ; and that *is* Truth, — Truth in the essence, though not in the name ; Truth in the spirit, though not in the letter.

February 6. 1813.

TO
THE SPIRIT

OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

MANY, my friend, have mourn'd for Thee,
And yet shall many mourn.
Long as thy name on earth shall be
In sweet remembrance borne,
By those who loved Thee here, and love
Thy spirit still in realms above.

For while thine absence they deplore,
'Tis for themselves they weep :
Though they behold thy face no more,
In peace thine ashes sleep,
And o'er the tomb they lift their eye,
—Thou *art* not dead, Thou could'st not die.

In silent anguish, O my friend !
When I recall thy worth,
Thy lovely life, thine early end,
I feel estranged from earth ;
My soul with thine desires to rest,
Supremely and for ever blest.

In loftier mood I fain would raise
With my victorious breath
Some fair memorial of thy praise,
Beyond the reach of Death;
Proud wish, and vain!—I cannot give
The word, that makes the dead to live.

THOU art *not* dead, Thou could'st not die;
To nobler life new-born,
Thou look'st in pity from the sky
Upon a world forlorn,
Where glory is but dying flame,
And immortality a name.

Yet didst Thou prize the Poet's art;
And when to Thee I sung,
How pure, how fervent from the heart,
The language of thy tongue!
In praise or blame alike sincere,
But still most kind when most severe.

When first this dream of ancient times
Warm on my fancy glow'd,
And forth in rude spontaneous rhymes
The Song of Wonder flow'd;
Pleased but alarm'd, I saw Thee stand,
And check'd the fury of my hand.

That hand with awe resumed the lyre,
I trembled, doubted, fear'd,

Then did thy voice my hope inspire,
 My soul thy presence cheer'd ;
 But suddenly the light was flown,
 I look'd, and found myself alone.

Alone, in sickness, care, and woe,
 Since that bereaving day,
 With heartless patience, faint and low,
 I trill'd the secret lay,
 Afraid to trust the bold design
 To less indulgent ears than thine.

'Tis done ;— nor would I dread to meet
 The World's repulsive brow,
 Had I presented at thy feet
 The Muse's trophy now,
 And gain'd the smile I long'd to gain,
 The pledge of labour *not* in vain.

Full well I know, *if Thou wert here,*
 A pilgrim still with me,—
 Dear as my theme was once, and dear
 As I was once to Thee,—
 Too mean to yield Thee pure delight,
 The strains that now the world invite.

Yet could they reach Thee *where thou art,*
 And sounds might Spirits move,
 Their better, their diviner part,
 Thou surely would'st approve ;

Though heavenly thoughts are all thy joy,
And Angel-Songs thy tongue employ.

My task is o'er; and I have wrought
With self-rewarding toil,
To raise the scatter'd seed of thought
Upon a desert soil:
O for soft winds and clement showers!
I seek not fruit, I planted flowers.

Those flowers I train'd, of many a hue,
Along thy path to bloom,
And little thought, that I must strew
Their leaves upon thy tomb:
—Beyond that tomb I lift mine eye,
Thou *art* not dead, Thou could'st not die.

Farewell, but not a long farewell;
In heaven may I appear,
The trials of my faith to tell
In thy transported ear,
And sing with Thee the eternal strain,
“Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.”

Sheffield, January 23. 1813.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

No place having been found, in Asia, to correspond exactly with the Mosaic description of the site of Paradise, the Author of the following Poem has disregarded both the learned and the absurd hypotheses on the subject; and at once imagining an inaccessible tract of land, at the confluence of four rivers, which after their junction take the name of the largest, and become the Euphrates of the ancient world, he has placed "the happy garden" there. Milton's noble fiction of the Mount of Paradise being removed by the Deluge, and push'd

"Down the great river to the opening gulf,"

and there converted into a barren isle, implies such a change in the water-courses as will, poetically at least, account for the difference between the scene of this story and the present face of the country at the point where the Tigris and Euphrates meet. On the eastern side of these waters, the Author supposes the descendants of the younger children of Adam to dwell, possessing the land of Eden: the

rest of the world having been gradually colonised by emigrants from these, or peopled by the posterity of Cain. In process of time, after the Sons of God had formed connections with the daughters of men, and there were Giants in the earth, the latter assumed to be Lords and Rulers over mankind, till among themselves arose One, excelling all his brethren in knowledge and power, who became their King, and by their aid, in the course of a long life, subdued all the inhabited earth, except the land of Eden. This land, at the head of a mighty army, principally composed of the descendants of Cain, he has invaded and conquered, even to the banks of Euphrates, at the opening of the action of the Poem. It is only necessary to add, that, for the sake of distinction, the invaders are frequently denominated from Cain, as "the host of Cain," — "the force of Cain," — "the camp of Cain;" — and the remnant of the defenders of Eden are, in like manner, denominated from Eden.—The Jews have an ancient tradition, that some of the Giants, at the Deluge, fled to the top of a high mountain, and escaped the ruin that involved the rest of their kindred. In the tenth Canto of the following Poem, a hint is borrowed from this tradition, but it is made to yield to the superior authority of Scripture-testimony.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO FIRST.

*The Invasion of Eden by the Descendants of Cain. The Flight
of Javan from the Camp of the Invaders to the Valley where the
Patriarchs dwelt. The Story of Javan's former Life.*

EASTWARD of Eden's early peopled plain,
When Abel perish'd by the hand of Cain,
The murderer from his Judge's presence fled :
Thence to the rising sun his offspring spread ;
But he, the fugitive of care and guilt,
Forsook the haunts he chose, the homes he built ;
While filial nations hail'd him Sire and Chief,
Empire nor honour brought his soul relief ;
He found, where'er he roam'd, uncheer'd, unblest,
No pause from suffering, and from toil no rest.

Ages, meanwhile, as ages now are told,
O'er the young world in long succession roll'd ;
For such the vigour of primeval man,
Through number'd centuries his period ran,

And the first Parents saw their hardy race,
O'er the green wilds of habitable space,
By tribes and kindred, scatter'd wide and far,
Beneath the track of every varying star.
But as they multiplied from clime to clime,
Embolden'd by their elder brother's crime,
They spurn'd obedience to the Patriarchs' yoke,
The bonds of Nature's fellowship they broke ;
The weak became the victims of the strong,
And Earth was fill'd with violence and wrong.

Yet long on Eden's fair and fertile plain,
A righteous nation dwelt, that knew not Cain ;
There fruits and flowers, in genial light and dew,
Luxuriant vines, and golden harvests grew ;
By freshening waters flocks and cattle stray'd,
While Youth and Childhood watch'd them from the
shade ;

Age, at his fig-tree, rested from his toil,
And manly vigour till'd the unfailing soil ;
Green sprang the turf, by holy footsteps trod,
Round the pure altars of the living God ;
Till foul Idolatry those altars stain'd,
And lust and revelry through Eden reign'd.
Then fled the people's glory and defence,
The joys of home, the peace of innocence ;
Sin brought forth sorrows in perpetual birth,
And the last light from heaven forsook the earth,
Save in one forest-glen, remote and wild,
Where yet a ray of lingering mercy smiled,

Their quiet course where Seth and Enoch ran,
And God and Angels deign'd to walk with man.

Now from the east, supreme in arts and arms,
The tribes of Cain, awakening war-alarms,
Full in the spirit of their father, came
To waste their brethren's lands with sword and flame.
In vain the younger race of Adam rose,
With force unequal, to repel their foes ;
Their fields in blood, their homes in ruins lay,
Their whole inheritance became a prey ;
The stars, to whom as Gods they raised their cry,
Roll'd, heedless of their offerings, through the sky ;
Till, urged on Eden's utmost bounds at length,
In fierce despair, they rallied all their strength.
They fought, but they were vanquish'd in the fight,
Captured, or slain, or scatter'd in the flight :
The morning battle-scene at eve was spread
With ghastly heaps, the dying and the dead ;
The dead unmourn'd, unburied left to lie,
By friends and foes, the dying left to die.
The victim, while he groan'd his soul away,
Heard the gaunt vulture hurrying to his prey,
Then strengthless felt the ravening beak, that tore
His widen'd wounds, and drank the living gore.

One sole surviving remnant, void of fear,
Woods in their front, Euphrates in their rear,
Were sworn to perish at a glorious cost,
For all they once had known, and loved, and lost ;

A small, a brave, a melancholy band,
The orphans, and the childless of the land.
The hordes of Cain, by giant-chieftains led,
Wide o'er the north their vast encampment spread :
A broad and sunny champaign stretch'd between ;
Westward a maze of waters girt the scene ;
There on Euphrates, in its ancient course,
Three beauteous rivers roll'd their confluent force.
Whose streams, while man the blissful garden trod,
Adorn'd the earthly paradise of God ;
But since he fell, within their triple bound,
Fenced a long region of forbidden ground ;
Meeting at once, where high athwart their bed
Repulsive rocks a curving barrier spread,
The embattled floods, by mutual whirlpools crost,
In hoary foam and surging mist were lost ;
Thence, like an Alpine cataract of snow,
White down the precipice they dash'd below ;
There, in tumultuous billows broken wide,
They spent their rage, and yoked their fourfold tide ;
Through one majestic channel, calm and free,
The sister-rivers sought the parent-sea.

The midnight watch was ended ;— down the west
The glowing moon declined towards her rest ;
Through either host the voice of war was dumb ;
In dreams the hero won the fight to come ;
No sound was stirring, save the breeze that bore
The distant cataract's everlasting roar,
When, from the tents of Cain, a Youth withdrew ;
Secret and swift, from post to post he flew,

And pass'd the camp of Eden, while the dawn
Gleam'd faintly o'er the interjacent lawn ;
Skirting the forest, cautiously and slow,
He fear'd at every step to start a foe ;
Oft leap'd the hare across his path, up sprung
The lark beneath his feet, and soaring sung ;
What time, o'er eastern mountains seen afar,
With golden splendour rose the morning-star,
As if an Angel-sentinel of night,
From earth to heaven had wing'd his homeward
flight, —
Glorious at first, but lessening by the way,
And lost insensibly in higher day.

From track of man and herd his path he chose,
Where high the grass, and thick the copsewood rose ;
Then by Euphrates' banks his course inclined,
Where the grey willows trembled to the wind ;
With toil and pain their humid shade he clear'd
When at the porch of heaven the sun appear'd,
Through gorgeous clouds that streak'd the orient sky,
And kindled into glory at his eye ;
While dark amidst the dews that glitter'd round,
From rock and tree, long shadows traced the ground.
Then climb'd the fugitive an airy height,
And resting, back o'er Eden cast his sight.

Far on the left, to man for ever closed,
The Mount of Paradise in clouds reposed :
The gradual landscape open'd to his view ;
From Nature's face the veil of mist withdrew,

And left, in clear and purple light reveal'd,
The radiant river, and the tented field ;
The black pine-forest, in whose girdle lay
The patriot phalanx, hemm'd in close array ;
The verdant champaign narrowing to the north,
Whence from their dusky quarters sallied forth
The proud Invaders, early roused to fight,
Tribe after tribe emerging into light ;
Whose shields and lances, in the golden beams
Flash'd o'er the restless scene their flickering gleams,
As when the breakers catch the morning glow,
And ocean rolls in living fire below ;
So, round the unbroken border of the wood,
The Giants pour'd their army like a flood,
Eager to force the covert of their foe,
And lay the last defence of Eden low.

From that safe eminence, absorb'd in thought,
Even till the wind the shout of legions brought,
He gazed, — his heart recoil'd, — he turn'd his head,
And o'er the southern hills his journey sped.

Who was the fugitive ? — In infancy
A youthful Mother's only hope was he,
Whose spouse and kindred, on a festal day,
Precipitate destruction swept away ;
Earth trembled, open'd and entomb'd them all ;
She saw them sinking, heard their voices call
Beneath the gulf, — and agonised, aghast,
On the wild verge of eddy ruin cast,

Felt in one pang, at that convulsive close,
A Widow's anguish, and a Mother's throes :
A Babe sprang forth, an inauspicious birth,
Where all had perish'd that she loved on earth,
Forlorn and helpless, on the upriven ground,
The parent, with her offspring, Enoch found :
And thence with tender care and timely aid,
Home to the Patriarchs' glen his charge convey'd.

Restored to life, one pledge of former joy,
One source of bliss to come, remain'd, — her boy !
Sweet in her eye the cherish'd infant rose,
At once the seal and solace of her woes ;
When the pale widow clasp'd him to her breast,
Warm gush'd the tears, and would not be repress ;
In lonely anguish, when the truant child
Leap'd o'er the threshold, all the mother smiled.
In him, while fond imagination view'd
Husband and parents, brethren, friends renew'd,
Each vanish'd look, each well-remember'd grace,
That pleased in them, she sought in Javan's face ;
For quick his eye and changeable its ray,
As the sun glancing through a vernal day ;
And like the lake, by storm or moonlight seen,
With darkening furrows o'er cerulean mien,
His countenance, the mirror of his breast,
The calm or trouble of his soul express'd.

As years enlarged his form, in moody hours
His mind betray'd its weakness with its powers ;

Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fears
Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears :
The fulness of his heart repress'd his tongue,
Though none might rival Javan when he sung.
He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind,
But from the north when snow and tempest came,
His nobler spirit mounted into flame ;
With stern delight he roam'd the howling woods,
Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods.
Meanwhile excursive fancy long'd to view
The world, which yet by fame alone he knew ;
The joys of freedom were his daily theme,
Glory the secret of his midnight dream ;
That dream he told not ; though his heart would
ache,

His home was precious for his mother's sake.
With her the lowly paths of peace he ran,
His guardian angel, till he verged to man ;
But when her weary eye could watch no more,
When to the grave her timeless corse he bore,
Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain ;
He fled, and sojourn'd in the land of Cain.
There, when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,
Instinctive genius caught the ethereal fire ;
And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill,
He learn'd to wind the passions at his will,
To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
They seem'd the life-strings of the hearer's heart.
Then Glory's opening field he proudly trod,
Forsook the worship and the ways of God,

Round the vain world pursued the phantom Fame,
And cast away his birthright for a name.

Yet no delight the Minstrel's bosom knew,
None save the tones that from his heart he drew,
And the warm visions of a wayward mind,
Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,
Frail as the clouds of sunset, and as fair,
Pageants of light resolving into air.
The world, whose charms his young affections stole,
He found too mean for an immortal soul ;
Wound with his life, through all his feelings wrought,
Death and eternity possess'd his thought ;
Remorse impell'd him, unremitting care
Harass'd his path, and stung him to despair.
Still was the secret of his griefs unknown,
Amidst the universe he sigh'd alone ;
The fame he follow'd and the fame he found,
Heal'd not his heart's immedicable wound ;
Admired, applauded, crown'd where'er he roved,
The Bard was homeless, friendless, unbeloved.
All else that breath'd below the circling sky,
Were link'd to earth by some endearing tie ;
He only, like the ocean-weed uptorn,
And loose along the world of waters borne,
Was cast companionless, from wave to wave,
On life's rough sea, — and there was none to save.

The Giant King, who led the hosts of Cain,
Delighted in the Minstrel and his vein ;

No hand, no voice, like Javan's could control,
With soothing concords, his tempestuous soul,
With him the wandering Bard, who found no rest
Through ten years' exile, sought his native west ;
There from the camp retiring, he pursued
His journey to the Patriarchs' solitude.
This son of peace no martial armour wore,
A scrip for food, a staff in hand he bore ;
Flaxen his robe ; and o'er his shoulder hung,
Broad as a warrior's shield, his harp unstrung,
A shell of tortoise, exquisitely wrought
With hieroglyphics of embodied thought ;
Jubal himself enchased the polish'd frame ;
And Javan won it in the strife for fame,
Among the sons of Music, when their Sire
To his victorious skill adjudged the lyre.

'Twas noon, when Javan climb'd the bordering hill,
By many an old remembrance hallow'd still,
Whence he beheld, by sloping woods enclosed,
The hamlet where his Parent's dust reposed,
His home of happiness in early years,
And still the home of all his hopes and fears,
When from ambition struggling to break free,
He mused on joys and sorrows yet to be.
Awhile he stood, with rumination pale,
Casting an eye of sadness o'er the vale,
When, suddenly abrupt, spontaneous prayer
Burst from his lips for One who sojourn'd there ;
For One, whose cottage, far appearing, drew,
Even from his Mother's grave, his transient view ;

One, whose unconscious smiles were wont to dart
Ineffable emotion through his heart ;
A nameless sympathy, more sweet, more dear
Than friendship, solaced him when she was near,
And well he guess'd, while yet a timorous boy,
That Javan's artless songs were Zillah's joy.
But when ambition, with a fiercer flame
Than untold love, had fired his soul for fame,
This infant passion, cherish'd yet repress,
Lived in his pulse, but died within his breast ;
For oft in distant lands, when hope beat high,
Westward he turn'd his eager glistening eye,
And gazed in spirit on her absent form,
Fair as the moon emerging through the storm,
Till sudden, strange, bewildering horrors cross'd
His thought,—and every glimpse of joy was lost.
Even then, when melancholy numb'd his brain,
And life itself stood still in every vein,
While his cold, quivering lips sent vows above,
—Never to curse her with his bitter love !
His heart, espoused with hers, in secret sware
To hold its truth unshaken by despair :
The vows dispersed that from those lips were borne,
But never, never, was that heart forsworn ;
Throughout the world, the charm of Zillah's name
Repell'd the touch of every meaner flame.
Jealous and watchful of the Sex's wiles,
He trembled at the light of Woman's smiles !
So turns the mariner's mistrusting eye
From proud Orion bending through the sky,

Beauteous and terrible, who shines afar,
At once the brightest and most baneful star.*

Where Javan from that eastern hill survey'd
The circling forest and embosom'd glade,
Earth wore one summer-robe of living green,
In heaven's blue arch the sun alone was seen ;
Creation slumber'd in the cloudless light,
And noon was silent as the depth of night.
O what a throng of rushing thoughts oppress'd,
In that vast solitude, his anxious breast !
—To wither in the blossom of renown,
And unrecorded to the dust go down,
Or for a name on earth, to quit the prize
Of immortality beyond the skies,
Perplex'd his wavering choice : — when Conscience
fail'd,
Love rose against the World, and Love prevail'd ;
Passion, in aid of Virtue, conquer'd Pride,
And Woman won the heart to Heaven denied.

*Così l'inausti rai
Spande Oriòne, e i naviganti attrista,
Oriòn, chi tra gli astri in ciel risplende
Vie più d'ogni altro, e più d'ogni altro offende.*

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END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO SECOND.

Javan, descending through the Forest, arrives at the Place where he had formerly parted with Zillah, when he withdrew from the Patriarchs' Glen. There he again discovers her in a Bower formed on the Spot. Their strange Interview, and abrupt Separation.

STEEP the descent, and wearisome the way ;
The twisted boughs forbade the light of day ;
No breath from heaven refresh'd the sultry gloom,
The arching forest seem'd one pillar'd tomb,
Upright and tall the trees of ages grow,
While all is loneliness and waste below ;
There, as the massy foliage, far aloof
Display'd a dark impenetrable roof,
So, gnarl'd and rigid, claspt and interwound,
An uncouth maze of roots emboss'd the ground :
Midway beneath, the sylvan wild assumed
A milder aspect, shrubs and flowerets bloom'd ;
Openings of sky, and little plots of green,
And showers of sun-beans through the leaves were
seen.

Awhile the traveller halted at the place,
Where last he caught a glimpse of Zillah's face,
One lovely eve, when in that calm retreat
They met, as they were often wont to meet,

And parted, not as they were wont to part,
With gay regret, but heaviness of heart ;
Though Javan named for his return the night,
When the new moon had roll'd to full-orb'd light.
She stood, and gazed through tears, that forced
their way,

Oft as from steep to steep, with fond delay,
Lessening at every view, he turn'd his head,
Hail'd her with weaker voice, then forward sped.
From that sad hour, she saw his face no more
In Eden's woods, or on Euphrates' shore :
Moons wax'd and waned ; to *her* no hope appear'd,
Who much his death but more his falsehood fear'd.

Now, while he paused, the lapse of years forgot,
Remembrance eyed her lingering near the spot.
Onward he hasten'd ; all his bosom burn'd,
As if that eve of parting were return'd ;
And she, with silent tenderness of woe,
Clung to his heart, and would not let him go.
Sweet was the scene ! apart the cedars stood,
A sunny islet open'd in the wood ;
With vernal tints the wild-briar thicket glows,
For here the desert flourish'd as the rose ;
From sapling trees, with lucid foliage crown'd,
Gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground ;
Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run,
To hang their silver blossoms in the sun ;
Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
Where trodden flowers their richest odours breathe :

O'er all the Bees, with murmuring music, flew
From bell to bell, to sip the treasured dew ;
While insect myriads, in the solar gleams,
Glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams ;
So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
It seem'd a place where angels might repair,
And tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades,
To morning songs, or moonlight serenades.

He paused again, with memory's dream entranced,
Again his foot unconsciously advanced,
For now the laurel-thicket caught his view,
Where he and Zillah wept their last adieu.
Some curious hand, since that bereaving hour,
Had twined the copse into a covert bower,
With many a light and fragrant shrub between,
Flowering aloft amidst perennial green.
As Javan search'd this blossom-woven shade,
He spied the semblance of a sleeping Maid :
'Tis she ; 'tis Zillah, in her leafy shrine ;
O'erwatch'd in slumber by a power divine,
In cool retirement from the heat of day,
Alone, unfearing, on the moss she lay,
Fair as the rainbow shines through darkening
 showers,
Pure as a wreath of snow on April flowers.

O youth ! in later times, whose gentle ear
This tale of ancient constancy shall hear ;
If thou hast known the sweetness and the pain,
To love with secret hope, yet love in vain :

If months and years in pining silence worn,
Till doubt and fear might be no longer borne,
In evening shades thy faltering tongue confess'd
The last dear wish that trembled in thy breast,
While at each pause the streamlet purl'd along,
And rival woodlands echoed song for song ;
Recall the Maiden's look ;—the eye, the cheek,
The blush that spoke what language could not speak ;
Recall her look, when at the altar's side
She seal'd her promise, and became thy bride.
Such were to Javan, Zillah's form and face,
The flower of meekness on a stem of grace ;
O, she was all that Youth of Beauty deems,
All that to Love the loveliest object seems.

Moments there are, that, in their sudden flight,
Bring the slow mysteries of years to light ;
Javan, in one transporting instant, knew,
That all he wish'd, and all he fear'd, was true ;
For while the harlot-world his soul possess'd,
Love seem'd a crime in his apostate breast ;
How could he tempt her innocence to share
His poor ambition, and his fix'd despair !
But now the phantoms of a wandering brain,
And wounded spirit, cross'd his thoughts in vain :
Past sins and follies, cares and woes forgot,
Peace, virtue, Zillah, seem'd his present lot ;
Where'er he look'd, around him or above,
All was the pledge of Truth, the work of Love,
At whose transforming hand, where last they stood,
Had sprung that lone memorial in the wood.

Thus on the slumbering maid while Javan gazed,
With quicker swell her hidden bosom raised
The shadowy tresses, that profusely shed
Their golden wreaths from her reclining head ;
A deeper crimson mantled o'er her cheek,
Her close lip quiver'd as in act to speak,
While broken sobs, and tremors of unrest,
The inward trouble of a dream express'd :
At length, amidst imperfect murmurs, fell
The name of " Javan !" and a low " farewell !"
Tranquil again, her cheek resumed its hue,
And soft as infancy her breath she drew.

When Javan's ear those startling accents thrill'd,
Wonder and ecstasy his bosom fill'd ;
But quick compunction humbler feelings wrought,
He blush'd to be a spy on Zillah's thought ;
He turn'd aside ; within the neighbouring brake,
Resolved to tarry till the nymph awake,
There, as in luxury of thought reclined,
A calm of tenderness composed his mind :
His stringless harp upon the turf was thrown,
And on a pipe of most mellifluous tone,
Framed by himself, the musing Minstrel play'd,
To charm the slumberer, cloister'd in the shade.
Jubal had taught the lyre's responsive string,
Beneath the rapture of his touch to sing ;
And bade the trumpet wake, with bolder breath,
The joy of battle in the field of death ;
But Javan first, whom pure affection fired,
With Love's clear eloquence the flute inspired ;

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At once obedient to the lip and hand,
It utter'd every feeling at command.
Light o'er the stops his airy fingers flew,
A spirit spoke in every tone they drew ;
'Twas now the skylark on the wings of morn,
Now the night-warbler leaning on her thorn ;
Anon through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul,
Wrung from the coyest breast the unprison'd sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye.

Thus on his dulcet pipe while Javan play'd,
Within her bower awoke the conscious maid ;
She, in her dream, by varying fancies crost,
Had hail'd her wanderer found, and mourn'd him
lost :

In one wild vision, midst a land unknown,
By a dark river, as she sat alone,
Javan beyond the stream dejected stood ;
He spied her soon, and leapt into the flood ;
The thwarting current urged him down its course,
But Love repell'd it with victorious force ;
She ran to help him landing, where at length
He struggled up the bank with failing strength :
She caught his hand ;—when, downward from the
day,

A water-monster dragg'd the youth away ;
She follow'd headlong, but her garments bore
Her form, light floating, till she saw no more :
For suddenly the dream's delusion changed,
And through a blooming wilderness she ranged ;

Alone she seem'd, but not alone she walk'd,
Javan, invisible, beside her talk'd.
He told, how he had journey'd many a year
With changing seasons in their swift career,
Danced with the breezes in the bowers of morn,
Slept in the valley where new moons are born,
Rode with the planets, on their golden cars,
Round the blue world inhabited by stars,
And, bathing in the sun's crystalline streams,
Became ethereal spirit in the beams,
Whence were his lineaments, from mortal sight,
Absorb'd in pure transparency of light ;
But now, his pilgrimage of glory past,
In Eden's vale he sought repose at last.
—The voice was mystery to Zillah's ear,
Not speech, nor song, yet full, melodious, clear ;
No sounds of winds or waters, birds or bees,
Were e'er so exquisitely tuned to please.
Then while she sought him with desiring eyes,
The airy Javan darted from disguise :
Full on her view a stranger's visage broke ;
She fled, she fell, he caught her,—she awoke.

Awoke from sleep,—but in her solitude
Found the enchantment of her dream renew'd ;
That living voice, so full, melodious, clear,
That voice of mystery warbled in her ear.
Yet words no longer wing the trembling notes,
Unearthly, inexpressive music floats,
In liquid tones so voluble and wild,
Her senses seem by slumber still beguiled :

Alarm'd she started from her lonely den,
But blushing, instantly retired again ;
The viewless phantom came in sound so near,
The stranger of her dream might next appear.
Javan, conceal'd behind the verdant brake,
Felt his lip fail, and strength his hand forsake ;
Then dropt his flute, and while he lay at rest
Heard every pulse that travell'd through his breast.
Zillah, who deem'd the strange illusion fled,
Now from the laurel-arbour show'd her head,
Her eye quick-glancing round as if, in thought,
Recoiling from the object that she sought :
By slow degrees, to Javan in the shade,
The emerging nymph her perfect shape display'd.
Time had but touch'd her form to finer grace,
Years had but shed their favours on her face,
While secret Love, and unrewarded Truth,
Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth,
Gave to the springing flower a chasten'd bloom,
And shut from rifling winds its coy perfume.

Words cannot paint the wonder of her look,
When once again his pipe the Minstrel took,
And soft in under-tones began to play,
Like the caged woodlark's low-lamenting lay :
Then loud and shrill, by stronger breath impell'd,
To higher strains the undaunted music swell'd,
Till new-born echoes through the forest rang,
And birds, at noon, in broken slumbers sang,
Bewildering transport, infantine surprise,
Throbb'd in her bosom, sparkled in her eyes.

O'er every feature every feeling shone,
 Her colour changed as Javan changed his tone :
 While she between the bower and brake entranced
 Alternately retreated or advanced ;
 Sometimes the lessening cadence seem'd to fly,
 Then the full melody came rolling nigh ;
 She shrunk, or follow'd still, with eye and feet,
 Afraid to lose it, more afraid to meet ;
 For yet through Eden's land, by fame alone,
 Jubal's harmonious minstrelsy was known,
 Though nobler songs than cheer'd the Patriarchs'
 glen
 Never resounded from the lips of men.

Silence, at length, the listening Maiden broke ;
 The heart of Javan check'd him while she spoke ;
 Though sweeter than his pipe her accents stole,
 He durst not learn the tumult of her soul,
 But, closely cowering in his ambuscade,
 With sprightlier breath and nimbler finger play'd.
 —“ 'Tis not the nightingale that sang so well,
 When Javan left me near this lonely cell :
 'Tis not indeed the nightingale ;—her voice
 Could never since that hour my soul rejoice :
 Some bird from Paradise hath lost her way,
 And carols here a long-forbidden lay ;
 For ne'er since Eve's transgression mortal ear
 Was privileged such heavenly sounds to hear ;
 Perhaps an Angel, while he rests his wings,
 On earth alighting, here his descant sings ;

Methinks those tones, so full of joy and love,
Must be the language of the world above !
Within this brake he rests :” With curious ken,
As if she fear’d to stir a lion’s den,
Breathless, on tiptoe, round the copse she crept ;
Her heart beat quicker, louder as she stept,
Till Javan rose, and fix’d on her his eyes,
In dumb embarrassment, and feign’d surprise ;
Upright she started, at the sudden view,
Back from her brow the scatter’d ringlets flew :
Paleness a moment overspread her face ;
But fear to frank astonishment gave place,
And with the virgin-blush of innocence,
She ask’d,— “ Who art thou, Stranger, and from
whence ? ”

With mild demeanour, and with downcast eye,
Javan, advancing, humbly made reply ;
— “ A Wretch escaping from the tribes of men,
Seeks an asylum in the Patriarchs’ glen ;
As through the forest’s breathless gloom I stray’d,
Up sprang the breeze in this delicious shade ;
Then, while I sate beneath the rustling tree,
I waked this pipe to wildest minstrelsy,
Child of my fancy, framed with Jubal’s art,
To breathe at will the fulness of my heart :
Fairest of Women ! if the clamour rude
Hath scared the quiet of thy solitude,
Forgive the innocent offence, and tell,
How far beyond these woods the righteous dwell.” —

Though changed his voice, his look and stature
changed,

In air and garb, in all but love estranged,
Still in the youthful exile Zillah sought
A dear lost friend, for ever near her thought!
Yet answer'd coldly,—jealous and afraid
Her heart might be mistaken, or betray'd.
—“ Not far from hence the faithful race reside ;
Pilgrim ! to whom shall I thy footsteps guide ?
Alike to all, if thou an alien be,
My father's home invites thee ; follow me.”

She spoke with such a thought-divining look,
Colour his lip, and power his tongue forsook ;
At length, in hesitating tone, and low,
—“ Enoch,” said he, “ the friend of God I know.
To him I bear a message full of fear ;
I may not rest till he vouchsafe to hear.”

He paused ; his cheek with red confusion burn'd ;
Kindness through her relenting breast return'd :
—“ Behold the path,” she cried, and led the way :
Ere long the vale unbosom'd to the day :
—“ Yonder, where two embracing oaks are seen,
Arch'd o'er a cottage-roof, that peeps between,
Dwells Enoch ; Stranger ! peace attend thee there,
My father's sheep demand his daughter's care.”

Javan was so rebuked beneath her eye,
She vanish'd ere he falter'd a reply,

And sped, while he in cold amazement stood,
Along the winding border of the wood ;
Now lost, now re-appearing, as the glade
Shone to the sun, or darken'd in the shade,
He saw, but might not follow, where her flock
Were wont to rest at noon, beneath a rock.
He knew the willowy champaign, and the stream,
Of many an early lay the simple theme,
Chanted in Boyhood's unsuspecting hours,
When Zillah join'd the song, or praised his powers.
Thither he watch'd her, while her course she bore,
Nor ceased to gaze, when she was seen no more.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO THIRD.

Javan's Soliloquy on Zillah's Desertion of him. He reaches the Ruins of his Mother's Cottage. Thence he proceeds to Enoch's Dwelling. His Reception there. Enoch and Javan proceed together towards the Place of Sacrifice. Description of the Patriarchs' Glen;—Occasion of the Family of Seth retiring thither at first.

“ AM I so changed by suffering, so forgot,
That love disowns me, Zillah knows me not?
Ah! no; she shrinks from my disastrous fate;
She dare not love me, and she cannot hate:
'Tis just; I merit this:—When Nature's womb
Ingulf'd my kindred in one common tomb,
Why was I spared?—A reprobate by birth,
To heaven rebellious, unallied on earth,
Whither, O whither shall the outcast flee?
There is no home, no peace, no hope for me.
I hate the worldling's vanity and noise,
I have no fellow-feeling in his joys;
The saint's serener bliss I cannot share,
My soul, alas! hath no communion there.
This is the portion of my cup below,
Silent, unmingled, solitary woe;
To bear from clime to clime the curse of Cain,
Sin with remorse, yet find repentance vain;
And cling, in blank despair, from breath to breath,
To nought in life, except the fear of Death.”—

While Javan gave his bitter passion vent,
And wander'd on, unheeding where he went,
His feet, instinctive, led him to the spot
Where rose the ruins of his Childhood's cot :
Here, as he halted in abrupt surprise,
His Mother seem'd to vanish from his eyes,
As if her gentle form, unmark'd before,
Had stood to greet him at the wonted door ;
Yet did the pale retiring Spirit dart
A look of tenderness that broke his heart :
'Twas but a thought, arrested on its flight,
And bodied forth with visionary light,
But chill the life-blood ran through every vein,
The fire of frenzy faded from his brain,
He cast himself in terror on the ground :
— Slowly recovering strength, he gazed around,
In wistful silence, eyed those walls decay'd,
Between whose chinks the lively lizard play'd ;
The moss-clad timbers, loose and lapsed awry,
Threatening ere long in wider wreck to lie ;
The fractured roof, through which the sun-beams
shone,
With rank unflowering verdure overgrown ;
The prostrate fragments of the wicker-door,
And reptile traces on the damp green floor.
This mournful spectacle while Javan view'd,
Life's earliest scenes and trials were renew'd ;
O'er his dark mind, the light of years gone by
Gleam'd, like the meteors of a northern sky.
He moved his lips, but strove in vain to speak,
A few slow tears stray'd down his cold wan cheek,

Till from his breast a sigh convulsive sprung,
And "O my mother!" trembled from his tongue.
That name, though but a murmur, that dear name
Touch'd every kind affection into flame;
Despondency assumed a milder form,
A ray of comfort darted through the storm;
"O God! be merciful to me!" — He said,
Arose, and straight to Enoch's dwelling sped.

Enoch, who sate, to taste the freshening breeze,
Beneath the shadow of his cottage-trees,
Beheld the youth approaching; and his eye,
Instructed by the light of prophecy,
Knew from afar, beneath the stranger's air,
The orphan object of his tenderest care;
Forth, with a father's joy, the holy man
To meet the poor returning pilgrim ran,
Fell on his neck, and kiss'd him, wept, and cried,
"My son! my son!" — but Javan shrunk aside;
The Patriarch raised, embraced him, oft with-
drew

His head to gaze, then wept and clasp'd anew.
The mourner bow'd with agony of shame,
Clung round his knees, and call'd upon his name.
—"Father! behold a supplicant in me,
A sinner in the sight of heaven and thee;
Yet for thy former love, may Javan live;
O, for the mother's sake, the son forgive! —
The meanest office, and the lowest seat,
In Enoch's house be mine, at Enoch's feet."

“ Come to my home, my bosom, and my rest,
Not as a stranger, and way-faring guest ;
My bread of peace, my cup of blessings share,
Child of my faith ! and answer to my prayer !
O, I have wept through many a night for thee,
And watch'd through many a day *this* day to see.
Crown'd is the hope of my desiring heart,
I am resign'd, and ready to depart :
With joy I hail my course of nature run,
Since I have seen thy face, my son ! my son ! ”

So saying, Enoch led to his abode
The trembling penitent, along the road
That through the garden's gay enclosure wound ;
Midst fruits and flowers the Patriarch's spouse they
found,
Plucking the purple clusters from the vine
To crown the cup of unfermented wine.
She came to meet them ;—but in strange surmise
Stopt, and on Javan fix'd her earnest eyes ;
He kneel'd to greet her hand with wonted grace—
Ah ! then she knew him !—as he bow'd his face,
His mother's features in a glimpse she caught,
And the son's image rush'd upon her thought ;
Pale she recoil'd with momentary fright,
As if a spirit had risen before her sight,
Returning, with a heart too full to speak,
She pour'd a flood of tears upon his cheek,
Then laugh'd for gladness,—but her laugh was wild :
—“ Where hast thou been, my own, my orphan
child ?

Child of my soul ! bequeath'd in death to me,
 By her who had no other wealth than thee !"
 She cried, and with a mother's love caress'd
 The Youth, who wept in silence on her breast.

This hasty tumult of affection o'er,
 They pass'd within the hospitable door ;
 There on a grassy couch, with joy o'ercome,
 Pensive with awe, with veneration dumb,
 Javan reclined, while, kneeling at his seat,
 The humble Patriarch wash'd the traveller's feet.
 Quickly the Spouse her plenteous table spread
 With homely viands, milk and fruits and bread.
 Ere long the guest, grown innocently bold,
 With simple eloquence, his story told ;
 His sins, his follies, frankly were reveal'd,
 And nothing but his nameless love conceal'd.
 — " While thus," he cried, " I proved the world a
 snare,
 Pleasure a serpent, Fame a cloud in air ;
 While with the sons of men my footsteps trod,
 My home, my heart was with the Sons of God."

" Went not my spirit with thee," Enoch said,
 " When from the Mother's grave the Orphan fled ?
 Others believed thee slain by beasts of blood,
 Or self-devoted to the strangling flood,
 (Too plainly in thy grief-bewilder'd mien,
 By every eye, a breaking heart was seen ;)
 I mourn'd in secret thine apostasy,
 Nor ceased to intercede with Heaven for thee.

Strong was my faith, in dreams or waking thought,
Oft as thine image o'er my mind was brought,
I deem'd thee living by this conscious sign,
The deep communion of my soul with thine.
This day a voice, that thrill'd my breast with fear,
(Methought 'twas Adam's) whisper'd in mine ear,
— ' Enoch ! ere thrice the morning meet the sun,
Thy joy shall be fulfill'd, thy rest begun.' —
While yet those tones were murmuring in air,
I turn'd to look, — but saw no speaker there :
Thought I not then of thee, my long-lost joy ?
Leapt not my heart abroad to meet my boy ?
Yes ! and while still I sate beneath the tree,
Revolving what the signal meant to me,
I spied thee coming, and with eager feet
Ran, the returning fugitive to greet :
Nor less the welcome art thou, since I know
By this high warning, that from earth I go ;
My days are number'd ; peace on thine attend !
The trial comes, — be faithful to the end."

“ O live the years of Adam !” cried the youth ;
“ Yet seem thy words to breathe prophetic truth ;
Sire ! while I roam'd the world, a transient guest,
From sunrise to the ocean of the west,
I found that sin, where'er the foot of man
Nature's primeval wilderness o'er-ran,
Had track'd his steps, and through advancing Time
Urged the deluded race from crime to crime,
Till wrath and strife, in fratricidal war,
Gather'd the force of nations from afar,

To deal and suffer Death's unheeded blow,
As if the curse on Adam were too slow,
Even now an host, like locusts on their way,
That desolate the earth, and dim the day,
Led by a Giant-King, whose arm hath broke
Remotest realms to wear his iron yoke,
Hover o'er Eden, resolute to close
His final triumph o'er his latest foes ;
A feeble band, that in their covert lie,
Like cowering doves beneath the falcon's eye.
That easy and ignoble conquest won,
There yet remains one fouler deed undone ;
Oft have I heard the tyrant in his ire,
Devote this glen to massacre and fire,
And swear to root, from Earth's dishonour'd face,
The last least relic of the faithful race ;
Thenceforth he hopes, on God's terrestrial throne
To rule the nether universe alone.
Wherefore, O Sire ! when evening shuts the sky,
Fly with thy kindred, from destruction fly ;
Far to the south, unpeopled wilds of wood
Skirt the dark borders of Euphrates' flood ;
There shall the Patriarchs find secure repose,
Till Eden rest, forsaken of her foes."

At Javan's speech the Matron's cheek grew pale,
Her courage, not her faith, began to fail ;
Eve's youngest daughter she ; the silent tear
Witness'd her patience, but betray'd her fear.
Then answer'd Enoch, with a smile serene,
That shed celestial beauty o'er his mien ;

“ Here is mine earthly habitation ; here
 I wait till my Redeemer shall appear ;
 Death and the face of man I dare not shun,
 God is my refuge, and His will be done.”

The Matron check'd her uncomplaining sigh,
 And wiped the drop that trembled in her eye.
 Javan with shame and self-abasement blush'd,
 But every care at Enoch's smile was hush'd :
 He felt the power of truth ; his heart o'erflow'd,
 And in his look sublime devotion glow'd.
 Westward the Patriarch turn'd his tranquil face ;
 “ The Sun,” said he, “ hath well nigh run his
 race ;
 I to the yearly sacrifice repair,
 Our Brethren meet me at the place of prayer.”

“ I follow : O, my father ! I am thine ;
 Thy God, thy people, and thine altar mine !”
 Exclaim'd the youth, on highest thoughts intent,
 And forth with Enoch through the valley went.

Deep was that valley, girt with rock and wood,
 In rural groups the scatter'd hamlet stood ;
 Tents, arbours, cottages, adorn'd the scene,
 Gardens and fields, and shepherds' walks between ;
 Through all, a streamlet, from its mountain-source,
 Seen but by stealth, pursued its willowy course.

When first the mingling sons of God and man
 The demon-sacrifice of war began,

Self-exiled here, the family of Seth
 Renounced a world of violence and death,
 Faithful alone amidst the faithless found*,
 And innocent while murder cursed the ground.
 Here, in retirement from profane mankind,
 They worshipp'd God with purity of mind,
 Fed their small flocks, and till'd their narrow soil,
 Like parent Adam, with submissive toil,
 —Adam, whose eyes their pious hands had closed,
 Whose bones beneath their quiet turf reposed.
 No glen like this, unstain'd with human blood,
 Could youthful nature boast before the flood;
 Far less shall Earth, now hastening to decay,
 A scene of sweeter loneliness display,
 Where nought was heard but sounds of peace and
 love,
 Nor seen but woods around, and heaven above.

Yet not in cold and unconcern'd content,
 Their years in that delicious range were spent;
 Oft from their haunts the fervent Patriarchs broke,
 In strong affection to their kindred spoke,
 With tears and prayers reprov'd their growing crimes,
 Or told the impending judgments of the times.
 In vain; the world despised the warning word,
 With scorn belied it, or with mockery heard,
 Forbade the zealous monitors to roam,
 And stoned, or chased them to their forest home.

* "So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
 Among the faithless, faithful only he."

Par. Lost, book vi.

There, from the depth of solitude, their sighs,
Pleaded with heaven in ceaseless sacrifice,
And long did righteous heaven the guilty spare,
Won by the holy violence of prayer.

Yet sharper pangs of unavailing woe,
Those Sires in secrecy were doom'd to know ;
Oft by the world's alluring snares misled,
Their youth from that sequester'd valley fled,
Join'd the wild herd, increased the godless crew,
And left the virtuous remnant weak and few.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

CANTO FOURTH.

Enoch relates to Javan the Circumstances of the Death of Adam, including his Appointment of an annual Sacrifice on the Day of his Transgression and Fall in Paradise.

THUS through the valley while they held their walk,
Enoch of former days began to talk,
—“ Thou know’st our place of sacrifice and prayer,
Javan ! for thou wert wont to worship there :
Built by our father’s venerable hands,
On the same spot our ancient altar stands,
Where, driven from Eden’s hallow’d groves, he found
A home on earth’s unconsecrated ground ;
Whence too, his pilgrimage of trial o’er,
He reach’d the rest which sin can break no more.
Oft hast thou heard our elder Patriarchs tell
How Adam once by disobedience fell ;
Would that my tongue were gifted to display
The terror and the glory of that day,
When, seized and stricken by the hand of Death,
The first transgressor yielded up his breath !
Nigh threescore years, with interchanging light,
The host of heaven have measured day and night,
Since we beheld the ground, from which he rose,
On his returning dust in silence close.

“ With him his noblest sons might not compare,
In godlike feature and majestic air ;

Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,
Perfect from his Creator's hand he came ;
And as in form excelling, so in mind
The Sire of men transcended all mankind ;
A soul was in his eye, and in his speech
A dialect of heaven no art could reach ;
For oft of old to him the evening breeze
Had borne the voice of God among the trees ;
Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,
And talk with him as their familiar friend.
But deep remorse for that mysterious crime,
Whose dire contagion through elapsing time
Diffused the curse of death beyond control,
Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,
That he, whose honours were approach'd by none,
Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.
From sin, as from the serpent that betray'd
Eve's early innocence, he shrunk afraid ;
Vice he rebuked with so austere a frown,
He seem'd to bring an instant judgment down ;
Yet while he chid, compunctious tears would start,
And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart !
The guilt of all his race became his own,
He suffer'd as if *he* had sinn'd alone.
Within our glen to filial love endear'd,
Abroad for wisdom, truth, and justice fear'd,
He walk'd so humbly in the sight of all,
The vilest ne'er reproach'd him with his fall.
Children were his delight ;—they ran to meet
His soothing hand, and clasp his honour'd feet ;

While 'midst their fearless sports supremely blest,
 He grew in heart a child among the rest:
 Yet as a Parent, nought beneath the sky
 Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye:
 Joy from its smile of happiness he caught;
 Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought:
 His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain,
 As if he fell from innocence again.

“ One morn I track'd him on his lonely way,
 Pale as the gleam of slow-awakening day;
 With feeble step he climb'd yon craggy height,
 Thence fix'd on distant Paradise his sight;
 He gazed awhile in silent thought profound,
 Then falling prostrate on the dewy ground,
 He pour'd his spirit in a flood of prayer,
 Bewail'd his ancient crime with self-despair,
 And claim'd the pledge of reconciling grace,
 The promised Seed, the Saviour of his race.
 Wrestling with God, as Nature's vigour fail'd,
 His faith grew stronger and his plea prevail'd;
 The prayer from agony to rapture rose,
 And sweet as Angel accents fell the close.
 I stood to greet him: when he raised his head,
 Divine expression o'er his visage spread;
 His presence was so saintly to behold,
 He seem'd in sinless Paradise grown old.

“—‘ This day,’ said he, ‘ in Time's star-lighted
 round,
 Renews the anguish of that mortal wound

On me inflicted, when the Serpent's tongue
 My Spouse with his beguiling falsehood stung.
 Though years of grace through centuries have
 pass'd

Since my transgression, this may be my last ;
 Infirmities without, and fears within,
 Foretell the consummating stroke of sin ;
 The hour, the place, the form to me unknown,
 But God, who lent me life, *will* claim his own ;
 Then, lest I sink as suddenly in death,
 As quicken'd into being by his breath,
 Once more I climb'd these rocks with weary pace,
 And but once more, to view my native place,
 To bid yon garden of delight farewell,
 The earthly Paradise from which I fell.
 This mantle, Enoch ! which I yearly wear
 To mark the day of penitence and prayer, —
 These skins, the covering of my first offence,
 When, conscious of departed innocence,
 Naked and trembling from my Judge I fled,
 A hand of mercy o'er my vileness spread ; —
 Enoch ! this mantle thus vouchsafed to me,
 At my dismissal I bequeath to thee ;
 Wear it in sad memorial on this day,
 And yearly at mine earliest altar slay
 A lamb immaculate, whose blood be spilt
 In sign of wrath removed and cancell'd guilt :
 So be the sins of all my race confest,
 So on their heads may peace and pardon rest.”
 — Thus spake our Sire, and down the steep descent,
 With strengthen'd heart, and fearless footstep went :

O Javan! when we parted at his door,
I loved him as I never loved before.

“ Ere noon, returning to his bower, I found
Our father labouring in his harvest ground,
(For yet he till'd a little plot of soil,
Patient and pleased with voluntary toil);
But O how changed from him, whose morning eye
Outshone the star, that told the sun was nigh!
Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook;
I mark'd the ghastly dolour of his look,
And ran to help him; but his latest strength
Fail'd;—prone upon his sheaves he fell at length:
I strove to raise him; sight and sense were fled,
Nerveless his limbs, and backward sway'd his
head.

Seth pass'd; I call'd him, and we bore our Sire
To neighbouring shades from noon's afflictive fire:
Ere long he 'woke to feeling, with a sigh,
And half unclosed his hesitating eye;
Strangely and timidly he peer'd around,
Like men in dreams whom sudden lights con-
found:

—‘ Is this a new Creation?—Have I pass'd
The bitterness of death?’—He look'd aghast,
Then sorrowful!—‘ No; men and trees appear;
'Tis not a new Creation—pain is here:
From Sin's dominion is there no release?
Lord; let thy Servant *now* depart in peace.’
—Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his soul,
He knew us; tears of consternation stole

Down his pale cheeks :—‘ Seth !— Enoch ! Where
is Eve ?

How could the spouse her dying consort leave ?’

“ Eve look’d that moment from their cottage-door
In quest of Adam, where he toil’d before ;
He was not there ; she call’d him by his name ;
Sweet to his ear the well-known accents came ;
— ‘ Here am I,’ answer’d he, in tone so weak,
That we who held him scarcely heard him speak ;
But, resolutely bent to rise, in vain
He struggled till he swoon’d away with pain.
Eve call’d again, and turning tow’rds the shade,
Helpless as infancy, beheld him laid ;
She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,
Forward, and cast herself upon the ground
At Adam’s feet ; half rising in despair,
Him from our arms she wildly strove to tear ;
Repell’d by gentle violence, she press’d
His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,
And kneeling, bending o’er him, full of fears,
Warm on his bosom shower’d her silent tears.
Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,
They opened on her in a transient flame ;
— ‘ And art thou here, my Life ! my Love !’ he
cried,
‘ Faithful in death to this congenial side ?
Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,
One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part.’
— ‘ Leave me not, Adam ! leave me not below ;
With thee I tarry, or with thee I go,’

She said, and yielding to his faint embrace,
Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.
Alarming recollection soon return'd,
His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd :
Ah! then, as Nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
With fond solicitude of love she sought
To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,
And make the pillow easy to his head,
She wiped his reeking temples with her hair ;
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air ;
Moisten'd his lips with kisses : with her breath
Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of Death,
That ran and revell'd through his swollen veins
With quicker pulses, and severer pains.

“ The sun, in summer majesty on high,
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky ;
Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
And, circled with a red portentous zone,
He look'd in sickly horror from his throne :
The vital air was still ; the torrid heat
Oppress'd our hearts, that labour'd hard to beat.
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
Thence to his home our father we convey'd,
And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were
 known,
We chose to watch his dying bed alone,

Eve, Seth, and I.—In vain he sigh'd for rest,
 And oft his meek complainings thus express'd :
 —‘ Blow on me, Wind ! I faint with heat ! O bring
 Delicious water from the deepest spring ;
 Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,
 Ye Cedars ! wash me cold with midnight dews.
 — Cheer me, my friends ! with looks of kindness
 cheer ;

Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear ;
 Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom ;
 This silence is the silence of the tomb.
 Thither I hasten ; help me on my way ;
 O sing to soothe me, and to strengthen pray !'
 We sang to soothe him, — hopeless was the song ;
 We pray'd to strengthen him, — he grew not strong.
 In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,
 Of cordial sweetness, or of healing power,
 We press'd the virtue ; no terrestrial balm
 Nature's dissolving agony could calm.
 Thus as the day declined, the fell disease
 Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees :
 Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resign'd,
 More self-collected, grew the sufferer's mind ;
 Patient of heart, though rack'd at every pore,
 The righteous penalty of sin he bore ;
 Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,
 But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.
 — ‘ 'Tis just, 'tis merciful,' we heard him say ;
 ‘ Yet wherefore hath He turn'd his face away ?
 I see Him not ; I hear Him not ; I call ;
 My God ! my God ! support me, or I fall.'

“ The sun went down amidst an angry glare
Of flushing clouds, that crimson'd all the air ;
The winds brake loose; the forest boughs were torn,
And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne ;
Cattle to shelter scudded in affright ;
The florid evening vanish'd into night :
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
In peals of thunder, and thick-vollied hail ;
Prone rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land,
Our cot amidst a river seem'd to stand ;
Around its base, the foamy-crested streams
Flash'd through the darkness to the lightning's
gleams,
With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the
ground,
The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round ;
Never since Nature into being came,
Had such mysterious motion shook her frame ;
We thought, ingulf'd in floods, or wrapt in fire,
The world itself would perish with our Sire.

“ Amidst this war of elements, within
More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin,
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
Breathing the slow remains of life away.
Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
Beneath the pressure of collected woes :
But now his spirit waver'd, went and came,
Like the loose vapour of departing flame,
Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to die
For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye,

Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began :

“— ‘ O ye, that shudder at this awful strife,
This wrestling agony of Death and Life,
Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last ;
Nature’s infirmity alone you see ;
My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free ;
Though firm in God the Spirit holds her trust,
The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
Horror and anguish seize me ; — ’tis the hour
Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power ;
The Tempter plies me with his direst art,
I feel the Serpent coiling round my heart ;
He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,
Instils the deadening poison of despair,
Belies the truth of God’s delaying grace,
And bids me curse my Maker to his face.
— I will not curse Him, though his grace delay ;
I will not cease to trust Him, though He slay ;
Full on his promised mercy I rely,
For God hath spoken, — God, who cannot lie.
— THOU, of my faith the Author and the End !
Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend !
The joy, that once thy presence gave, restore
Ere I am summon’d hence, and seen no more :
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,
Receive my Spirit, Lord ! from whom it came ;
Rebuke the Tempter, show thy power to save,
O let thy glory light me to the grave,

That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of Death.'

“ He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile :
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A Spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door ;—
The sword of God in his right hand he bore ;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest ;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm ;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease ;
His look was love, his salutation, 'Peace !'

“ Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport, while she gazed :
— 'Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove* ;
Adam, my Life, my Spouse, awake !' she cried ;
' Return to Paradise ; behold thy Guide !
O let me follow in this dear embrace !'
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam look'd up ; his visage changed its hue,
Transform'd into an Angel's at the view :
' I come !' he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.

* Paradise Lost, book xi. v. 238.

The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled ;
We stood alone, the living with the dead ;
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom ;
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

“ Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless Spouse ;
Gently I shook it from her trance to rouse ;
She gave no answer ; motionless and cold,
It fell like clay from my relaxing hold ;
Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of grey
That hid her cheek ; her soul had pass'd away :
A beauteous corse she graced her partner's side,
Love bound their lives, and Death could not divide.

“ Trembling astonishment of grief we felt,
Till Nature's sympathies began to melt ;
We wept in stillness through the long dark night ;
—And O how welcome was the morning light !”

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Burying-place of the Patriarchs. The Sacrifice on the Anniversary of the Fall of Adam. Enoch's Prophecy.

“AND here,” said Enoch with dejected eye,
 “Behold the grave, in which our Parents lie.”
 They stopp’d, and o’er the turf-enclosure wept,
 Where, side by side, the First-Created slept:
 It seem’d as if a voice, with still small sound,
 Heard in their bosoms, issued from that mound:
 — “From earth we came, and we return’d to earth;
 Descendants! spare the Dust that gave you birth;
 Though Death, the pain for our transgression due,
 By sad inheritance we left to you,
 O let our Children bless us in our grave,
 And man forgive the wrong that God forgave!”

Thence to the altar Enoch turn’d his face;
 But Javan linger’d in that burying-place,
 A scene sequester’d from the haunts of men,
 The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen,
 Where weary pilgrims found their last repose:
 The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
 With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
 Who dress’d with duteous hands each hallow’d sod:
 No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
His praises, whom the worm devour’d beneath;

The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there ;
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
By one dishonour'd or by all forgot ;
To some warm heart, the poorest dust was dear,
From some kind eye, the meanest claim'd a tear.
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But, white and red with intermingling flowers,
The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers.
Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound
Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound ;
'Twas not a scene for Grief to nourish care,
It breathed of Hope, and moved the heart to
prayer.

Why linger'd Javan in that lone retreat ?
The shrine of her that bare him drew his feet ;
Trembling he sought it, fearing to behold
A bed of thistles, or unsightly mould ;
But, lo ! the turf, which his own hands had piled,
With choicest flowers, and richest verdure smiled :
By all the glen, his mother's couch of rest,
In his default, was visited and blest.
He kneel'd, he kiss'd it, full of love and woe ;
His heart was where his treasure lay, below ;
And long he tarried, ere, with heav'nward eyes,
He rose, and hasten'd to the sacrifice.

Already on a neighbouring mount, that stood
Apart amidst the valley, girt with wood,
Whose open summit rising o'er the trees,
Caught the cool fragrance of the evening breeze,
The Patriarchal Worshippers were met ;
The Lamb was brought, the wood in order set
On Adam's rustic altar, moss-o'ergrown,
An unwrought mass of earth-embedded stone,
Long known and hallow'd, where, for man's offence,
The earth first drank the blood of innocence,
When God himself ordain'd the typic rite
To Eden's Exiles, resting on their flight.
Foremost, amidst the group, was Enoch seen,
Known by his humble port, and heavenly mien :
On him the Priest's mysterious office lay,
For 'twas the eve of Man's transgression-day,
And him had Adam, with expiring breath,
Ordain'd to offer yearly, from his death,
A victim on that mountain, whence the skies
Had first inhaled the fumes of sacrifice.
In Adam's coat of skins array'd he stands,
Spreading to heaven his supplicating hands,
Ere from his robe the deadly steel he drew
To smite the victim, sporting in his view.
Behind him Seth, in majesty confess'd,
The World's great Elder, tower'd above the rest.
Serenely shone his sweet and solemn eye,
Like the sun reigning in the western sky ;
Though nine slow centuries by stealth had shed
Grey hairs, the crown of glory, on his head,

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In hardy health, he rear'd his front sublime,
 Like the green aloe, in perennial prime,
 When full of years it shoots forth all its bloom.
 And glads the forest through the inmost gloom ;
 So, in the blossom of a good old age,
 Flourish'd amidst his sons that peerless sage.

Around him, in august succession, stood
 The fathers of the world before the Flood :
 —Enos ; who taught mankind, on solemn days,
 In sacred groves, to meet for prayer and praise,
 And warn'd idolaters to lift their eye,
 From sun and stars, to Him who made the sky :
 —Canaan and Malahel ; of whom alone
 Their age, of all that once they were, is known :
 —Jared ; who, full of hope beyond the tomb,
 Hallow'd his offspring from the Mother's womb*,
 And heaven received *the Son* that Parent gave,
He walk'd with God, and overstepp'd the grave ;
 —A mighty pilgrim in the vale of tears,
 Born to the troubles of a thousand years,
 Methuselah, whose feet unhalting ran
 To the last circle of the life of man :
 —Lamech ; from infancy inured to toil,
 To wring slow blessings from the accursed soil,
 Ere yet to dress his vineyards, reap his corn,
 And comfort him in care, was Noah born †,

* The name of *Enoch*, the son of Jared, is derived from *chanac*, to *dedicate*.

† “ And he called his name Noah, saying, This same shall comfort us concerning our work, and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed.” — *Gen. v. 29*.

Who, in a later age, by signal grace,
 Survived to renovate the human race ;
 Both worlds, by sad reversion, were his due,
 The Orphan of the old, the Father of the new.

These, with their families, on either hand,
 Aliens and exiles in their native land,
 The few who loved their Maker from their youth,
 And worshipp'd God in spirit and in truth ;
 These stood with Enoch :—All had fix'd their
 eyes

On him, and on the Lamb of sacrifice,
 For now with trembling hand he shed the blood,
 And placed the slaughter'd victim on the wood ;
 Then kneeling, as the sun went down, he laid
 His hand upon the hallow'd pyre and pray'd :—
 “ Maker of heaven and earth ! supreme o'er all,
 That live, and move, and breathe, on Thee we
 call :

Our father sinn'd and suffer'd ;—we, who bear
 Our father's image, his transgression share ;
 Humbled for his offences, and our own,
 Thou, who art holy, wise, and just alone,
 Accept, with free confession of our guilt,
 This victim slain, this blood devoutly spilt,
 While through the veil of sacrifice we see
 Thy mercy smiling, and look up to Thee ;
 O grant forgiveness ; power and grace are thine ;
 God of salvation ! cause thy face to shine ;
 Hear us in heaven ! fulfil our souls' desire,
 God of our father ! answer now with fire. ”

He rose ; no light from heaven around him shone,
No fire descended from the eternal throne :
Cold on the pile the offer'd victim lay,
Amidst the stillness of expiring day ;
The eyes of all that watch'd in vain to view
The wonted sign distractedly withdrew ;
Fear clipp'd their breath, their doubling pulses
raised,

And each by stealth upon his neighbour gazed ;
From heart to heart a strange contagion ran,
A shuddering instinct crowded man to man ;
Even Seth with secret consternation shook,
And cast on Enoch an imploring look.
Enoch, in whose sublime, unearthly mien,
No change of hue, no cloud of care was seen,
Full on the mute assembly turn'd his face,
Clear as the sun prepared to run his race :
He spoke ; his words, with awful warning fraught,
Rallied and fix'd the scatter'd powers of thought.

“ Men, brethren, fathers ! wherefore do ye fear ?
Hath God departed from us ? — God is here ;
Present in every heart, with sovereign power,
He tries, he proves his people in this hour ;
Naked as light to his all-searching eye,
The thoughts that wrong, the doubts that tempt
Him lie ;

Yet slow to anger, merciful as just,
He knows our frame, remembers we are dust,
And spares our weakness : — In his truth believe,
Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.

What, though no flame on Adam's altar burn,
 No signal of acceptance yet return,
 God is not man, who to our father sware,
 All times, in every place, to answer prayer;
 He cannot change; though heaven and earth decay,
 The word of God shall never pass away.

“ But mark the season :—from the rising sun,
 Westward, the race of Cain the world o'er-run;
 Their monarch, mightiest of the sons of men,
 Hath sworn destruction to the Patriarchs' glen;
 Hither he hastens; carnage strews his path:
 — Who will await the giant in his wrath?
 Or who will take the wings of silent night,
 And seek deliverance from his sword by flight?
 Thus saith the Lord:— Ye weak of faith and
 heart!

Who dare not trust the living God, depart;
 The Angel of his presence leads your way,
 Your lives are safe, and given you as a prey:
 But ye, who, unappall'd at earthly harm,
 Lean on the strength of his Almighty arm;
 Prepared for life or death, with firm accord,
 — Stand still, and see the glory of the Lord.”

A pause, a dreary pause ensued:—then cried
 The holy man, — “ On either hand divide;
 The feeble fly; with me the valiant stay;
 Choose now your portion; whom will ye obey,
 God or your fears? His counsel, or your own?”
 — “ The LORD; the LORD; for HE is GOD ALONE!”

Exclaim'd at once, with consentaneous choice,
The whole assembly, heart, and soul, and voice.
Then light from heaven with sudden beauty came,
Pure on the altar blazed the unkindled flame,
And upwards to their glorious source return'd
The sacred fires in which the victim burn'd :
While through the evening gloom, to distant eyes
Morn o'er the Patriarchs' mountains seem'd to rise.

Awe-struck the congregation kneel'd around,
And worshipp'd with their faces to the ground ;
The peace of God, beyond expression sweet,
Fill'd every spirit humbled at his feet,
And love, joy, wonder, deeply mingling there,
Drew from the heart unutterable prayer.

They rose ;—as if his soul had pass'd away,
Prostrate before the altar Enoch lay,
Entranced so deeply, all believed him dead :
At length he breathed, he moved, he raised his head ;
To heaven in ecstasy he turn'd his eyes ;
—With such a look the dead in Christ shall rise,
When the last trumpet calls them from the dust,
To join the resurrection of the just :—
Yea, and from earthly grossness so refined,
(As if the soul had left the flesh behind,
Yet wore a mortal semblance,) upright stood
The great Evangelist before the Flood ;
On him the vision of the Almighty broke,
And future times were present while he spoke.*

* Numbers, xxiv. 4.

“ The Saints shall suffer ; righteousness shall fail ;
 O'er all the world iniquity prevail ;
 Giants, in fierce contempt of man and God,
 Shall rule the nations with an iron rod ;
 On every mountain idol groves shall rise,
 And darken Heaven with human sacrifice ;
 But God the Avenger comes,— a judgment-day,
 A flood, shall sweep his enemies away.
 How few, whose eyes shall then have seen the sun,
 — One righteous family, and only one, —
 Saved from that wreck of Nature, shall behold
 The new Creation rising from the old !

“ O, that the world of wickedness, destroy'd,
 Might live for ever without form and void !
 Or, that the earth, to innocence restored,
 Might flourish as the garden of the Lord !
 It will not be :— among the sons of men,
 The Giant-Spirit shall go forth again,
 From clime to clime shall kindle murderous rage,
 And spread the plagues of sin from age to age ;
 Yet shall the God of mercy, from above,
 Extend the golden sceptre of his love,
 And win the rebels to his righteous sway,
 Till every mouth confess, and heart obey.

“ Amidst the visions of ascending years,
 What mighty Chief, what Conqueror appears* ;
 His garments roll'd in blood, his eyes of flame,
 And on his thigh the unutterable name ? †

* Isa. lxiii. 1—6.

† Rev. xix. 12.

— 'Tis I that bring deliverance : strong to save,
I pluck'd the prey from death, and spoil'd the grave.'
— Wherefore, O Warrior ! are thy garments red,
Like those whose feet amidst the vintage tread ?
— ' I trod the wine-press of the field alone ;
I look'd around for succour ; there was none ;
Therefore my wrath sustain'd me while I fought,
And mine own arm my Saints' salvation wrought.
— Thus may thine arm for evermore prevail ;
Thus may thy foes, O Lord ! for ever fail ;
Captive by thee captivity be led ;
Seed of the woman ! bruise the serpent's head ;
Redeemer ! promised since the world began,
Bow the high heavens, and condescend to man.

“ Hail to the Day-spring ; dawning from afar,
Bright in the east I see his natal star :
Prisoners of hope ! lift up your joyful eyes ;
Welcome the King of Glory from the skies :
Who is the King of Glory ? — Mark his birth :
In deep humility he stoops to earth,
Assumes a Servant's form, a Pilgrim's lot,
Comes to his own, his own receive him not,
Though angel-choirs his peaceful advent greet,
And Gentile sages worship at his feet.

“ Fair as that sovereign Plant, whose scions shoot,
With healing verdure, and immortal fruit,
The Tree of Life, beside the stream that laves
The fields of Paradise with gladdening waves ;

Behold him rise from infancy to youth,
The Father's image, full of grace and truth ;
Tried, tempted, proved in secret, till the hour,
When, girt with meekness, but array'd with power,
Forth in the spirit of the Lord, at length,
Like the sun shining in meridian strength,
He goes :—to preach good tidings to the poor ;
To heal the wounds that nature cannot cure ;
To bind the broken-hearted ; to control
Disease and death ; to raise the sinking soul :
Unbar the dungeon, set the captive free,
Proclaim the joyous year of liberty,
And from the depth of undiscover'd night,
Bring life and immortality to light.

“ How beauteous on the mountains are thy feet,
Thy form how comely, and thy voice how sweet,
Son of the Highest !—Who can tell thy fame ?
The Deaf shall hear it while the Dumb proclaim ?
Now bid the Blind behold their Saviour's light,
The Lame go forth rejoicing in their might ;
Cleanse with a touch yon kneeling Leper's skin ;
Cheer this pale Penitent, forgive her sin ;
O, for that Mother's faith, her Daughter spare ;
Restore the Maniac to a Father's prayer ;
Pity the tears those mournful Sisters shed,
And BE the RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD !

“ What scene is this ? — Amidst involving gloom
The moonlight lingers on a lonely tomb ;

No noise disturbs the garden's hallow'd bound,
 But the watch walking on their midnight round :
 Ah ! who lies here, with marr'd and bloodless mien,
 In whom no form or comeliness is seen ;
 His livid limbs with nails and scourges torn,
 His side transpierced, his temples wreathed with
 thorn ?

'Tis He, the Man of Sorrows ! He who bore
 Our sins and chastisement :—His toils are o'er ;
 On earth erewhile a suffering life he led,
 Here hath he found a place to lay his head ;
 Rank'd with transgressors he resign'd his breath,
 But with the rich he made his bed in death.
 Sweet is the grave, where Angels watch and weep ;
 Sweet is the grave, and sanctified his sleep ;
 Rest, O my spirit ! by this martyr'd form,
 This wreck, that sunk beneath the Almighty storm,
 When floods of wrath that weigh'd the world to hell,
 On him alone, in righteous vengeance fell ;
 While men derided, demons urged his woes,
 And God forsook him,—till the awful close ;
 Then, in triumphant agony, he cried,
 —'Tis finish'd !'—bow'd his sacred head, and died.
 Death, as he struck that noblest victim, found
 His sting was lost for ever in the wound ;
 The Grave, that holds his corse, her richest prize,
 Shall yield him back, victorious, to the skies.
 He lives : ye bars of steel ! ye gates of brass !
 Give way and let the King of Glory pass :—
 He lives : ye golden portals of the spheres !
 Open, the Sun of Righteousness appears.

But, ah ! my spirit faints beneath the blaze,
 That breaks, and brightens o'er the latter days,
 When every tongue his trophies shall proclaim,
 And every knee shall worship at his name ;
 For He shall reign with undivided power,
 To Earth's last bounds, to Nature's final hour.

“ 'Tis done :—again the conquering Chief ap-
 pears

In the dread vision of dissolving years ;
 His vesture dipp'd in blood, his eyes of flame,
 The WORD OF GOD his everlasting name* ;
 Throned in mid-heaven, with clouds of glory
 spread,

He sits in judgment on the quick and dead ;
 Strong to deliver ; Saints ! your songs prepare ;
 Rush from your tombs to meet him in the air :
 But terrible in vengeance ; Sinners ! bow †
 Your haughty heads, the grave protects not now :
 He who alone in mortal conflict trod
 The mighty wine-press of the wrath of God,
 Shall fill the cup of trembling to his foes,
 The unmingled cup of inexhausted woes ;
 The proud shall drink it in that dreadful day,
 While Earth dissolves, and Heaven is roll'd away.”

Here ceased the Prophet :—from the altar broke
 The last dim wreaths of fire-illumined smoke ;

* Rev. xix. 13.

† Jude 14—16.

Darkness had fall'n around ; but o'er the streams
The Moon, new-ris'n, diffused her brightening
 beams ;
Homeward, with tears, the worshippers return'd,
Yet while they wept their hearts within them burn'd.

END OF THE FIFTH CANTO.

CANTO SIXTH.

Javan's second Interview with Zillah. He visits the various Dwellings scattered throughout the Glen, and in the Evening sings to his Harp, amidst the assembled Inhabitants :—Address to Twilight ; Jubal's Song of the Creation : the Power of Music exemplified.

SPENT with the toils of that eventful day,
All night in dreamless slumber Javan lay ;
But early springing from his bed of leaves,
Waked by the songs of swallows on the eaves,
From Enoch's cottage, in the cool grey hour,
He wander'd forth to Zillah's woodland bower ;
There, in his former covert, on the ground,
The frame of his forsaken harp he found :
He smote the boss ; the convex orb unstrung,
Instant with sweet reverberation rung :
The minstrel smiled, at that sonorous stroke,
To find the spell of harmony unbroke ;
Trickling with dew, he bore it to the cell ;
There, as with leaves he dried the sculptured shell,
He thought of Zillah, and resolved too late
To plead his constancy, and know his fate.

She from the hour, when, in a pilgrim's guise,
Javan return'd, — a stranger to her eyes,
Not to her heart, — from anguish knew no rest,
Love, pride, resentment, struggling in her breast.

All day she strove to hide her misery,
In vain :—a mother's eye is quick to see,
Slow to rebuke a daughter's bashful fears,
And Zillah's mother only chid with tears :
Night came, but Javan came not with the night ;
Light vanish'd, Hope departed with the light ;
Her lonely couch conceal'd her sleepless woes,
But with the morning star the maiden rose.
The soft refreshing breeze, the orient beams,
The dew, the mist unrolling from the streams,
The light, the joy, the music of the hour,
Stole on her spirit with resistless power,
With healing sweetness sooth'd her fever'd brain,
And woke the pulse of tenderness again.
Thus while she wander'd, with unconscious feet,
Absent in thought she reach'd her sylvan seat :
The youth descried her not amidst the wood,
Till, like a vision, at his side she stood.
Their eyes encounter'd ; both at once exclaim'd,
“ Javan ! ” and “ Zillah ! ” — each the other named ;
Those sounds were life or death to either heart ;
He rose ; she turn'd in terror to depart ;
He caught her hand :—“ O do not, do not flee ! ”
—It was a moment of eternity,
And now or never must he plight his vow,
Win or abandon her for ever now.

“ Stay :—hear me, Zillah !—every power above,
Heaven, earth, thyself, bear witness to my love !
Thee have I loved from earliest infancy,
Loved with supreme affection only thee.

Long in these shades my timid passion grew,
Through every change, in every trial true ;
I loved thee through the world in dumb despair,
Loved *thee*, that I might love no other fair ;
Guilty, yet faithful still, to thee I fly,
Receive me, love me, Zillah ! or I die."

Thus Javan's lips, so long in silence seal'd,
With sudden vehemence his soul reveal'd ;
Zillah meanwhile recover'd power to speak,
While deadly paleness overcast her cheek :
— " Say not, 'I love thee !' — Witness every tree
Around this bower, thy cruel scorn of me !
Could Javan love me through the world, yet leave
Her whom he loved, for hopeless years, to grieve ?
Returning, could he find her here alone,
Yet pass her by, unknowing, as unknown ?
All day was she forsaken, or forgot ?
Did Javan seek her at her father's cot ?
That cot of old so much his soul's delight,
His mother's seem'd not fairer in his sight :
No : Javan mocks me ; none could love so well,
So long, so painfully, — and never tell."

" Love owns no law," rejoin'd the pleading youth,
" Except obedience to eternal truth :
Deep streams are silent ; from the generous breast,
The dearest feelings are the last confest :
Erewhile I strove in vain to break my peace,
Now I could talk of love and never cease :

—Still had my trembling passion been conceal'd ;
Still but in parables by stealth reveal'd,
Had not thine instantaneous presence wrung,
By swift surprise, the secret from my tongue.
Yet hath Affection language of her own,
And mine in every thing but words was shown ;
In childhood, as the bird of nature free,
My song was gladness, when I sung to thee :
In youth, whene'er I mourn'd a bosom flame,
And praised a maiden whom I durst not name,
Couldst thou not then my hidden thought divine ?
Didst thou not feel that I was wholly thine ?
When for vain glory I forsook thee here,
Dear as thou wert, unutterably dear,
From virtue, truth, and innocence estranged,
To thee, thee only, was my heart unchanged ;
And as I loved without a hope before,
Without a hope I loved thee yet the more.
At length, when, weary of the ways of men,
Refuge I sought in this maternal glen,
Thy sweet remembrance drew me from afar,
And Zillah's beauty was my leading star.
Here when I found thee, fear itself grew bold,
Methought my tale of love already told ;
But soon thine eyes the dream of folly broke,
And I from bliss, as they from slumber, woke ;
My heart, my tongue, were chill'd to instant stone,
I durst not speak thy name, nor give my own.
When thou wert vanish'd, horror and affright
Seized me, my sins uprose before my sight ;

Like fiends they rush'd upon me ; but Despair
 Wrung from expiring Faith a broken prayer ;
 Strength came ; the path to Enoch's bower I trod ;
 He saw me, met me, led me back to God.
 O Zillah ! while I sought my Maker's grace,
 And flesh and spirit fail'd before His face,
 Thy tempting image from my breast I drove,
 It was no season then for earthly love."

" For earthly love it is no season now,"
 Exclaim'd the maiden with reproachful brow,
 And eyes through tears of tenderness that shone,
 And voice, half peace, half anger, in its tone :
 " Freely thy past unkindness I forgive ;
 Content to perish here, so Javan live ;
 The tyrant's menace to our tribe we know ;
 The Patriarchs never seek, nor shun a foe ;
 Thou, while thou mayst, from swift destruction fly ;
 I and my father's house resolve to die."

" With thee and with thy father's house, to bear
 Death or captivity, is Javan's prayer ;
 Remorse for ever be the recreant's lot ;
 If I forsake thee now, I love thee not."

Thus while he vow'd, a gentle answer sprung
 To Zillah's lips, but died upon her tongue ;
 Trembling she turn'd, and hasten'd to the rock,
 Beyond those woods, that hid her folded flock,
 Whose bleatings reach'd her ear, with loud complaint
 Of her delay ; she loosed them from restraint ;

Then bounding headlong forth, with antic glee,
They roam'd in all the joy of liberty.
Javan beside her walk'd as in a dream,
Nor more of love renew'd the fruitless theme.

Forthwith from home, to home, throughout the
glen,
The friends whom once he knew he sought again ;
Each hail'd the stranger welcome at his board,
As lost but found, as dead to life restored.
From Eden's camp no tidings came ; the day
In awful expectation pass'd away.
At eve his harp the fond enthusiast strung,
On Adam's mount, and to the Patriarchs sung ;
While youth and age, an eager throng, admire
The mingling music of the voice and lyre.

“ I love thee, Twilight ! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul.
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight ! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by turns,
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight ! I love thee ; let thy glooms increase
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace :

Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast :
Deeper, O Twilight ! then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.

“ On such an evening, so divinely calm,
The woods all melody, the breezes balm,
Down in a vale, where lucid waters stray'd,
And mountain-cedars stretch'd their downward shade,
Jubal, the Prince of Song (in youth unknown),
Retired to commune with his harp alone ;
For still he nursed it, like a secret thought,
Long cherish'd and to late perfection wrought ;—
And still with cunning hand, and curious ear,
Enrich'd, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere.
Till he had compass'd, in that magic round,
A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.
Then sang the minstrel, in his laurel bower,
Of Nature's origin, and music's power.
— ‘ He spake, and it was done ;—Eternal Night,
At God's command, awaken'd into light ;
He call'd the elements, Earth, Ocean, Air,
He call'd them when they were not, and they were :
He look'd through space, and kindling o'er the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars, came forth to meet his eye :
His spirit moved upon the desert earth,
And sudden life through all things swarm'd to birth ;
Man from the dust he raised to rule the whole ;
He breathed, and man became a living soul :

Through Eden's groves the Lord of Nature trod,
 Upright and pure, the image of his God.
 Thus were the heavens and all their host display'd,
 In wisdom thus were earth's foundations laid ;
 The glorious scene a holy sabbath closed ;
 Amidst his works the Omnipotent reposed ;
 And while he view'd, and bless'd them from his seat,
 All worlds, all beings worshipp'd at his feet :
 The morning stars in choral concert sang,
 The rolling deep with hallelujahs rang,
 Adoring angels from their orbs rejoice,
 The voice of music was Creation's voice.

“ ‘ Alone along the lyre of Nature sigh'd
 The master-chord, to which no chord replied :
 For Man, while bliss and beauty reign'd around,
 For Man alone, no fellowship was found,
 No fond companion, in whose dearer breast
 His heart, repining in his own, might rest ;
 For, born to love, the heart delights to roam,
 A kindred bosom is its happiest home.
 On earth's green lap, the Father of mankind,
 In mild dejection, thoughtfully reclined ;
 Soft o'er his eyes a sealing slumber crept,
 And Fancy soothed him while Reflection slept.
 Then God—who thus would make his counsel known,
 Counsel that will'd not man to dwell alone—
 Created Woman with a smile of grace,
 And left the smile that made her on her face.
 The Patriarch's eyelids open'd on his bride,
 —The morn of beauty risen from his side !

He gazed with new-born rapture on her charms,
And Love's first whispers won her to his arms,
'Then, tuned through all the chords supremely sweet,
Exulting nature found her lyre complete,
And from the key of each harmonious sphere,
Struck music worthy of her Maker's ear.'

“ Here Jubal paused ; for grim before him lay,
Couch'd like a lion watching for his prey,
With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
Fix'd, like the gazing serpent's, on the lyre,
An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd,
Half brute, half human ; whose terrific beard,
And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,
Like eagle's plumage, ruffled by the air,
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,
Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic face,
Deep-plough'd by Time, and ghastly pale with woes,
That goaded till remorse to madness rose ;
Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,
With savage beasts in solitude to roam ;
Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,
No art could tame him, and no chains could bind :
Already seven disastrous years had shed
Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd head ;
His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
His heart was wither'd by the cold night-moon.

“ 'Twas Cain, the sire of nations :—Jubal knew
His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew ;

He, darting like the blaze of sudden fire,
Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre :
Sooner with life the struggling bard would part,
And ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,
He hurl'd his hand with one tremendous stroke,
O'er all the strings ; whence in a whirlwind broke
Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,
As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.
Astonish'd into marble at the shock,
Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,
Cold, breathless, motionless through all his frame ;
But soon his visage quicken'd into flame,
When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed
To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged
From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear
Then rolling down in thunder on the ear ;
With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,
And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

“ Slowly recovering from that trance profound,
Bewilder'd, touch'd, transported with the sound,
Cain view'd himself, the bard, the earth, the sky,
While wonder flash'd and faded in his eye,
And reason, by alternate frenzy cross,
Now seem'd restored, and now for ever lost.
So shines the moon, by glimpses, through her shrouds,
When windy Darkness rides upon the clouds,
Till through the blue, serene, and silent night,
She reigns in full tranquillity of light.
Jubal, with eager hope, beheld the chase
Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,

And waked his noblest numbers to control
The tide and tempest of the maniac's soul :
Through many a maze of melody they flew,
They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,
Pour'd through the sufferer's breast delicious balm,
And soothed remembrance till remorse grew calm,
Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,
Led by the minstrel like a weaned child.
O ! had you seen him to his home restored,
How young and old ran forth to meet their lord ;
How friends and kindred on his neck did fall,
Weeping aloud, while Cain outwept them all :
But hush ! — thenceforward when recoiling care
Lower'd on his brow, and sadden'd to despair,
The lyre of Jubal, with divinest art,
Repell'd the demon, and revived his heart.
Thus Song, the breath of heaven, had power to bind
In chains of harmony the mightiest mind ;
Thus Music's empire in the soul began,
The first-born Poet ruled the first-born Man."

While Javan sang, the shadows fell around,
The moving glow-worm brighten'd on the ground :
He ceased : the mute assembly rose in tears ;
Delight and wonder were chastised with fears ;
That heavenly harmony, unheard before,
Awoke the feeling, — " Who shall hear it more ?"
The sun had set in glory on their sight,
For them in vain might morn restore the light ;
Though self-devoted, through each mortal frame,
At thought of Death, a cold sick shuddering came,

Nature's infirmity ;— but faith was given,
The flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven :
Through doubt and darkness then beyond the skies,
Eternal prospects open'd on their eyes ;
Already seem'd the immortal spirit free,
And Death was swallow'd up in victory.

END OF THE SIXTH CANTO.

CANTO SEVENTH.

The Patriarchs and their Families carried away captive by a Detachment from the Army of the Invaders. The Tomb of Abel: his Murder by Cain described. The Origin of the Giants: the Infancy and early Adventures of their King: the Leader of their Host encamped in Eden.

THE flocks and herds throughout the glen reposed ;
No human eyelid there in slumber closed ;
None, save the infant's on the mother's breast ;—
With arms of love caressing and carest,
She, while her elder offspring round her clung,
Each eye intent on hers, and mute each tongue,
The voice of Death in every murmur heard,
And felt his touch in every limb that stirr'd.

At midnight, down the forest hills, a train
Of eager warriors from the host of Cain,
Burst on the stillness of the scene :—they spread
In bands, to clutch the victims ere they fled ;
Of flight unmindful, at their summons, rose
Those victims, meekly yielding to their foes ;
Though woman wept to leave her home behind,
The weak were comforted, the strong resign'd,
And ere the moon descending o'er the vale,
Grew, at the bright approach of morning, pale,
Collected thus, the patriarchal clan,
With strengthen'd confidence, their march began,

Since not in ashes were their dwellings laid,
 And death, though threaten'd still, was still delay'd.
 Struck with their fearless innocence, they saw
 Their fierce assailants check'd with sacred awe ;
 The foe became a phalanx of defence,
 And brought them, like a guard of Angels, thence.
 A vista-path, that through the forest led,
 (By Javan shunn'd when from the camp he fled,)
 The pilgrims track'd till on the mountain's height
 They met the sun new risen, in glorious light ;
 Empurpled mists along the landscape roll'd,
 And all the orient flamed with clouds of gold.

Here, while they halted, on their knees they raise
 To God the sacrifice of prayer and praise :
 —“ Glory to Thee, for every blessing shed,
 In days of peace, on our protected head ;
 Glory to Thee, for fortitude to bear
 The wrath of man, rejoicing o'er despair ;
 Glory to Thee, whatever ill befall,
 For faith on thy victorious name to call ;
 Thine own eternal purposes fulfil ;
 We come, O God ! to suffer all thy will.”

Refresh'd and rested, on their course they went,
 Ere the clouds melted from the firmament ;
 Odours abroad the winds of morning breathe,
 And fresh with dew the herbage sprang beneath ;
 Down from the hills, that gently sloped away
 To the broad river shining into day,

They pass'd, along the brink the path they kept,
 Where high aloof o'er-arching willows wept,
 Whose silvery foliage glisten'd in the beam,
 And floating shadows fringed the chequer'd stream.

Adjacent rose a myrtle-planted mound,
 Whose spiry top, a granite fragment crown'd ;
 Tinctured with many-colour'd moss, the stone,
 Rich as a cloud of summer-evening, shone
 Amidst encircling verdure, that array'd
 The beauteous hillock with a cope of shade.

“ Javan ! ” said Enoch, “ on this spot began
 The fatal curse ; — man perish'd here by man ;
 The earliest death a son of Adam died
 Was murder, and that murder fratricide !
 Here Abel fell a corse along this shore ;
 Here Cain's recoiling footsteps reek'd with gore :
 Horror upraised his locks, unloosed his knees ;
 He heard a voice ; he hid among the trees :
 — ‘ Where is thy brother ? ’ — From the whirlwind
 came

The voice of God, amidst enfolding flame :
 — ‘ Am I my brother's keeper ? ’ — hoarse and low,
 Cain mutter'd from the copse, — ‘ that I should know ? ’
 — ‘ What hast thou done ? — For vengeance to the
 skies,

Lo ! from the dust the blood of Abel cries :
 Curst from the earth that drank his blood, with toil
 Thine hand shall plough in vain her barren soil

An exile and a wanderer thou shalt be ;
A brother's eye shall never look on thee.' —

“ The shuddering culprit answer'd in despair,
— ‘ Greater the punishment than flesh can bear.’
— ‘ Yet shalt thou bear it ; on thy brow reveal'd,
Thus be thy sentence and thy safeguard seal'd.’
Silently, swiftly as the lightning's blast,
A hand of fire athwart his temples pass'd :
He ran, as in the terror of a dream,
To quench his burning anguish in the stream ;
But bending o'er the brink, the swelling wave
Back to the eye his branded visage gave ;
As soon on murder'd Abel durst he look ;
Yet power to fly his palsied limbs forsook ;
There turn'd to stone for his presumptuous crime,
A monument of wrath to latest time,
Might Cain have stood : but Mercy raised his head
In prayer for help, — his strength return'd, — he fled.
That mound of myrtles o'er their favourite child,
Eve planted, and the hand of Adam piled ;
Yon mossy stone, above his ashes raised,
His altar once, with Abel's offering blazed,
When God well pleased beheld the flames arise,
And smiled acceptance on the sacrifice.”

Enoch to Javan, walking at his side,
Thus held discourse apart : the youth replied :
“ Relieved from toil, though Cain is gone to rest,
And the turf flowers on his disburden'd breast,

Amongst his race the murdering spirit reigns,
But riots fiercest in the giants' veins.
—Sprung from false leagues, when monstrous love
combined

The sons of God and daughters of mankind,
Self-styled the progeny of heaven and earth,
Eden first gave the world's oppressors birth ;
Thence far away, beneath the rising moon,
Or where the shadow vanishes at noon,
The adulterous mothers from the sires withdrew :
—Nurst in luxuriant climes their offspring grew ;
Till, as in stature o'er mankind they tower'd,
And giant-strength all mortal strength o'erpower'd,
To heaven the proud blasphemers raised their eyes,
And scorn'd the tardy vengeance of the skies :
On earth invincible, they sternly broke
Love's willing bonds, and Nature's kindred yoke,
Mad for dominion, with remorseless sway,
Compell'd their reptile-brethren to obey,
And doom'd their human herds, with thankless toil,
Like brutes, to grow and perish on the soil,
Their sole inheritance, through lingering years,
The bread of misery and the cup of tears,
The tasks of oxen, with the hire of slaves,
Dishonour'd lives, and desecrated graves.

“ When war, that self-inflicted scourge of man,
His boldest crime and bitterest curse,—began ;
As lions fierce, as forest-cedars tall,
And terrible as torrents, in their fall,

Headlong from rocks, through vales and vineyards
hurl'd,

These men of prey laid waste the eastern world ;
They taught their tributary hordes to wield
The sword, red-flaming, through the death-strown
field,

With strenuous arm the uprooted rock to throw,
Glance the light arrow from the bounding bow,
Whirl the broad shield to meet the darted stroke,
And stand to combat, like the unyielding oak.
Then eye from eye with fell suspicion turn'd,
In kindred breasts unnatural hatred burn'd ;
Brother met brother in the lists of strife,
The son lay lurking for the father's life ;
With rabid instinct, men who never knew
Each other's face before, each other slew ;
All tribes, all nations learn'd the fatal art,
And every hand was arm'd to pierce a heart.
Nor man alone the giants' might subdued ;
—The camel, wean'd from quiet solitude,
Grazed round their camps, or slow along the road,
Midst marching legions bore the servile load.
With flying forelock and dishevell'd mane,
They caught the wild steed prancing o'er the
plain,

For war or pastime rein'd his fiery force ;
Fleet as the wind he stretch'd along the course,
Or loudly neighing at the trumpet's sound,
With hoofs of thunder smote the indented ground.
The enormous elephant obey'd their will,
And, tamed to cruelty with direst skill,

Roar'd for the battle, when he felt the goad,
And his proud lord his sinewy neck bestrode,
Through crashing ranks resistless havoc bore,
And writhed his trunk, and bathed his tusks in gore.

“ Thus while the giants trampled friends and foes,
Amongst their tribe a mighty chieftain rose ;
His birth mysterious, but traditions tell
What strange events his infancy befell.

“ A goatherd fed his flock on many a steep,
Where Eden's rivers swell the southern deep ;
A melancholy man, who dwelt alone,
Yet far abroad his evil fame was known,
The first of woman born, that might presume
To wake the dead bones mouldering in the tomb,
And, from the gulf of uncreated night,
Call phantoms of futurity to light.
'Twas said his voice could stay the falling flood,
Eclipse the sun, and turn the moon to blood,
Roll back the planets on their golden cars,
And from the firmament unfix the stars.
Spirits of fire and air, of sea and land,
Came at his call, and flew at his command ;
His spells so potent, that his changing breath
Open'd or shut the gates of life and death.
O'er Nature's powers he claim'd supreme control,
And held communion with all Nature's soul :
The name and place of every herb he knew,
Its healing balsam, or pernicious dew :

The meanest reptile, and the noblest birth
Of ocean's caverns, or the living earth,
Obey'd his mandate :—lord of all the rest,
Man more than all his hidden art confess'd,
Cringed to his face, consulted, and revered
His oracles,—detested him and fear'd.

“ Once by the river, in a waking dream,
He stood to watch the ever-running stream,
In which, reflected upward to his eyes,
He giddily look'd down upon the skies,
For thus he feign'd in his ecstatic mood,
To summon divination from the flood.
His steady view, a floating object cross'd ;
His eye pursued it till the sight was lost,—
An outcast infant in a fragile bark !
The river whirl'd the willow-woven ark
Down tow'rds the deep ; the tide returning bore
The little voyager unharm'd to shore :
Him in his cradle-ship securely bound
With swathing skins at eve the goatherd found.
Nurst by that foster-sire, austere and rude,
Midst rocks and glens, in savage solitude,
Among the kids, the rescued foundling grew,
Nutrition from whose shaggy dams he drew,
Till baby-curls his broader temples crown'd,
And torrid suns his flexile limbs embrown'd :
Then as he sprang from green to florid age,
And rose to giant-stature, stage by stage,
He roam'd the vallies with his browsing flock,
And leapt in joy of youth from rock to rock ;

Climb'd the sharp precipice's steepest breast,
To seize the eagle brooding on her nest,
And rent his way through matted woods, to tear
The skulking panther from his hidden lair.
A trodden serpent, horrible and vast,
Sprang on the heedless rover as he pass'd ;
Limb lock'd o'er limb, with many a straitening fold
Of orbs inextricably involved, he roll'd
On earth in vengeance, broke the twisted toils,
Strangled the hissing fiend, and wore the spoils.
With hardy exercise, and cruel art,
To nerve the frame, and petrify the heart,
The wizard train'd his pupil, from a span,
To thrice the bulk and majesty of man.
His limbs were sinewy strength ; commanding grace,
And dauntless spirit sparkled in his face ;
His arm could pluck the lion from his prey,
And hold the horn'd rhinoceros at bay ;
His feet o'er highest hills pursue the hind,
Or tire the ostrich buoyant on the wind.

“ Yet 'twas the stripling's chief delight to brave
The rivers' wrath, and wrestle with the wave ;
When torrent rains had swoln the furious tide,
Light on the foamy surge he loved to ride ;
When calm and clear the stream was wont to flow,
Fearless he dived to search the caves below.
His childhood's story, often told, had wrought
Sublimest hopes in his aspiring thought.
—Once on a cedar, from its mountain-throne
Pluckt by the tempest, forth he sail'd alone,

And reach'd the gulf ;— with eye of eager fire,
And flushing cheek, he watch'd the shores retire,
Till sky and water wide around were spread ;
— Straight to the sun he thought his voyage led,
With shouts of transport hail'd its setting light,
And follow'd all the long and lonely night :
But ere the morning-star expired, he found
His stranded bark once more on earthly ground.
Tears, wrung from secret shame, suffused his eyes,
When in the east he saw the sun arise ;
Pride quickly check'd them— young ambition burn'd
For bolder enterprize, as he return'd.

“ Through snares and deaths pursuing fame and
power,
He scorn'd his flock from that adventurous hour,
And, leagued with monsters of congenial birth,
Began to scourge and subjugate the earth.
Meanwhile the sons of Cain, who till'd the soil,
By noble arts had learn'd to lighten toil ;
Wisely their scatter'd knowledge he combined ;
Yet had an hundred years matured his mind,
Ere with the strength that laid the forest low,
And skill that made the iron furnace glow,
His genius launch'd the keel, and sway'd the helm,
(His throne and sceptre on the watery realm,)
While from the tent of his expanded sail,
He eyed the heavens and flew before the gale,
The first of men whose courage knew to guide
The bounding vessel through the reflux tide.

Then swore the giant, in his pride of soul,
To range the universe from pole to pole,
Rule the remotest nations with his nod,
To live a hero, and to die a god.

“ This is the king that wars in Eden :—now
Fulfill'd at length he deems his early vow ;
His foot hath over-run the world, — his hand
Smitten to dust the pride of every land :
The Patriarchs last, beneath his impious rod,
He dooms to perish or abjure their God.
— O God of truth ! rebuke the tyrant's rage,
And save the remnant of thine heritage.”

When Javan ceased, they stood upon the height,
Where first he rested on his lonely flight,
Whence to the sacred mountain far away,
The land of Eden in perspective lay.
'Twas noon ; — they tarried there, till milder hours
Woke with light airs the breath of evening flowers.

END OF THE SEVENTH CANTO.

CANTO EIGHTH.

The Scene changes to a Mountain, on the Summit of which, beneath the Shade of ancient Trees, the Giants are assembled round their King. A Minstrel sings the Monarch's Praises, and describes the Destruction of the Remnant of the Force of his Enemies, in an Assault, by Land and Water, on their Encampment, between the Forest on the eastern Plain of Eden and the River to the West. The Captive Patriarchs are presented before the King and his Chieftains.

“ THERE is a living spirit in the Lyre,
A breath of music and a soul of fire ;
It speaks a language, to the world unknown ;
It speaks that language to the Bard alone ;
While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
That spirit's voice in every tone he hears ;
'Tis his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
To utter oracles in glowing verse.
Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
And make the dead in nature live in song,
Though graven rocks the warrior's deeds proclaim,
And mountains, hewn to statues, wear his name ;
Though, shrined in adamant, his relics lie
Beneath a pyramid, that scales the sky ;
All that the hand hath fashion'd shall decay ;
All that the eye admires shall pass away ;
The mouldering rocks, the hero's hope shall fail,
Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale,

The shrine of adamant betray its trust,
 And the proud pyramid resolve to dust ;
 'The Lyre alone immortal fame secures,
 For Song alone through Nature's change endures ;—
 Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,
 From sire to son by sure succession flows,
 Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime,
 Outstripping Death upon the wings of Time.

“ Soul of the Lyre ! whose magic power can
 raise
 Inspiring visions of departed days ;—
 Or, with the glimpses of mysterious rhyme,
 Dawn on the dreams of unawaken'd Time ;
 Soul of the Lyre ! instruct thy bard to sing
 The latest triumph of the Giant-king,
 Who sees this day his orb of glory fill'd :
 —In what creative numbers shall I build,
 With what exalted strains of music crown,
 His everlasting pillar of renown ?
 Though, like the rainbow, by a wondrous birth,
 He sprang to light, the joy of heaven and earth ;
 Though, like the rainbow, —for he cannot die,—
 His form shall pass unseen into the sky ;
 Say, shall the hero share the coward's lot,
 Vanish from earth ingloriously forgot ?
 No ! the divinity that rules the Lyre,
 And clothes these lips with eloquence of fire,
 Commands the song to rise in quenchless flame,
 And light the world for ever with his fame.”

Thus on a mountain's venerable head,
Where trees, coeval with creation, spread
Their massy-twisted branches, green and grey,
Mature below, their tops in dry decay,
A bard of Jubal's lineage proudly sung,
Then stay'd awhile the raptures of his tongue :
A shout of horrible applause, that rent
The echoing hills and answering firmament,
Burst from the Giants,—where in barbarous state,
Flush'd with new wine, around their king they sate ;
A chieftain each, who, on his brazen car,
Had led an host of meaner men to war ;
And now from recent fight on Eden's plain,
Where fell their foes, in helpless conflict slain,
Victoriously return'd, beneath the trees
They rest from toil, carousing at their ease.

Adjacent, where the mountain's spacious breast
Open'd in airy grandeur to the west,
Huge piles of fragrant cedars, on the ground,
As altars blazed, while victims bled around,
To gods, whose worship vanish'd with the Flood,
—Divinities of brass, and stone, and wood,
By man himself in his own image made ;
The fond creator to the creature pray'd !
And he, who from the forest or the rock
Hew'd the rough mass, adored the shapen block !
Then seem'd his flocks ignoble in his eyes,
His choicest herds too mean for sacrifice,
He pour'd his brethren's blood upon the pyre,
And pass'd his sons to demons through the fire.

Exalted o'er the vassal chiefs, behold
Their sovereign, cast in Nature's mightiest mould ;
Beneath an oak, whose woven boughs display'd
A verdant canopy of light and shade,
Throned on a rock the Giant-king appears,
In the full manhood of five hundred years ;
His robe, the spoils of lions, by his might
Dragg'd from their dens, or slain in chase or fight :
His raven locks, unblanch'd by withering Time,
Amplly dishevell'd o'er his brow sublime ;
His dark eyes, flush'd with restless radiance, gleam
Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream.
Grandeur of soul, which nothing might appal,
And nothing satisfy if less than all,
Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,
The character of calm and awful grace ;
But direst cruelty, by guile repress,
Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast,
In silence brooding, like the secret power
That springs the earthquake at the midnight hour.

From Eden's summit, with obdurate pride,
Red from afar, the battle-scene he eyed,
Where late he crush'd, with one remorseless blow,
The remnant of his last and noblest foe ;
At hand he view'd the trophies of his toils,
Herds, flocks, and steeds, the world's collected spoils ;
Below, his legions march'd in war array,
Unstain'd with blood in that unequal fray :
— An hundred tribes, whose sons their arms had borne
Without contention, from the field at morn,

Their bands dividing, when the fight was won,
 Darken'd the region tow'rd's the slanting sun,
 Like clouds, whose shadows o'er the landscape sail,
 — While to their camp, that fill'd the northern vale,
 A waving sea of tents, immensely spread,
 The trumpet summon'd, and the banners led.
 With these a train of captives, sad and slow,
 Moved to a death of shame, or life of woe,
 A death on altars hateful to the skies,
 Or life in chains, a slower sacrifice.
 Fair smiled the face of Nature ; — all serene
 And lovely, Evening tranquillised the scene ;
 The furies of the fight were gone to rest,
 The cloudless sun grew broader down the west,
 The hills beneath him melted from the sight,
 Receding through the heaven of purple light ;
 Along the plain the maze of rivers roll'd,
 And verdant shadows gleam'd in waves of gold.

Thus while the tyrant cast his haughty eye
 O'er the broad landscape and incumbent sky,
 His heart exulting whisper'd — “ All is mine,”
 And heard a voice from all things answer “ Thine.”
 Such was the matchless chief, whose name of yore
 Fill'd the wide world ; — his name is known no more :
 O that for ever from the rolls of fame,
 Like his, had perish'd every conqueror's name !
 Then had mankind been spared, in after-times,
 Their greatest sufferings and their greatest crimes.
 The hero scourges not his age alone,
 His curse to late posterity is known :

He slays his thousands with his living breath,
 His tens of thousands by his fame in death.
 Achilles quench'd not all his wrath on Greece,
 Through Homer's song its miseries never cease ;
 Like Phœbus' shafts, the bright contagion brings
 Plagues on the people for the feuds of kings.
 'Twas not in vain the son of Philip sigh'd
 For worlds to conquer,—o'er the western tide,
 His spirit, in the Spaniard's form, o'erthrew
 Realms, that the Macedonian never knew.
 The steel of Brutus struck not Cæsar dead ;
 Cæsar in other lands hath rear'd his head,
 And fought, of friends and foes, on many a plain,
 His millions, captured, fugitive, and slain ;
 Yet seldom suffer'd, where his country died,
 A Roman vengeance for his parricide.

The sun was sunk ; the sacrificial pyres
 From smouldering ashes breathed their last blue fires,
 The smiling star, that lights the world to rest,
 Walk'd in the rosy gardens of the west,
 Like Eve erewhile through Eden's blooming bowers,
 A lovelier star amidst a heaven of flowers.
 Now in the freshness of the falling shade,
 Again the minstrel to the monarch play'd.
 — “ Where is the youth renown'd? — the youth
 whose voice
 Was wont to make the listening camp rejoice,
 When to his harp, in many a peerless strain,
 He sang the wonders of the Giant's reign :

O where is Javan?"—Thus the bard renew'd
 His lay, and with a rival's transport view'd
 The cloud of sudden anger, that o'ercame
 The tyrant's countenance, at Javan's name ;
 Javan, whose song was once his soul's delight,
 Now doom'd a traitor recreant by his flight. •
 The envious minstrel smiled ; then boldly ran
 His prelude o'er the chords, and thus began :—

“ 'Twas on the morn that faithless Javan fled,
 To yonder plain the king of nations led
 His countless hosts, and stretch'd their wide array
 Along the woods, within whose shelter lay
 The sons of Eden * :—these, with secret pride,
 In ambush thus the Invincible defied :
 — ‘ Girt with the forest wherefore should we fear ?
 The Giant's sword shall never reach us here :
 Behind, the river rolls its deep defence ;
 The Giant's hand shall never pluck us hence.’
 Vain boast of fools ! who to that hand prepare
 For their own lives the inevitable snare :
 His legions smote the standards of the wood,
 And with their prostrate strength controll'd the flood ;
 Lopt off their boughs, and jointed beam to beam,
 The pines and oaks were launch'd upon the stream,
 An hundred rafts.—Yet still within a zone
 Of tangled coppices,—a waste, o'ergrown
 With briars and thorns,—the dauntless victims lie,
 Scorn to surrender, and prepare to die.

* Vide Canto I. p. 19., and Canto III. p. 47.

The second sun went down ; the monarch's plan
Was perfected : the dire assault began.

“ Marshall'd by twilight, his obedient bands
Engirt the wood, with torches in their hands ;
The signal given, they shoot them through the air ;
The blazing brands in rapid volleys glare,
Descending through the gloom with spangled light,
As if the stars were falling through the night.
Along the wither'd grass the wild-fire flew,
Higher and hotter with obstruction grew ;
The green wood hiss'd ; from crackling thickets broke
Light glancing flame, and heavy rolling smoke ;
Till all the breadth of forest seem'd to rise
In raging conflagration to the skies.
Fresh o'er our heads the winds propitious blow,
But roll the fierce combustion on the foe.
Awhile they paused, of every hope bereft,
Choice of destruction all their refuge left ;
If from the flames they fled, behind them lay
The river roaring to receive his prey ;
If through the stream they sought the farther strand,
Our rafts were moor'd to meet them ere they land ;
With triple death environ'd thus they stood,
Till nearer peril drove them to the flood.
Safe on a hill, where sweetest moonlight slept,
As o'er the changing scene my watch I kept,
I heard their shrieks of agony ; I hear
Those shrieks still ring in my tormented ear ;
I saw them leap the gulf with headlong fright ;
O that mine eyes could now forget that sight !

They sank in multitude ; but, prompt to save,
Our warriors snatch'd the stragglers from the wave,
And on their rafts a noble harvest bore
Of rescued heroes, captive, to the shore.

“ One little troop their lessening ground maintain'd
Till space to perish in alone remain'd ;
Then with a shout that rent the echoing air,
More like the shout of victory than despair,
Wedged in a solid phalanx, man by man,
Right through the scorching wilderness they ran,
Where half extinct the smouldering fuel glow'd,
And levell'd copses strew'd the open road.
Unharm'd as spirits while they seem'd to pass,
Their lighted features flared like molten brass,
Around the flames in writhing volumes spread,
Thwarted their path, or mingled o'er their head ;
Beneath their feet the fires to ashes turn'd,
But in their wake with mounting fury burn'd.
Our host recoil'd from that amazing sight ;
Scarcely the king himself restrain'd their flight ;
He, with his chiefs, in brazen armour, stood
Unmoved, to meet the maniacs from the wood.
Dark as a thunder-cloud their phalanx came,
But split like lightning into forms of flame ;
Soon as in purer air their heads they raised
To taste the breath of heaven, their garments blazed ;
Then blind, distracted, weaponless, yet flush'd
With dreadful valour, on their foes they rush'd ;
The Giants met them midway on the plain ;
'Twas but the struggle of a moment ; — slain,

They fell; their relics, to the flames return'd,
 As offerings to the immortal gods were burn'd;
 And never did the light of morning rise
 Upon the clouds of such a sacrifice."

Abruptly here the minstrel ceased to sing,
 And every face was turn'd upon the king;
 He, while the stoutest hearts recoil'd with fear,
 And Giants trembled their own deeds to hear,
 Unmoved and unrelenting, in his mind
 Deeds of more impious enterprise design'd:
 A dire conception labour'd in his breast;
 His eye was sternly pointed to the west,
 Where stood the mount of Paradise sublime,
 Whose guarded top, since man's presumptuous crime,
 By noon, a dusky cloud appear'd to rise,
 But blazed a beacon through nocturnal skies.
 As Ætna, view'd from ocean far away,
 Slumbers in blue revolving smoke by day,
 Till darkness, with terrific splendour, shows
 The eternal fires that crest the eternal snows*;
 So where the cherubim in vision turn'd
 Their flaming swords, the summit lower'd or burn'd.
 And now conspicuous through the twilight gloom,
 The glancing beams the distant hills illumine,

* Sorge nel sen de la Sicilia aprica
 Monte superbo al cielo.
 Che d' atro incendio incoronato hà il crine;
 Sparso il tergo è di neve, e fatta amica
 Lambe la fiamma il gielo,
 E tra discreti ardor duran le brine.

And, as the shadows deepen o'er the ground,
Scatter a red and wavering lustre round.

Awhile the monarch, fearlessly amazed,
With jealous anger on the glory gazed ;
Already had his arm in battle hurl'd
His thunders round the subjugated world ;
Lord of the nether universe, his pride
Was rein'd, while Paradise his power defied.
An upland isle, by meeting streams embraced,
It tower'd to heaven amidst a sandy waste ;
Below, impenetrable woods display'd
Depths of mysterious solitude and shade ;
Above, with adamantine bulwarks crown'd,
Primeval rocks in hoary masses frown'd ;
O'er all were seen the cherubim of light,
Like pillar'd flames amidst the falling night ;
So high it rose, so bright the mountain shone,
It seem'd the footstool of Jehovah's throne.

The Giant panted with intense desire
To scale those heights, and storm the walls of fire :
His ardent soul, in ecstasy of thought,
Even now with Michael and his angels fought,
And saw the seraphim, like meteors, driven
Before his banners through the gates of heaven,
While he secure the glorious garden trod,
And sway'd his sceptre from the mount of God.

When suddenly the bard had ceased to sing,
While all the chieftains gazed upon their king,

Whose changing looks a rising storm bespoke,
 Ere from his lips the dread explosion broke,
 The trumpets sounded, and before his face
 Were led the captives of the Patriarchs' race, •
 —A lovely and a venerable band
 Of young and old, amidst their foes they stand ;
 Unawed they see the fiery trial near ;
 They fear'd their God, and knew no other fear.*

To light the dusky scene, resplendent fires,
 Of pine and cedar, blazed in lofty pyres ;
 While from the east the moon with doubtful gleams
 Now tipt the hills, now glanced athwart the streams,
 Till, darting through the clouds her beauteous eye,
 She open'd all the temple of the sky ;
 The Giants, closing in a narrower ring,
 By turns survey'd the prisoners and the king.
 Javan stood forth ;—to all the youth was known,
 And every eye was fix'd on him alone.

* Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.
 RACINE.

END OF THE EIGHTH CANTO.

CANTO NINTH.

The King's Determination to sacrifice the Patriarchs and their Families to his Demon-Gods. His Sentence on Javan. Zillah's Distress. The Sorcerer pretends to declare the Secret of the Birth of the King, and proposes his Deification. Enoch appears.

A GLEAM of joy, at that expected sight,
 Shot o'er the monarch's brow with baleful light :
 " Behold," thought he, " the great decisive hour ;
 Ere morn, these sons of God shall prove my power :
 Offer'd by me their blood shall be the price
 Of demon-aid to conquer Paradise."
 Thus while he threaten'd, Javan caught his view,
 And instantly his visage changed its hue ;
 Inflamed with rage past utterance, he frown'd,
 He gnash'd his teeth, and wildly glared around,
 As one who saw a spectre in the air,
 And durst not look upon it, nor forbear ;
 Still on the youth, his eye, wherever cast,
 Abhorrently return'd, and fix'd at last :
 " Slaves ! smite the traitor ; be his limbs consign'd
 To flames, his ashes scatter'd to the wind !"
 He cried in tones so vehement, so loud,
 Instinctively recoil'd the shuddering crowd ;
 And ere the guards to seize their victim rush'd,
 The youth was pleading,—every breath was hush'd ;

Pale, but undauntedly, he faced his foes ;
 Warm as he spoke his kindling spirit rose ;
 Well pleased, on him the Patriarch-fathers smiled,
 And every mother loved him as her child.

“ Monarch ! to thee no traitor, here I stand ;
 These are my brethren, this my native land ;
 My native land, by sword and fire consumed,
 My brethren captive, and to death foredoom'd ;
 To these indeed a rebel in my youth,
 A fugitive apostate from the truth,
 Too late repentant, I confess my crime,
 And mourn o'er lost irrevocable time.
 — When from thy camp by conscience urged to flee,
 I plann'd no wrong, I laid no snare for thee :
 Did I provoke these sons of innocence,
 Against thine arms, to rise in vain defence ?
 No ; I conjured them, ere this threaten'd hour,
 In sheltering forests to escape thy power ;
 Firm in their rectitude, they scorn'd to fly ;
 Thy foes they were not, — they resolved to die.
 Yet think not thou, amidst thy warlike bands,
 They lie beyond redemption in thine hands :
 The God in whom they trust may help them still,
 They know He *can* deliver, and HE WILL ;
 Whether by life or death, afflicts them not,
 On His decree, not thine, they rest their lot.
 For me, unworthy with the just to share
 Death or deliverance, this is Javan's prayer :
 Mercy, O God ! to these in life be shown,
 I die rejoicing, if I die alone.”

"Thou shalt not die alone," a voice replied,
 A well-known voice—'twas Zillah at his side;
 She, while he spake, with eagerness to hear,
 Step after step, unconsciously drew near;
 Her bosom with severe compunction wrung,
 Pleased or alarm'd, on every word she hung.
 He turn'd his face;—with agonising air,
 In all the desolation of despair,
 She stood; her hands to heaven uplift and clasp'd,
 Then suddenly unloosed, his arm she grasp'd,
 And thus, in wild apostrophes of woe,
 Vented her grief while tears refused to flow.

"O I have wrong'd thee, Javan!—Let us be
 Espoused in death:—No, I will die for thee.
 —Tyrant! behold thy victim; on my head
 Be all the bitterness of vengeance shed,
 But spare the innocent; let Javan live,
 Whose crime was love:—Can Javan too forgive
 Love's lightest, fondest weakness, maiden-shame,
 —It was not pride,—that hid my bosom-flame?
 And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death,
 Who says, 'I love thee,' with her latest breath?
 And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
 Will thoughts of Zillah sometimes swell thine eye?
 If ever thou hast cherish'd in thine heart
 Visions of hope in which I bore a part;
 If ever thou hast long'd with me to share
 One home-born joy, one home-endearing care;
 If thou didst ever love me;—speak the word,
 Which late with feign'd indifferency I heard;

Tell me, thou lovest me still ;—haste, Javan, mark,
How high those ruffians pile the faggots,—hark,
How the flames crackle,—see, how fierce they glare,
Like fiery serpents hissing through the air ;
Farewell ; I fear them not.—Now seize me, bind
These willing limbs,—ye cannot touch the mind ;
Unawed, I stand on Nature's failing brink :
—Nay, look not on me, Javan, lest I shrink ;
Give me thy prayers, but turn away thine eye,
That I may lift my soul to Heaven, and die."

Thus Zillah raved in passionate distress,
Till frenzy soften'd into tenderness ;
Sorrow and love, with intermingling grace,
Terror and beauty, lighten'd o'er her face ;
Her voice, her eye, in every soul was felt,
And Giant-hearts were moved, unwont to melt.
Javan, in wonder, pity, and delight,
Almost forgot his being at the sight ;
That bending form, those suppliant accents, seem
The strange illusions of a lover's dream ;
And while she clung upon his arm, he found
His limbs, his lips, as by enchantment, bound ;
He dare not touch her, lest the charm should break,
He dare not move, lest he himself should wake.

But when she ceased to speak, and he to hear,
The silence startled him ;—cold, shivering fear
Crept o'er his nerves ;—in thought he cast his eye
Back on the world, and heaved a bitter sigh,

Thus from life's sweetest pleasures to be torn,
 Just when he seem'd to new existence born,
 And cease to feel, when feeling ceased to be
 A fever of protracted misery,
 And cease to love, when love no more was pain ;
 'Twas but a pang of transient weakness :—“ Vain
 Are all thy sorrows,” falteringly he said ;
 “ Already I am number'd with the dead ;
 But long and blissfully may Zillah live !
 —And canst thou ‘ Javan's cruel scorn' forgive ?
 And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death
 Who says, ‘ I love thee,' with his latest breath ?
 And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
 Will thoughts of Javan sometimes swell thine eye ?
 Ah ! while I wither'd in thy chilling frown,
 'Twas easy then to lay life's burden down ;
 When singly sentenced to these flames, my mind
 Gloried in leaving all I loved behind ;
 How hast thou triumph'd o'er me in this hour !
 One look hath crush'd my soul's collected power ;
 Thy scorn I might endure, thy pride defy,
 But O thy kindness makes it hard to die !”

“ Then we will die together.”—“ Zillah ! no,
 Thou shalt not perish ; let me, let me go ;
 Behold thy parents ! calm thy father's fears :
 Thy mother weeps ; canst thou resist her tears ?”

“ Away with folly !” in tremendous tone,
 Exclaim'd a voice, more horrid than the groan

Of famish'd tiger leaping on his prey ;
— Crouch'd at the monarch's feet the speaker lay ;
But starting up, in his ferocious mien
That monarch's ancient foster-sire was seen,
The goatherd, — he who snatch'd him from the flood,
The sorcerer, who nursed him up to blood :
Who, still his evil genius, fully bent
On one bold purpose, went where'er he went ;
That purpose, long in his own bosom seal'd,
Ripe for fulfilment now, he thus reveal'd.
Full in the midst he rush'd ; alarm'd, aghast,
Giants and captives trembled as he pass'd,
For scarcely seem'd he of the sons of earth ;
Unchronicled the hour that gave him birth ;
Though shrunk his cheek, his temples deeply
plough'd,
Keen was his vulture-eye, his strength unbow'd ;
Swarthy his features ; venerably grey,
His beard dishevell'd o'er his bosom lay :
Bald was his front ; but, white as snow behind,
His ample locks were scatter'd to the wind ;
Naked he stood, save round his loins a zone
Of shagged fur, and o'er his shoulders thrown
A serpent's skin, that cross'd his breast, and round
His body thrice in glittering volumes wound.

All gazed with horror—deep unutter'd thought
In every muscle of his visage wrought ;
His eye, as if his eye could see the air,
Was fix'd : up-writhing rose his horrent hair ;

His limbs grew dislocate, convulsed his frame ;
 Deep from his chest mysterious noises came ;
 Now purring, hissing, barking, then they swell'd
 To hideous dissonance ; he shriek'd, he yell'd,
 As if the Legion-fiend his soul possess'd,
 And a whole hell were worrying in his breast ;
 Then down he dash'd himself on earth, and roll'd
 In agony, till powerless, stiff, and cold,
 With face upturn'd to heaven, and arms outspread,
 A ghastly spectacle, he lay as dead ;
 The living too stood round like forms of death,
 And every pulse was hush'd, and every breath.

Meanwhile the wind arose, the clouds were driven
 In watery masses through the waste of heaven,
 The groaning woods foretold a tempest nigh,
 And silent lightning skirmish'd in the sky.

Ere long the wizard started from the ground,
 Giddily reel'd, and look'd bewilder'd round,
 Till on the king he fix'd his hideous gaze ;
 Then rapt with ecstasy, and broad amaze,
 He kneel'd in adoration, humbly bow'd
 His face upon his hands, and cried aloud ;
 Yet so remote and strange his accents fell,
 They seem'd the voice of an invisible :
 —“ Hail ! king and conqueror of the peopled earth,
 And more than king and conqueror ! Know thy
 birth :
 Thou art a ray of uncreated fire,
 The sun himself is thy celestial sire ;

The moon thy mother, who to me consign'd
Her babe in secrecy, to bless mankind.
These eyes have watch'd thee rising, year by year,
More great, more glorious in thine high career.
As the young eagle plies his growing wings
In bounded flights, and sails in wider rings,
Till to the fountain of meridian day,
Full plumed and perfected, he soars away ;
Thus have I mark'd thee, since thy course begun,
Still upward tending to thy sire the sun :
Now midway meet him ; from yon flaming height,
Chase the vain phantoms of cherubic light ;
There build a tower, whose spiral top shall rise,
Circle o'er circle lessening to the skies :
The stars, thy brethren, in their spheres shall stand
To hail thee welcome to thy native land ;
The moon shall clasp thee in her glad embrace,
The sun behold his image in thy face,
And call thee, as his offspring and his heir,
His throne, his empire, and his orb to share."

Rising and turning his terrific head,
That chill'd beholders, thus the enchanter said :
— " Prepare, prepare the piles of sacrifice,
The power that rules on earth shall rule the skies ;
Hither, O chiefs ! the captive Patriarchs bring,
And pour their blood an offering to your king ;
He, like his sire the sun, in transient clouds,
His veil'd divinity from mortals shrouds,
Too pure to shine till these his foes are slain,
And conquer'd Paradise hath crown'd his reign.

Haste, heap the fallen cedars on the pyres,
And give the victims living to the fires :
Shall He, in whom they vainly trust, withstand
Your sovereign's wrath, or pluck them from his hand?
We dare Him ;—if He saves his servants now,
To Him let every knee in Nature bow,
For HE is GOD" ——at that most awful name,
A spasm of horror wither'd up his frame,
Even as he stood and look'd ;—he looks, he stands,
With heaven-defying front, and clenched hands,
And lips half-open'd, eager from his breast
To bolt the blasphemy, by force repress ;
For not in feign'd abstraction, as before,
He practised foul deceit by damned lore ;
A frost was on his nerves, and in his veins
A fire, consuming with infernal pains ;
Conscious, though motionless, his limbs were grown ;
Alive to suffering, but alive in stone.

In silent expectation, sore amazed,
The king and chieftains on the sorcerer gazed ;
Awhile no sound was heard, save through the woods,
The wind deep-thundering, and the dashing floods :
At length, with solemn step, amidst the scene,
Where that false prophet show'd his frantic mien,
Where lurid flames from green-wood altars burn'd,
Enoch stood forth ;—on him all eyes were turn'd ;
O'er his dim form and saintly visage fell
The light that glared upon that priest of hell.
Unutterably awful was his look ;
Through every joint the Giant-monarch shook ;

Shook like Belshazzar, in his festive hall,
When the hand wrote his judgment on the wall* ;
Shook, like Eliphaz, with dissolving fright †,
In thoughts amidst the visions of the night,
When as the spirit pass'd before his face,
Nor limb, nor lineament his eye could trace ;
A form of mystery, that chill'd his blood,
Close at his couch in living terror stood,
And death-like silence, till a voice more drear,
More dreadful than the silence, reach'd his ear :
Thus from surrounding darkness Enoch brake,
And thus the Giant trembled while he spake.

* Dan. v. 1—31.

† Job, iv. 12—21.

END OF THE NINTH CANTO.

CANTO TENTH.

The Prophecy of Enoch concerning the Sorcerer, the King, and the Flood. His Translation to Heaven. The Conclusion.

“THE Lord is jealous :— He, who reigns on high,
 Upholds the earth, and spreads abroad the sky ;
 His voice the moon and stars by night obey,
 He sends the sun his servant forth by day :
 From Him all beings came, on Him depend,
 To Him return, their Author, Sovereign, End.
 Who shall destroy when He would save ? or stand,
 When He destroys, the stroke of his right hand ?
 With none His name and power will He divide,
 For HE is GOD, and there is none beside.

“ The proud shall perish ;—mark how wild his air
 In impotence of malice and despair,
 What frenzy fires the bold blasphemer’s cheek !
 He looks the curses which he cannot speak.
 A hand hath touch’d him that he once defied ;
 Touch’d, and for ever crush’d him in his pride ;
 Yet shall he live, despised as fear’d before ;
 The great deceiver shall deceive no more ;
 Children shall pluck the beard of him whose arts
 Palsied the boldest hands, the stoutest hearts ;
 His vaunted wisdom fools shall laugh to scorn,
 When muttering spells, a spectacle forlorn,

A drivelling idiot, he shall fondly roam
From house to house, and never find a home."

The wizard heard his sentence, nor remain'd
A moment longer ; from his trance unchain'd,
He plunged into the woods ;— the Prophet then
Turn'd, and took up his parable again.

" The proud shall perish :— monarch ! know thy
doom :

Thy bones shall lack the shelter of a tomb ;
Not in the battle-field thine eyes shall close,
Slain upon thousands of thy slaughter'd foes ;
Not on the throne of empire, nor the bed
Of weary Nature, thou shalt bow thine head :
Death lurks in ambush ; Death without a name,
Shall pluck thee from thy pinnacle of fame ;
At eve, rejoicing o'er thy finish'd toil,
Thy soul shall deem the universe her spoil ;
The dawn shall see thy carcass cast away,
The wolves, at sunrise, slumber on their prey.
Cut from the living, whither dost thou go ?
Hades is moved to meet thee from below * :

* This passage, the reader will perceive, is an imitation of some verses in the fourteenth chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah, which are applied to the fall of the King of Babylon. The following extract from Bishop Lowth's note on the original will elucidate the paraphrase :— " The regions of the Dead are laid open, and Hades is represented as rousing up the shades of the departed monarchs ; they rise from their thrones to meet the King of Babylon at his coming ; and insult him on his being reduced to the same low state of impotence and

The kings thy sword had slain, the mighty dead,
 Start from their thrones at thy descending tread ;
 They ask in scorn,—‘ Destroyer ! is it thus ?
 Art thou,—thou too,—become like one of us ?
 Torn from the feast of music, wine, and mirth,
 The worms thy covering, and thy couch the earth.
 How art thou fall’n from thine ethereal height,
 Son of the morning ! sunk in endless night :
 How art thou fall’n, who said’st in pride of soul,
 I will ascend above the starry pole,
 Thence rule the adoring nations with my nod,
 And set my throne above the Mount of God !
 Spilt in the dust, thy blood pollutes the ground ;
 Sought by the eyes that fear’d thee, yet not found ;
 Thy chieftains pause, they turn thy relics o’er,
 Then pass thee by,—for thou art known no more.
 Hail to thine advent ! Potentate, in hell,
 Unfear’d, unflatter’d, undistinguish’d dwell ;

dissolution with themselves. * * * * * The image of the state of the Dead, or the *Infernum Poeticum* of the Hebrews, is taken from their custom of burying, those at least of the highest rank, in large sepulchral vaults hewn in the rock. Of this kind of sepulchres there are remains at Jerusalem now extant ; and some that are said to be the sepulchres of the kings of Judah. See Maundrell, p. 76. You are to form to yourself the idea of an immense subterraneous vault, a vast gloomy cavern, all round the sides of which there are cells to receive the dead bodies : here the deceased monarchs lie in a distinguished sort of state, suitable to their former rank, each on his own couch, with his arms beside him, his sword at his head, and the bodies of his chiefs and companions around him. * * * * * These illustrious shades rise at once from their couches, as from their thrones ; and advance to the entrance of the cavern to meet the king of Babylon, and to receive him with insults on his fall.” — Lowth’s *Isaiah*, xiv. 9. *et seq.*

On earth thy fierce ambition knew no rest,
A worm, a flame for ever in thy breast ;
Here feel the rage of unconsuming fire,
Intense, eternal, impotent desire ;
Here lie, the deathless worm's unwasting prey,
In chains of darkness till the judgment-day.'

“ Thus while the dead thy fearful welcome sing,
Thy living slaves bewail their vanish'd king.
Then, though thy reign with infamy expire,
Fulfill'd in death shall be thy vain desire ;
The traitors, reeking with thy blood, shall swear,
They saw their sovereign ravish'd through the air,
And point thy star revolving o'er the night,
A baleful comet with portentous light,
Midst clouds and storms denouncing from afar
Famine, and havoc, pestilence and war.
Temples, not tombs, thy monuments shall be,
And altars blaze on hills and groves to thee ;
A pyramid shall consecrate thy crimes,
Thy name and honours to succeeding times ;
There shall thine image hold the highest place
Among the gods of man's revolted race !

“ That race shall perish : — Men and Giants, all
Thy kindred and thy worshippers shall fall.
The babe, whose life with yesterday began,
May spring to youth, and ripen into man ;
But ere his locks are tinged with fading grey,
This world of sinners shall be swept away.

Jehovah lifts his standard to the skies,
 Swift at the signal winds and vapours rise ;
 The sun in sackcloth veils his face at noon,—
 The stars are quench'd, and turn'd to blood the
 moon.

Heaven's fountains open, clouds dissolving roll
 In mingled cataracts from pole to pole,
 Earth's central sluices burst, the hills upturn,
 In rapid whirlpools down the gulf are borne :
 The voice that taught the Deep his bounds to know,
 ' Thus far, O Sea ! nor farther shalt thou go,'—
 Sends forth the floods, commission'd to devour
 With boundless licence and resistless power ;
 They own no impulse but the tempest's sway,
 Nor find a limit but the light of day.

“ The vision opens : — sunk beneath the wave,
 The guilty share an universal grave ;
 One wilderness of water rolls in view,
 And heaven and ocean wear one turbid hue ;
 Still stream unbroken torrents from the skies,
 Higher beneath the inundations rise ;
 A lurid twilight glares athwart the scene,
 Low thunders peal, faint lightnings flash between.
 —Methinks I see a distant vessel ride,
 A lonely object on the shoreless tide ;
 Within whose ark the innocent have found
 Safety, while stay'd Destruction ravens round ;
 Thus, in the hour of vengeance, God, who knows
 His servants, spares them, while He smites his foes.

“ Eastward I turn ;— o’er all the deluged lands,
Unshaken yet, a mighty mountain stands,
Where Seth, of old, his flock to pasture led,
And watch’d the stars at midnight, from its head :
An island now, its dark majestic form
Scowls through the thickest ravage of the storm ;
While on its top, the monument of fame,
Built by thy murderers to adorn thy name,
Defies the shock ;— a thousand cubits high,
The sloping pyramid ascends the sky.
Thither, their latest refuge in distress,
Like hunted wolves, the rallying Giants press ;
Round the broad base of that stupendous tower,
The shuddering fugitives collect their power,
Cling to the dizzy cliff, o’er ocean bend,
And howl with terror as the deeps ascend.
The mountain’s strong foundations still endure,
The heights repel the surge.— Awhile secure,
And cheer’d with frantic hope, thy votaries climb
The fabric, rising step by step, sublime.
Beyond the clouds they see the summit glow
In heaven’s pure daylight, o’er the gloom below ;
There too thy worshipp’d image shines like fire,
In the full glory of thy fabled sire.
They hail the omen, and with heart and voice
Call on thy name, and in thy smile rejoice :
False omen ! on thy name in vain they call ;
Fools in their joy ;— a moment and they fall.
Rent by an earthquake of the buried plain,
And shaken by the whole disrupted main,

The mountain trembles on its failing base,
It slides, it stoops, it rushes from its place ;
From all the Giants bursts one drowning cry ;
Hark ! 'tis thy name — they curse it as they die ;
Sheer to the lowest gulf the pile is hurl'd,
The last sad wreck of a devoted world.

“ So fall transgressors : — Tyrant ! now fulfil
Thy secret purposes, thine utmost will ;
Here crown thy triumphs : — life or death decree,
The weakest here disdains thy power and thee.”

Thus when the Patriarch ceased, and every ear
Still listen'd in suspense of hope and fear,
Sublime, ineffable, angelic grace
Beam'd in his meek and venerable face ;
And sudden glory, streaming round his head,
O'er all his robes with lambent lustre spread ;
His earthly features grew divinely bright,
His essence seem'd transforming into light.
Brief silence, like the pause between the flash
At midnight, and the following thunder-crash,
Ensued : — Anon, with universal cry,
The Giants rush'd upon the Prophet — “ Die ! ”
The king leapt foremost from his throne ; — he drew
His battle-sword, as on his mark he flew ;
With aim unerring, and tempestuous sound,
The blade descended deep along the ground :
The foe was fled, and, self-o'erwhelm'd, his strength
Hurl'd to the earth his Atlantean length ;

But ere his chiefs could stretch the helping arm,
 He sprang upon his feet in pale alarm ;
 Headlong and blind with rage he search'd around,
 But *Enoch walk'd with God, and was not found.*

Yet where the captives stood, in holy awe,
 Rapt on the wings of cherubim, they saw
 Their sainted sire ascending through the night ;
 He turn'd his face to bless them in his flight,
 Then vanish'd :—Javan caught the Prophet's eye,
 And snatch'd his mantle falling from the sky ;
 O'er him the Spirit of the Prophet came,
 Like rushing wind awakening hidden flame :
 " Where is the God of Enoch now ? " he cried * ,
 " Captives, come forth ! Despisers, shrink aside ."
 He spake, and bursting through the Giant-throng,
 Smote with the mantle as he moved along :
 A power invisible their rage controll'd,
 Hither and thither as he turn'd they roll'd ;
 Unawed, unharm'd, the ransom'd prisoners pass'd
 Through ranks of foes astonied and aghast :
 Close in the youth's conducting steps they trod :
 —So Israel march'd when Moses raised his rod,
 And led their host, enfranchised, through the wave,
 The people's safeguard, the pursuers' grave .

* " And he (*Elisha*) took the mantle of *Elijah* that fell from him, and smote the waters (*of Jordan*), and said, —Where is the Lord God of *Elijah* ?—and when he had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither ; and *Elisha* went over." —*2 Kings*, ii. 14

Thus from the wolves this little flock was torn,
And sheltering in the mountain-caves till morn,
They join'd to sing, in strains of full delight,
Songs of deliverance through the dreary night.

The Giants' frenzy, when they lost their prey,
No tongue of man or angel might portray ;
First on their idol-gods their vengeance turn'd,
Those gods on their own altar-piles they burn'd ;
Then, at their sovereign's mandate, sallied forth
To rouse their host to combat, from the north ;
Eager to risk their uttermost emprise,
Perish ere morn, or reign in Paradise.
Now the slow tempest, that so long had lower'd,
Keen in their faces sleet and hailstones shower'd ;
The winds blew loud, the waters roar'd around,
An earthquake rock'd the agonising ground ;
Red in the west the burning mount, array'd
With tenfold terror by incumbent shade,
(For moon and stars were wrapt in dunnest gloom,)
Glared like a torch amidst creation's tomb :
So Sinai's rocks were kindled when they felt
Their Maker's footstep, and began to melt ;
Darkness was his pavilion, whence He came,
Hid in the brightness of descending flame,
While storm, and whirlwind, and the trumpet's blast,
Proclaim'd his law in thunder, as He pass'd.

The Giants reach'd their camp :—the night's
alarms
Meanwhile had startled all their slaves to arms :

They grasp'd their weapons as from sleep they sprang,
From tent to tent the brazen clangor rang :
The hail, the earthquake, the mysterious light
Unnerved their strength, o'erwhelm'd them with
affright.

“ Warriors ! to battle ;—summon all your powers ;
Warriors ! to conquest ;—Paradise is ours,”
Exclaim'd their monarch ;— not an arm was raised,
In vacancy of thought, like men amazed,
And lost amidst confounding dreams, they stood,
With palsied eyes, and horror-frozen blood.
The Giants' rage to instant madness grew ;
The king and chiefs on their own legions flew,
Denouncing vengeance ;—then had all the plain
Been heap'd with myriads by their leaders slain ;
But ere a sword could fall,—by whirlwinds
driven,

In mighty volumes, through the vault of heaven,
From Eden's summit, o'er the camp accurst,
The darting fires with noonday splendour burst ;
And fearful grew the scene above, below,
With sights of mystery, and sounds of woe.
The embattled cherubim appear'd on high,
And coursers, wing'd with lightning, swept the sky ;
Chariots, whose wheels with living instinct roll'd,
Spirits of unimaginaire mould,
Powers, such as dwell in heaven's serenest light,
Too pure, too terrible for mortal sight,
From depth of midnight suddenly reveal'd,
In arms, against the Giants took the field.

On such an host Elisha's servant gazed,
When all the mountain round the prophet blazed *;
With such an host, when war in heaven was wrought,
Michael against the Prince of Darkness fought.

Roused by the trumpet that shall wake the dead,
The torpid foe in consternation fled;
The Giants headlong in the uproar ran,
The king himself the foremost of the van,
Nor e'er his rushing squadrons led to fight
With swifter onset, than he led that flight.
Homeward the panic-stricken legions flew;
Their arms, their vestments, from their limbs they
threw;

O'er shields and helms the reinless camel strode,
And gold and purple strew'd the desert road.
When through the Assyrian army, like a blast,
At midnight, the destroying angel pass'd,
The tyrant that defied the living God,
Precipitately thus his steps retrod;
Even by the way he came, to his own land,
Return'd, to perish by his offspring's hand. †
So fled the Giant-monarch;— but unknown
The hand that smote his life;— he died alone;
Amidst the tumult treacherously slain;
At morn his chieftains sought their lord in vain,
Then, reckless of the harvest of their toils,
Their camp, their captives, all their treasured spoils,

* 2 Kings, vi. 17.

† 2 Kings, xix. 33—37.

Renew'd their flight o'er eastern hills afar,
With life alone escaping from that war,
In which their king had hail'd his realm complete,
The world's last province bow'd beneath his feet.

As, when the waters of the Flood declined,
Rolling tumultuously before the wind,
The proud waves shrunk from low to lower beds,
And high the hills and higher raised their heads,
Till ocean lay, enchased with rock and strand,
As in the hollow of the Almighty's hand,
While earth with wrecks magnificent was strew'd,
And stillness reign'd o'er Nature's solitude.
— Thus in a storm of horror and dismay,
All night the Giant-army sped away ;
Thus on a lonely, sad, and silent scene,
The morning rose in majesty serene.

Early and joyful o'er the dewy grass,
Straight to their glen the ransom'd Patriarchs pass ;
As doves released their parent dwelling find,
They fly for life, nor cast a look behind ;
And when they reach'd the dear sequester'd spot,
Enoch alone of all their train "*was not.*"
With them the bard, who from the world withdrew,
Javan, from folly and ambition flew ;
Though poor his lot, within that narrow bound,
Friendship, and home, and faithful love he found :
There did his wanderings and afflictions cease,
His youth was penitence, his age was peace.

Meanwhile the scatter'd tribes of Eden's plain
Turn'd to their desolated fields again,
And join'd their brethren, captives once in fight,
But left to freedom in that dreadful flight:
Thenceforth redeem'd from war's unnumber'd woes,
Rich with the spoils of their retreated foes,
By Giant-tyranny no more opprest,
The people flourish'd, and the land had rest.

END OF THE TENTH AND LAST CANTO.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PEAK MOUNTAINS:

IN TWO PARTS.

WRITTEN AT BUXTON, IN AUGUST, 1812.

It may be useful to remark, that the scenery in the neighbourhood of Buxton, when surveyed from any of the surrounding eminences, consists chiefly of numerous and naked hills, of which many are yet unenclosed, and the rest poorly cultivated; the whole district, except in the immediate precincts of the Baths and the village of Fairfield, being miserably bare of both trees and houses.

PART I.

HEALTH on these open hills I seek,
By these delicious springs, in vain ;
The rose on this deserted cheek
Shall never bloom again;
For youth is fled ;—and less by time
Than sorrow torn away,
The pride, the strength of manhood's prime,
Falls to decay.

Restless and fluttering to expire,
Life's vapour sheds a cold dim light,

Frail as the evanescent fire
Amidst the murky night,
That tempts the traveller from afar
To follow, o'er the heath,
Its baleful and bewildering star
To snares of death.

A dreary torpor numbs my brain ;
Now shivering pale, — now flush'd with heat ;
Hurried, then slow, from vein to vein
Unequal pulses beat ;
Quick palpitations heave my heart,
Anon it seems to sink ;
Alarm'd at sudden sounds I start,
From shadows shrink.

Bear me, my failing limbs ! O ! bear
A melancholy sufferer forth,
To breathe abroad the mountain air
Fresh from the vigorous north ;
To view the prospect, waste and wild,
Tempestuous or serene,
Still dear to me, as to the child
The mother's mien.

Ah ! who can look on Nature's face,
And feel unholy passions move ?
Her forms of majesty and grace
I cannot choose but love :
Her frowns or smiles my woes disarm,
Care and repining cease ;

Her terrors awe, her beauties charm
My thoughts to peace.

Already through mine inmost soul,
A deep tranquillity I feel,
O'er every nerve, with mild control,
Her consolations steal ;
This fever'd frame and fretful mind,
Jarring midst doubts and fears,
Are sooth'd to harmony :—I find
Delight in tears.

I quit the path, and track with toil
The mountains' unfrequented maze ;
Deep moss and heather clothe the soil,
And many a springlet plays,
That welling from its secret source
Down rugged dells is tost,
Or spreads through rushy fens its course,
Silently lost.

The flocks and herds, that freely range
These moorlands, turn a jealous eye,
As if the form of man were strange,
To watch me stealing by ;
The heifer stands aloof to gaze,
The colt comes boldly on :—
I pause,—he shakes his forelock, neighs,
Starts, and is gone.

I seek the valley :—all alone
I seem in this sequester'd place ;

Not so ; I meet, unseen, yet known,
My Maker face to face ;
My heart perceives his presence nigh,
And hears his voice proclaim,
While bright his glory passes by,
His noblest name.

LOVE is that name, —for GOD is LOVE ;
—Here, where unbuilt by mortal hands,
Mountains below and heaven above,
His awful temple stands,
I worship :—“ Lord ! though I am dust
And ashes in thy sight,
Be thou my strength ; in Thee I trust.
Be thou my light.”

PART II.

EMERGING from the cavern'd glen,
From steep to steep I slowly climb,
And far above the haunts of men,
I tread in air sublime :
Beneath my path the swallows sweep ;
Yet higher crags impend,
And wild flowers from the fissures peep,
And rills descend.

Now on the ridges bare and bleak,
Cool round my temples sighs the gale ;
Ye winds ! that wander o'er the Peak ;
Ye mountain-spirits ! hail !
Angels of health ! to man below
Ye bring celestial airs ;
Bear back to Him, from whom ye blow,
Our praise and prayers.

Here, like the eagle from his nest,
I take my proud and dizzy stand ;
Here, from the cliff's sublimest crest,
Look down upon the land :
O for the eagle's eye to gaze
Undazzled through this light !
O for the eagle's wings to raise
O'er all my flight !

The sun in glory walks the sky,
White fleecy clouds are floating round,
Whose shapes along the landscape fly,
— Here, chequering o'er the ground ;
There, down the glens the shadows sweep,
With changing lights between ;
Yonder they climb the upland steep,
Shifting the scene.

Above, beneath, immensely spread,
Valleys and hoary rocks I view,
Heights over heights exalt their head,
Of many a sombre hue ;
No waving woods their flanks adorn,
No hedge-rows, gay with trees,
Encircle fields, where floods of corn
Roll to the breeze.

My soul this vast horizon fills,
Within whose undulated line
Thick stand the multitude of hills,
And clear the waters shine ;
Grey mossy walls the slopes ascend ;
While roads, that tire the eye,
Upward their winding course extend,
And touch the sky.

With rude diversity of form,
The insulated mountains tower ;
— Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
And partial darkness lower,

While yonder summits far away
Shine sweetly through the gloom,
Like glimpses of eternal day
Beyond the tomb.

Hither, of old, the Almighty came ;
Clouds were his car, his steeds the wind :
Before Him went devouring flame,
And thunder roll'd behind ;
At his approach the mountains reel'd
Like vessels to and fro ;
Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
The gulfs below.

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
He seem'd in power alone a God ;
But blessings follow'd in his path,
For Mercy seized his rod ;
She smote the rock,—and as He pass'd
Forth gush'd a living stream ;
The fire, the earthquake, and the blast
Fled as a dream.

Behold the everlasting hills,
In that convulsion scatter'd round ;
Hark ! from their caves the issuing rills
With sweetest music sound ;
Ye lame and impotent ! draw near ;
With healing on her wing,
The cherub Mercy watches here
Her ancient spring.

TO ANN AND JANE :

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN THE SMALL VOLUME OF
HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.

WHEN the shades of night retire
From the morn's advancing beams,
Ere the hills are tipt with fire,
And the radiance lights the streams,
Lo, the lark begins her song,
Early on the wing, and long.

Summon'd by the signal notes,
Soon her sisters quit the lawn,
With their wildly warbling throats,
Soaring in the dappled dawn ;
Brighter, warmer spread the rays,
Louder, sweeter swell their lays.

Nestlings, in their grassy beds,
Harkening to the joyful sound,
Heavenward point their little heads,
Lowly twittering from the ground,
Ere their wings are fledged to fly,
To the chorus in the sky.

Thus, fair Minstrels, while ye sing,
Teaching infant minds to raise
To the universal King
Humble hymns of prayer and praise,
O may all who hear your voice
Look, and listen, and rejoice !

Faltering like the skylark's young,
While your numbers they record,
Soon may every heart and tongue
Learn to magnify the Lord ;
And your strains divinely sweet,
Unborn millions thus repeat.

Minstrels ! what reward is due
For this labour of your love ?
—Through eternity may You,
In the Paradise above,
Round the dear Redeemer's feet,
All your infant readers meet !

OCCASIONAL ODE

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL BRITISH
SYSTEM OF EDUCATION,

HELD AT FREEMASONS' HALL, MAY 16. 1812.

THE lion, o'er his wild domains,
Rules with the terror of his eye ;
The eagle of the rock maintains
By force his empire in the sky ;
The shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage :
Parent and young, unwean'd from blood,
Are still the same from age to age.

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth ;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth :
Force, cunning, speed, which Nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save,—
These are the lowest powers of Man.

From strength to strength he travels on :
He leaves the lingering brute behind ;

And when a few short years are gone,
He soars, a disembodied mind:
Beyond the grave, his course sublime
Destined through nobler paths to run,
In his career the end of Time
Is but Eternity begun.

What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the immortal from the brute,
God's image from the mould of clay?
'Tis Knowledge:—Knowledge to the soul
Is power, and liberty, and peace;
And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of Knowledge shall increase.

Hail! to the glorious plan, that spread
The light with universal beams,
And through the human desert led
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams.
—Behold a new creation rise,
New spirit breathed into the clod,
Where'er the voice of Wisdom cries,
“Man, know thyself, and fear thy God.”

A DAUGHTER (C. M.) TO HER MOTHER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 25. 1811.

THIS the day to me most dear
In the changes of the year ;
Spring, the fields and woods adorning,
Spring may boast a gayer morning ;
Summer noon, with brighter beams,
Gild the mountains and the streams ;
Autumn, through the twilight vale,
Breathe a more delicious gale :
Yet though stern November reigns,
Wild and wintry o'er the plains,
Never does the morning rise
Half so welcome to mine eyes ;
Noontide glories never shed
Rays so beauteous round my head ;
Never looks the evening-scene
So enchantingly serene
As on this returning day,
When, in spirit rapt away,
Joys and sorrows I have known,
In the years for ever flown,
Wake at every sound and sight,
Reminiscence of delight.

All around me, all above,
Witnessing a Mother's love.

Love, that watch'd my early years
With conflicting hopes and fears ;
Love, that through life's flowery May
Led my childhood, prone to stray ;
Love, that still directs my youth
With the constancy of Truth,
Heightens every bliss it shares,
Softens and divides the cares,
Smiles away my light distress,
Weeps for joy, or tenderness :
—May that love, to latest age,
Cheer my earthly pilgrimage ;
May that love, o'er death victorious,
Rise beyond the grave more glorious ;
Souls, united here, would be
One to all eternity.

When these eyes, from native night
First unfolded to the light,
On what object, fair and new,
Did they fix their fondest view ?
On my Mother's smiling mien ;
All the mother there was seen.
When their weary lids would close
And she sang me to repose,
Found I not the sweetest rest
On my Mother's peaceful breast ?

When my tongue from hers had caught
Sounds to utter infant thought,
Readiest then what accents came?
Those that meant my Mother's name.
When my timid feet begun,
Strangely pleased, to stand or run,
'Twas my Mother's voice and eye
Most encouraged me to try,
Safe to run, and strong to stand,
Holding by her gentle hand.

Time since then hath deeper made,
Lines, where youthful dimples play'd,
Yet to me my Mother's face
Wears a more angelic grace;
And her tresses thin and hoary,
Are they not a crown of glory?
—Cruel griefs have wrung that breast,
Once my Paradise of rest;
While in these I bear a part,
Warmer grows my Mother's heart,
Closer our affections twine,
Mine with hers, and hers with mine.
—Many a name, since hers I knew,
Have I loved with honour due,
But no name shall be more dear
Than my Mother's to mine ear.
—Many a hand that Friendship plighted
Have I clasp'd with all delighted,
But more faithful none can be
Than my Mother's hand to me.

Thus by every tie endear'd,
Thus with filial reverence fear'd,
Mother! on this day 'tis meet
That, with salutation sweet,
I should wish you years of health,
Worldly happiness and wealth,
And when good old age is past,
Heaven's eternal peace at last!
But with these I frame a vow
For a double blessing now;
One, that richly shall combine
Your felicity with mine;
One, in which with soul and voice,
Both together may rejoice;
O what *shall* that blessing be?
—Dearest Mother! may you see
All *your* prayers fulfill'd *for me!*

CHATTERTON :

STANZAS

On reading the Verses entitled "Resignation," written by Chatterton, a few days before his melancholy end.

A DYING swan of Pindus sings
In wildly mournful strains ;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale ;
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale :

So soft the melting numbers flow
From his harmonious lips ;
So sad his woe-wan features show,
Just fading in eclipse.

The Bard, to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings, midst the tempest of his mind,
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,

Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash Minstrel ! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire ?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre ?

The lyre, that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,
That lyre, the power to Genius gave
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes ;—till his memory fail with years,
Shall TIME thy strains recite ;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight.

1802.

THE WILD ROSE ;

ON PLUCKING ONE LATE IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

THOU last pale promise of the waning year,
Poor sickly Rose ! what dost thou here ?
Why, frail flower ! so late a comer,
Hast thou slept away the summer ?
Since now, in Autumn's sullen reign,
When ev'ry breeze
Unrobes the trees,
And strews their annual garments on the plain,
Awaking from repose,
Thy fairy lids unclose.

Feeble, evanescent flower,
Smile away thy sunless hour,
Every daisy, in my walk,
Scorns thee from its humbler stalk :
Nothing but thy form discloses
Thy descent from royal roses :
How thine ancestors would blush
To behold thee on their bush,
Drooping thy dejected head
Where their bolder blossoms spread ;
Withering in the frosty gale,
Where their fragrance fill'd the vale.

Last and meanest of thy race,
Void of beauty, colour, grace,
No bee delighted sips
Ambrosia from thy lips ;
No spangling dew-drops gem
Thy fine elastic stem ;
No living lustre glistens o'er thy bloom,
Thy sprigs no verdant leaves adorn,
Thy bosom breathes no exquisite perfume ;
But pale thy countenance as snow,
While, unconceal'd below,
All naked glares the threatening thorn.

Around thy bell, o'er mildew'd leaves,
His ample web a spider weaves ;
A wily ruffian, gaunt and grim,
His labyrinthine toils he spreads
Pensile and light ; — their glossy threads
Bestrew'd with many a wing and limb ;
Even in thy chalice he prepares
His deadly poison and delusive snares.

While I pause, a vagrant fly
Giddily comes buzzing by ;
Round and round, on viewless wings,
Lo ! the insect wheels and sings :
Closely couch'd, the fiend discovers,
Sets him with his sevenfold eyes,
And, while o'er the verge he hovers,
Seems to fascinate his prize,

As the snake's magnetic glare
Charms the flitting tribes of air,
Till the dire enchantment draws
Destined victims to his jaws.
Now midst kindred corses mangled,
On his feet alights the fly ;
Ah ! he feels himself entangled,
Hark ! he pours a piteous cry.
Swift as Death's own arrows dart,
On his prey the spider springs,
Wounds his side, — with dexterous art
Winds the web about his wings ;
Quick as he came, recoiling then,
The villain vanishes into his den.
The desperate fly perceives too late
The hastening crisis of his fate ;
Disaster crowds upon disaster,
And every struggle to get free
Snaps the hopes of liberty,
And draws the knots of bondage faster.

Again the spider glides along the line ;
Hold, murderer ! hold ; — the game is mine.
— Captive ! unwarn'd by danger, go,
Frolic awhile in light and air ;
Thy fate 'tis easy to foreshow,
Preserved — to perish in a safer snare !
Spider ! thy worthless life I spare ;
Advice on thee 'twere vain to spend,
Thy wicked ways thou wilt not mend, —

Then haste thee, spoiler, mend thy net ;
Wiser than I
Must be yon fly,
If he escapes thy trammels yet ;
Most eagerly the trap is sought
In which a fool has once been caught.

And thou, poor Rose ! whose livid leaves expand,
Cold to the sun, untempting to the hand,
Bloom unadmired,— uninjured die ;
Thine aspect, squalid and forlorn,
Ensures thy peaceful, dull decay ;
Hadst thou with blushes hid thy thorn,
Grown “ sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,”
I might have pluck'd thy flower,
Worn it an hour,
“ Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.”*

* Otway's Orphan.

1796.

VERSES,

ON FINDING

THE FEATHERS OF A LINNET

SCATTERED ON THE GROUND, IN A SOLITARY WALK.

THESE little relics, hapless bird !
That strew the lonely vale,
With silent eloquence record
Thy melancholy tale.

Like Autumn's leaves, that rustle round
From every withering tree,
These plumes, dishevelled o'er the ground,
Alone remain of thee.

Some hovering kite's rapacious maw
Hath been thy timeless grave :
No pitying eye thy murder saw,
No friend appear'd to save.

Heaven's thunder smite the guilty foe !
No : — spare the tyrant's breath,
Till wintry winds, and famine slow,
Avenge thy cruel death !

But every feather of thy wing
Be quicken'd where it lies,
And at the soft return of spring,
A fragrant cowslip rise!

Few were thy days, thy pleasures few,
Simple and unconfined ;
On sunbeams every moment flew,
Nor left a care behind.

In spring to build thy curious nest,
And woo thy merry bride,
Carol and fly, and sport and rest,
Was all thy humble pride.

Happy beyond the lot of kings,
Thy bosom knew no smart,
Till the last pang, that tore the strings
From thy dissever'd heart.

When late to secret griefs a prey,
I wander'd slowly here,
Wild from the copse an artless lay,
Like magic, won mine ear.

Perhaps 'twas thy last evening song,
That exquisitely stole
In sweetest melody along,
And harmonised my soul.

Now, blithe musician ! now no more
Thy mellow pipe resounds,

But jarring drums at distance roar,
And yonder howl the hounds :—

The hounds, that through the echoing wood
The panting hare pursue ;
The drums, that wake the cry of blood,
—The voice of Glory too !

Here at my feet thy frail remains,
Unwept, unburied, lie,
Like victims on embattled plains,
Forsaken where they die.

Yet could the Muse, whose strains rehearse
Thine unregarded doom,
Enshrine thee in immortal verse,
Kings should not scorn thy tomb.

Though brief as thine my tuneful date,
When wandering near this spot,
The sad memorials of thy fate
Shall never be forgot.

While doom'd the lingering pangs to feel
Of many a nameless fear,
One truant sigh from these I'll steal,
And drop one willing tear.

1796.

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF P. SALANDRI.

TO A BRIDE.

THE more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady! of love's inconstancy beware;
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care
O guard thy maiden purity of heart:
At every whisper of temptation start;
The lightest breathings of unhallow'd air
Love's tender, trembling lustre will impair,
Till all the light of innocence depart.

Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill;
If here a plant, and there a flower, in play,
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

LONELY and thoughtful o'er deserted plains,
I pass with melancholy steps and slow,
Mine eyes intent to shun, where'er I go,
The track of man :—from him to hide my pains,
No refuge save the wilderness remains :
The curious multitude would quickly know,
Amidst affected smiles, the cherish'd woe
That wrings my bosom, and consumes my veins.

O that the rocks and streams of solitude,
The vales and woods alone, my griefs might see !
But paths, however secret, wild and rude,
I find not from tormenting passion free ;
Where'er I wander, still by Love pursued,
With Him I hold communion, He with Me.

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GAETANA PASSERINI.

ON THE SIEGE OF GENOA BY THE FRENCH ARMY
IN 16**.*Liberty speaks.*

“MY native Genoa! if with tearless eye,
Prone in the dust thy beauteous form I see,
Think not thy daughter’s heart is dead to thee;
’Twere treason, O my mother! here to sigh,
For here, majestic though in ashes, lie
Trophies of valour, skill, and constancy;
Here at each glance, each footstep, I descry
The proud memorials of thy love to me.

“Conquest to noble suffering lost the day,
And glorious was thy vengeance on the foe,
—He saw thee perish, yet not feel the blow.”
Thus Liberty, exulting on her way,
Kiss’d the dear relics, mouldering as they lay,
And cried,—“In ruins?—*Yes!*—In slavery? *No.*”

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF BENEDETTO DALL' UVA.

ON THE SIEGE OF FAMAGUSTA, IN THE ISLAND
OF CYPRUS, BY THE TURKS, IN 1571.

THUS saith the Lord:—"In whom shall Cyprus
trust,
With all her crimes, her luxury, and pride?
In her voluptuous loves will she confide,
Her harlot-daughters, and her queen of lust?
My day is come when o'er her neck in dust,
Vengeance and fury shall triumphant ride,
Death and captivity the spoil divide,
And Cyprus perish:—I the Lord am just.

"Then he that bought, and he that sold in thee,
Thy princely merchants, shall their loss deplore,
Brothers in ruin as in fraud before;
And thou, who madest thy rampart of the sea,
Less by thy foes cast down than crush'd by Me!
Thou, Famagusta! fall, and rise no more."

DEPARTED DAYS:

A RHAPSODY.

WRITTEN ON VISITING FULNECK, IN YORKSHIRE, WHERE
THE AUTHOR WAS EDUCATED, IN THE SPRING OF 1806.

DAYS of my childhood, hail!
Whose gentle spirits wandering here,
Down in the visionary vale,
Before mine eyes appear,
Benignly pensive, beautifully pale;
O days for ever fled, for ever dear,
Days of my childhood, hail!

Joys of my early hours!
The swallows on the wing,
The bees among the flowers,
The butterflies of spring,
Light as their lovely moments flew,
Were not more gay, more innocent than you:
And fugitive as they,
Like butterflies in spring,
Like bees among the flowers,
Like swallows on the wing,
How swift, how soon ye pass'd away,
Joys of my early hours!

The loud Atlantic ocean,
On Scotland's rugged breast,
Rocks, with harmonious motion,
His weary waves to rest,
And gleaming round her emerald isles,
In all the pomp of sunset smiles.
On that romantic shore
My parents hail'd their first-born boy :
A mother's pangs my mother bore,
My father felt a father's joy :
My father, mother, — parents now no more !
Beneath the Lion-Star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep,
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves.*

Sweet seas, and smiling shores !
When no tornado-demon roars,
Resembling that celestial clime
Where, with the spirits of the blest,
Beyond the hurricanes of Time,
From all their toils my parents rest :
There skies, eternally serene,
Diffuse ambrosial balm
Through sylvan isles for ever green,
O'er seas for ever calm ;
While saints and angels, kindling in his rays,
On the full glory of the Godhead gaze,
And taste and prove, in that transporting sight,
Joy without sorrow, without darkness light.

* See the note at the end of these lines.

Light without darkness, without sorrow joy,
On earth are all unknown to man ;
Here, while I roved, a heedless boy,
Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
My feet were vex'd with puny snares,
My bosom stung with insect-cares :
But ah ! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes !—they break no rest ;
Like dew-drops on the skylark's wings,
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.

Like him, on these delightful plains,
I taught, with fearless voice,
The echoing woods to sound my strains,
The mountains to rejoice.
Hail ! to the trees beneath whose shade,
Rapt into worlds unseen, I stray'd ;
Hail ! to the stream that purl'd along
In hoarse accordance to my song ;
My song that pour'd uncensured lays,
Tuned to a dying Saviour's praise,
In numbers simple, wild, and sweet,
As were the flowers beneath my feet ;—
Those flowers are dead,
Those numbers fled,
Yet o'er my secret thought,
From cold Oblivion's silent gloom,

Their music to mine ear is brought,
 Like voices from the tomb.
 As yet in this untainted breast
 No baleful passion burn'd,
 Ambition had not banish'd rest,
 Nor hope had earthward turn'd;
 Proud Reason still in shadow lay,
 And in my firmament alone,
 Forerunner of the day,
 The dazzling star of wonder shone,
 By whose enchanting ray
 Creation open'd on my earliest view,
 And all was beautiful, for all was new.

Too soon my mind's awakening powers
 Made the light slumbers flee,
 Then vanish'd with the golden hours,
 The morning dreams of Infancy;
 Sweet were those slumbers, dear those dreams to me;
 And yet to mournful Memory lingering here,
 Sweet are those slumbers, and those dreams are dear:
 For hither, from my native clime,
 The hand that leads Orion forth,
 And wheels Arcturus round the north,
 Brought me, in Life's exulting prime:
 —Blest be that hand!—Whether it shed
 Mercies or judgments on my head,
 Extend the sceptre or exalt the rod,—
 Blest be that hand!—It is the hand of GOD.

NOTE. — In November, 1825, when many of my friends and
 neighbours honoured me with a public entertainment, on re-

tiring from my long labours among them, as owner and editor of a local Journal (*see the general Preface to these Volumes*), there were others, especially ladies, who could not conveniently join in the festivities of a dinner-table, but who wished to show me some token of kindness on the occasion. By these, a few weeks afterwards, I was presented with a handsome silver ink-stand, of home manufacture, for myself, and two hundred sovereigns towards the expense of renewing a Christian mission by the United Brethren (or Moravians) in the West Indian Island of Tobago, which had been begun by my parents in the year 1789. The troubles of the French Revolution soon afterwards having reached that colony, the work was abandoned in the following year, and my father was compelled to take refuge in Barbadoes, where he had been previously stationed as a minister of the gospel of peace to the Negro-slaves. Before his flight, my mother had been released from sharing his toils and sufferings on earth, and her bereaved partner had deposited her remains, to wait the resurrection of the just, in the little garden attached to their temporary habitation, there being no Protestant place for interment in the island:—thus taking possession, though “hoping against hope,” of the land where he had sojourned with her as a stranger for a few months only;—like the Patriarch Abraham, when he bought the cave of Machpelah from the children of Heth, to bury his Sarah in, and by that earnest of his contract secure the promised Canaan to his posterity through many generations, when he had as yet “none inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on.”

During the war with England which ensued, Tobago fell into the hands of our countrymen, and has been held ever since by the British Crown. My father, soon after his return to Barbadoes, entered into his rest; and for thirty-five years following, the station in the former island, where he had broken ground only, remained unoccupied for the purpose to which it had been consecrated. But Mr. Hamilton, the gentleman at whose invitation, and under whose direct patronage, the experiment of the mission on his estate had been undertaken by my parents, never to the end of his own life lost sight of that object; and at his death he bequeathed a considerable legacy for its promotion, should the Brethren at a future period be emboldened to resume their evangelical labours there. What the sum left by Mr. Hamilton might be, I cannot now recollect, but I have been informed, that it was so

well administered by his representatives, that, when the mission was re-commenced on the reserved spot, that fund amounted to a thousand pounds. To this my benefactors added the two hundred pounds, which they had raised to gratify me by a proof of their esteem, the most humbling and yet the most exalting that could be devised,—namely, by stipulating that their bounty should be appropriated to that sacred service, in which both my parents had laid down their lives; accompanied by an earnest request, that the settlement, about to be formed in the field of their last labours should be called by the name which they bore. This was readily granted by the authorities of the Brethren's Church, the Elders' Conference at Herrnhut, in Germany, who direct the ecclesiastical affairs of the body, at home and abroad, from synod to synod. The mission thus revived in 1825 has gradually increased; and, under the name of "*Montgomery*," with the blessing of God upon the preaching of the Gospel by his servants there, may it perpetuate, to the end of time, the memory of those sainted relatives who left that name to me!

October 12. 1840.

THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

" Crooked cannot be made straight."

Ecclesiastes, i. 15.

PREFACE

TO THE PRESENT EDITION OF
THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

DURING the greater part of the last forty years it has been my privilege to be connected, rather as an auxiliary than a principal, in many a plan for lessening the sum of human misery at home and abroad, with three gentlemen of this neighbourhood, Mr. SAMUEL ROBERTS, Mr. GEORGE BENNET, and Mr. ROWLAND HODGSON. Of the two latter I need not speak here, because proofs of my esteem for each, distinctly, will be found in the fourth volume of this collection. With Mr. Roberts, however, it happened, that I have been more particularly and actively concerned on occasions rather general than local, such as the questions of the Slave Trade and Slavery, the State Lottery, and the practice of employing climbing boys to sweep chimnies. In these, the zeal, the energy, and the indefatigability, of my friend far surpassed any corresponding quali-

fications which I could exercise in aid of the frequent causes in which we have been engaged together. Though, like Jehonadab's with Jehu's, my heart was always with his heart, it was not in every enterprise that I had the courage to accept his invitation to "come up to (him) into the chariot;" for the adversary's watchmen, descrying his approach from their walls, might truly exclaim, "His driving is like the driving of the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously." When, however, I could not do this, I girded myself up to run alongside of him, till I could no more keep pace with his speed: I then followed him as far as my breath and strength would carry me. Among those who know him best, and esteem him proportionately, though I may perhaps call myself the foremost,—having, more than any other individual, had opportunities of understanding his motives, and judging his public conduct by these,—I must not attempt, in this place, "to give him honour due," further than by simply recording my own obligations to him, for having, by his intrepidity and example on some trying occasions, caused me to do a little less harm, and a little more good in my generation, than I should otherwise have had forbearance in the one case to avoid, or fortitude in the other to undertake.

This influence was more especially ascendant over my natural indolence and timidity, in our joint efforts through a series of years to rouse the country, and to persuade the legislature against "the State Lottery" as a system of legalised gambling,

and "the employment of climbing boys to sweep chimnies as a system of home-slavery."

In reference to the former I may here state, that it had been the practice, so long as I can remember, for the publishers of newspapers to procure lottery tickets for persons who applied for them, from any of the offices with which they had current accounts for advertising.

From 1794, when I entered upon the property of the *Sheffield Iris*, till 1801 or 1802, I was in the habit of executing such commissions to a very small amount annually. I know not what lottery speculations may have been made otherwise in this neighbourhood; but if my sales were the standard of probabilities in so obscure a case, little of the money that was got upon the anvil was thrown into the fire, for the purchase of blanks, where prizes were contemplated in reversion.

Once, however, about the above-mentioned date, I had the misfortune to sell the sixteenth of a ticket which turned up a prize of *twenty thousand pounds*. The price to be paid for the share, I think, was 23s. 6d., and the person who bespoke it had left a guinea towards payment, as the market price could not be ascertained till the voucher came from London. Accordingly I received it with a few others which had been ordered in like manner, and pledges deposited. These, with the exception of that particular one, were duly fetched by the parties who had bespoken them. In those days the registering of tickets and shares was entirely done in the metro-

politan offices, the names and addresses of the adventurers being transmitted from the country by their respective correspondents. Whatever then might be the fate or the fortune of the numbers delivered by me, I knew nothing of the event unless the buyers themselves informed me, which they usually did when the prizes were small ones, and almost as usually exchanged them for new ventures in the current or next lottery, paying the difference, which was necessarily on the losing side (the schemes being ingeniously contrived to effect that), till a blank made amends for all,—if it happened to cure the lottery-fit, though that kind of fever being intermittent, patients once affected were fearfully liable to returns.

In the case above mentioned the share remained week after week uncalled for in my desk, while the drawing continued, and till it was nearly at an end. In fact, I had given it up as a bad speculation of my own, so far as what was due upon it had been hazarded to a stranger, concluding, that it must have been drawn a blank, and that my customer would take no more trouble about it. I well recollect throwing it aside among some indifferent papers, and muttering to myself,—“There lies half-a-crown.” One evening, however, a man from a village in Derbyshire called upon me in considerable agitation, and presented an open letter addressed to a female in whose name the share had been registered at the office (Nicholson’s) in London, announcing that the ticket had been drawn a prize of twenty thousand

pounds, with a hint, that, when the lady received the money, it was hoped she would remember the clerks in the office. Till then the said lady did not so much as know the number of which a sixteenth had been thus registered to her. I was not a little bewildered myself at first, scarcely remembering when I had last seen the precious scrap of paper; and, doubting whether the intelligence were not a hoax, and whether the applicant, who professed himself a relation of the owner, were a true man. But, having found the share, and ascertained the other points, I delivered it into the messenger's hands, and received the small balance due to me upon it. I was afterwards told, that the guinea which had been paid to me in advance was put into the lottery "for luck's sake," having been found unexpectedly in a paper with some sugar-candy, in a neglected drawer. The fortunate recoverer of the unredeemed prize that had fallen to her, like one of the forgotten things which the moon has been said to contain,

" Where heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
 And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases,"
 (*Rape of the Lock*, canto v.)

proved to be a very respectable matron in good circumstances, and of prudent habits. Instead of eagerly seizing the spoil at the expense of the small discount, she waited till the money was full due, and never afterwards, so far as I was concerned, risked more than the price of another sixteenth at once in a lottery or two following.

But the *strangenesses* of this great event in provincial lottery annals did not end here. The successful ticket had been distributed, if I rightly remember, entirely in sixteenths, and sold in different parts of the kingdom. This being blazoned in all the newspapers, occasioned an extraordinary demand for shares in the ensuing lottery, and mine being deemed "a Lucky Office," commissions came pouring upon me in a manner and multitude beyond precedent. These I was enabled to supply on a new plan, which, I confess, I thought very hazardous to the metropolitan office keepers, who, availing themselves of this "tide" in the sea of bubbles, took it "at the flood," not doubting that it would "lead on to fortune" in their "affairs." Accordingly they appointed agencies throughout the country, and one of these being offered to me by a first-rate house, I accepted it as a mere matter of business, and for several years I was in the habit of disposing from twenty to fifty times as many tickets and shares as I had ever done before. Besides the small commission on the amount sold, being from that time allowed the perquisite for registering the numbers myself, and communicating the results to my customers, I received from day to day the lists of the drawings, and became practically acquainted with the risks and the returns,—indeed so well acquainted, that, during the term of my agency, I was never for a moment tempted to hazard a shilling on a turn of the wheels for myself. On one occasion only, when the drawing was to be closed on an early day,

and I had to send back to my principals the unsold shares in my hands, I retained two eighths in expectation of having calls for them before the last drawing. One was sold, the other remained with me, but proving a small prize I escaped comparatively unscathed.

Now of all the thousands in every variety of numbers which passed through my hands, including sold and returned, I do not recollect more than three shares of prizes above 25*l.*—namely, two of 50*l.* and a third of 120*l.*; the former disposed of, the latter sent back. I thought at first that the rage for this losing game would soon abate of itself. I was mistaken; and though after a year or two it was less prodigally and promiscuously, yet it was more steadily pursued by regular customers, to whom the habitual stimulus became as necessary to provoke and appease, while in both cases it mocked, the "*auri sacra fames,*" as dram-drinking and opium-eating are to diseased appetites of another kind. In addition to these *perennials*, there was an *annual* succession of inexperienced votaries of wealth, who came and tried, and withdrew, when they had grown wiser or warier at a reasonable cost. And here I must observe that the grosser evils of lotteries, flagrant as they were in the metropolis, came not within my observation here; what I knew personally of the original sin of the system was learned by its ordinary effects. My dealings were principally with persons in moderate circumstances, yet with a considerable proportion of work-people and others

who might have invested their small savings (if savings they were) on much better securities than the notes which my bank issued. It was one of the lame pleas for the State Lottery in Parliament, that, after the suppression of the infamous insurance-offices—which never existed here—there remained no longer a snare to tempt the poor to take this royal way to riches, the lowest fraction of a ticket in the market being beyond their power of purchase. Whatever the case might be in London, the rich in this neighbourhood, if they speculated at all, did not come to me. One of these, a friend of mine, told me that he had obtained an eighth of a 20,000*l.*, and I heard of another who was said to have had a sixteenth of a 10,000*l.* prize. On this part of the subject, from an article in my newspaper of March 25. 1817, in which I questioned some statements made by high authorities in the House of Commons, I may quote a memorandum, that, in three lotteries drawn in 1803, I “sold, Whole Tickets—*not one*; Halves—*one*; Quarters—*twenty*; Eighths—*eighty-eight*; Sixteenths—*five-hundred and sixty-six!* and in previous years far greater numbers of the latter; many, very many of which were bought by poor people.”

Familiarity with some kinds of sin deadens the consciousness of it. This was not the case with me in reference to the State Lottery. It was familiarity with it which convinced me of the sin of dealing in its deceptive wares. I was occasionally surprised to notice the different kinds of money which were

brought to me by persons of the humbler class,—hoarded guineas, old crowns, half-crowns, and fine impressions of smaller silver coins, at a time when bank-paper, Spanish dollars, and tokens of inferior standard, issued by private individuals and companies, formed a kind of *mob*-currency throughout the realm, instead of the sterling issues of the Royal Mint. These, like the guinea of my Derbyshire matron, were ventured “for the sake of luck,” in several instances by poor women who had inherited them from their parents, received them as birth or wedding day gifts, saved them for their children’s thrift-pots, or laid them up against a rainy day for family wants or sicknesses. With these they came to buy *hope*, and I sold them *disappointment*!—It was this very thought passing through my mind like a flash of lightning, in the very words, and leaving an indelible impression (deepening with every recurrence of the haunting idea), which decided a long-meditated but often procrastinated purpose; and I said to myself, at length, “I will immediately give up this traffic of delusion.” I did so, and from that moment never sold another share.

This, however, was only cutting off the left hand of a profitable sin, while with the right I was still accepting the hire of iniquity. The proprietors of newspapers do not deem themselves responsible for the contents of advertisements which appear on their pages, so long as these are free from libellous, immoral, or blasphemous matter. During the palmy days of the State Lottery, and even when it began

to fall into disrepute, the office keepers were among the most liberal contributors of such precious articles to the public journals. The columns of mine were never much burdened with these *opima spolia*, — wealth won without labour of the hands or the brains, gratuitously bestowed, collected at little risk, and small additional expense in the economy of the printing-office. Lottery advertisements, therefore, formed a considerable proportion of the very moderate amount of pecuniary means, by which I was enabled, under many disadvantages, some local, and others personal, to maintain my paper at all. But when my friend Mr. Roberts and I, several years after my relinquishment of lottery sales, determined to attack the great state evil itself with open, uncompromising hostility, I felt that I could not consistently, nor indeed honestly, support him in his plans of aggression, while I was an actual accessory before the fact to the mischiefs which it was perpetrating throughout the length and breadth of the land, and especially, so far as I was implicated, within the range of my editorial influence. The question had long troubled me in secret; but, as in the former case, a final decision upon it was deferred, till my friend one day unexpectedly attacked me with a recommendation to renounce all connection with “the accursed thing,” which we both had now made up our minds to hold up to public abhorrence and reprobation. The counsel was hard to a person in my circumstances: conscience and cupidity had a sharp conflict; but the battle was not a drawn one;

the better principle prevailed ; and after the autumn of 1816 I never admitted another lottery advertisement into my paper. Nor did I ever, for one moment, repent the sacrifice.

From that time till the abandonment of the State Lottery by government itself in 1824, Mr. Roberts and I in various ways, but principally by paragraphs and philippics in my columns, and pamphlets from my press, waged a desultory warfare with those ministers of the day and their supporters in Parliament who persisted in employing these unhallowed means of recruiting the revenue. With the late Lord Lyttelton (then Mr. Lyttelton) and other members of the House of Commons who held the same sentiments as ourselves on the subject, we had frequent correspondence ; nor did the Chancellor of the Exchequer (otherwise one of the most upright and conscientious statesmen of the age) escape the annoyance of our remonstrances and solicitations. In March, 1817, we promoted a petition to Parliament from Sheffield against this national nuisance. Whether this example was followed at that time by any other towns I do not remember. We know, however, that our various labours were not altogether in vain,—but that two obscure individuals in a remote part of the kingdom, by strenuous perseverance in advocating a good cause, contributed something (however little it may have been) towards the removal of the greatest plague that ever infested the country in the shape of a tax, upon the poverty, the morals, and the happiness of the people.

In 1817 Mr. Roberts published *The State Lottery, a Dream*, a work of startling eccentricity in its plan, and no small ingenuity in the execution. Its frontispiece, representing *A Petty State Lottery* within the walls of Christ's Hospital, in which not the drawers only, but all the adventurers, were children of that venerable establishment, was not without its effect in abating one of the most plausible but pernicious exhibitions at Guildhall and elsewhere, in the annual pantomime of *The Grand State Lottery*.

My THOUGHTS ON WHEELS were but the glimmering tail of my friend's portentous comet. The latter, having long ago passed its perihelion, is no more visible in the literary hemisphere; and the former would have disappeared with it, had not the last section, the address *To Britain*, been deemed worthy of preservation by judges more competent to decide upon its claims than the public will allow an author to be in his own case.

October 20. 1840.

THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

No. I.

THE COMBAT.

OF old when fiery warriors met,
On edge of steel their lives were set ;
Eye watching eye, shield crossing shield,
Foot wedged to foot, they fought the field,
Dealt and withstood as many strokes
As might have fell'd two forest-oaks,
Till one, between the harness-joint,
Felt the resistless weapon's point
Quick through his heart,—and in a flood
Pour'd his hot spirit with his blood.

The victor, rising from the blow
That laid his brave assailant low,
Then blush'd not from his height to bend,
Fouly a gallant deed to end ;
But whirl'd in fetters round the plain,
Whirl'd at his chariot wheels, the slain ;
Beneath the silent curse of eyes,
That look'd for vengeance to the skies ;

While shame, that could not reach the dead,
Pour'd its whole vial on *his* head.

Who falls in honourable strife
Surrenders nothing but his life ;
Who basely triumphs casts away
The glory of the well-won day ;
—Rather than feel the joy he feels,
Commend me to his chariot wheels.

No. II.

THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

ON plains beneath the morning star,
Lo! Juggernaut's stupendous car ;
So high and menacing its size,
The Tower of Babel seems to rise ;
Darkening the air, its shadow spreads
O'er thrice an hundred thousand heads ;
Darkening the soul, it strikes a gloom,
Dense as the night beyond the tomb.
Full in mid-heaven, when mortal eye
Up this huge fabric climbs the sky,
The Idol scowls, in dragon-pride,
Like Satan's conscience deified ;
—Satan himself would scorn to ape
Divinity in *such* a shape.

Breaking the billows of the crowd,
As countless, turbulent, and loud
As surges on the windward shore,
That madly foam, and idly roar ;
The' unwieldy wain compels its course,
Crushing resistance down by force ;
It creaks, and groans, and grinds along,
'Midst shrieks and prayers, — 'midst dance and song ;

With orgies in the eye of noon,
Such as would turn to blood the moon ;
Impieties so bold, so black,
The stars to shun them would reel back ;
And secret horrors, which the Sun
Would put on sackcloth to see done.
Thrice happy they, whose headlong souls,
Where'er the' enormous ruin rolls,
Cast their frail bodies on the stones,
Pave its red track with crashing bones,
And pant and struggle for the fate
—To die beneath the sacred weight.

“ O fools and mad ! ” your Christians cry :
Yet wise, methinks, are those who die :
For me, — if Juggernaut were God,
Rather than writhe beneath his rod :
Rather than live his devotee,
And bow to such a brute the knee ;
Rather than be his favourite priest,
Wallow in wantonness, and feast
On tears and blood, on groans and cries,
The fume and fat of sacrifice ;
Rather than share his love, — or wrath ;
I'd fling my carcass in his path,
And almost bless his name, to feel
The murdering mercy of his wheel.

No. III.

THE INQUISITION.

THERE was in Christendom, of yore,
—And would to heaven it were no more!—
There *was* an Inquisition-Court,
Where priestcraft made the demons sport:
—Priestcraft,—in form a giant monk,
With wine of Rome's pollutions drunk,
Like captive Samson, bound and blind,
In chains and darkness of the mind,
There show'd such feats of strength and skill
As made it charity to kill,
And well the blow of death might pass
For what he call'd it—*coup de grace*;
While in his little hell on earth,
The foul fiends quaked amidst their mirth:—
But *not* like him, who to the skies
Turn'd the dark embers of his eyes,
(Where lately burn'd a fire divine,
Where still it burn'd, but could not shine,)
And won by violence of prayer
(Hope's dying accents in despair),
Power to demolish, from its base,
Dagon's proud fane, on Dagon's race;

Not *thus* like Samson ;— false of heart,
The tonsured juggler play'd his part,
God's law in God's own name made void,
Men for their Saviour's sake destroy'd,
Made pure religion his pretence
To rid the earth of innocence ;
While Spirits from the' infernal flood
Cool'd their parch'd tongues in martyrs' blood,
And half forgot their stings and flames
In conning, at those hideous games,
Lessons, — which he who taught should know
How well they had been learn'd below.

Among the engines of his power
Most dreaded in the trying hour,
When impotent were fire and steel,
All but almighty was the Wheel,
Whose harrowing revolution wrung
Confession from the slowest tongue ;
From joints unlock'd made secrets start,
Twined with the cordage of the heart ;
From muscles in convulsion drew
Knowledge the sufferer never knew ;
From failing flesh, in Nature's spite,
Brought deeds that ne'er were done to light ;
From snapping sinews wrench'd the lie,
That gain'd the victim leave to die ;
When self-accused, — condemn'd at length,
His only crime was want of strength ;
From holy hands with joy he turn'd,
And kiss'd the stake at which he burn'd.

But from the man, of soul sublime,
Who lived above the world of time,
Fervent in faith, in conscience clear,
Who knew *to love*, — but not *to fear* ;
When every artifice of pain
Was wasted on his limbs in vain,
And baffled cruelty could find
No hidden passage to his mind,
The Wheel extorted nought in death,
Except — forgiveness, and his breath.

Such a victorious death to die
Were prompt translation to the sky :
— Yet with the weakest, I would meet
Racks, scourges, flames, and count them sweet ;
Nay, might I choose, I would not 'scape
“ The question,” put in any shape,
Rather than sit in judgment there,
Where the stern bigot fills the chair :
— Rather than turn his torturing Wheel,
Give me its utmost stretch to feel,

No. IV.

THE STATE LOTTERY.

ESCAPED from ancient battle-field,
Though neither *with*, nor *on* my shield :
Escaped—how terrible the thought
Even of escape!—from Juggernaut ;
Escaped from ten-fold worse perdition
In dungeons of the Inquisition ;
O with what ecstasy I stand
Once more on Albion's refuge-land !
O with what gratitude I bare
My bosom to that island-air,
Which tyrants gulp and cease to be,
Which slaves inhale and slaves are free !
For though the wheels, behind my back,
Still seem to rumble in my track,
Their sound is music on the breeze ;
I dare them all to cross the seas :
—Nay, *should* they reach our guarded coast,
Like Pharaoh's chariots and his host,
Monks, Bramins, warriors, swoln and dead,
Axles and orbs in wrecks were spread.

And are there on this holy ground
No wheels to trail the vanquish'd found ?

None, framed the living bones to break,
Or rend the nerves for conscience-sake?
No:—Britons scorn the' unhallow'd touch,
They will not use, nor suffer such;
Alike *they* shun, with fearless heart,
The victim's and tormentor's part.

Yet here are wheels of feller kind,
To drag in chains the captive mind;
To crush, beneath their horrid load,
Hearts panting prostrate on the road;
To wind desire from spoke to spoke,
And break the spirit stroke by stroke.

Where Gog and Magog, London's pride,
O'er city bankruptcies preside;
Stone-blind at *nisi prius* sit,
Hearken stone-deaf to lawyers' wit;
Or scowl on men, that play the beasts
At Common Halls and Lord Mayors' feasts,
When venison or the public cause,
Taxes or turtle, stretch their jaws:
There,—in a whisper be it said,
Lest honest Beckford shake his head;
Lest Chatham, with indignant cheek,
Start from his pedestal and speak;
Lest Chatham's son in marble groan,
As if restored to skin and bone*;

* These lines refer to the statues of British worthies which adorn the Guildhall of London.

There,—speak,—speak out,—abandon fear;
Let both the dead and living hear;
—The dead, that they may blush for shame
Amidst their monumental fame;
—The living, that, forewarn'd of fate,
Conscience may force them, ere too late,
Those Wheels of infamy to shun,
Which thousands touch, and are undone.

There,—built by legislative hands,
On Christian ground, an altar stands.
—“Stands? gentle Poet, tell me where?”
Go to Guildhall:—“It stands not *there!*”
True;—’tis my brain that raves and reels
Whene’er it turns on Lottery Wheels;
Such things in youth can I recall
Nor think of thee,—of thee, Guildhall?
Where erst I play’d with glittering schemes,
And lay entranced in golden dreams;
Bright round my head those bubbles broke,
Poorer from every dream I ’woke;
Wealth came,—but not the wealth I sought;
Wisdom was wealth to me; and taught
My feet to *miss* thy gates,—that lay,
Like toll-bars on the old “broad way,”
Where pilgrims paid,—O grief to tell!
Tribute for going down to hell.

Long on thy floor an altar stood,
To human view unstain’d with blood,

But red and foul in Heaven's pure eyes,
Groaning with infant sacrifice,
From year to year;—till sense or shame,
Or some strange cause without a name,
—'Twas *not* the cry of innocence,—
Drove such abomination thence :
Thence drove it, — but destroy'd it not ;
It blackens some obscurer spot ;
Obscurer, — yet so well defined,
Thither the blind may lead the blind,
While heralds shout in every ear,
“ This is the temple, — worship here.”
Thither the deaf may *read* their way ;
'Tis plain ; — to *find* it, *go astray* !
Thither the lame, on wings of paper,
May come to nothing, like a vapour ;
Thither may all the world repair ;
A word, a wish, will waft you there ;
And, O so smooth and steep the track,
'Tis worth your life to venture back ;
Easy the step to *Coopers' Hall**,
As headlong from a cliff to fall ;
Hard to recover from the shock,
As broken-limb'd to climb a rock.

There, built by legislative hands,
Our country's shame, an altar stands ;
Not votive brass, nor hallow'd stone,
Humbly inscribed — “ To God unknown ;”

* Where the State Lottery was drawn for many years.

Though sure, if earth afford a space
For such an altar, here's the place :
—Not breathing incense in a shrine,
Where human art appears divine,
And man by his own skill hath wrought
So bright an image of his thought,
That nations, barbarous or refined,
Might worship there the' immortal mind,
That gave their ravish'd eyes to see
A meteor glimpse of Deity ;
A ray of Nature's purest light,
Shot through the gulf of Pagan night,
Dazzling, —but leaving darkness more
Profoundly blinding than before.
—Ah ! no such power of genius calls
Sublime devotion to these walls ;
No pomp of art, surpassing praise,
Britannia's altar here displays ;
A MONEY-CHANGER'S TABLE, —spread
With hieroglyphics, black and red,
Exhibits, on deceitful scrolls,
“ The price of Tickets,” —and of Souls ;
For thus are Souls to market brought,
Barter'd for vanity, — for nought ;
Till the poor venders find the cost,
—Time to eternal ages lost !

No sculptured idol decks the place,
Of such excelling form and face,
That Grecian pride might feign its birth
A statue fallen from heaven to earth :

The goddess here is best design'd,
 — A flimsy harlot, bold and blind ;
 Invisible to standers-by,
 And yet in every-body's eye !
 FORTUNE her name ; — a gay deceiver,
 Cheat as she may, the crowd believe her ;
 And she, abuse her as they will,
 Showers on the crowd her favours still :
 For 'tis the bliss of both to be
 Themselves unseen, and not to see ;
 Had she discernment, — pride would scout
 The homage of her motley rout ;
 Were she reveal'd, — the poorest slave
 Would blush to be her luckiest knave.

Not good OLD FORTUNE here we scorn,
 In classic fable heavenly born ;
 She who *for nothing* deigns to deal
Her blanks and prizes from *One Wheel* ;
 And who, like Justice, wisely blind,
 Scatters her bounties on mankind
 With such a broad impartial aim,
 If none will praise her, none should blame ;
 For were ten thousand fancies tried,
 Wealth more discreetly to divide
 Among the craving race of man,
 Wit could not frame a happier plan.

Here, 'tis her *Counterfeit*, who reigns
 O'er haunted heads and moon-struck brains ;

A *Two-wheel'd* Jade, admired by sots,
Who flings, *for cash in hand*, her lots
To those, who, fain "their luck to try,"
Sell Hope, and Disappointment buy.
The wily sorceress here reveals,
With proud parade, her mystic Wheels ;
— Those Wheels, on which the nation runs
Over the morals of its Sons ;
— Those Wheels, at which the nation draws
Through shouting streets its broken laws !
Engines of plotting Fortune's skill
To lure, entangle, torture, kill.
Behold her, in imperial pride,
King, Lords, and Commons at her side ;
Arm'd with authority of state,
The public peace to violate ;
More might be told, — but not by me
Must this "eternal blazon" be.
Between her Wheels, the Phantom stands,
With Syren voice, and Harpy hands :
She turns the' enchanted axle round ;
Forth leaps the "TWENTY THOUSAND POUND !"
That "twenty thousand" *one* has got ;
— But twenty thousand more have *not*.
These curse her to her face, deplore
Their loss, then — take her word once more ;
Once more deceived, they rise like men
Bravely resolved — to try again ;
Again they fail ; — again trepann'd,
She mocks them with her sleight of hand ;

Still fired with rage, with avarice steel'd,
Perish they may, but never yield ;
They woo her till their latest breath,
Then snatch *their* prize—a blank in death.

The priests, that in her temple wait,
Her minor ministers of fate,
Like Dian's silversmiths of old,
True to the craft that brings them gold,
Lungs, limbs, and pens unwearied ply
To puff their Goddess to the sky ;
O that their puffs could *fix* Her there,
Who builds such castles in the air,
And in the malice of her mirth
Lets them to simpletons on earth !
—Who steals the rainbow's peaceful form,
But *is* the demon of the storm ;
—Assumes a star's benignant mien,
But wears a comet's tail unseen ;
—Who smiles a Juno to the crowd,
But all that win her catch a cloud,
And, doom'd Ixion's fate to feel,
Are whirl'd upon a giddier wheel.
—O that her priests could *fix her* there,
Whose breath and being are but air !
Yet not for this their spells they try,
They bawl to keep her *from* the sky,
A harmless meteor in that sphere ;
A baleful *Ignis fatuus* here,
With wandering and bewildering light,
To cheer, and then confound the sight,

Guide the lorn traveller,—then betray,
Where Death in ambush lurks for prey.

Fierce, but familiar, at their call,
The veriest fiend of Satan's fall ;
—The fiend that tempted him to stake
Heaven's bliss against the burning lake ;
—The fiend, that tempted him again,
To burst the darkness of his den,
And risk whate'er of wrath untried
Eternal justice yet could hide,
For one transcendent chance, by sin,
Man and his new-made world to win ;
—That fiend, while Satan play'd his part
At Eve's fond ear, assail'd her heart,
And tempted her to hazard more
Than fallen Angels lost before ;
They ruin'd but themselves—her crime
Brought death on all the race of time :
—That fiend comes forth, like Ætna's flame ;
The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING call his name ;
So flush'd and terrible in power,
The Priests themselves he would devour ;
But straight, by Act of Parliament,
Loose through the land his plagues are sent.
The Polypus himself divides,
A legion issues from his sides ;
Ten thousand shapes he wears at will,
In every shape a devil still ;
Eager and restless to be known
By any mark, except his own ;

In airy, earthly, heavenly guise,
No matter,—if it strike the eyes ;
Yet ever at the clink of pelf,
He starts, and shrinks into himself :
—A traitor now, with face of truth,
He dupes the innocence of youth ;
A shrewd pretender, smooth and sage,
He tempts the avarice of age ;
A wizard, versed in damned arts,
He trammels uncorrupted hearts ;
He lulls Suspicion, Sense waylays,
Honour and Honesty betrays,
Finds Virtue sleeping, and by stealth
Beguiles her with a dream of wealth ;
Till rich and poor, till fools and wise,
Haste to the headlong sacrifice,
Gaze till they slip into the snare ;
—Angels might weep to see them there ;
Then to the Lottery Wheels away,
The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING drags his prey.

Hail to the fiery bigot's rack !
Hail Juggernaut's destructive track !
Hail to the warrior's iron car !
But O, be Lottery Wheels afar !
I'll die by torture, war, disease,
I'll die—by any Wheels but these !

No. V.

TO BRITAIN.

I LOVE Thee, O my native Isle !
Dear as my mother's earliest smile ;
Sweet as my father's voice to me
Is all I hear, and all I see,
When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,
The Guardian-angels of thy coast,
Who watch the dear *domestic Host*,
The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam
Around the quiet heaven of Home.

I love Thee,— when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures which neither Indies know.

I love Thee,— when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters labouring on their course,

And arts, and industry, and wealth
Exulting in the joys of health.

I love Thee,— when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail ;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire ;
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame ;
Nor less delighted, when I stray
Down History's lengthening, widening way,
And hail Thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine, over land and main.

I love Thee,— when I read the lays
Of British bards, in elder days,
Till, rapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs my spirit sings ;
For I, amidst thy living choir,
I, too, can touch the sacred lyre.

I love Thee,— when I contemplate
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state ;
Thy laws and liberties, that rise,
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,
To which the Pyramids are tame,
And Grecian temples bow their fame :
These, thine immortal sages wrought
Out of the deepest mines of thought ;

These, on the scaffold, in the field,
Thy warriors won, thy patriots seal'd ;
These, at the parricidal pyre,
Thy martyrs sanctified in fire,
And, with the generous blood they spilt,
Wash'd from thy soil their murderers' guilt,
Cancell'd the curse which Vengeance sped,
And left a blessing in its stead.
— Can words, can numbers count the price,
Paid for this little Paradise ?
Never, oh ! never be it lost ;
The land is *worth* the price it cost.

I love Thee, — when thy Sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
And streams, that sparkle while they run,
As if their fountain were the Sun :
When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,
Each to their chosen house of prayer,
And all in peace and freedom call
On Him, who is the Lord of all.

I love Thee, — when my soul can feel
The seraph-ardours of thy zeal :
Thy charities, to none confined,
Bless, like the sun, the rain, the wind ;
Thy schools the human brute shall raise,
Guide erring youth in wisdom's ways,
And leave, when we are turn'd to dust,
A generation of the just.

I love Thee,—when I see thee stand
The hope of every other land ;
A sea-mark in the tide of time,
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime ;
Whence beams of Gospel-splendour shed
A sacred halo round thine head ;
And Gentiles from afar behold
(Not as on Sinai's rocks of old)
GOD,—from eternity conceal'd,—
In his own light, on Thee reveal'd.

I love Thee,—when I hear thy voice
Bid a despairing world rejoice,
And loud from shore to shore proclaim,
In every tongue, Messiah's name ;
That name, at which, from sea to sea,
All nations *yet* shall bow the knee.

I love Thee :—next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers ! *thee* I love ;
And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
“ With all thy *faults* I love Thee ” still :
For faults thou hast, of heinous size ;
Repent, renounce them, ere they rise
In judgment ;—lest thine ocean-wall
With boundless ruin round thee fall,
And that, which was thy mightiest stay,
Sweep all thy rocks like sand away.

Yes, thou hast faults of heinous size,
From which I turn with weeping eyes ;

On these let them that hate Thee dwell :
 Yet *one* I spare not, — *one* I tell,
 Tell with a whisper in thine ear ;
 Oh ! might it wring thy heart with fear !
 Oh ! that my weakest word might roll,
 Like heaven's own thunder, through thy soul !

There is *a lie* in thy right hand ;
A bribe, corrupting all the land ;
 There is within thy gates a pest,
 — *Gold* and a *Babylonish vest* ;
 Not hid in shame-concealing shade,
 But broad against the Sun display'd.
 These, — tell it *not*, — it *must* be told ;
 These from thy **LOTTERY WHEELS** are sold ;
 Sold, — and thy children, train'd to sin,
 Hazard both worlds these plagues to win ;
 Nay, thy deluded statesmen stake
 Thyselves, — and lose Thee for their sake !
 — Lose Thee ? — They *shall not* ; — HE, whose will
 Is Nature's law, preserves Thee still ;
 And while the' uplifted bolt impends,
 One warning more his mercy sends.

O BRITAIN ! O my country ! bring
 Forth from thy camp the' accursed thing ;
 Consign it to remorseless fire ;
 Watch till the latest spark expire,
 Then cast the ashes on the wind,
 Nor leave one atom-wreck behind.

So may thy wealth and power increase ;
So may thy people dwell in peace ;
On Thee the' ALMIGHTY'S glory rest,
And all the world in Thee be blest.

Sheffield, Oct. 10. 1816.

THE
CLIMBING BOY'S SOLILOQUIES.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE PRESENT REPUBLICATION OF THE
CLIMBING BOY'S SOLILOQUIES.

IN the summer of 1807, a local association for the purpose of "superseding the employment of Climbing Boys in sweeping chimnies, and bettering the condition of those who were already so engaged," was established in Sheffield. Through three-and-thirty years, that object has been kept in view, though many and long interruptions have crippled or retarded our active exertions towards the desired accomplishment. But our interest in the subject, and our sympathy towards the infantine and juvenile victims of so unnatural a practice, have been periodically quickened, on every return of Easter Monday, when a good dinner has been given by our small Committee to all the Climbing Children of this district. The change,—which this attention to their welfare has gradually occasioned

in the personal appearance, decent behaviour, and improved intelligence (most of them having been Sunday scholars) of the successive generations of these poor creatures, which have passed before us during that period,—has been very creditable to their Masters and very encouraging to ourselves under the disheartening hinderances to our progress, in attempting otherwise to lessen the evils of the occupation in our own neighbourhood, and the repeated failures of our endeavours to obtain legislative redress for the grievance itself throughout the whole kingdom.

The experience of ten years convinced us, that all efforts as well as plans materially and permanently to benefit this class of boys must be unavailing, because so long as the employment was authorised by the legislature, it would never be superseded by the introduction of mechanical apparatus:—it being the interest, or rather the practice, of the masters, as much as possible, to disgust their customers, by wilfully negligent, or slovenly mismanagement of such substitutes when required to use them. This repugnance arose principally from a desire to spare themselves, and lay upon their apprentices (who were often their own children) the labour and torture of a villanous trade, which cannot be taught without cruelty, learnt without suffering, or practised without peril to life and limb, under the most humane master, and by the most obedient scholar. This fact is the unanswerable objection to the whole system,—it cannot be mended, though its inevitable

miseries may be, and are, in numberless instances, frightfully aggravated.

Wherefore, in March, 1817, we roused our townspeople to set the first example of moving the legislature against this sin of the nation. A public meeting was accordingly held, and a petition adopted, earnestly imploring the House of Commons, to whom it was primarily addressed, to take the subject into early and serious consideration. This was presented by Lord Milton (now Earl Fitzwilliam) one of the representatives for Yorkshire, with a view merely of its being received and laid upon the table; for no expectation was entertained of any immediate steps being taken upon it by those to whom we appealed. Though temperately worded, and supported only by a few frank and plain expressions of his own kind disposition towards the suffering children, the reading of this document produced so happy an impression upon the minds of the members present, that his Lordship, availing himself of the propitious omen, immediately moved for the appointment of a Committee to investigate the subject and report on the same. Meanwhile similar petitions coming in from other quarters, and the result of the Committee's inquiries proving highly satisfactory, — the Metropolitan Society (instituted in 1803, for the same benevolent purposes as ours at a later period,) using their utmost zeal and diligence to promote the object, — on the 25th of June following a Bill was brought into the House of Commons, for prohibiting the employment of Climbing Boys in

sweeping chimnies, from as brief a prospective date as should be found practicable under existing circumstances. Certain technical difficulties, however, respecting the nature of the Bill, and the probability of Parliament being prorogued before an Act could be passed, caused the postponement of further proceedings till the next Session.

In the following year, 1818, the Bill was revived, carried triumphantly through the Commons, sent up to the Lords, read, committed, counsel heard, evidence examined, favourably reported, but withdrawn before the third reading, to give to the government surveyors, and other professional gentlemen, opportunity to make certain experiments and estimates, recommended by their Lordships' Committee, previous to their ultimate decision on the merits of the case.

In the third year, 1819, the Bill was again introduced in the House of Peers, when, after some very strange discussion, it was summarily thrown out. Two causes, exceedingly dissimilar, concurred to effect this catastrophe: namely, certain grave doubts, expressed by high legal authority, whether, in making laws, more tenderness were due to old chimnies, or to young children;—the former being inveterately crooked and therefore incurable, whereas (though this was left to be inferred) the latter (the children) might easily be made crooked, by accommodating their pliable bodies to the perverse ways through which they followed their craft. The second stumbling block, on which indeed the neck

of the bill was broken, deserves more distinct exposure. A noble Earl, who resisted the Bill less by argument than by banter, among other illustrations of the calamities which would befall the nation, if the use of Climbing Boys were abolished, is reported to have said:—"I might illustrate the confined humanity of the supporters of this measure, by repeating a story, commonly told in Ireland. It was usual in that country to sweep chimnies by tying a string to the leg of a goose, and dragging the unfortunate bird down the chimney. This practice was reprobated by many humane persons, who looked upon the goose as very ill treated; but an honest Irishman having asked what he should use instead of the goose, one of the humane gentlemen replied, '*Why don't you get a couple of ducks?*'—Such was the humanity that dictated this measure, which, dwelling on the sufferings of the Climbing Boys, forgot every care for the safety of society, which, considering the few children employed in sweeping chimnies, threw out of its protection the many children who should be exposed to the hazards of fire, and to be tossed out of windows."

This pleasant sally put their Lordships into such good humour, that, to borrow a couple of the noble Earl's phrases, the Bill was either "tossed out of the window," or "exposed to the hazard of fire," for aught that I could ever learn of its fate.

The report of the foregoing debate and decision in the House of Peers was published in my news-

paper of *March 23*. 1819. Under the date of *April* the 13th following, I find this paragraph, written by myself, and for the authenticity of which I can as conscientiously vouch, as his Lordship could for the truth of "a story commonly told in Ireland : " —

" Yesterday (being Easter Monday), at the Cutlers' Hall, in this town, the Committee for abolishing the use of Climbing Boys, and bettering the condition of Chimney Sweepers' Apprentices, gave their annual dinner to the children employed in that business here. Twenty-two were present; and though the lads of this town and neighbourhood fare as well, if not better than others in the like situation elsewhere, their friends here are more and more convinced, from experience, observation, and reflection during *twelve* years past, that the practice of employing Climbing Boys to sweep chimnies is a national crime as well as a national disgrace, and ought to be prohibited.

" A boy, about thirteen years of age, who attended the dinner at the Cutlers' Hall, on last Easter Monday, lately came to a shocking and premature end, in the following manner, as we were, on this occasion, informed by his companions. Their master being asleep in a public house, at a village in Derbyshire, his two apprentices, who had been sweeping in the neighbourhood, were left with a company of fellows who were drinking together, and became the butts of their brutal conversation. Among other things, it was wantonly proposed to

the younger apprentice to go up the chimney of the room in which they were sitting, while there was a fire in the range. He refused; but the elder, tempted by a promise of sixpence, ventured, and was helped up into the flue. Before he reached the top, however, the soot fell down in such quantities upon the fire below, that the chimney was soon in a blaze, and the poor boy struggled to the bottom through the flames, and was dragged out by the legs before he came direct upon the live coals in the grate. He was so miserably scorched, that he died, after lingering three weeks in excruciating torture."

I need not further pursue the history of parliamentary proceedings on this subject, in which my friends and I bore our part from time to time, till, during the last Session, an Act for the total discontinuance of the evil practice passed both Houses, almost without a murmur of opposition, under the direct sanction of Her Majesty's Government.

Among other intervening means for eventually bringing to pass this great purpose, Mr. Roberts projected the publication of a volume, to be entitled "*The Chimney Sweepers' Friend, and Climbing Boys' Album,*" of which he persuaded me to undertake the editorship. The first part of the work, when completed, contained, in various forms, a summary of such information on the general question as we had been enabled to collect, during seventeen years from the commencement of our labours and inquiries. The second part consisted of essays and

tales, in prose and verse, illustrative of the unpitied and unalleviated sufferings of children, under this unnatural bondage, through more than a century since its introduction. These were chiefly furnished, at my solicitation, by living authors of distinction. The volume was dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty, George IV., and being soon out of print, a new edition was issued at York, by a benevolent bookseller, and sold extensively through the northern provinces.

The following small pieces were my quota of contributions to this work.

October 22. 1840.

THE
CLIMBING BOY'S SOLILOQUIES.

PROLOGUE.

A WORD WITH MYSELF.

I KNOW they scorn the Climbing Boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud ;
I know his villanous employ
Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.

So be it ;—brand with every name
Of burning infamy his art,
But let his *country* bear the shame,
And feel the iron at her heart.

I cannot coldly pass him by,
Stript, wounded, left by thieves half dead ;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich men's gates, imploring bread.

A frame as sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded yet divine,
Endear to me my brother-worm.

He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child ;
— And such are born to thrones on earth,
On such hath every mother smiled.

My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

My equal in the judgment day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.

And is he not mine equal now ?
Am I less fall'n from God and truth,
Though "Wretch" be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth ?

If holy nature yet have laws
Binding on 'man, of woman born,
In her own court I'll plead his cause,
Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.

Yes, let the scorn that haunts his course
Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss and sting me with remorse,
If I the fatherless forsake.

Sheffield, Feb. 28. 1824.

No. I.

THE COMPLAINT.

Who loves the climbing boy? Who cares
If well or ill I be?
Is there a living soul that shares
A thought or wish with me?

I've had no parents since my birth,
Brothers and sisters none;
Ah! what to me is all this earth
Where I am only one?

I wake and see the morning shine,
And all around me gay;
But nothing I behold is mine,
No, not the light of day;—

No, not the very breath I draw;
These limbs are not my own;
A master calls me his by law,
My griefs are mine alone:

Ah! these they could not make him feel—
Would they themselves had felt!
Who bound me to that man of steel
Whom mercy cannot melt.

Yet not for wealth or ease I sigh,
All are not rich and great ;
Many may be as poor as I,
But none so desolate.

For all I know have kin and kind,
Some home, some hope, some joy ;
But these I must not look to find—
Who knows the climbing boy ?

The world has not a place of rest
For outcast so forlorn ;
'Twas all bespoken, all possest,
Long before I was born.

Affection, too, life's sweetest cup,
Goes round from hand to hand,
But I am never ask'd to sup—
Out of the ring I stand.

If kindness beats within my heart,
What heart will beat again ?
I coax the dogs, they snarl and start ;
Brutes are as bad as men.

The beggar's child may rise above
The misery of his lot ;
The gipsy may be loved, and love ;
But I—but I must not.

Hard fare, cold lodgings, cruel toil,
Youth, health, and strength consume :

What tree could thrive in such a soil ?
What flower so scathed could bloom ?

Should I outgrow this crippling work,
How shall my bread be sought ?
Must I to other lads turn Turk,
And teach what I am taught ?

O, might I roam with flocks and herds
In fellowship along !
O, were I one among the birds,
All wing, and life, and song !

Free with the fishes might I dwell
Down in the quiet sea !
The snail in his cob-castle shell—
The snail's a king to me !

For out he glides in April showers,
Lies snug when storms prevail ;
He feeds on fruit, he sleeps on flowers—
I wish I was a snail !

No, never ; do the worst they can
I may be happy still ;
For I was born to be a man,
And if I live I will.

No. II.

THE DREAM.

I DREAMT ; but what care I for dreams ?
And yet I tremble too ;
It look'd so like the truth, it seems
As if it would come true.

I dreamt that, long ere peep of day,
I left my cold straw bed,
And o'er a common far away,
As if I flew, I fled.

The tempest hurried me behind
Like a mill-stream along ;
I could have lean'd against the wind,
It was so deadly strong.

The snow — I never saw such snow —
Raged like the sea all round,
Tossing and tumbling to and fro ;
I thought I must be drown'd.

Now up, now down, with main and might
I plunged through drift and stour ;
Nothing, no nothing baulk'd my flight,
I had a giant's power.

Till suddenly the storm stood still,
Flat lay the snow beneath ;
I curdled to an icicle,
I could not stir—not breathe.

My master found me rooted there ;
He flogg'd me back to sense,
Then pluck'd me up, and by the hair,
Sheer over ditch and fence,—

He dragg'd, and dragg'd, and dragg'd me on,
For many and many a mile ;
At a grand house he stopp'd anon ;
It was a famous pile.

Up to the moon it seem'd to rise,
Broad as the earth to stand ;
The building darken'd half the skies,
Its shadow half the land.

All round was still—as still as death ;
I shivering, chattering, stood ;
And felt the coming, going breath,
The tingling, freezing blood.

Soon, at my master's rap, rap, rap,
The door wide open flew ;
In went we ;— with a thunder clap
Again the door bang'd to.

I trembled, as I've felt a bird
Tremble within my fist ;

II.

Q

For none I saw, and none I heard,
But all was lone and whist.

The moonshine through the windows show'd
Long stripes of light and gloom ;
The carpet with all colours glow'd,
Stone men stood round the room :

Fair pictures in their golden frames,
And looking-glasses bright ;
Fine things, I cannot tell their names,
Dazed and bewitch'd me quite.

Master soon thwack'd them out my head—
The chimney must be swept !
Yet in the grate the coals were red ;
I stamp'd, and scream'd, and wept.

I kneel'd, I kiss'd his feet, I pray'd ;
For then—which shows I dreamt—
Methought I ne'er before had made
The terrible attempt.

But, as a butcher lifts the lamb
That struggles for its life,
(Far from the ramping, bleating dam,)
Beneath his desperate knife ;

With his two iron hands he grasp'd
And hoisted me aloof ;
His naked neck in vain I clasp'd,
The man was pity-proof.

So forth he swung me through the space,
Above the smouldering fire ;
I never can forget his face,
Nor his gruff growl, " Go higher."

As if I climb'd a steep house-side,
Or scaled a dark draw-well,
The horrid opening was so wide,
I had no hold,—I fell :

Fell on the embers, all my length,
But scarcely felt their heat,
When, with a madman's rage and strength,
I started on my feet ;

And, ere I well knew what I did,
Had clear'd the broader vent ;
From his wild vengeance to be hid,
I cared not where I went.

The passage narrow'd as I drew
Limb after limb by force,
Working and worming, like a screw,
My hard, slow, up-hill course.

Rougher than harrow-teeth within,
Sharp lime and jagged stone
Stripp'd my few garments, gored the skin,
And grided to the bone.

Gall'd, wounded, bleeding, ill at ease,
Still I was stout at heart ;

Head, shoulders, elbows, hands, feet, knees,
All play'd a stirring part.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and climb'd in vain,
No light at top appear'd ;
No end to darkness, toil, and pain,
While worse and worse I fear'd.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and had to climb,
Yet more and more astray ;
A hundred years I thought the time,
A thousand miles the way.

Strength left me, and breath fail'd at last,
Then had I headlong dropp'd,
But the strait funnel wedged me fast,
So there dead-lock'd I stopp'd.

I groan'd, I gasp'd, to shriek I tried,
No sound came from my breast ;
There was a weight on every side,
As if a stone-delf press'd.

Yet still my brain kept beating on
Through night-mares of all shapes,
Foul fiends, no sooner come than gone,
Dragons, and wolves, and apes.

They gnash'd on me with bloody jaws,
Chatter'd, and howl'd, and hiss'd ;
They clutch'd me with their cat-like claws,
While off they whirl'd in mist.

Till, like a lamp-flame, blown away,
My soul went out in gloom ;
Thought ceased, and dead-alive I lay,
Shut up in that black tomb.

O, sweetly on the mother's lap
Her pretty baby lies,
And breathes so freely in his nap,
She can't take off her eyes.

Ah ! thinks she then, — ah, thinks she not !
How soon the time may be
When all her love will be forgot,
And he a wretch like me ?

She in her grave at rest may lie,
And daisies speck the sod,
Nor see him bleed, nor hear him cry,
Beneath a ruffian's rod.

No mother's lap was *then* my bed,
O'er me no mother smiled ;
No mother's arm went round my head,
— Am I no mother's child ?

Life, on a sudden, ran me through,
Light, light, all round me blazed,
Red flames rush'd roaring up the flue,
—Flames by my master raised.

I heard his voice, and ten-fold might
Bolted through every limb ;

I saw his face, and shot upright ;
Brick walls made way from him.

Swift as a squirrel seeks the bough
Where he may turn and look
Down on the school-boy, chop-fallen now,
My ready flight I took.

The fire was quickly quench'd beneath,
Blue light above me glanced,
And air, sweet air, I 'gan to breathe,
The blood within me danced.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and climb'd away,
Till on the top I stood,
And saw the glorious dawn of day
Come down on field and flood.

Oh me ! a moment of such joy
I never knew before ;
Right happy was the climbing-boy,
One moment,— but no more.

Sick, sick, I turn'd, the world ran round,
The stone I stood on broke,
And plumb I toppled to the ground,
—Like a scared owl, I woke.

I woke, but slept again, and dream'd
The self-same things anew :
The storm, the snow, the building seem'd
All true, as daylight's true.

But, when I tumbled from the top,
The world itself had flown ;
There was no ground on which to drop,
'Twas emptiness alone.

On winter nights I've seen a star
Leap headlong from the sky ;
I've watch'd the lightning from afar
Flash out of heaven and die.

So,—but in darkness,—so I fell
Through nothing to no place,
Until I saw the flames of hell
Shoot upward to my face.

Down, down, as with a mill-stone weight,
I plunged right through their smoke :
To cry for mercy 'twas too late,—
They seized me,—I awoke :

'Woke, slept, and dream'd the like again
The third time, through and through,
Except the winding up ;—ah ! then
I wish it had been true.

For when I climb'd into the air,
Spring-breezes flap me round ;
Green hills, and dales, and woods were there,
And May-flowers on the ground.

The moon was waning in the west,
The clouds were golden red ;

The lark, a mile above his nest,
Was cheering o'er my head.

The stars had vanish'd, all but one,
The darling of the sky,
That glitter'd like a tiny sun,
No bigger than my eye.

I look'd at this,— I thought it smiled,
Which made me feel so glad,
That I became another child,
And not the climbing lad :

A child as fair as you may see,
Whom soot has never soil'd ;
As rosy-cheek'd as I might be
If I had not been spoil'd.

Wings, of themselves, about me grew,
And, free as morning-light,
Up to that single star I flew,
So beautiful and bright.

Through the blue heaven I stretch'd my hand
To touch its beams,—it broke
Like a sea-bubble on the sand ;
Then all fell dark.—I woke.

No. III.

EASTER-MONDAY AT SHEFFIELD.*

YES, there are some that think of me ;
The blessing on their heads ! I say ;
May all their lives as happy be,
As mine has been with them to-day !

When I was sold, from Lincolnshire
To this good town, I heard a noise,
What merry-making would be here
At Easter-tide, for climbing boys.

'Twas strange, because where I had been,
The better people cared no more
For such as me, than had they seen
A young crab crawling on their shore.

Well, Easter came ;—in all the land
Was e'er a 'prentice lad so fine !
A bran-new suit, at second-hand,
Cap, shoes, and stockings, all were mine.

* There are some local allusions in this part, sufficiently intelligible on the spot, but not worth explaining here.

The coat was green, the waistcoat red,
The breeches leather, white and clean ;
I thought I must go off my head,
I could have jump'd out of my skin.

All Sunday through the streets I stroll'd,
Fierce as a turkey-cock, to see
How all the people, young and old,
At least I thought so, look'd at me.

At night, upon my truss of straw,
Those gaudy clothes hung round the room ;
By moon-glimpse oft their shapes I saw
Like bits of rainbow in the gloom.

Yet scarce I heeded them at all,
Although I never slept a wink ;
The feast, next day, at Cutlers' Hall,
Of *that* I could not help but think.

Wearily trail'd the night away ;
Between the watchmen and the clock,
I thought it never would be day ;
At length out crew the earliest cock.

A second answer'd, then a third,
At a long distance, — one, two, three, —
A dozen more in turn were heard ;
— I crew among the rest for glee.

Up gat we, I and little Bill,
And donn'd our newest and our best ;

Nay, let the proud say what they will,
As grand as fiddlers we were drest.

We left our litter in the nook,
And wash'd ourselves as white as snow ;
On brush and bag we scorn'd to look,
—It was a holiday, you know.

What ail'd me then I could not tell,
I yawn'd the whole forenoon away,
And hearken'd while the vicar's bell
Went ding dong, ding dong, pay, pay, pay !

The clock struck twelve— I love the twelves
Of all the hours 'twixt sun and moon ;
For then poor lads enjoy themselves,
—We sleep at midnight, rest at noon.

This noon was not a resting time !
At the first stroke we started all,
And, while the tune rang through the chime,
Muster'd, like soldiers, at the hall.

Not much like soldiers in our gait ;
Yet never soldier, in his life,
Tried, as he march'd, to look more straight
Than Bill and I,—to drum and fife.

But now I think on't, what with scars,
Lank bony limbs, and spavin'd feet,
Like broken soldiers from the wars,
We limp'd, yet strutted through the street.

Then, while our meagre motley crew
Came from all quarters of the town,
Folks to their doors and windows flew ;
I thought the world turn'd upside down.

For now, instead of oaths and jeers,
The sauce that I have found elsewhere,
Kind words, and smiles, and hearty cheers
Met us, — with halfpence here and there.

The mothers held their babies high,
To chuckle at our hobbling train,
But clipt them close while we went by ;
— I heard their kisses fall like rain, —

And wiped my cheek, that never felt
The sweetness of a mother's kiss ;
For heart and eyes began to melt,
And I was sad, yet pleased, with this.

At Cutlers' Hall we found the crowd,
That shout the gentry to *their* feast ;
They made us way, and bawl'd so loud,
We might have been young lords at least.

We enter'd, twenty lads and more,
While gentlemen, and ladies too,
All bade us welcome at the door,
And kindly ask'd us, — “ How d'ye do ? ”

“ Bravely,” I answer'd, but my eye
Prickled, and leak'd, and twinkled still ;

I long'd to be alone, to cry,
—To be alone, and cry my fill.

Our other lads were blithe and bold,
And nestling, nodding as they sat,
Till dinner came, their tales they told,
And talk'd of this, and laugh'd at that.

I pluck'd up courage, gaped, and gazed
On the fine room, fine folks, fine things,
Chairs, tables, knives, and forks, amazed,
With pots and platters fit for kings.

Roast-beef, plum-pudding, and what not,
Soon smoked before us,—such a size,
Giants their dinners might have got ;
We open'd all our mouths and eyes.

Anon, upon the board, a stroke
Warn'd each to stand up in his place ;
One of our generous friends then spoke
Three or four words—they call'd it *Grace*.

I think he said—“God bless our food !”
—Oft had I heard *that* name, in tones
Which ran like ice, cold through my blood,
And made the flesh creep on my bones.

But now, and with a power so sweet,
The name of GOD went through my heart,
That my lips trembled to repeat
Those words, and tears were fain to start.

Tears, words, were in a twinkle gone,
Like sparrows whirring through the street,
When, at a sign, we all fell on,
As geese in stubble, to our meat.

The large plum-puddings first were carved,
And well we younkens plied them o'er ;
You would have thought we *had* been starved,
Or *were to be*,—a month and more.

Next the roast-beef flew reeking round
In glorious slices, mark ye that !
The dishes were with gravy drown'd ;
A sight to make a weazel fat.

A great meat-pie, a good meat-pie,
Baked in a cradle-length of tin,
Was open'd, emptied, scoop'd so dry,
You might have seen your face within.

The ladies and the gentlemen
Took here and there with us a seat ;
They might be hungry, too,—but then
We gave them little time to eat.

Their arms were busy helping us,
Like cobblers' elbows at their work,
Or see-saw, see-saw, thus and thus ;
A merry game at knife and fork.

O, then the din, the deafening din,
Of plates, cans, crockery, spoons, and knives,

And waiters running out and in ;
We might be eating for our lives.

Such feasting I had never seen,
So presently had got enough ;
The rest, like fox-hounds, staunch and keen,
Were made of more devouring stuff.

They cramm'd like cormorants their craws,
As though they never would have done ;
It was a feast to watch their jaws
Grind, and grow weary, one by one.

But there's an end to every thing ;
And this grand dinner pass'd away,
I wonder if great George our king
Has such a dinner every day.

Grace after meat again was said,
And my good feelings sprang anew,
But at the sight of gingerbread,
Wine, nuts, and oranges, they flew.

So while we took a turn with these,
Almost forgetting we had dined ;
As though we might do what we please,
We loll'd, and joked, and told our mind.

Now I had time, if not before,
To take a peep at every lad ;
I counted them to twenty-four,
Each in his Easter-finery clad.

All wash'd and clean as clean could be,
And yet so dingy, marr'd, and grim,
A mole with half an eye might see
Our craft in every look and limb.

All shapes but straight ones you might find,
As sapling-firs on the high moors,
Black, stunted, crook'd, through which the wind,
Like a wild bull, all winter roars.

Two toddling five-year olds were there,
Twins, that had just begun to climb,
With cherry-cheeks, and curly hair,
And skins not yet engrain'd with grime.

I wish'd, I did, that they might die,
Like "Babes i' th' Wood," the little slaves,
And "Robin-redbreast" painfully
Hide them "with leaves," for want of graves;—

Rather than live, like me, and weep
To think that ever they were born;
Toil the long day, and from short sleep
Wake to fresh miseries every morn.

Gay as young goldfinches in spring,
They chirp'd and peck'd, top-full of joy,
As if it was some mighty thing
To be a chimney-sweeper's boy.

And so it is, on such a day
As welcome Easter brings us here,

—In London, too, the first of May,—
But O, what is it all the year !

Close at a Quaker-lady's side,
Sate a young girl ;—I know not how
I felt when me askance she eyed,
And a quick blush flew o'er her brow.

For then, just then, I caught a face
Fair,—but I oft had seen it black,
And mark'd the owner's tottering pace
Beneath a vile two-bushel sack.

O ! had I known it was a lass,
Could I have scorn'd her with her load ?
—Next time we meet, she shall not pass
Without a lift along the road.

Her mother,—mother but in name !
Brought her to-day to dine with us :
Her father,—she's his 'prentice :—shame
On both, to use their daughter thus !

Well, *I* shall grow, and *she* will grow
Older,—it may be taller,—yet ;
And if she'll smile on me, I know
Poor Poll shall be poor Reuben's pet.

Time, on his two unequal legs,
Kept crawling round the church-clock's face,
Though none could see him shift his pegs,
Each was for ever changing place.

O, why are pleasant hours so short?
And why are wretched ones so long?
They fly like swallows while we sport,
They stand like mules when all goes wrong.

Before we parted, one kind friend,
And then another, talk'd so free;
They went from table-end to end,
And spoke to each, and spoke to me.

Books, pretty books, with pictures in,
Were given to those who learn to read,
Which show'd them how to flee from sin,
And to be happy boys indeed.

These climbers go to Sunday schools,
And hear what things to do or shun,
Get good advice, and golden rules
For all their lives, — but I'm not one.

Nathless I'll go next Sabbath day
Where masters, without thrashing, teach
Lost children how to read, and pray,
And sing, and hear the parsons preach.

For I'm this day determined — not
With bad companions to grow old,
But, weal or woe, whate'er my lot,
To mind what our good friends have told.

They told us things I never knew
Of Him who heaven and earth did make;

And my heart felt their words were true,
It burn'd within me while they spake.

Can I forget that God is love,
And sent his Son to dwell on earth?
Or, that our Saviour from above
Lay in a manger at his birth,—

Grew up in humble poverty,
A life of grief and sorrow led?
No home to comfort Him had He;
No, not a place to lay his head.

Yet He was merciful and kind,
Heal'd with a touch all sort of harms;
The sick, the lame, the deaf, the blind;
And took young children in his arms.

Then He was kill'd by wicked men,
And buried in a deep stone cave;
But of Himself He rose again,
On Easter-Sunday, from the grave.

Caught up in clouds,—at God's right hand,
In heaven He took the highest place;
There dying Stephen saw Him stand,
—Stephen, who had an angel's face.

He loves the poor, He always did;
The little ones are still his care;
I'll seek him,—let who will forbid,—
I'll go to Him this night in prayer.

O, soundly, soundly should I sleep,
And think no more of sufferings past,
If God would only bless, and keep,
And make me his,—his own, at last.

Sheffield, March, 1834.

SONGS OF ZION ;
BEING
IMITATIONS OF PSALMS.

PREFACE.

IN the following imitations of portions of the true "*Songs of Zion*," the author pretends not to have succeeded better than any that have gone before him ; but, having followed in the track of none, he would venture to hope, that, by avoiding the rugged literality of some, and the diffusive paraphrases of others, he may, in a few instances, have approached nearer than either of them have generally done to the ideal model of what devotional poems, in a modern tongue, grounded upon the subjects of ancient psalms, yet suited for Christian edification, ought to be. Beyond this he dare not say more than that, whatever symptoms of feebleness or bad taste may be betrayed in the execution of these pieces, he offers not to the public the premature fruits of idleness or haste. So far as he recollects, he has endeavoured to do his best, and, in doing so, he has never hesitated to sacrifice ambitious ornament to simplicity, clearness, and force of thought and expression. If, in the event, it shall be found that he has added a little to the small national stock of

“psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs,” in which piety speaks the language of poetry, and poetry the language of inspiration, he trusts that he will be humbly contented and unfeignedly thankful.

Sheffield, May 21. 1822.

Several compositions of the same kind are introduced here, which were not included with those formerly published.

Feb. 5. 1841.

SONGS OF ZION.

PSALM I.

THRICE happy he, who shuns the way
That leads ungodly men astray ;
Who fears to stand where sinners meet,
Nor with the scorner takes his seat.

The law of God is his delight ;
That cloud by day, that fire by night,
Shall be his comfort in distress,
And guide him through the wilderness. •

His works shall prosper ;—he shall be
A fruitful, fair, unwithering tree,
That, planted where the river flows,
Nor drought, nor frost, nor mildew knows.

Not so the wicked ;—they are cast
Like chaff upon the eddy blast ;
In judgment they shall quake for dread,
Nor with the righteous lift their head.

For God hath spied their secret path,
And they shall perish in his wrath ;
He too hath mark'd his people's road,
And brings them to his own abode.

PSALM III.

THE Tempter to my soul hath said,
“ There is no help in God for thee :”
Lord ! lift thou up thy servant’s head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

Thus to the Lord I raised my cry ;
He heard me from his holy hill ;
At his command the waves roll’d by ;
He beckon’d, and the winds were still.

I laid me down and slept ;—I woke ;
Thou, Lord ! my spirit didst sustain ;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps, in all their wrath :
Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
His presence guards his people’s path.

PSALM IV.

No. 1.

How long, ye sons of men, will ye
The servant of the Lord despise,
Delight yourselves with vanity,
And trust in refuges of lies?

Know that the Lord hath set apart
The godly man in every age :
He loves a meek and lowly heart ;
His people are his heritage.

Then stand in awe, nor dare to sin ;
Commune with your own heart ; be still ;
The Lord requireth truth within,
The sacrifice of mind and will.

PSALM IV.

No. 2.

WHILE many cry, in Nature's night,
Ah! who will show the way to bliss?
Lord! lift on us thy saving light;
We seek no other guide than this.

Gladness thy sacred presence brings,
More than the joyful reaper knows;
Or he who treads the grapes, and sings,
While with new wine his vat o'erflows.

In peace I lay me down to sleep;
Thine arm, O Lord! shall stay my head,
Thine angel spread his tent, and keep
His midnight watch around my bed.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our King ! how excellent
Thy name on earth is known !
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown !

Yet are the humble dear to Thee ;
Thy praises are confest
By infants lisp'ing on the knee,
And sucklings at the breast.

When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand ;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land :—

Lord ! what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above ?

O Lord, how excellent thy name !
How manifold thy ways !
Let Time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

PSALM XI.

THE Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

He proves the righteous, marks their path ;
In him the weak are strong ;
But violence provokes his wrath,
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

God on the wicked will rain down
Brimstone, and fire, and snares ;
The gloom and tempest of his frown ;
— This portion shall be theirs.

The righteous Lord will take delight
Alone in righteousness ;
The just are pleasing in his sight,
The humble He will bless.

PSALM XV.

LORD! who is he that shall abide
Within thy tabernacle here?
Who on thy holy hill reside?
—He that maintains a conscience clear.

He that in his uprightness walks,
Who from his heart the truth will tell;
Of others ne'er malignly talks,
Nor lets his tongue on slanders dwell:—

He who his neighbour never wrongs,
But, while the base ones are abhorr'd,
Pays the high honour that belongs
To those who fear and love the Lord:—

He that to his own hurt will swear,
Nor change his word, his covenant break;
Nor lend on usury to ensnare,
Nor bribes to slay the righteous take:—

He who doth these shall not be moved,
For God will surely him uphold,
And bring, when in the furnace tried,
Forth from the fire, refined like gold.

PSALM XIX.

No. 1.

THY glory, Lord! the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfil;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power;
— Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of Nature's heart.

While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense ;
—My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

PSALM XIX.

No. 2.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light !
Thy testimonies sure ;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne ;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

More prized than gold,—than gold whose waste
Refining fire expels ;
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

II.

S

Let these, O God! my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise ;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

By these may I be warn'd betimes ;
Who knows the guile within ?
Lord! save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin !

So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness !
With thee acceptance find.

PSALM XX.

JEHOVAH hear thee in the day
Of thine adversity ;
The God of Jacob be thy stay,
His name thy strong-hold be : —

Help from his sanctuary send,
Strength from his holy hill ;
Accept thy vows, thy prayers attend,
Thy heart's desires fulfil.

In thy deliverance we rejoice,
And in Jehovah's name
Lift up our banners and our voice,
His triumphs to proclaim.

Now know we that the Lord will hear
His own Anointed One,
And rescue him from every fear;
—So let his will be done.

While some in chariots put their trust,
On horses some rely,
Those shall be broken, these like dust
Before the whirlwind fly.

But we remember God alone,
And hope in Him, whose hand
Will raise us up though overthrown,
Though fall'n will make us stand.

God save the King,—the people save!
Lord! hear a nation's cries:
From death redeem us, and the grave,
To life beyond the skies.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
opprest.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I
stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head ;
O what shall I ask of thy Providence more ?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God !
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above ;
I seek,—by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn,—thy kingdom
of love.

PSALM XXIV.

No. 1.

THE earth is thine, Jehovah! — thine
Its peopled realms and wealthy stores;
Built on the flood, by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.

But who shall reach thine holy place,
Or who, O Lord! ascend thine hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man that doth thy will.

He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood, — He shall stand
Redeem'd, and own'd, and kept by Thee.

PSALM XXIV.

No. 2.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates ! and wide
Your everlasting doors display ;
Ye angel-guards ! like flames divide,
And give the King of Glory way.

Who is the King of Glory ? — He,
The Lord Omnipotent to save,
Whose own right arm in victory
Led captive death, and spoil'd the grave.

Lift up your heads, ye gates ! and high
Your everlasting portals heave ;
Welcome the King of Glory nigh ;
Him let the heaven of heavens receive.

Who is the King of Glory ? — Who ?
The Lord of Hosts ; — behold his name ;
The kingdom, power, and honour due
Yield Him, ye saints, with glad acclaim.

PSALM XXIV.

(THE SECOND VERSION.)

No. 1.

THE earth is God's with all its stores,
The world and all therein that be ;
Upon the flood He fix'd the shores,
And gave his law unto the sea.

His holy mountain who shall climb,
Or tread his courts without offence ?
—He who hath cleansed his heart from crime,
And wash'd his hands in innocence :—

From vanity hath turn'd his eyes,
Nor put to shame his neighbour's trust,
Practised deceit, or utter'd lies ;—
He that is upright, pure, and just.

These shall enjoy Jehovah's grace ;
To them his mercy shall be shown ;
For these are they that seek thy face ;
These, God of Jacob ! Thou wilt own.

PSALM XXIV.

(THE SECOND VERSION.)

No. 2.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates ! behold
The King of Glory draweth nigh ;
Ye everlasting doors ! unfold,
And give Him welcome to the sky.

Who is this King of Glory,—who ?
—Jehovah, strong and mighty ;—He
His foes in battle overthrew,
And crown'd Himself with victory.

Lift up your heads, ye gates ! on high ;
Eternal doors ! throw wide your leaves ;
The King of Glory draweth nigh,
And Him the heaven of heaven receives.

Who is this King of Glory,—say ?
—The Lord of Hosts, whom we proclaim ;
He is the King of Glory :—they
That know his power will fear his Name.

PSALM XXVII.

No. 1.

God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near :
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand ;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate :
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase ;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
—The Lord will give thee peace.

PSALM XXVII.

No. 2.

ONE thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and will pursue ;
What thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord ! for thy servant do.

Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet : —

In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

“ Seek ye my face ; ” — without delay,
When thus I hear Thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
“ Thy face, Lord, will I seek.”

Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee ;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God ! remember me.

Oft had I fainted, and resign'd
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

Wait on the Lord, with courage wait ;
My soul ! disdain to fear ;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE glory to God in the highest ! give praise,
Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord ;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways :
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord !

The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thundereth abroad ;
The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne,
Is terror and power ; — all nature is awed.

At the voice of the Lord the cedars are bow'd,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurl'd ;
The voice of the Lord, from the dark-bosom'd cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

See Lebanon bound, like the kid on his rocks,
And wild as the unicorn Sirion appear :
The wilderness quakes with the resonant shocks ;
The hinds cast their young in the travail of fear.

The voice of the Lord through the calm of the wood
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its caves ;
The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood ;
The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.

The Lord is the strength of his people ; the Lord
Gives health to his people, and peace evermore ;
Then throng to his temple, his glory record,
But, O ! when he speaketh, in silence adore.

PSALM XXX.

YEA, I will extol Thee,
Lord of life and light !
For thine arm upheld me,
Turn'd my foes to flight :
I implored thy succour,
Thou wert swift to save,
Heal my wounded spirit,
Bring me from the grave.

Sing, ye saints, sing praises !
Call his love to mind ;
For a moment angry,
But for ever kind :
Grief may, like a stranger,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy to-morrow
With the sun return.

In my wealth I vaunted,
“ Nought shall move me hence ; ”
Thou hadst made my mountain
Strong in thy defence :
— Then thy face was hidden,
Trouble laid me low,
“ Lord,” I cried, most humbly,
“ Why forsake me so ?

“ Would my blood appease Thee,
In atonement shed ?
Can the dust give glory, —
Praise employ the dead ?
Hear me, Lord ! in mercy ;
God, my helper, hear ; ”
— Long Thou didst not tarry,
Help and health were near.

Thou hast turn'd my mourning
Into minstrelsy,
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thralldom free :

Thee my ransom'd powers
Henceforth shall adore,—
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless for evermore !

PSALM XXXIX.

LORD! let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

My life is but a span,
Mine age as nought with Thee ;
Man, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

A shadow even in health,
Disquieted with pride,
Or rack'd with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown heirs divide.

What seek I now, O Lord ?
My hope is in thy name ;
Blot out my sins from thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.

Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For Thou hast brought me low :
Remove thy judgments, lest I die ;
I faint beneath thy blow.

At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies ;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

A stranger, Lord ! with Thee,
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourn'd from age to age.

O spare me yet, I pray !
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

PSALM XLII.

No. 1.

As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see :
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord ! shall I to Thee draw near ?

Tears my food by night, by day
Grief consumes my strength away ;
While his craft the Tempter plies,
“ Where is now thy God ? ” he cries ;
This would sink me to despair,
But I pour my soul in prayer.

For in happier times I went
Where the multitude frequent :
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King !
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole :

Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

PSALM XLII.

No. 2.

HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of water-falls;
While I plunge to lower caves
Overwhelm'd by all thy waves.

Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird;

II.

T

Hast Thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost Thou scorn, or hear them not?

Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?
Why with faithless trouble vex'd?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

PSALM XLIII.

[Continuation of PSALM XLII.]

No. 3.

JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness;
Plead for me in my distress:
Good and merciful Thou art,
Bind this bleeding, broken heart;
Cast me not despairing hence,
Be thy love my confidence.

Send thy light and truth to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,

On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy tabernacles blest ;
There, to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd ?
Why of earth or hell afraid ?
Trust in God ;—disdain to yield,
While o'er thee He casts his shield,
And his countenance divine
Sheds the light of Heaven on thine.

PSALM XLVI.

No. 1.

God is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid ;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid ?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains ;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand ;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire ;
Our treasure and our heart be there :
O for a seraph's wing of fire !
No,—on the mightier wings of prayer,—

We reach at once that last retreat,
And, ranged among the ransom'd throng,
Fall with the Elders at *his* feet,
Whose name alone inspires their song.

Ah, soon, how soon ! our spirits droop ;
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe :
Yet God in very deed will stoop,
And dwell Himself with men beneath.

Come to thy living temples, then,
As in the ancient times appear ;
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God ! thine image here.

PSALM XLVI.

No. 2.

COME and behold the works of God,
What desolations He will make ;
In vengeance when He wields his rod,
The heathen rage, their kingdoms quake :
He utters forth his voice ;—'tis felt ;
Like wax the world's foundations melt ;
The Lord of Hosts is in the field,
The God of Jacob is our shield.

Again He maketh wars to cease,
He breaks the bow, unpoints the spear,
And burns the chariot ;—joy and peace
In all his glorious march appear :
Silence, O Earth ! thy Maker own ;
Ye Gentiles, He is God alone ;
The Lord of Hosts is in the field,
The God of Jacob is our shield.

PSALM XLVII.

EXTOL the Lord, the Lord most high,
King over all the earth ;
Exalt his triumphs to the sky
In songs of sacred mirth.

Where'er the sea-ward rivers run,
His banner shall advance,
And every realm beneath the sun
Be his inheritance.

God is gone up with loud acclaim,
And trumpets' tuneful voice ;
Sing praise, sing praises to his name ;
Sing praises, and rejoice !

Sing praises to our God ! sing praise
To every creature's King !
His wondrous works, his glorious ways,
All tongues, all kindred sing.

God sits upon his holy throne,
God o'er the heathen reigns ;
His truth through all the world is known,
That truth his throne sustains.

Princes around his footstool throng,
Kings in the dust adore ;
Earth and her shields to God belong ;
Sing praises evermore !

PSALM XLVIII.

JEHOVAH is great, and great be his praise ;
In the city of God He is King ;
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays,
On the mount of his holiness sing.

The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,
Is Zion's impregnable hill ;
The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
God reigns in her palaces still.

At the sight of her splendour, the kings of the earth
Grew pale with amazement and dread ;
Fear seized them like pangs of a premature birth ;
They came, they beheld her, and fled.

Thou breakest the ships from the sea-circled climes,
When the storm of thy jealousy lowers ;
As our fathers have told of thy deeds, in their times,
So, Lord, have we witness'd in ours.

In the midst of thy temple, O God! hath our mind
Remember'd thy mercy of old;
Let thy name, like thy praise, to no realm be confined;
Thy power may all nations behold.

Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love,
The mountain of Zion rejoice,
For Thou wilt establish her seat from above,
—Wilt make her the throne of thy choice.

Go, walk about Zion, and measure the length,
Her walls and her bulwarks mark well;
Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
Her towers and their pinnacles tell.

Then say to your children:—Our strong-hold is
tried;
This God is our God to the end;
His people for ever his counsels shall guide,
His arm shall for ever defend.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy on me, O my God !
In loving-kindness hear my prayer ;
Withdraw the terror of thy rod ;
Lord ! in thy tender mercy, spare.

Offences rise where'er I look ;
But I confess their guilt to Thee :
Blot my transgressions from thy book,
Cleanse me from mine iniquity.

Whither from vengeance can I run ?
Just are thy judgments, Lord, and right :
For all the evil I have done,
I did it only in thy sight.

Shapen in frailty, born in sin,
From error how shall I depart ?
Lo, thou requirest truth within ;
Lord ! write thy truth upon my heart.

Me through the blood of sprinkling make
Pure from defilement, white as snow ;
Heal me for my Redeemer's sake ;
Then joy and gladness I shall know.

A perfect heart in me create,
Renew my soul in innocence ;
Cast not the suppliant from thy gate,
Nor take thine Holy Spirit hence.

Thy consolations, as of old,
Now to my troubled mind restore ;
By thy free Spirit's might uphold
And guide my steps, to fall no more.

Then sinners will I teach thy ways,
And rebels to thy sceptre bring ;
—Open my lips, O God ! in praise,
So shall my mouth thy goodness sing.

Not streaming blood, nor purging fire,
Thy righteous anger can appease ;
Burnt-offerings thou dost not require,
Or gladly I would render these.

The broken heart in sacrifice,
Alone may thine acceptance meet ;
My heart, O God ! do not despise,
Broken and contrite, at thy feet.

PSALM LXIII.

O GOD ! Thou art my God alone,
Early to Thee my soul shall cry ;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And mark'd the footsteps of thy grace !

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God !
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

PSALM LXIX.

GOD I be merciful to me,
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee, her refuge, springs :
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till the storm is overpast.

From the water-floods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me, thine arm almighty take,
For thy loving-kindness' sake :
If thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke would break my heart.

Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found ;
Sore temptations now assail,
Hope, and strength, and courage fail ;
Turn not from thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord! to my relief.

Poor and sorrowful am I ;
Set me, O my God ! on high :
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought ;
Nigh to death my soul is brought ;
Save me, Lord ! in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.

PSALM LXX.

HASTEN, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God !
Foes, like armed bands, increase ;
Turn them back the way they trod.

Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail ;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

Those that seek Thee shall rejoice ;
I am bow'd with misery ;
Yet I make thy law my choice ;
Turn, my God ! and look on me.

Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave ;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Do not tarry, haste to save !

PSALM LXXI.

LORD ! I have put my trust in Thee,
Turn not my confidence to shame ;
Thy promise is a rock to me,
A tower of refuge is thy name.

Thou hast upheld me from the womb ;
Thou wert my strength and hope in youth ;
Now, trembling, bending o'er the tomb,
I lean upon thine arm of truth.

Though I have long outlived my peers,
And stand amid the world alone,
(A stranger, left by former years,)
I know my God,—by Him am known.

Cast me not off in mine old age,
Forsake me not in my last hour ;
The foe hath not foregone his rage,
The lion ravens to devour.

Not far, my God, not far remove :
Sin and the world still spread their snares ;
Stand by me now, or they will prove
Too crafty yet for my grey hairs.

Me, through what troubles hast Thou brought !
Me, with what consolations crown'd !
Now be thy last deliverance wrought ;
My soul in peace with Thee be found !

PSALM LXXII.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

By such shall He be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obey'd, revered ;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger,
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;

For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest ;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is—Love.

PSALM LXXIII.

TRULY the Lord is good to those,
The pure in heart, who love his name ;
But as for me, temptation rose,
And well-nigh cast me down to shame.

For I was envious at their state,
When I beheld the wicked rise,
And flourish in their pride elate,
No fear of death before their eyes.

Not troubled they, as others are,
Nor plagued, with all their vain pretence ;
Pride like a chain of gold they wear,
And clothe themselves with violence.

Swoln are their eyes with wine and lust,
For more than heart can wish have they ;
In fraud and tyranny they trust
To make the multitude their prey.

Their mouth assails the heavens ; their tongue
Walks arrogantly through the earth ;
Pleasure's full cups to them are wrung ;
They reel in revelry and mirth.

“ Who is the Lord, that we should fear
Lest He our dark devices know ?
Who the Most High, that He should hear,
Or heed, the words of men below ? ”

Thus cry the mockers, flush'd with health,
Exulting while their joys increase ;
These are the' ungodly ;—men, whose wealth
Flows like a river, ne'er to cease.

And have I cleansed my heart in vain,
' And wash'd in innocence my hands ?
All day afflicted, I complain,
All night I mourn in straitening bands.

Too painful this for me to view,
Till to thy temple, Lord, I went,
And then their fearful end I knew,
How suddenly their light is spent.

Surely, in slippery places set,
Down to perdition these are hurl'd ;
Snared in the toils of their own net,
A spectacle to all the world.

As, from a dream when one awakes,
The phantoms of the brain take flight ;
So, when thy wrath in thunder breaks,
Their image shall dissolve in night.

Abash'd, my folly then I saw ;
I seem'd before Thee like a brute ;

Smit to the heart, o'erwhelm'd with awe,
I bow'd, and worshipp'd, and was mute.

Yet Thou art ever at my side ;
O ! still uphold me, and defend ;
Me by thy counsel Thou shalt guide,
And bring to glory in the end.

Whom have I, Lord ! in heaven but Thee ?
On earth shall none divide my heart ;
Then fail my flesh, my spirit flee,
Thou mine eternal portion art.

PSALM LXXVII.

IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord ! my feeble cries ;
With humble supplication,
To Thee my spirit flies :
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain ;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanish'd bliss to view ;

The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew :
Remember'd songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

Hath God cast off for ever ?
Can time his truth impair ?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share ?
Hath He, his loving-kindness
Shut up in endless wrath ?
—No ;—this is my own blindness
That cannot see his path.

I call to recollection
The years of his right hand ;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand :
Thy deeds, O Lord ! are wonder ;
Holy are all thy ways ;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God ! the billows saw ;
They saw Thee, and they trembled,
Turn'd, and stood still, with awe :
The clouds shot hail—they lighten'd ;
The earth reel'd to and fro ;

Thy fiery pillar brighten'd
The gulf of gloom below.

Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known ;
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone :
Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore ;
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And thy redeem'd pass o'er.

PSALM LXXX.

OF old, O God ! thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train ;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.

Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
Forth to the river went the root ;
Perennial verdure crown'd its head,
It bore, in every season, fruit.

That vine is desolate and torn,
Its scions in the dust are laid ;
Rank o'er the ruin springs the thorn,
The wild boar wallows in the shade.

Lord God of Hosts ! thine ear incline,
Change into songs thy people's fears ;
Return, and visit this thy vine,
Revive thy work amidst the years.

The plenteous and continual dew
Of thy rich blessing here descend ;
So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

Then shall it flourish wide and far,
While realms beneath its shadow rest ;
The morning and the evening star
Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

So shall thine enemies be dumb,
Thy banish'd ones no more enslaved,
The fulness of the Gentiles come,
And Israel's youngest born be saved.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable, how fair,
O Lord of Hosts ! to me,
Thy tabernacles are !
My flesh cries out for Thee ;
My heart and soul, with heaven-ward fire
To Thee, the living God, aspire.

The sparrow here finds place
To build her little nest ;
The swallow's wandering race
Hither return and rest ;
Beneath thy roof their young ones cry,
And round thine altar learn to fly.

Thrice-blessed they who dwell
Within thine house, my God !
Where daily praises swell,
And still the floor is trod
By those, who in thy presence bow,
By those, whose King and God art Thou.

Through Baca's arid vale,
As pilgrims when they pass,

The well-springs never fail,
Fresh rain renews the grass ;
From strength to strength they journey still,
Till all appear on Zion's hill.

Lord God of Hosts ! give ear,
A gracious answer yield ;
O God of Jacob ! hear ;
Behold, O God ! our shield ;
Look on thine own Anointed One,
And save through thy beloved Son.

Lord ! I would rather stand
A keeper at thy gate,
Than on the king's right hand
In tents of worldly state ;
One day within thy courts, one day,
Is worth a thousand cast away.

God is a sun of light,
Glory and grace to shed ;
God is a shield of might,
To guard the faithful head :
O Lord of Hosts ! how happy he,
The man who puts his trust in Thee !

PSALM XC.

LORD ! Thou hast been thy people's rest
Through all their generations,
Their refuge when by danger prest,
Their hope in tribulations ;
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever thou hadst form'd the earth,
Art God from everlasting !

The sons of men return to clay,
When Thou the word hast spoken,
As with a torrent borne away,
Gone like a dream when broken :
A thousand years are, in thy sight,
But as a watch amid the night,
Or yesterday departed.

At morn, we flourish like the grass
With dew and sunbeams lighted,
But ere the cool of evening pass,
The rich array is blighted :
Thus do thy chastisements consume
Youth's tender leaf and beauty's bloom ;
We fade at thy displeasure.

Our life is like the transient breath
That tells a mournful story ;
Early or late, stopt short by death ;
And where is all our glory ?
Our days are threescore years and ten,
And if the span be lengthen'd then,
Their strength is toil and sorrow.

Lo ! thou hast set before thine eyes
All our misdeeds and errors ;
Our secret sins from darkness rise,
At thine awakening terrors :
Who shall abide the trying hour ?
Who knows the thunder of thy power ?
We flee unto thy mercy.

Lord ! teach us so to mark our days,
That we may prize them duly ;
So guide our feet in Wisdom's ways,
That we may love Thee truly :
Return, O Lord ! our griefs behold,
And with thy goodness, as of old,
O satisfy us early !

Restore our comforts as our fears,
Our joy as our affliction ;
Give to thy church, through changing years,
Increasing benediction ;
Thy glorious beauty there reveal,
And with thy perfect image seal
Thy servants and their labours.

PSALM XCI.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the' Almighty's shade ;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd :
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence :
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

Only with thine eye, the anguish
Of the wicked thou shalt see,
When by slow disease they languish,
When they perish suddenly :
Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
God, thine hope, shall bear through all ;

Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel-legions,
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert-wilds thou sleep :
On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread ;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord is King ;—upon his throne
He sits in garments glorious ;
Or girds for war his armour on,
In every field victorious :
The world came forth at his command ;
Built on his word, its pillars stand ;
They never can be shaken.

The Lord was King ere time began,
His reign is everlasting ;
When high the floods in tumult ran,
Their foam to heaven up-casting,
He made the raging waves his path ;
—The sea is mighty in its wrath,
But God on high is mightier.

Thy testimonies, Lord ! are sure ;
Thy realm fears no commotion,
Firm as the earth, whose shores endure
The' eternal toil of ocean :
And Thou with perfect peace wilt bless
Thy faithful flock ;—for holiness
Becomes thine house for ever.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice ;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice !
For Jehovah is King, and He reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne ;
The strength of the hills He maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.

The sea is Jehovah's ;—He made
The tide its dominion to know ;
The land is Jehovah's ;—He laid
Its solid foundations below :
O come, let us worship, and kneel
Before our Creator, our God !
—The people who serve Him with zeal,
—The flock whom He guides with his rod.

As Moses, the fathers of old
Through the sea and the wilderness led,
His wonderful works we behold,
With manna from heaven are fed :
To-day, let us hearken, to-day,
To the voice that yet speaks from above,
And all his commandments obey,
For all his commandments are love.

His wrath let us fear to provoke,
To dwell in his favour unite ;
His service is freedom, his yoke
Is easy, his burden is light :
But, oh ! of rebellion beware,
Rebellion, that hardens the breast,
Lest God in his anger should swear
That *we* shall not enter his rest.

PSALM C.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth !
O, serve Him with gladness and fear !
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

For Jehovah is God,—and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all ;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own ;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name !

For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand ;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

PSALM CIII.

O MY soul ! with all thy powers,
 Bless the Lord's most holy name ;
 O my soul ! till life's last hours,
 Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim :
 Thine infirmities He heal'd ;
 He thy peace and pardon seal'd.

He with loving-kindness crown'd thee,
 Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
 From the snares of death unbound thee,
 Eagle-like thy youth renew'd :
 Rich in tender mercy He,
 Slow to wrath, to favour free.

He will not retain displeasure,
 Though awhile He hide his face ;
 Nor his God-like bounty measure
 By our merit, but his grace :
 As the heaven the earth transcends,
 Over us his care extends.

Far as east and west are parted,
He our sins hath sever'd thus :
As a father, loving-hearted,
Spareth his son, He spareth us ;
For He knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower, where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful ; — anon,
When the south-wind softly bloweth,
Look again, — the flower is gone !
Such is man ; his honours pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
To eternity, — the Lord,
Still his people's bliss insuring,
Keeps his covenanted word ;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

As in heaven, his throne and dwelling,
King on earth He holds his sway ;
Angels ! ye in strength excelling,
Bless the Lord, his voice obey ;
All his works beneath the pole,
Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul !

PSALM CIV.

My soul! adore the Lord of might:
With uncreated glory crown'd,
And clad in royalty of light,
He draws the curtain'd heavens around;
Dark waters his pavilion form,
Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

Lightning before Him, and behind
Thunder rebounding to and fro;
He walks upon the winged wind,
And reins the blast, or lets it go:
— This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
He fix'd the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world, of old,
He summon'd the avenging main,
At his rebuke the billows roll'd
Back to their parent gulf again;
The mountains raised their joyful heads,
Like new creations, from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
Its daily fall and flow maintains;
Through winding vales fresh fountains glide,
Leap from the hills, or course the plains;

There thirsty cattle thron'g the brink,
And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling,
Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
And birds among the branches sing ;
Soft fall the showers when day declines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flowers,
God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks :
On Lebanon his cedar towers,
The wild goats bound upon his rocks ;
Fowls in his forests build their nests,
— The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemn'd to toil,
He fills with grain the golden ear ;
Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,
And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer ;
— The moon her tide of changing knows,
Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out ;
He maketh darkness, and 'tis night ;
Then roam the beasts of prey about,
The desert rings with chase and flight :
The lion, and the lion's brood,
Look up, — and God provides them food.

Morn dawns far east ; ere long the sun
Warms the glad nations with his beams ;

Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
And night returns to them in dreams :
Man from his couch to labour goes,
Till evening brings again repose !

How manifold thy works, O Lord !
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought ;
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught :
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
By Thee directed on their way ;
There, in his own mysterious world,
Leviathan delights to play ;
And tribes that range immensity,
Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live ;
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly ;
They gather what thy seasons give ;
Take Thou away their breath, they die :
Send forth thy Spirit from above,
And all is life again, and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return :
He looks upon the earth, it quakes ;
Touches the mountains, and they burn :
—Thou, God ! for ever art the same ;
I AM is thine unchanging name.

PSALM CVII.

No. 1.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity, the same,
To eternity endure.

Let the ransom'd thus rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land;
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:—

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !

PSALM CVII.

No. 2.

THEY that mourn in dungeon gloom,
Bound in iron and despair,
Sentenced to a heavier doom
Than the pangs they suffer there ;—

Foes and rebels once to God,
They disdain'd his high control ;
Now they feel his fiery rod
Striking terrors through their soul.

Wrung with agony, they fall
To the dust, and, gazing round,
Call for help ;—in vain they call,
Help, nor hope, nor friend are found.

Then unto the Lord they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He restores their forfeit breath,
Breaks in twain the gates of brass ;
From the bands and grasp of death,
Forth to liberty they pass.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !

PSALM CVII.

No. 3.

FOOLS, for their transgression, see
Sharp disease their youth consume,
And their beauty, like a tree,
Withering o'er an early tomb.

Food is loathsome to their taste,
And the eye revolts from light ;
All their joys to ruin haste,
As the sunset into night.

Then unto the Lord they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He with health renews their frame,
Lengthens out their number'd days;
Let them glorify his name
With the sacrifice of praise.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 4.

THEY that toil upon the deep,
And, in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep
With the billow and the gale,—

Mark what wonders God performs,
When He speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms
In the chariots of the wind.

Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd
On the mountain of the wave;
Down as suddenly 'tis hurl'd
To the' abysses of the grave.

To and fro they reel, they roll,
As intoxicate with wine ;
Terrors paralyse their soul,
Helm they quit, and hope resign.

Then unto the Lord they cry ;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

Calm and smooth the surges flow,
And, where deadly lightning ran,
God's own reconciling bow
Metes the ocean with a span.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !

PSALM CVII.

No. 5.

LET the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord
In his courts, on holy days.

God for sin will vengeance take,
Smite the earth with sore distress,
And a fruitful region make
As the howling wilderness.

But when mercy stays his hand,
Famine, plague, and death depart ;
Yea, the rock, at his command,
Pours a river from its heart.

There the hungry dwell in peace,
Cities build, and plough the ground,
While their flocks and herds increase,
And their corn and wine abound.

Should they yet rebel, — his arm
Lays their pride again in dust :
But the poor He shields from harm,
And in Him the righteous trust.

Whoso wisely marks his will,
Thus evolving bliss from woe,
Shall, redeem'd from every ill,
All his loving-kindness know.

PSALM CXIII.

SERVANTS of God! in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

Who is like God?—so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky,
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in Him that trust.

Servants of God! in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord ;—He lent an ear
When I for help implored ;
He rescued me from all my fear ;
Therefore I love the Lord.

Bound hand and foot with chains of sin,
Death dragg'd me for his prey ;
The pit was moved to take me in ;
All hope was far away.

I cried, in agony of mind,
“ Lord ! I beseech Thee, save : ”
He heard me ;—Death his prey resign'd,
And Mercy shut the grave.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam ;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness call'd thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless ?

This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim ;
The sacramental cup I'll take,
And call upon thy name.

Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow :—

Henceforth to Thee myself I give ;
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

PSALM CXVII.

ALL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord ;
All ye lands, your voices raise :
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise !

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise Him, ye who know his love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath,
Praise Him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe !

PSALM CXXI.

ENCOMPASS'D with ten thousand ills,
Press'd by pursuing foes,
I lift mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence salvation flows.

My help is from the Lord, who made
And governs earth and sky ;
I look to his almighty aid,
And ever-watching eye.

—He who thy soul in safety keeps
Shall drive destruction hence ;
The Lord thy keeper never sleeps ;
The Lord is thy defence.

The sun, with his afflictive light,
Shall harm thee not by day ;
Nor thee the moon molest by night
Along thy tranquil way.

Thee shall the Lord preserve from sin,
And comfort in distress ;
Thy going out and coming in,
The Lord thy God shall bless.

PSALM CXXII.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come—in the house of God appear,
For 'tis an holy day.

Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God ;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found ;
Zion ! in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound !

For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease ;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace !

PSALM CXXIV.

THE Lord is on our side,
His people now may say ;
The Lord is on our side,—or we
Had fallen a sudden prey.

Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell,
Like fire, against us rose ;
Then had the flames consumed us quick,
But God repell'd our foes.

Like water they return'd,
When wildest tempests rave ;
Then had the floods gone o'er our head,
But God was there to save.

II.

Y

From jeopardy redeem'd,
As from the lion's wrath,
Mercy and truth uphold our life,
And safety guards our path.

Our soul escaped the toils ;
As from the fowler's snare,
The bird, with disentangled wings,
Flits through the boundless air.

Our help is from the Lord ;
In Him we will confide,
Who stretch'd the heavens, who form'd the earth :
— The Lord is on our side.

PSALM CXXV.

Who make the Lord of Hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,
Immovable by mortal power,
Built on eternity.

As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.

The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

Do good, O Lord! do good to those
Who cleave to Thee in heart,
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

While rebel souls, who turn aside,
Thine anger shall destroy,
Do Thou in peace thy people guide
To thine eternal joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN God from sin's captivity
Sets his afflicted people free,
Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
The transient raptures of a dream.

But soon their ransom'd souls rejoice,
And mirth and music swell their voice,
Till foes confess, nor dare condemn,
"The Lord hath done great things for them."

They catch the strain and answer thus,
"The Lord hath done great things for us ;
Whence gladness fills our hearts, and songs,
Sweet and spontaneous, wake our tongues."

Turn our captivity, O Lord !
As southern rivers, at thy word,
Bound from their channels, and restore
Plenty, where all was waste before.

Who sow in tears shall reap in joy ;
Nought shall the precious seed destroy,
Nor long the weeping exiles roam,
But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths of woe
To Thee, O Lord ! I cry ;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint ;
Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

I cast my hope on Thee,
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive ;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live ?

Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin ;
Lord ! I am knocking at thy gate ;
Open, and take me in !

Like them, whose longing eyes
Watch, till the morning star
(Though late, and seen through tempests) rise,
Heaven's portals to unbar :

Like them I watch and pray,
And, though it tarry long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
Then burst into a song.

Glory to God above !
The waters soon will cease ;
For, lo ! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

PSALM CXXXI.

LORD ! for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be ;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd ;
Thou hast spoken, — I believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.

Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast ;
By no subtilty beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

Saints ! rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

PSALM CXXXII.

No. 1.

God in his temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before Him bend ;
Here hath He fix'd his mercy-seat,
Here on his Sabbath we attend.

Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord !
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face ;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

With righteousness thy priests array ;
Joyful thy chosen people be ;
Let those who teach and those who pray,
Let all—be holiness to Thee !

PSALM CXXXII.

No. 2.

LORD ! for thy servant David's sake,
Perform thine oath to David's Son ;—
Thy truth Thou never wilt forsake ;—
Look on thine own Anointed One !

The Lord in faithfulness hath sworn
His throne for ever to maintain ;
From realm to realm, the sceptre borne
Shall stretch o'er earth Messiah's reign.

Zion, my chosen hill of old,
My rest, my dwelling, my delight,
With loving-kindness I uphold,
Her walls are ever in my sight.

I satisfy her poor with bread,
Her tables with abundance bless,
Joy on her sons and daughters shed,
And clothe her priests with righteousness.

There David's horn shall bud and bloom,
The branch of glory and renown ;
His foes my vengeance shall consume ;
Him with eternal years I crown.

PSALM CXXXIII.

How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity !
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers ;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands ;
Yea, life for evermore :
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love !

PSALM CXXXIV.

Bless ye the Lord with solemn rite,
In hymns extol his name,
Ye who, within his house by night,
Watch round the altar's flame.

Lift up your hands amid the place
Where burns the sacred sign,
And pray, that thus Jehovah's face
O'er all the earth may shine.

From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord our Maker send
The perfect knowledge of his will,
Salvation without end !

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHERE Babylon's broad rivers roll,
In exile we sat down to weep,
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came, like departed joys, in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined;
The chords, untuned and trembling, rung
With mournful music on the wind;
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried, — "Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land?
—If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem! forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still!

PSALM CXXXVIII.

THEE will I praise, O Lord ! in light,
Where seraphim surround thy throne ;
With heart and soul, with mind and might,
Thee will I worship, Thee alone.

I bow toward thy holy place ;
For Thou, in mercy still the same,
Hast magnified thy word of grace
O'er all the wonders of thy name.

In peril, when I cried to Thee,
How did thy strength renew my soul !
Kings and their realms might bend the knee,
Could I to man reveal the whole.

Thou, Lord ! above all height art high,
Yet with the lowly wilt Thou dwell ;
The proud far off, thy jealous eye
Shall mark, and with a look repel.

Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
With grief I shall not always strive ;
Thou wilt thy suffering servant own,
And Thou the contrite heart revive.

Thy purpose then in me fulfil ;
 Forsake me not, for I am thine ;
 Perfect in me thine utmost will ;
 —Whate'er it be, that will be mine !

PSALM CXXXIX.

SEARCHER of hearts ! to Thee are known
 The inmost secrets of my breast ;
 At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
 Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
 My thoughts far off, through every maze,
 Source, stream, and issue,—all my ways.

No word that from my mouth proceeds,
 Evil or good, escapes thine ear ;
 Witness Thou art to all my deeds,
 Before, behind, for ever near :
 Such knowledge is for me too high ;
 I live but in my Maker's eye.

How from thy presence should I go,
 Or whither from thy Spirit flee,
 Since all above, around, below,
 Exist in thine immensity ?
 —If up to heaven I take my way,
 I meet Thee in eternal day.

If in the grave I make my bed
 With worms and dust, lo ! Thou art there ;

If, on the wings of morning sped,
Beyond the ocean I repair,
I feel thine all-controlling will,
And thy right hand upholds me still.

“ Let darkness hide me,” if I say,
Darkness can no concealment be ;
Night, on thy rising, shines like day,
Darkness and light are one with Thee ;
For Thou mine embryo-form didst view
Ere her own babe my mother knew.

In me thy workmanship display'd,
A miracle of power I stand ;
Fearfully, wonderfully made,
And framed in secret by thy hand ;
I lived, ere into being brought,
Through thine eternity of thought.

How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me ! how great the sum !
New every morn, they never cease ;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

Search me, O God ! and know my heart ;
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way ;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

PSALM CXLI.

LORD ! let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to Thee,
As on the evening sacrifice,
Look down from heaven, well-pleased, on me.

Set Thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline ;
Save me from men who practise wrong,
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love ;— his strokes are kind ;
His mild reproofs, like oil, allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

Mine eyes are unto Thee, my God !
Behold me humbled in the dust ;
I kiss the hand that wields the rod,
I own thy chastisements are just.

But O ! redeem me from the snares
With which the world surrounds my feet,
—Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred, its deceit.

PSALM CXLII.

I CRIED unto the Lord most just,
Most merciful, in prayer ;
I cried unto Him from the dust,
I told Him my despair.

When sunk my soul within me, — then
Thou knew'st the path I chose ;
Unharm'd I pass'd the spoiler's den,
I walk'd through ambush'd foes.

I look'd for friends, — there was not one
In sorrow to condole ;
I look'd for refuge, — there was none ;
None cared for my soul.

I cried unto the Lord ; — I said, —
Thou art my refuge ; Thou,
My portion ; — hasten to mine aid ;
Hear and deliver *now*.

Now, from the dungeon, from the grave,
Exalt thy suppliant's head ;
Thy voice is freedom to the slave,
Revival to the dead.

PSALM CXLIII.

HEAR me, O Lord! in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness ;
For, at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.

Lord! I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And Satan roaring to devour.

These, these my fainting soul surround,
My strength is smitten to the ground ;
Like those long dead, beneath their weight
Crush'd is my heart and desolate.

Yet, in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought,
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.

Ah! then to Thee I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert-sands ;
I thirst for Thee, as harvest plains
Parch'd by the summer thirst for rains.

H.

Z

O! let me not thus hopeless lie,
Like one condemn'd at morn to die,
But with the morning may I see
Thy loving-kindness visit me.

Teach me thy will, subdue my own ;
Thou art my God, and Thou alone ;
By thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.

Release my soul from trouble, Lord !
Quicken and keep me by thy word ;
May all its promises be mine !
Be Thou my portion—I am thine.

PSALM CXLV.

THE Lord is gracious to forgive,
And slow to let his anger move ;
The Lord is good to all that live,
And all his tender mercy prove.

Thy works, O God ! thy praise proclaim ;
The saints thy wond'rous deeds shall sing,
Extol thy power, and to thy name
Homage from every nation bring.

Glorious in majesty art Thou ;
Thy throne for ever shall endure ;
Angels before thy footstool bow,
Yet dost Thou not despise the poor.

The Lord upholdeth them that fall ;
He raiseth men of low degree ;
O God ! our health, the eyes of all,
Of all the living, wait on Thee.

Thou openest thine exhaustless store,
And rainest food on every land ;
The dumb creation Thee adore,
And eat their portion from thy hand.

Man, most indebted, most ingrate,
Man only, is a rebel here ;
Teach him to know Thee, ere too late ;
Teach him to love Thee, and to fear.

PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE ye the Lord from pole to pole !
Praise Thou the Lord, my soul, my soul !
Long as I live, my voice shall raise,
My pulse repeat, the song of praise.

In men, in princes, put no trust ;
Their breath goes forth, they turn to dust ;
Then, fleeting like the flower of grass,
Perish their thoughts, their glories pass.

Thrice happy he whose heart can say
“ The God of Jacob is my stay ;
The Lord of Hosts my help shall be,
Who made the heaven, the earth, the sea.”

The Lord avenges the opprest,
He sends the wandering stranger rest ;
The Lord unbinds the prisoner's chain,
He sets the fallen up again.

The Lord restores the blind to sight,
Gives strength to them that have no might ;
The Lord relieves, in their distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

The Lord supplies the poor with food,
He loves to do the righteous good ;
But for the wicked, in his wrath,
He turns destruction on their path.

The Lord shall reign for evermore,
Thy King, O Zion !— Him adore ;
Let unborn generations raise
To God, thy God, the song of praise !

PSALM CXLVIII.

HERALDS of creation ! cry,
— Praise the Lord, the Lord most high !
Heaven and earth ! obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded, — Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

Praise Him, all ye hosts above !
Spirits perfected in love ;
Sun and moon ! your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars ! your Maker's praise.

Earth ! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

Vales and mountains ! burst in song ;
Rivers ! roll with praise along ;
Clap your hands, ye trees ! and hail
God, who comes in every gale.

Birds ! on wings of rapture, soar,
Warble at his temple-door ;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks !

Kings ! your Sovereign serve with awe ;
Judges ! own his righteous law ;
Princes ! worship Him with fear ;
Bow the knee, all people here !

Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old ;
Youths and maidens ! in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone ;
Him let all his works confess !
Him let every being bless !

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