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(1)

SONGS OF ZION;

BEING

IMITATIONS OF PSALMS.

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

O come let us sing unto the Lord ; let us heartily rejoice in the
strength of our salvation.

PSALM xcv. 1.

Second Edition.

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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.

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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.

B

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 eddying blast ;
 In judgement 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 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.

B 6

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 judgements, 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.

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 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 king-
dom 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 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 pilgrim,
 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 thraldom 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 ;
Hast Thou all my prayers forgot ?
Dost Thou scorn, or hear them not ?

Why, my soul, art thou perplext ?
Why with faithless trouble vex't ?
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 con-
 fined ;
 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.

D

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, 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,
Belov'd, 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.

Sworn 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 cleans'd 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 mine 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.

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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 throng 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 controul ;
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 paralyze 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,
Prest 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.

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,
Immoveable 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 bid'st 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 subtlety beguil'd,
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 sate 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.

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 CXLIV.

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 wondrous 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 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.

THE END.

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THE
WEST INDIES,

AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY,
AUTHOR OF 'THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND,' &c.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1823.

TO
THE PUBLIC.

THE Poem of 'THE WEST INDIES,' originally published by Mr. BOWYER, in his splendid volume on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, is now presented in a form more convenient for general perusal.

'There are objections against the title and plan of this piece, which will occur to almost every reader. The Author will not anticipate them: he will only observe, that the title seemed the best, and the plan the most eligible, which *he* could adapt to a subject so various and extensive, yet so familiar and exhausted, as the African Slave Trade,—a subject which had become antiquated, by frequent, minute, and

disgusting exposure ; which afforded no opportunity to awaken, suspend, and delight curiosity, by a subtle and surprising developement of plot ; and concerning which public feeling had been wearied into insensibility, by the agony of interest which the question excited, during three-and-twenty years of almost incessant discussion. That trade is at length abolished. May its memory be immortal, that henceforth it may be known only *by* its memory !—This extract from the preface to the former edition of ‘ THE WEST INDIES ’ will probably be a sufficient introduction to the present.

Of the lesser pieces that follow, it is unnecessary to say more than that they are offered as humble candidates for the same public favour (if they be deemed worthy of it) which their predecessors, accompanying ‘ THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND, ’ have most liberally obtained.

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THE
WEST INDIES.

A POEM, IN FOUR PARTS.

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF THE ABOLITION OF THE AFRICAN
SLAVE TRADE BY THE BRITISH LEGISLATURE,
IN 1807.

*“ Receive him for ever ; not now as a servant, but above a
servant, — a brother beloved.”*

St. Paul's Epist. to Philemon, v. 15, 16.

THE
WEST INDIES.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction ; on the Abolition of the Slave Trade. — The Mariner's Compass. — Columbus. — The Discovery of America. — The West Indian Islands. — The Charibs. — Their Extermination.

‘ **T**HY chains are broken, Africa, be free !
Thus saith the island-empress of the sea ;
Thus saith Britannia. — O, ye winds and waves !
Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves ;
Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia' side,
And far as Niger rolls his eastern tide,¹

Through radiant realms, beneath the burning zone,
Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown,
Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,
'Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free !'

Long lay the ocean-paths from man conceal'd ;
Light came from heaven, — the magnet was reveal'd,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
Than the pale glory of the northern sky ;
Alike ordain'd to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray ;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar,
And failing heart, along the windward shore ;
Broad to the sky he turn'd his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, woo'd the favouring gale,

Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
 Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest ;
 While free, as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
 His white-wing'd vessels coursed the unbounded
 deep ;
 From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
 The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
 Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land ;
 The floods o'erbalanced : — where the tide of light,
 Day after day, roll'd down the gulph of night,
 There seem'd one waste of waters : — long in vain
 His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main ;
 When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
 Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
 Light, order, beauty ! — While his mind explored
 The unveiling mystery, his heart adored ;
 Where'er sublime imagination trod,
 He heard the voice, he saw the face of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
 O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky :
 In calm magnificence the sun declined,
 And left a paradise of clouds behind :
 Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
 The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

‘ — Ah ! on this sea of glory might I sail,
 ‘ Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
 ‘ That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
 ‘ Where day-light sojourns till our morrow rise !’

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone ;
 Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
 The eye of evening, brightening through the west
 Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest :
 ‘ Whither, O golden Venus ! art thou fled ?
 ‘ Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed ;
 ‘ Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn
 ‘ Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn ;

‘ Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,
 ‘ The morn and eve divide the year with thee.’

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia’s slender bow
 Crested the farthest wave, then sunk below :
 ‘ Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
 ‘ Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
 ‘ What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
 ‘ What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn ?’

Now earth and ocean vanish’d, all serene
 The starry firmament alone was seen ;
 Through the slow, silent hours, he watch’d the host
 Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
 Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
 Fled o’er the mighty waters, and the morn
 Danced on the mountains: — ‘ Lights of heaven!’ he
 cried,
 ‘ Lead on ; — I go to win a glorious bride ;

‘ Fearless o’er gulphs unknown I urge my way,
 ‘ Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey :
 ‘ Hope swells my sail ; — in spirit I behold
 ‘ That maiden world, twin-sister of the old,
 ‘ By nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
 ‘ Denied to ages, but betroth’d to me.’²

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
 The brave adventurer to the promised shore ;
 Far in the west, array’d in purple light,
 Dawn’d the new world on his enraptured sight :
 Not Adam, loosen’d from the encumbering earth,
 Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
 With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
 When life within, and light without he found ;
 When, all creation rushing o’er his soul,
 He seem’d to live and breathe throughout the whole.
 So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
 At the last look of resolute despair,

The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
 With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
 In that proud moment, his transported mind
 The morning and the evening worlds combined,
 And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
 A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope ! rapacious Spain
 Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main,
 Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
 Where Moor and Christian desperately died.
 A rabid race, fanatically bold,
 And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
 Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
 The cross their standard, but their faith the sword ;
 Their steps were graves ; o'er prostrate realms they
 trod ;
 They worshipp'd Mammon while they vow'd to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
 How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell ;
 How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
 The sun's resplendent empire in Peru ;
 How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
 And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
 Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
 His country's ruin by avenging gold.

— That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
 That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
 Thenceforth by righteous heaven was doom'd to shed
 Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head ;
 For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away.—
 His gold and he were every nation's prey.

But themes like these would ask an angel-lyre,
 Language of light and sentiment of fire ;
 Give me to sing, in melancholy strains,
 Of Charib martyrdoms and Negro chains ;

One race by tyrants rooted from the earth,
 One doom'd to slavery by the taint of birth!

Where first his drooping sails Columbus furl'd,
 And sweetly rested in another world,
 Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
 A constellation of elysian isles ;
 Fair as Orion, when he mounts on high,
 Sparkling with midnight splendour from the sky :
 They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
 When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze ;
 The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
 In morning breezes and in evening gales :
 Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
 Ambrosial fruits, and amaranthine flowers ;
 O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
 Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
 In all the pride of freedom. — NATURE FREE
 Proclaims that MAN was born for liberty.

She flourishes where'er the sun-beams play
 O'er living fountains, sallying into day ;
 She withers where the waters cease to roll,
 And night and winter stagnate round the pole :
 Man too, where freedom's beams and fountains rise,
 Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies ;
 Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
 Clings to the clod ; his root is in the grave :
 Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair ;
 Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air !

In placid indolence supinely blest,
 A feeble race these beauteous isles possess'd ;
 Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskill'd,
 Their patrimonial soil they rudely till'd,
 Chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
 Insnared the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood ;
 Shelter'd in lowly huts their fragile forms
 From burning suns and desolating storms ;

Or when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
 In light canoes they skimm'd the rippling seas :
 Their lives in dreams of soothing languor flew,
 No parted joys, no future pains they knew,
 The passing moment all their bliss or care ;
 Such as the sires had been the children were,
 From age to age ; as waves upon the tide
 Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

Dreadful as hurricanes, athwart the main
 Rush'd the fell legions of invading Spain ;
 With fraud and force, with false and fatal breath,
 (Submission bondage, and resistance death,)

They swept the isles. In vain the simple race
 Kneel'd to the iron sceptre of their grace,
 Or with weak arms their fiery vengeance braved ;
 They came, they saw, they conquer'd, they enslaved,
 And they destroy'd ;—the generous heart they broke,
 They crush'd the timid neck beneath the yoke ;

Where'er to battle march'd their fell array,
 The sword of conquest plough'd resistless way ;
 Where'er from cruel toil they sought repose,
 Around the fires of devastation rose.

The Indian, as he turn'd his head in flight,
 Beheld his cottage flaming through the night,
 And, midst the shrieks of murder on the wind,
 Heard the mute blood-hound's death-step close be-
 hind.

The conflict o'er, the valiant in their graves,
 The wretched remnant dwindled into slaves ;
 Condemn'd in pestilential cells to pine,
 Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine.
 The sufferer, sick of life-protracting breath,
 Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of death :
 —Condemn'd to fell the mountain palm on high,
 That cast its shadow from the evening sky,
 Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
 The woodman languish'd, and his heart-strings broke ;

— Condemn'd in torrid noon, with palsied hand,
To urge the slow plough o'er the obdurate land,
The labourer, smitten by the sun's quick ray,
A corpse along the unfinish'd furrow lay.
O'erwhelm'd at length with ignominious toil,
Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
Down to the dust the Charib people pass'd,
Like autumn foliage withering in the blast :
The whole race sunk beneath the oppressor's rod,
And left a blank among the works of God.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE
WEST INDIES.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

*The Cane.—Africa.—The Negro.—The Slave-Carrying Trade.
—The Means and Resources of the Slave Trade.—The Portu-
guese,—Dutch,—Danes,—French,—and English in America.*

AMONG the bowers of paradise, that graced
Those islands of the world-dividing waste,
Where towering cocoas waved their graceful locks,
And vines luxuriant cluster'd round the rocks ;
Where orange-groves perfumed the circling air,
With verdure, flowers, and fruit for ever fair ;
Gay myrtle-foliage track'd the winding rills,
And cedar forests slumber'd on the hills ;

— An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil,¹
 Was till'd for ages with consuming toil ;
 No tree of knowledge with forbidden fruit,
 Death in the taste, and ruin at the root ;
 Yet in its growth were good and evil found, —
 It bless'd the planter, but it cursed the ground ;
 While with vain wealth it gorged the master's hoard,
 And spread with manna his luxurious board,
 Its culture was perdition to the slave, —
 It sapp'd his life, and flourish'd on his grave.

When the fierce spoiler from remorseless Spain
 Tasted the balmy spirit of the cane,
 (Already had his rival in the west
 From the rich reed ambrosial sweetness press'd,)
 Dark through his thoughts the miser purpose roll'd
 To turn its hidden treasures into gold.
 But at his breath, by pestilent decay,
 The Indian tribes were swiftly swept away ;

Silence and horror o'er the isles were spread,
 The living seem'd the spectres of the dead.
 The Spaniard saw ; no sigh of pity stole,
 No pang of conscience touch'd his sullen soul :
 The tiger weeps not o'er the kid ;— he turns
 His flashing eyes abroad, and madly burns
 For nobler victims, and for warmer blood :
 Thus on the Charib shore the tyrant stood,
 Thus cast his eyes with fury o'er the tide,
 And far beyond the gloomy gulph descried
 Devoted Africa : he burst away,
 And with a yell of transport grasp'd his prey.

Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
 Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon ;
 From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse,
 With stately heads among the forest boughs,
 To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
 With torrid fire beneath eternal snow :

From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away,
Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone ;
A world of wonders, — where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams ;
Great, wild, and beautiful, beyond controul,
She reigns in all the freedom of her soul ;
Where none can check her bounty when she showers
O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers ;
None brave her fury, when, with whirlwind breath,
And earthquake step, she walks abroad with death :
O'er boundless plains she holds her fiery flight,
In terrible magnificence of light ;
At blazing noon pursues the evening breeze,
Through the dun gloom of realm-o'ershadowing trees,
Her thirst at Nile's mysterious fountain quells,
Or bathes in secrecy where Niger swells
An inland ocean, on whose jasper rocks
With shells and sea-flower-wreaths she binds her locks :

She sleeps on isles of velvet verdure, placed
Midst sandy gulphs and shoals for ever waste ;
She guides her countless flocks to cherish'd rills,
And feeds her cattle on a thousand hills ;
Her steps the wild bees welcome through the vale,
From every blossom that embalms the gale ;
The slow unwieldy river-horse she leads
Through the deep waters, o'er the pasturing meads ;
And climbs the mountains that invade the sky,
To sooth the eagle's nestlings when they cry.
At sun-set, when voracious monsters burst
From dreams of blood, awaked by maddening thirst ;
When the lorn caves, in which they shrunk from light,
Ring with wild echoes through the hideous night ;
When darkness seems alive, and all the air
Is one tremendous uproar of despair,
Horror, and agony ;—on her they call ;
She hears their clamour, she provides for all,
Leads the light leopard on his eager way,
And goads the gaunt hyæna to his prey.

In these romantic regions man grows wild ;
 Here dwells the Negro, nature's outcast child,
 Scorn'd by his brethren ; but his mother's eye,
 That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
 Sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
 Power on his forehead, beauty in his face ;
 Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
 The heart of friendship and the home of love ;
 Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns
 Fierce as his clime, uncultured as his plains,
 A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
 And trees of science bend with glorious fruit ;
 Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
 An emanation of eternal light,
 Ordain'd, midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
 And shine for ever when the stars expire.
 Is he not *man*, though knowledge never shed
 Her quickening beams on his neglected head ?
 Is he not *man*, though sweet religion's voice
 Ne'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice ?

Is *he* not man, by sin and suffering tried ?
 Is *he* not man, for whom the Saviour died ?
 Belie the Negro's powers :—in headlong will,
 Christian ! *thy* brother thou shalt prove him still .
 Belie his virtues ; since his wrongs began,
 His follies and his crimes have stamp't him Man.

The Spaniard found him such :— the island-race
 His foot had spurn'd from earth's insulted face ;
 Among the waifs and foundlings of mankind,
 Abroad he look'd, a sturdier stock to find ;
 A spring of life, whose fountains should supply
 His channels as he drank the rivers dry :
 That stock he found on Afric's swarming plains,
 That spring he open'd in the Negro's veins ;
 A spring, exhaustless as his avarice drew,
 A stock that like Prometheus' vitals grew
 Beneath the eternal beak his heart that tore,
 Beneath the insatiate thirst that drain'd his gore.

Thus, childless as the Charibbeans died,
 Afric's strong sons the ravening waste supplied ;
 Of hardier fibre to endure the yoke,
 And self-renew'd beneath the severing stroke ;
 As grim oppression crush'd them to the tomb,
 Their fruitful parent's miserable womb
 Teem'd with fresh myriads, crowded o'er the waves,
 Heirs to their toil, their sufferings, and their graves.

Freight'd with curses was the bark that bore
 The spoilers of the west to Guinea's shore ;
 Heavy with groans of anguish blew the gales
 That swell'd that fatal bark's returning sails ;
 Old Ocean shrunk as o'er his surface flew
 The human cargo and the demon crew.
 —Thenceforth, unnumber'd as the waves that roll
 From sun to sun, or pass from pole to pole,
 Outcasts and exiles, from their country torn,
 In floating dungeons o'er the gulph were borne ;

—The valiant seized, in peril-daring fight ;
 The weak, surprised in nakedness and night ;
 Subjects by mercenary despots sold ;
 Victims of justice prostitute for gold ;
 Brothers by brothers, friends by friends betray'd ;
 Snared in her lover's arms the trusting maid ;
 The faithful wife by her false lord estranged,
 For one wild cup of drunken bliss exchanged ;
 From the brute-mother's knee, the infant-boy,
 Kidnapp'd in slumber, barter'd for a toy ;
 The father resting at *his* father's tree,
 Doom'd by the son to die beyond the sea :
 —All bonds of kindred, law, alliance broke,
 All ranks, all nations crouching to the yoke ;
 From fields of light, unshadowed climes that lie
 Panting beneath the sun's meridian eye,
 From hidden Ethiopia's utmost land ;
 From Zaara's fickle wilderness of sand ;
 From Congo's blazing plains and blooming woods ;
 From Whidah's hills, that gush with golden floods ;

Captives of tyrant power and dastard wiles,
 Dispeopled Africa, and gorged the isles.
 Loud and perpetual o'er the Atlantic waves,
 For guilty ages, roll'd the tide of slaves ;
 A tide that knew no fall, no turn, no rest,
 Constant as day and night from east to west ;
 Still widening, deepening, swelling in its course,
 With boundless ruin and resistless force.

Quickly by Spain's alluring fortune fired,
 With hopes of fame, and dreams of wealth inspired,
 Europe's dread powers from ignominious ease
 Started ; their pennons stream'd on every breeze :
 And still where'er the wide discoveries spread,
 The cane was planted and the native bled ;
 While, nursed by fiercer suns, of nobler race,
 The Negro toil'd and perish'd in his place.

First, Lusitania, — she whose prows had borne
 Her arms triumphant round the car of morn,

— Turn'd to the setting sun her bright array,
And hung her trophies o'er the couch of day.

Holland,— whose hardy sons roll'd back the sea,
To build the halcyon-nest of liberty,
Shameless abroad the enslaving flag unfurl'd,
And reign'd a despot in the younger world.

Denmark,— whose roving hordes, in barbarous
times
Fill'd the wide North with piracy and crimes,
Awed every shore, and taught their keels to sweep
O'er every sea, the Arabs of the deep,
— Embark'd, once more to western conquest led
By Rollo's spirit, risen from the dead.

Gallia, — who vainly aim'd, in depth of night
To hurl old Rome from her Tarpeian height,
(But lately laid, with unprevented blow,
The thrones of kings, the hopes of freedom low,)

—Rush'd o'er the theatre of splendid toils,
To brave the dangers and divide the spoils.

Britannia,—she who scathed the crest of Spain,
And won the trident sceptre of the main,
When to the raging wind and ravening tide
She gave the huge Armada's scatter'd pride,
Smit by the thunder-wielding hand that hurl'd
Her vengeance round the wave-encircled world;
—Britannia shared the glory and the guilt,
By her were Slavery's island-altars built,
And fed with human victims;—while the cries
Of blood demanding vengeance from the skies,
Assail'd her traders' grovelling hearts in vain,
—Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
Sordid as earth, insensible as gold,

Thus through a night of ages, in whose shade
The sons of darkness plied the infernal trade,

Wild Africa beheld her tribes, at home,
In battle slain ; abroad, condemned to roam
O'er the salt waves, in stranger-isles to bear,
(Forlorn of hope, and sold into despair,)
Through life's slow journey, to its dolorous close,
Unseen, unwept, unutterable woes.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE
WEST INDIES.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

The Love of Country, and of Home, the same in all Ages and among all Nations. — The Negro's Home and Country. — Mungo Park. — Progress of the Slave Trade. — The Middle Passage. — The Negro in the West Indies. — The Guinea Captain. — The Creole Planter. — The Moors of Barbary. — Buccaneers. — Maroons. — St. Domingo. — Hurricanes. — The Yellow Fever.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;

A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth ;
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend :
 Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;

Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 "Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"
 Art thou a man?— a patriot?— look around ;
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home !

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamſchatka's
 plains,
 In pale Siberia's desolate domains ;
 When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
 Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
 The rein-deer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
 And feasts his famine on the fat of bears ;
 Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
 Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
 Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain—
 Plunging down headlong through the whirling main ;
 — His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
 Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky,

And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods ;
In California's pathless world of woods ;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone ;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles,
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health ;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth ;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink ;
On Carmel's crest ; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream ;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves ;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonour'd vales ;

Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
 Around the beauteous isle of Liberty ;
 — Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

And is the Negro outlaw'd from his birth ?
 Is he alone a stranger on the earth ?
 Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
 So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears ?
 No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart
 Ice through his veins and lightning through his heart ?
 Ah ! yes ; beneath the beams of brighter skies,
 His home amidst his father's country lies ;
 There with the partner of his soul he shares
 Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares ;

There, as with nature's warmest filial fire,
 He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire ;
 His children sporting round his hut behold
 How they shall cherish him when he is old,
 Train'd by example from their tenderest youth
 To deeds of charity, and words of truth. ¹
 — Is *he* not blest ? Behold, at closing day,
 The negro-village swarms abroad to play ;
 He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds,
 To the wild music of barbarian sounds ;
 Or, stretch'd at ease, where broad palmettos shower
 Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower,
 He feasts on tales of witchcraft, that give birth
 To breathless wonder, or ecstatic mirth :
 Yet most delighted, when, in rudest rhymes,
 The minstrel wakes the song of elder times,
 When men were heroes, slaves to Beauty's charms,
 And all the joys of life were love and arms.
 — Is not the Negro blest ? His generous soil
 With harvest-plenty crowns his simple toil ;

More than his wants his flocks and fields afford :
 He loves to greet the stranger at his board :
 ‘ The winds were roaring and the White Man fled ;
 ‘ The rains of night descended on his head ;
 ‘ The poor White Man sat down beneath our tree,
 ‘ Weary and faint, and far from home was he :
 ‘ For him no mother fills with milk the bowl,
 ‘ No wife prepares the bread to cheer his soul ;
 ‘ — Pity the poor White Man, who sought our tree,
 ‘ No wife, no mother, and no home has he.’
 Thus sung the Negro’s daughters ;—once again,
 O that the poor White Man might hear that strain !
 — Whether the victim of the treacherous Moor ;
 Or from the Negro’s hospitable door
 Spurn’d as a spy from Europe’s hateful clime,
 And left to perish for thy country’s crime ;
 Or destin’d still, when all thy wanderings cease,
 On Albion’s lovely lap to rest in peace ;
 Pilgrim ! in heaven or earth, where’er thou be,
 Angels of mercy guide and comfort thee !

Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
 Till Christian cruisers anchor'd on his strand ;
 Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,
 The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues, fled ;
 Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,
 They flourish'd in the sight of Heaven alone :
 While from the coast, with wide and wider sweep,
 The race of Mammon dragg'd across the deep
 Their sable victims, to that western bourn,
 From which no traveller might e'er return,
 To blazon in the ears of future slaves
 The secrets of the world beyond the waves.

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
 Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb ;
 When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
 Shall bring her children forth to second birth ;
 Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
 With human relics, render up their dead :

Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean-slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulph, that roars
From Guinea to the Charibbean shores.
Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main,²
Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

Yet small the number, and the fortune blest,
Of those who in the stormy deep found rest,
Weigh'd with the unremember'd millions more,
That 'scaped the sea, to perish on the shore,
By the slow pangs of solitary care,
The earth-devouring anguish of despair,³

The broken heart, which kindness never heals,
 The home-sick passion which the Negro feels,
 When toiling, fainting in the land of canes,
 His spirit wanders to his native plains ;
 His little lovely dwelling there he sees,
 Beneath the shade of his paternal trees,
 The home of comfort : — then before his eyes
 The terrors of captivity arise.

— 'Twas night : — his babes around him lay at rest,
 Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast :
 A yell of murder rang around their bed ;
 They woke ; their cottage blazed ; the victims fled ;
 Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
 They caught, they bound, they drove them far away ;
 The white man bought them at the mart of blood ;
 In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood ;
 Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
 To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
 Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
 That misery loves, — the fellowship of grief.

The Negro, spoiled of all that nature gave
To freeborn man, thus shrunk into a slave,
His passive limbs to measured tasks confined,
Obey'd the impulse of another mind ;
A silent, secret, terrible controul,
That ruled his sinews, and repress'd his soul.
Not for himself he waked at morning-light,
Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night ;
His rest, his labour, pastime, strength and health,
Were only portions of a master's wealth ;
His love—O, name not love, where Britons doom
The fruit of love to slavery from the womb !

Thus spurn'd, degraded, trampled, and oppress'd,
The Negro-exile languish'd in the West,
With nothing left of life but hated breath,
And not a hope except the hope in death,
To fly for ever from the Creole-strand,
And dwell a freeman in his father-land.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave ?
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulph that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood ;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere ;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sun-beam circles o'er the waters shine ;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies ;
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves ;

Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
 Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
 But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
 Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.⁴

Lives there a reptile baser than the slave?⁵
 —Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,
 See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
 Attendant vassals cringing round their lord ;
 Sate with food, his heavy eyelids close,
 Voluptuous minions fan him to repose ;
 Prone on the noonday couch he lolls in vain,
 Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain ;
 He starts in horror from bewildering dreams,
 His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams ;
 He stalks abroad ; through all his wonted rounds,
 The Negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
 And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
 To distant fields his dread approach declare.

Mark, as he passes, every head declined ;
 Then slowly raised,—to curse him from behind.
 This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,
 Own'd by no country, spurn'd by every race ;
 The tether'd tyrant of one narrow span,
 The bloated vampire of a living man ;
 His frame,— a fungus form, of dunghill birth,
 That taints the air, and rots above the earth ;
 His soul ; — has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
 Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest ?
 Who follows headlong, ignorant, and blind,
 The vague brute-instinct of an idiot mind ;
 Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering senseless
 grown,
 E'en from his mother's lap was chill'd to stone ;
 Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move ;
 A stranger to the tenderness of love ;
 His motley haram charms his gloating eye,
 Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie ;

His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
 Are born his slaves, and loved at market price :
 Has *he* a soul ? — With his departing breath,
 A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
 The spectre Conscience, — shrieking through the
 gloom,
 ‘ Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb.’

O Africa ! amidst thy children’s woes,
 Did earth and heaven conspire to aid thy foes ?
 No, thou hadst vengeance — From thy northern
 shores

Sallied the lawless corsairs of the Moors,
 And back on Europe’s guilty nations hurl’d
 Thy wrongs and sufferings in the sister world :
 Deep in thy dungeons Christians clank’d their chains,
 Or toil’d and perish’d on thy parching plains.

But where thine offspring crouch’d beneath the yoke,
 In heavier peals the avenging thunder broke.

— Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
 Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain,⁶
 A mammoth race, invincible in might,
 Rapine and massacre their dire delight,
 Peril their element ;—o'er land and flood
 They carried fire, and quench'd the flames with blood ;
 Despairing captives hail'd them from the coasts ;
 They rush'd to conquest, led by Charib ghosts.

Tremble, Britannia ! while thine islands tell
 The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell ;⁷
 The wild Maroons, impregnable and free,
 Among the mountain-holds of liberty,
 Sudden as lightning darted on their foe,
 Seen like the flash, remember'd like the blow.

While Gallia boasts of dread Marengo's fight,
 And Hohenlinden's slaughter-deluged night,
 Her spirit sinks ;— the sinews of the brave,
 That crippled Europe, shrunk before the Slave ;

The demon-spectres of Domingo rise,
 And all her triumphs vanish from her eyes,

God is a Spirit, veil'd from human sight,
 In secret darkness of eternal light ;
 Through all the glory of his works we trace
 The hidings of his counsel and his face ;
 Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil,
 Unknown, unknowing, his mysterious will ;
 Mercies and judgments mark him, every hour,
 Supreme in grace, and infinite in power :
 Oft o'er the Eden-islands of the West,
 In floral pomp, and verdant beauty drest,
 Roll the dark clouds of his awaken'd ire :
 —Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood, and fire,
 Midst reeling mountains and disparting plains,
 Tell the pale world,—‘ The God of vengeance reigns.’

Nor in the majesty of storms alone,⁸
 The Eternal makes his dread displeasure known ;

At his command the pestilence abhorr'd
Spare the poor slave, and smites the haughty lord ;
While to the tomb he sees his friend consign'd,
Foreboding melancholy sinks his mind,
Soon at his heart he feels the monster's fangs,
They tear his vitals with convulsive pangs ;
The light is anguish to his eye, the air
Sepulchral vapours laden with despair ;
Now frenzy-horrors rack his whirling brain,
Tremendous pulses throb through every vein ;
The firm earth shrinks beneath his torture-bed,
The sky in ruins rushes o'er his head ;
He rolls, he rages in consuming fires,
Till nature, spent with agony, expires.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE
WEST INDIES.

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Moravian Brethren. — Their Missions in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies. — Christian Negroes. — The Advocates of the Negroes in England. — Granville Sharpe, — Clarkson, — Wilberforce, — Pitt, — Fox, — The Nation itself. — The Abolition of the Slave Trade. — The future State of the West Indies, — of Africa, — of the Whole World. — The Millennium.

WAS there no mercy, mother of the slave !
No friendly hand to succour and to save,
While commerce thus thy captive tribes oppress'd,
And lowering vengeance linger'd o'er the west ?

D

Yes, Africa ! beneath the stranger's rod
They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
Whose second empire, cowl'd and mitred, burst
A phoenix from the ashes of the first ;
From Persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
Among Bohemian mountains truth retired ;
There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
She found a people scatter'd, scorn'd, and poor,
A little flock through quiet valleys led,
A Christian Israel in the desert fed,
While ravening wolves, that scorn'd the shepherd's
hand,
Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
With these the lovely exile sojourn'd long ;
Sooth'd by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toil'd through danger, trials, and distress,
A band of Virgins in the wilderness,

With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
 Counting the watches of the weary hours,
 In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
 And see his banner in the clouds appear :
 But when the morn returning chased the night,
 These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light :
 Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
 His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away.¹

Ages roll'd by, the turf perennial bloom'd
 O'er the lorn relics of those saints entomb'd ;
 No miracle proclaim'd their power divine,
 No kings adorn'd, no pilgrims kiss'd their shrine ;
 Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept :
 But God remember'd them :— their Father kept
 A faithful remnant ;— o'er their native clime
 His Spirit moved in his appointed time,
 The race revived at his almighty breath,
 A seed to serve him, from the dust of death.

‘ Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms pro-
 ‘ claim

‘ Mercy to sinners in a Saviour’s name :’

Thus spake the Lord ; they heard and they obey’d ;
 —Greenland lay wrapt in nature’s heaviest shade ;
 Thither the ensign of the cross they bore ;
 The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore ;
 With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
 Through polar storms, the light of Jacob’s star.

Where roll Ohio’s streams, Missouri’s floods,
 Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
 The Red Man roam’d, a hunter-warrior wild ;
 On him the everlasting Gospel smiled ;
 His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
 Divinely melted, moulded, and renew’d ;
 The bold base savage, nature’s harshest clod,
 Rose from the dust the image of his God.

And thou, poor Negro ! scorn'd of all mankind ;
 Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind ;
 Thou dead in spirit ! toil-degraded slave,
 Crush'd by the curse on Adam to the grave ;
 The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
 That sought the sons of sorrow, stoop'd to thee.
 — The captive raised his slow and sullen eye ;
 He knew no friend, nor deem'd a friend was nigh,
 Till the sweet tones of Pity touch'd his ears,
 And Mercy bath'd his bosom with her tears ;
 Strange were those tones, to him those tears were
 strange,
 He wept and wonder'd at the mighty change,
 Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
 And heard a small still whisper in his heart,
 A voice from heaven, that bade the outcast rise
 From shame on earth to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran ;
 The slave that heard them started into man :

Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,
 The angel came, his night was turn'd to day ;
 ' Arise !' his fetters fall, his slumbers flee ;
 He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

No more to demon-gods, in hideous forms,
 He pray'd for earthquakes, pestilence and storms,
 In secret agony devour'd the earth,
 And, while he spared his mother, cursed his birth :²
 To Heaven the Christian Negro sent his sighs,
 In morning vows and evening sacrifice ;
 He pray'd for blessings to descend on those
 That dealt to him the cup of many woes ;
 Thought of his home in Africa forlorn ;
 Yet, while he wept, rejoiced that he was born.
 No longer, burning with unholy fires,
 He wallow'd in the dust of base desires ;
 Ennobling virtue fix'd his hopes above,
 Enlarged his heart, and sanctified his love :

With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,
A happy pilgrim, for he walk'd with God.

Still slowly spread the dawn of life and day,
In death and darkness pagan myriads lay :
Stronger and heavier chains than those that bind
The captive's limbs, enthrall'd his abject mind ;
The yoke of man his neck indignant bore,
The yoke of sin his willing spirit wore.

Meanwhile, among the great, the brave, the free,
The matchless race of Albion and the sea,
Champions arose to plead the Negro's cause ;
In the wide breach of violated laws,
Through which the torrent of injustice roll'd,
They stood : — with zeal unconquerably bold,
They raised their voices, stretch'd their arms to save
From chains the freeman, from despair the slave ;
The exile's heart-sick anguish to assuage,
And rescue Afric from the spoiler's rage.

She, miserable mother, from the shore,
 Age after age, beheld the barks that bore
 Her tribes to bondage :— with distraction wrung,
 Wild as the lioness that seeks her young,
 She flash'd unheeded lightnings from her eyes ;
 Her inmost deserts echoing to her cries ;
 Till agony the sense of suffering stole,
 And stern unconscious grief benumb'd her soul.
 So Niobe, when all her race were slain,
 In ecstasy of woe forgot her pain :
 Cold in her eye serenest horror shone,
 While pitying Nature sooth'd her into stone.

Thus Africa, entranced with sorrow, stood,
 Her fix'd eye gleaming on the restless flood :
 — When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's charter'd
 shore,³
 From Lybian limbs the unsanction'd fetters tore,
 And taught the world, that while she rules the waves,
 Her soil is freedom to the feet of slaves :

— When Clarkson his victorious course began,⁴
 Unyielding in the cause of God and man,
 Wise, patient, persevering to the end,
 No guile could thwart, no power his purpose bend,
 He rose o'er Afric like the sun in smiles,
 He rests in glory on the western isles :

— When Wilberforce, the minister of grace,
 The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race,⁵
 With angel-might opposed the rage of hell,
 And fought like Michael, till the dragon fell :

— When Pitt, supreme, amid the senate, rose
 The Negro's friend, among the Negro's foes ;
 Yet while his tones like heaven's high thunder broke,
 No fire descended to consume the yoke :

— When Fox, all-eloquent for freedom stood,
 With speech resistless as the voice of blood,
 The voice that cries through all the patriot's veins,
 When at his feet his country groans in chains ;
 The voice that whispers in the mother's breast,
 When smiles her infant in his rosy rest ;

Of power to bid the storm of passion roll,
 Or touch with sweetest tenderness the soul.
 He spake in vain ; — till, with his latest breath,
 He broke the spell of Africa in death.

The Muse to whom the lyre and lute belong,
 Whose song of freedom is her noblest song,
 The lyre with awful indignation swept,
 O'er the sweet lute in silent sorrow wept,
 — When Albion's crimes drew thunder from her
 tongue,
 — When Afric's woes o'erwhelm'd her while she sung,
 Lamented Cowper ! in thy path I tread ;
 O ! that on me were thy meek spirit shed !
 The woes that wring my bosom once were thine ;
 Be all thy virtues, all thy genius, mine !
 Peace to thy soul ! thy God thy portion be ;
 And in his presence may I rest with thee !

Quick at the call of Virtue, Freedom, Truth,
 Weak withering age and strong aspiring youth
 Alike the expanding power of pity felt ;
 The coldest, hardest hearts began to melt ;
 From breast to breast the flame of justice glow'd ;
 Wide o'er its banks the Nile of mercy flow'd ;
 Through all the isle the gradual waters swell'd ;
 Mammon in vain the encircling flood repell'd ;
 O'erthrown at length, like Pharaoh and his host,
 His shipwreck'd hopes lay scatter'd round the coast.

High on her rock in solitary state,
 Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate :
 Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
 Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind ;
 Chill through her frame foreboding tremors crept ;
 The Mother thought upon her sons, and wept :
 —She thought of Nelson in the battle slain,
 And his last signal beaming o'er the main ;⁶

In Glory's circling arms the hero bled,
 While Victory bound the laurel on his head ;
 At once immortal, in both worlds, became
 His soaring spirit and abiding name ;
 — She thought of Pitt, heart-broken on his bier ;
 And ' O my Country ! ' echoed in her ear ;
 — She thought of Fox ; — she heard him faintly speak,
 His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
 His dying accents trembled into air ;
 ' Spare injured Africa ! the Negro spare ! '

She started from her trance ! — and round the shore,
 Beheld her supplicating sons once more
 Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
 Renew'd, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,
 The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
 And all the tyrant ravish'd from the slave.
 Her yielding heart confess'd the righteous claim,
 Sorrow had soften'd it, and love o'ercame ;

Shame flush'd her noble cheek, her bosom burn'd ;
 To helpless, hopeless Africa she turn'd ;
 She saw her sister in the mourner's face,
 And rush'd with tears into her dark embrace :
 ' All hail !' exclaim'd the empress of the sea,
 ' Thy chains are broken, Africa be free !'

Muse ! take the harp of prophecy :—behold !
 The glories of a brighter age unfold :
 Friends of the outcast ! view the accomplish'd plan,
 The Negro towering to the height of man.
 The blood of Romans, Saxons, Gauls, and Danes,
 Swell'd the rich fountain of the Briton's veins ;
 Unmingled streams a warmer life impart,
 And quicker pulses to the Negro's heart :
 A dusky race beneath the evening sun,
 Shall blend their spousal currents into one :
 Is beauty bound to colour, shape, or air ?
 No ; God created all his offspring fair.

Tyrant and slave their tribes shall never see,
 For God created all his offspring free ;
 Then Justice, leagued with Mercy, from above,
 Shall reign in all the liberty of love ;
 And the sweet shores beneath the balmy west,
 Again shall be ' the islands of the blest.'

Unutterable mysteries of fate
 Involve, O Africa ! thy future state.
 —On Niger's banks, in lonely beauty wild,
 A Negro-mother carols to her child :
 ' Son of my widow'd love, my orphan joy !
 ' Avenge thy father's murder, O, my boy !'
 Along those banks the fearless *infant* strays,
 Bathes in the stream, among the eddies plays ;
 See the *boy*, bounding through the eager race ;
 The fierce *youth*, shouting foremost in the chase,
 Drives the grim lion from his ancient woods,
 And smites the crocodile amidst his floods.

To giant strength in unshorn *manhood* grown,
He haunts the wilderness, he dwells alone.
A tigress with her whelps to seize him sprung,
He tears the mother, and he tames the young
In the drear cavern of their native rock ;
Thither wild slaves and fell banditti flock ;
He heads their hordes ; they burst, like torrid rains,
In death and devastation o'er the plains ;
Stronger and bolder grows his ruffian band,
Prouder his heart, more terrible his hand.
He spreads his banner ; crowding from afar,
Innumerable armies rush to war ;
Resistless as the pillar'd whirlwinds fly
O'er Lybian sands, revolving to the sky,
In fire and wrath through every realm they run,
Where the noon-shadow shrinks beneath the sun ;
Till at the Conqueror's feet from sea to sea,
A hundred nations bow the servile knee,
And throned in nature's unreveal'd domains,
The Jenghis Khan of Africa he reigns.

Dim through the night of these tempestuous years
 A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears ;
 Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
 And healing arts to hideous arms succeed ;
 At home fraternal bonds her tribes shall bind,
 Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind,
 While truth shall build, and pure Religion bless
 The church of God amidst the wilderness.

Nor in the isles and Africa alone
 Be the Redeemer's cross and triumph known :
 Father of Mercies ! speed the promised hour ;
 Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power ;
 Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
 As round the world the ocean waters roll !
 —Hope waits the morning of celestial light ;
 Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight ;
 Unchanging seasons have their march begun ;
 Millennial years are hastening to the sun ;

Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercing
eyes,

The New Creation shines in purer skies.

— All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends ;
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends ;
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword ;
Death is destroy'd, and Paradise restored ;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is All in All.

END OF THE FOURTH AND LAST PART.

NOTES.

PART I.

Note 1. Page 1. line 6. — *Far as Niger rolls his eastern tide.* — Mungo Parke, in his travels, ascertained that “the great river of the Negroes” flows *eastward*. It is probable, therefore, that this river is either lost among the sands, or empties itself into some inland sea, in the undiscovered regions of Africa. *See also Part II., line 64.*

Note 2. Page 8. line 6. *Denied to ages, but betrothed to me.* When the Author of *The West Indies* conceived the plan of this introduction of Columbus, he was not aware that he was indebted to any preceding poet for a hint on the subject; but, some time afterwards, on a second perusal of SOUTHEY’S *MADOC*, it struck him that the idea of Columbus walking on the shore at sunset, which he had hitherto imagined his own, might be only a reflection of the impression made upon his mind long before, by the first reading of the following splendid passage. He therefore gladly makes this acknowledgment,

though at his own expence, in justice to the Author of the noblest narrative poem in the English language, after the **FAERIE QUEENE** and **PARADISE LOST**.

- ‘ When evening came, toward the echoing shore
- ‘ I and Cadwallon walk’d together forth ;
- ‘ Bright with dilated glory shone the west ;
- ‘ But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
- ‘ The burnish’d silver sea, that heaved and flash’d
- ‘ Its restless rays intolerably bright.
- “ Prince!” quoth Cadwallon, “ thou hast rode the waves
- “ In triumph when the Invader felt thine arm.
- “ O what a nobler conquest might be won
- “ There, — upon that wide field!” — “ What meanest thou ?”
- ‘ I cried ; — “ That yonder waters are not spread
- “ A boundless waste, a bourne impassable ;
- “ That thou shouldst rule the elements, — that there
- “ Might manly courage, manly wisdom find
- “ Some happy isle, some undiscover’d shore,
- “ Some resting place for peace. Oh ! that my soul
- “ Could seize the wings of morning ! soon would I
- “ Behold that other world, where yonder sun
- “ Now speeds to dawn in glory.”’

PART II.

Note ¹. Page 18. line 1. — *An eastern plant engrafted on the soil.* — The Cane is said to have been first transplanted from Madeira to the Brazils, by the Portuguese, and afterwards introduced by the Spaniards into the Charibee Islands. — *See also line 21, below.*

PART III.

Note ¹. Page 36. line 6. *To deeds of charity and words of truth.* — Dr. Winterbotham says, ‘The respect which the Africans pay to *old people* is very great. — One of the severest insults which can be offered to an African is to speak disrespectfully of his mother.’ — ‘The Negro race is, perhaps, the most prolific of all the human species. Their infancy and youth are singularly happy. — The mothers are passionately fond of their children.’ — *Goldbury’s Travels.* — ‘“Strike me,” said my attendant, “but do not curse my mother.” — The same sentiment I found universally to prevail. — One of the first lessons in which the Mandingo women instruct their children is the *practice of truth*. It was the only consolation

‘ for a Negro mother, whose son had been murdered by
 ‘ the Moors, that *the poor boy had never told a lie.*’ —
Parke’s Travels. The description of African life and
 manners that follows; and the song of the Negro’s daugh-
 ters, are copied without exaggeration from the authentic
 accounts of Mungo Parke.

Note². Page 39, line 10. — *Or headlong plunged alive
 into the main.* — On this subject the following instance of
 almost incredible cruelty was substantiated in a court of
 justice :

‘ In this year (1783), certain underwriters desired to be
 ‘ heard against Gregson and others of Liverpool, in the
 ‘ case of the ship Zong, Captain Collingwood, alleging
 ‘ that the captain and officers of the said vessel threw over-
 ‘ board one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the
 ‘ sea, in order to defraud them, by claiming the value of
 ‘ the said slaves, as if they had been lost in a natural way.
 ‘ In the course of the trial, which afterwards came on, it
 ‘ appeared that the slaves on board the Zong were very
 ‘ sickly; that sixty of them had already died; and several
 ‘ were ill, and likely to die, when the captain proposed
 ‘ to James Kelsal, the mate, and others, to throw several
 ‘ of them overboard, stating, “ that if they died a
 “ natural death, the loss would fall upon the owners of
 “ the ship, but that, if they were thrown into the sea, it
 “ would fall upon the underwriters.” He selected, ac-
 ‘ cordingly, one hundred and thirty-two of the most

‘ sickly of the slaves. Fifty-four of these were immediately
 ‘ thrown overboard, and forty-two were made to be par-
 ‘ takers of their fate on the succeeding day. In the course
 ‘ of three days afterwards the remaining twenty-six were
 ‘ brought upon deck, to complete the number of victims.
 ‘ The first sixteen submitted to be thrown into the sea,
 ‘ but the rest, with a noble resolution, would not suffer
 ‘ the officers to touch them, but leaped after their com-
 ‘ panions, and shared their fate.

‘ The plea which was set up in behalf of this atrocious
 ‘ and unparalleled act of wickedness was, that the captain
 ‘ discovered, when he made the proposal, that he had
 ‘ only two hundred gallons of water on board, and that he
 ‘ had missed his port. It was proved, however, in answer
 ‘ to this, that no one had been put upon short allowance;
 ‘ and that, as if Providence had determined to afford an
 ‘ unequivocal proof of the guilt, a shower of rain fell, and
 ‘ continued for three days, immediately after the second
 ‘ lot of slaves had been destroyed, by means of which they
 ‘ might have filled many of their vessels * with water, and
 ‘ thus have prevented all necessity for the destruction of
 ‘ the third.

‘ Mr. Sharpe was present at this trial, and procured the
 ‘ attendance of a short-hand writer to take down the
 ‘ facts which should come out in the course of it. These

* It appeared that they filled six.

‘ he gave to the public afterwards. He communicated
 ‘ them also, with a copy of the trial, to the Lords of the
 ‘ Admiralty, as the guardians of justice upon the seas,
 ‘ and to the Duke of Portland, as principal minister of
 ‘ state. No notice, however, was taken by any of these
 ‘ of the information which had been thus sent them.’ —
Clarkson’s History of the Abolition, &c. page 95—97.

Note 3. Page 39. line 18. — *The earth-devouring anguish of despair.* — The Negroes sometimes, in deep and irrecoverable melancholy, waste themselves away, by secretly swallowing large quantities of earth. It is remarkable that ‘earth-eating,’ as it is called, is an *infectious*, and even a *social* malady: plantations have been occasionally almost depopulated, by the slaves, with one consent, betaking themselves to this strange practice, which speedily brings them to a miserable and premature end.

Note 4. Page 48. line 4. — *Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.* — See Note 2 of this part.

Note 5. Ibid. line 5. — *Lives there a reptile baser than the slave?* &c. — The character of the Creole Planter here drawn is justified both by reason and fact: it is no monster of imagination, though, for the credit of human nature, we may hope that it is a monster as rare as it is shocking. It is the double curse of slavery to degrade all who are concerned with it, *doing or suffering*. The slave himself is the lowest in the scale of human beings, —except the slave-dealer. Dr. Pinkard’s *Notes on the*

West Indies, and Captain Stedman's *Account of Surinam*, afford examples of the cruelty, ignorance, sloth, and sensuality of Creole planters, particularly in Dutch Guiana, which fully equal the epitome of vice and abomination exhibited in these lines.

Note⁶. Page 46. lines 1, 2.

*Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain.*

Alluding to the freebooters and buccaneers who infested the Charibbean seas during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were equally renowned for their valour and brutality.

Note⁷. Ibid. line 10. — *The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell.* — See Dallas's *History of the Maroons*, among the mountains of Jamaica; also, Dr. Moseley's *Treatise on Sugar*.

Note⁸. Page 47. line 17. — *Nor in the majesty of storms alone, &c.* — For minute and afflicting details of the origin and progress of the yellow fever in an individual subject, see Dr. Pinkard's *Notes on the West Indies*, vol. iii., particularly Letter XII., in which the writer, from experience, describes its horrors and sufferings.

PART IV.

Note ¹. Page 51. line 8.—*His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away, &c.*—The context preceding and following this line alludes to the old Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, who flourished long before the Reformation, but afterwards were almost lost among the protestants, till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when their ancient episcopal church was revived in Lusatia, by some refugees from Moravia.—See Crantz's *Ancient and Modern History of the Brethren*. Histories of the missions of the Brethren in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies, have been published in Germany: those of the two former have been translated into English.—See Crantz's *History of Greenland*, and Loskiel's *History of the Brethren among the Indians in North America*. It is only justice here to observe, that Christians of other denominations have exerted themselves with great success in the conversion of the negroes. No invidious preference is intended to be given to the Moravians; but, knowing them best, the author particularized this society.

Note ². Page 54. lines 7, 8.

*In secret agony devour'd the earth,
And while he spared his mother, cursed his birth.*

See Notes ² and ³ Part III.

Note³. Page 56. line 15.—*When Sharp on proud Britannia's charter'd shore, &c.*—Granville Sharp, Esq. after a struggle of many years, against authority and precedent, established in our courts of justice the *law of the Constitution*, that there *are* no slaves in England, and that the fact of a Negro being found in this country is of itself a proof that he is a freeman.

Note⁴. Page 57. line 1.—*When Clarkson his victorious course began.*—No panegyric which a conscientious writer can bestow, or a good man may receive, will be deemed extravagant for the modest merits of Mr. Clarkson, by those who are acquainted with his labours.—*See his History of the Abolition, &c.*, 2 vols. lately published.

Note⁵. Ibid. line 8.—*The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race.*—The author of this poem confesses himself under many obligations to Mr. Wilberforce's eloquent letter on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, addressed to the Freeholders of Yorkshire, and published in 1807, previous to the decision of the question. Las Casas has been accused of being a *promoter*, if not *the original projector*, of the Negro Slave Trade to the West Indies. The Abbé Gregoire some years ago published a defence of this great and good man against the degrading imputation. The following, among other arguments which he advances, are well worthy of consideration.

The slave trade between Africa and the West Indies commenced, according to Herrera himself, the first and

indeed the only accuser of Las Casas, nineteen years before the epoch of his pretended project.

Herrera (from whom other authors have negligently taken the fact for granted, on his bare word) does not quote a single authority in support of his assertion, that Las Casas recommended the importation of Negroes into Hispaniola. The charge itself was *first* published thirty-five years after the death of Las Casas. All writers antecedent to Herrera, and contemporary with him, are silent on the subject, although several of these were the avowed enemies of Las Casas. Herrera's veracity on other points is much disputed, and he displays violent prejudices against the man whom he accuses. It may be added, that he was greatly indebted to him for information as an historian of the Indies.

In the numerous writings of Las Casas himself, still extant, there is not one word in favour of slavery of any kind, but they abound with reasoning and invective against it in every shape; and, among his eloquent appeals, and comprehensive plans on behalf of the oppressed Indians, there is not a solitary hint in recommendation of the African Slave Trade. He only twice mentions the Negroes through all his multifarious writings; in one instance he merely names them as living in the islands, (in a manuscript in the National Library at Paris;) and in the same work he proposes *no other* remedy for the miseries of the aboriginal inhabitants, than the suppression of the *repar-*

timentos, or divisions of the *people*, with the soil on which they were born. In another memorial, after detailing at great length the measures which ought to be pursued for the redress of the Indians, (the proper opportunity, certainly, to advocate the Negro Slave Trade, if he approved of it,) he adds, — ‘ The Indians are not more tormented by their masters and the different public officers, than by their servants *and by the Negroes.*’

The original accusation of Las Casas, translated from the words of Herrera, is as follows: — ‘ The licentiate Bartholomew Las Casas, perceiving that his plans experienced on all sides great difficulties, and that the expectations which he had formed from his connection with the High Chancellor, and the favourable opinion the latter entertained of him, had not produced any effect, projected other expedients, such as, *to procure for the Castilians established in the Indies a cargo of Negroes, to relieve the Indians in the culture of the earth and the labour of the mines; also to obtain a great number of working men, (from Europe,) who should pass over into those regions with certain privileges, and on certain conditions, which he detailed.*’

Let this statement be compared with Dr. Robertson’s most exaggerated account, avowedly taken *from Herrera* alone, and let every man judge for himself, whether one of the most zealous and indefatigable advocates of

freedom that ever existed, ‘ while he contended earnestly for the liberty of the people born in one quarter of the globe, *laboured* to enslave the inhabitants of another region, and, in his zeal to save the Americans from the yoke, pronounced it to be *lawful and expedient* to impose one *still heavier* on the Africans.’—Robertson’s *History of America*, Vol. I. Part III. But the circumstance *connected by Dr. Robertson with this supposed scheme* of Las Casas is unwarranted by any authority, and makes his own of no value. He adds, — ‘ the plan of Las Casas was adopted. Charles V. granted a patent to one of his Flemish favourites, containing an exclusive right of importing four thousand negroes into America.’ Herrera, the only author whom Dr. Robertson pretends to follow, does not, in any place, associate his random charge against Las Casas with this acknowledged and most infamous act. The crime of having first recommended the importation of African slaves into the American islands is attributed, by three writers of the life of Cardinal Ximenes, (who rendered himself illustrious by his opposition to the trade in its infancy,) to *Chievers*, and by two others to *the Flemish nobility themselves*, who obtained the monopoly aforementioned, and which was sold to some ‘ Genoese merchants for 25,000 ducats: and *they were the first* who brought into a regular form that commerce for slaves between Africa and America, which has since been carried on

' to such an amazing extent.'—It is unnecessary to say more on this subject.—A translation of Gregoire's defence of Las Casas was published in 1803, by *H. D. Symonds*, *Paternoster-Row*.

Note 6. Page 59. line 18.—*And his last signal bearing o'er the main.*

' England expects every man to do his duty.'

LYRIC PIECES,

&c.

' O laborum

' Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve

' Rite vocanti.'

HORAT. *ad Lyram,*

Od. XXXII., Lib. 1.

THE
HARP OF SORROW.

I GAVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command ;
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear, departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
Snapt in their freshness by the blast :

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
And endless ages of despair,
Beyond the judgment-day of death : —

The weeping Minstrel sings,
And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles with the strings,
Responsive to the notes of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,
The chords impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to sooth the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre

The winds of dark November stray,
 Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
 And on its magic pulses play ; —

Till all the air around,

Mysterious murmurs fill,
 A strange bewildering dream of sound,
 Most heavenly sweet, — yet mournful still.

O ! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
 Hope ! who hast been a stranger long ;
 O ! strike it with sublime command,
 And be the Poet's life thy song.

Of vanish'd troubles sing,

Of fears for ever fled,
 Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
 And burst and blossom from the dead ; —

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
 Serene delights, while years increase ;
 And weary life's triumphant close
 In some calm sunset hour of peace ; —

Of bliss that reigns above,
 Celestial May of Youth,
 Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
 And everlasting as his truth : —

Sing heavenly Hope ! — and dart thine hand
 O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long ;
 That Harp shall breathe at thy command,
 Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah ! then this gloom controul,
 And at thy voice shall start
 A new creation in my soul,
 A native Eden in my heart.

POPE'S WILLOW.

VERSES

Written for an Urn, made out of the Trunk of the Weeping Willow, imported from the East, and planted by Pope in his grounds at Twickenham, where it flourished many years; but, falling into decay, it was lately cut down.

ERE POPE resign'd his tuneful breath,
And made the turf his pillow,
The minstrel hung his harp in death
Upon the drooping Willow ;
That Willow from Euphrates' strand,
Had sprung beneath his training hand.

Long as revolving seasons flew,
From youth to age it flourish'd,
By vernal winds and star-light dew,
By showers and sun-beams nourish'd ;
And while in dust the Poet slept,
The Willow o'er his ashes wept.

Old Time beheld its silvery head
With graceful grandeur towering,
Its pensile boughs profusely spread,
The breezy lawn embowering,
Till, arch'd around, there seem'd to shoot
A grove of scions from one root.

Thither, at summer noon, he view'd
The lovely nine retreating,
Beneath its twilight solitude
With songs their Poet greeting,
Whose spirit in the Willow spoke,
Like Jove's from dark Dodona's oak.

By harvest moonlight there he spied
 The fairy bands advancing ;
 Bright Ariel's troop, on Thames's side,
 Around the willow dancing ;
 Gay sylphs among the foliage play'd,
 And glow-worms glitter'd in the shade.

One morn, while Time thus mark'd the tree,
 In beauty green and glorious,
 ' The hand,' he cried, ' that planted thee
 ' O'er mine was oft victorious ;
 ' Be vengeance now my calm employ, —
 ' One work of POPE's I *will* destroy.'

He spake, and struck a silent blow
 With that dread arm whose motion
 Lays cedars, thrones, and temples low,
 And wields o'er land and ocean,
 The unremitting axe of doom,
 That fells the forest of the tomb.

Deep to the Willow's root it went,
And cleft the core asunder,
Like sudden secret lightning, sent
Without recording thunder :
— From that sad moment, slow away
Began the Willow to decay.

In vain did Spring those bowers restore,
Where loves and graces revell'd,
Autumn's wild gales the branches tore,
The thin grey leaves dishevell'd,
And every wasting Winter found
The willow nearer to the ground.

Hoary, and weak, and bent with age,
At length the axe assail'd it :
It bow'd before the woodman's rage ;
— The swans of Thames bewail'd it
With softer tones, with sweeter breath,
Than ever charm'd the ear of death.

O POPE ! hadst thou, whose lyre so long

The wondering world enchanted,

Amidst thy paradise of song

This Weeping Willow planted ;

Among thy loftiest laurels seen,

In deathless verse for ever green,—

Thy chosen Tree had stood sublime,

The storms of ages braving,

Triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time

Its verdant banner waving,

While regal pyramids decay'd,

And empires perish'd in its shade.

An humbler lot, O Tree ! was thine,

—Gone down in all thy glory ;

The sweet the mournful task be mine,

To sing thy simple story ;

Though verse like mine in vain would raise

The fame of thy departed days.

Yet, fallen Willow ! if to me
Such power of song were given,
My lips should breathe a soul through thee,
And call down fire from heaven,
To kindle in this hallow'd Urn
A flame that would for ever burn.

A

WALK IN SPRING.



I WANDER'D in a lonely glade,
Where, issuing from the forest shade,
A little mountain stream
Along the winding valley play'd,
Beneath the morning beam.

Light o'er the woods of dark brown oak
The west-wind wreathed the hovering smoke,
From cottage roofs conceal'd,
Below a rock abruptly broke,
In rosy light reveal'd.

'Twas in the infancy of May,
The uplands glow'd in green array,
While from the ranging eye,
The lessening landscape stretch'd away,
To meet the bending sky.

'Tis sweet in solitude to hear
The earliest music of the year,
The Blackbird's loud wild note,
Or, from the wintry thicket drear,
The Thrush's stammering throat.

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet,
The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
The sorrel's simple bloom.

Wherefore I love the walks of Spring, —
 While still I hear new warblers sing,
 Fresh-opening bells I see ;
 Joy flits on every roving wing,
 Hope buds on every tree.

That morn I look'd and listen'd long,
 Some cheering sight, some woodland song,
 As yet unheard, unseen,
 To welcome, with remembrance strong
 Of days that once had been ; —

When gathering flowers, an eager child,
 I ran abroad with rapture wild ;
 Or, on more curious quest,
 Peep'd breathless through the copse, and smiled,
 To see the linnet's nest.

Already had I watch'd the flight
Of swallows darting through the light,
And mock'd the cuckoo's call ;
Already view'd, o'er meadows bright,
The evening rain-bow fall.

Now in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I saw the first Spring cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Lone on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens, purple, white, and blue,
Among the verdure crept ;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept,

A bee had nestled on its blooms,
 He shook abroad their rich perfumes,
 Then fled in airy rings ;
 His place a butterfly assumes,
 Glancing his glorious wings.

O, welcome, as a friend ! I cried ;
 A friend through many a season tried,
 Nor ever sought in vain,
 When May, with Flora at her side,
 Is dancing on the plain.

Sure as the Pleiades adorn
 The glittering coronet of morn,
 In calm delicious hours,
 Beneath their beams thy buds are born,
 'Midst love-awakening showers.

Scatter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briary glens, o'er pasture land,
 Thy fairy tribes we meet;
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,
 They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
 Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
 Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
 Sports with thy flexile stalk,
But stoops his little neck in vain,
 To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
O'er coppice lawns and dells,
In bands the rural children stray,
To pluck thy nectar'd bells ;

Whose simple sweets, with curious skill,
The frugal cottage dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine,
While many a festal cup they fill
With Britain's homely wine.

Unchanging still from year to year,
Like stars returning in their sphere,
With undiminish'd rays,
Thy vernal constellations cheer
The dawn of lengthening days.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
 Imperishable 'midst decay,
 Thy self-renewing race
 Have breathed their balmly lives away
 In this neglected place.

And O, till Nature's final doom,
 Here unmolested may they bloom,
 From scythe and plough secure,
 This bank their cradle and their tomb,
 While earth and skies endure !

Yet, lowly Cowslip, while in thee
 An old unalter'd friend I see,
 Fresh in perennial prime ;
 From Spring to Spring behold in me
 The woes and waste of Time.

This fading eye and withering mein
 Tell what a sufferer I have been,
 Since more and more estranged,
 From hope to hope, from scene to scene,
 Through Folly's wilds I ranged.

Then fields and woods I proudly spurn'd ;
 From Nature's maiden love I turn'd,
 And woo'd the enchantress Art ;
 Yet while for her my fancy burn'd
 Cold was my wretched heart, —

Till, distanced in Ambition's race,
 Weary of pleasure's joyless chace,
 My peace untimely slain,
 Sick of the world, — I turn'd my face
 To fields and woods again.

'Twas Spring ;— my former haunts I found,
My favourite flowers adorn'd the ground,
My darling minstrels play'd ;
The mountains were with sunset crown'd,
The valleys dun with shade.

With lorn delight the scene I view'd
Past joys and sorrows were renew'd :
My infant hopes and fears
Look'd lovely, through the solitude
Of retrospective years.

And still, in Memory's twilight bowers,
The spirits of departed hours,
With mellowing tints, pourtray
The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
For ever fall'n away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er,
Sanguine with hope we look before,
 The future good to find ;
In age, when error charms no more,
 For bliss we look behind.

RANZ DES VACHES.



QUAND reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour,
Nos clairs ruisseaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos côteaux,
Nos montagnes,
Et l'ornement des nos montagnes,
La si gentille Isabeau ?
Dans l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danserai-je au son du chalameau ?

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour ;
Mon père,
Ma mère,
Mon frère,
Ma sœur,
Mes agneaux,
Mes troupeaux,
Ma bergère ?

THE
SWISS COWHERD'S SONG,
IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Imitated from the foregoing.

O, WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet, —
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
 My father, my mother,
 My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all ?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth ?
— 'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

LA QUERCIA.

Arietta di Metastasio.

SPREZZA il furor del vento
Robusta Quercia, avezza
Di cento verni e cento
L'injurie a tollerar.

E se pur cade al suolo,
Spiega per l'onde il volo,
E con quel vento istesso
Va contrastando in mar.

THE OAK.

Imitated from the foregoing.



THE tall Oak, towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main ;
The self-same foe undaunted braves,
And fights the wind upon the waves.

THE DIAL.

THIS shadow on the Dial's face,
 That steals from day to day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Moments, and months, and years away ; —
 This shadow, which, in every clime,
 Since light and motion first began,
 Hath held its course sublime ; —
 What is it ? ——— Mortal Man !
 It is the scythe of **T**IME :
 — A shadow only to the eye ;
 Yet, in its calm career,
 It levels all beneath the sky ;
 And still, through each succeeding year,

Right onward, with resistless power,
Its stroke shall darken every hour,
Till Nature's race be run,
And TIME's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
 This silent phantom, day by day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Steals moments, months, and years away ;
From hoary rock and aged tree,
 From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,
From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
 From every blade of grass it falls ;
For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
 The scythe of Time destroys,
And man at every footstep weeps
 O'er evanescent joys ;
Like flow'rets glittering with the dews of morn,
 Fair for a moment, then for ever shorn :

— Ah! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.

Then TIME, the Conqueror, will suspend
His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
Whose moving shadow shall portend
Each frail beholder's doom.
O'er the wide earth's illumined space,
Though TIME's triumphant flight be shewn,
The truest index on its face
Points from the church-yard stone.

THE ROSES.

Addressed to a Friend on the Birth of his first Child.

Two Roses on one slender spray,
In sweet communion grew,
Together hail'd the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew ;
While sweetly wreath'd in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume ;

While foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendour pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these roses to the last,
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves in falling' round,
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends ! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,

Like these twin Roses spend your time,
— Life's little, less'ning span ;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair, and more fair, as you decline ; —

Till, planted in that realm of rest,
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

TO AGNES.

Reply to some Lines, beginning, '*Arrest, O Time!*
thy fleeting course.'

TIME will not check his eager flight,
Though gentle AGNES scold,
For 'tis the Sage's dear delight
To make young Ladies old.

Then listen, AGNES, friendship sings ;
Seize fast his forelock grey,
And pluck from his careering wings
A feather every day.

Adorn'd with these, defy his rage,
And bid him plough your face,

For every furrow of old age
Shall be a line of grace.

Start not ; old age is virtue's prime ;
Most lovely she appears,
Clad in the spoils of vanquish'd Time,
Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
The eternal mountains rise ;
Virtue descends not to the tomb,
Her rest is in the skies.

AN EPITAPH.

ART thou a man of honest mould,
With fervent heart, and soul sincere?
A husband, father, friend? — Behold,
Thy brother slumbers here.

The sun that wakes yon violet's bloom,
Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death,
The wind that wanders o'er his tomb
Was once his vital breath.

The roving wind shall pass away,
The warming sun forsake the sky;
Thy brother, in that dreadful day,
Shall live and never die.

THE
OLD MAN'S SONG.

SHALL Man of frail fruition boast ?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and, at most,
A momentary year ?

There was a time, — that time is past, —
When, youth ! I bloom'd like thee !
A time will come, — 'tis coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me : —

Like me through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn ;—
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And pleasure held the reins till noon,
But grief drove down the sky.

Like autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign ;
My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,
When she began to wane.

Close follow'd age, infirm old age,
The winter of my year ;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere !

I long to cast the chains away,
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon walls of clay,
Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo,—never free
Till Nature yields her breath ;
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And Man is born in Death.

THE
GLOW-WORM.

The male of this insect is said to be a fly, which the female caterpillar attracts in the night by the lustre of her train:

WHEN Evening closes Nature's eye,
The Glow-worm lights her little spark,
To captivate her favourite fly,
And tempt the rover through the dark.

Conducted by a sweeter star,
Than all that deck the fields above,
He fondly hastens from afar,
To sooth her solitude with love.

Thus in this wilderness of tears,
Amidst the world's perplexing gloom,
The transient torch of Hymen cheers
The pilgrim journeying to the tomb.

Unhappy he whose hopeless eye
Turns to the light of love in vain ;
Whose cynosure is in the sky,
He on the dark and lonely main.

BOLEHILL TREES:

A conspicuous plantation, encompassing a school-house and play-ground, on a bleak eminence, at Barlow, in Derbyshire; on the one hand facing the high moors, on the other, overlooking a richly-cultivated, well wooded, and mountainous country, near the seat of a gentleman where the writer has spent many happy hours.

Now peace to his ashes who planted yon trees,
 That welcome my wandering eye!
 In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
 And resemble a grove in the sky;
 On the brow of the mountain, uncultured and bleak,
 They flourish in grandeur sublime,

Adorning its bald and majestic peak,
 Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A land-mark they rise ;— to the stranger forlorn,
 All night on the wild heath delay'd,
 'Tis rapture to spy the young beauties of morn
 Unveiling behind their dark shade :
 The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
 On the line of the grey evening scene,
 Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
 And the sunset expiring between.

The maidens that gather the fruits of the moor,*
 While weary and fainting they roam,
 Through the blue dazzling distance of noon-light
 explore
 The trees that remind them of home :
 The children that range in the valley suspend
 Their sports and in ecstasy gaze,

* Bilberries, cluster-berries, and crane-berries.

When they see the broad moon from the summit
ascend,

And their school-house and grove in a blaze.

O! sweet to my soul is that beautiful grove,

Awakening remembrance most dear ;

—When lonely in anguish and exile I rove,

Wherever its glories appear,

It gladdens my spirit, it soothes from afar

With tranquil and tender delight,

It shines through my heart, like a hope-beaming star

Alone in the desert of night.

It tells me of moments of innocent bliss,

For ever and ever gone o'er ;

Like the light of a smile, like the balm of a kiss,

They were,—but they will be no more.

Yet wherefore of pleasures departed complain,

That leave such endearment behind ?

Though the sun of their sweetness be sunk in the main,

Their twilight still rests on the mind.

Then peace to *his* ashes who planted these trees!

Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,

With simple and lovely magnificence please

All bosoms, and ravish all eyes :

Nor marble, nor brass, could emblazon his fame,

Like his own silver trophies, that wave

'n graceful memorial, and whisper his name,

And scatter their leaves on his grave.

Ah ! thus when I sleep in the desolate tomb,

May the laurels I planted endure,

On the mountain of high immortality bloom,

'Midst lightning and tempest secure !

Then ages unborn shall their verdure admire,

And nations sit under their shade,

While my spirit, in secret, shall move o'er my lyre,

Aloft in their branches display'd.

Hence dream of vain glory!—the light drop of dew,

That glows in the violet's eye,

In the splendour of morn to a fugitive view,
 May rival a star of the sky;
But the violet is pluck'd, and the dew-drop is flown,
 The star unextinguished shall shine :
Then mine be the laurels of virtue alone,
 And the glories of Paradise mine.

THE MOLE-HILL.



TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once hadst breath!
Tell me how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death?

The mole that scoops with curious toil
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
And mines among the dead.

But, O! where'er she turns the ground
My kindred earth I see;
Once every atom of this mound
Lived, breathed, and felt, like me.

Like me these elder-born of clay
Enjoy'd the cheerful light,
Bore the brief burden of a day,
And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn,
The rising sun surveys
Palmyra's palaces forlorn,
Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell
Where eastern grandeur shone,
And vultures scream, hyænas yell
Round Beauty's mouldering throne.

There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
 To watch the sport of Fate,
 While Time between the pillars leans,
 And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples crush'd by Time,
 Stupendous wrecks ! appear
 To me less mournfully sublime
 Than the poor Mole-hill here.

Through all this hillock's crumbling mould
 Once the warm life-blood ran ;
 — Here thine original behold,
 And here thy ruins, Man !

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath ;
 Ten thousand pulses beat ;
 Tell me, — in this small hill of death,
 How many mortals meet ?

By wafting winds and flooding rains,
From ocean, earth and sky,
Collected here, the frail remains
Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
Breaks through the twilight gloom?
What hand invisible displays
The secrets of the tomb?

All ages and all nations rise,
And every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
Through the deep valley spread,
And like descending clouds in storms
Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wide champaign while they pass,
Their footsteps yield no sound,
Nor shake from the light trembling grass
A dew-drop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts,
My wondering eyes explore
Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
Heroes and kings of yore :—

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
Whose withering influence ran
Through all the promise of the mind,
And smote and mildew'd man :—

Sages, the Pleiades of earth,
Whose genial aspects smiled,
And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth,
O'er all the human wild.

Yon gloomy ruffian, gash'd and gored,
 Was he, whose fatal skill
 First beat the plough-share to a sword,
 And taught the art to kill.

Behind him skulks a shade, bereft
 Of fondly-worshipp'd fame ;
 He built the Pyramids, but left
 No stone to tell his name.

Who is the chief, with visage dark
 As tempests when they roar ?
 —The first who push'd his daring bark
 Beyond the timid shore.

Through storms of death and seas of graves
 He steer'd with stedfast eye ;
 His path was on the desert waves,
 His compass in the sky.

The youth who lifts his graceful hand,
Struck the unshapen block,
And beauty leap'd, at his command,
A Venus from the rock.

Trembling with ecstasy of thought,
Behold the Grecian maid,
Whom love's enchanting impulse taught
To trace a slumberer's shade.

Sweet are the thefts of love ;—she stole
His image while he lay,
Kindled the shadow to a soul,
And breathed that soul through clay.

Yon listening nymph, who looks behind,
With countenance of fire,
Heard midnight music in the wind,
— And framed the Æolian lyre.

All hail!—The Sire of Song appears,
The Muse's eldest born ;
The sky-lark in the dawn of years,
The poet of the morn.

He from the depth of cavern'd woods,
That echoed to his voice,
Bade mountains, valleys, winds, and floods,
And earth and heaven rejoice.

Though charm'd to meekness while he sung,
The wild beasts round him ran,
This was the triumph of his tongue,—
It tamed the heart of man.

Dim through the mist of twilight times
The ghost of Cyrus walks ;
Behind him, red with glorious crimes,
The son of Ammon stalks.

Relentless Hannibal, in pride
 Of sworn, fix'd hatred, lowers ;
 Cæsar, — 'tis Brutus at his side, —
 In peerless grandeur towers.

With moonlight softness Helen's charms
 Dissolve the spectred gloom,
 The leading star of Greece in arms,
 Portending Ilion's doom.

But Homer ; — see the bard arise ;
 And hark ! — he strikes the lyre ;
 The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
 The Argive Chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,
 The towers of Troy sublime,
 Raised by the magic breath of song,
 Mock the destroyer Time.

For still around the eternal walls
The storms of battle rage :
And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer ! were it mine
To track thy fiery car,
And in thy sunset course to shine
A radiant evening star,—

What theme, what laurel might the Muse
Reclaim from ages fled?
What realm-restoring hero chuse
To summon from the dead?

Yonder his shadow flits away :
—Thou shalt not thus depart ;
Stay, thou transcendent spirit, stay,
And tell me who thou art !

'Tis Alfred :— In the rolls of Fame,
And on a midnight page,
Blazes his broad refulgent name,
The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north,
Howl'd o'er the British wild,
But Alfred, like the spring, brake forth,
And all the desert smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves,
By mad invasion hurl'd ;
His voice was liberty to slaves,
Defiance to the world.

And still that voice o'er land and sea
Shall Albion's foes appal ;
The race of Alfred *will* be free ;
Hear it, and tremble, Gaul !

But lo ! the phantoms fade in flight,
Like fears that cross the mind,
Like meteors gleaming through the night,
Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past ;
Beyond it who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
Immortal spirits dwell ?

I know not, but I soon shall know,
When life's sore conflicts cease,
When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines,
The pledge of bliss to Man ;
Time with eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

THE
CAST-AWAY SHIP.

The subjects of the two following poems were suggested by the loss of the *Blenheim*, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm in the Indian Ocean. — The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father. — Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the Battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran a-ground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd

In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night,
 When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And NELSON o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
 With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
 Their joyful brows prepare ;
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
 And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The deep, that like a cradled child,
 In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
 As rose the kindling day :

Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
 Reflected clouds and skies appear
 In morning's rich array;
 The land is lost, the waters glow,
 'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
 See the tall vessel sail,
 With swelling wings in shadowy pride,
 A swan before the gale;
 Deep-laden merchants rode behind;
 — But, fearful of the fickle wind,
 Britannia's cheek grew pale,
 When, lessening through the flood of light,
 Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
 Victorious from the war,
 And banner'd masts that would not bow,
 Though riven with many a scar;

Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
 To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught ;
 But late her evil star
 Had cursed it on its homeward way,
 — ‘ The spoiler shall become the prey.’

- Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart
 Throbb'd with prophetic woe,
 When she beheld that ship depart,
 A fair ill-omen'd show !
 So views the mother through her tears,
 The daughter of her hopes and fears,
 When hectic beauties glow
 On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
 The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew ;
 Peril and death they spurn'd ;
 Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew ;
 Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd,

H

In battle-hurricanes to wield
 His lightnings on the billowy field ;
 And many a look they turn'd
 O'er the blue waste of waves to spy
 A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
 In combat on the main,
 Nor perish by a glorious blow,
 In mortal triumph slain,
 Was their unutterable fate ;
 — That story would the Muse relate,
 The song might rise in vain ;
 In ocean's deepest, darkest bed
 The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
 Their sails were never furl'd ;
 Never on known or friendly land,
 By storms their keel was hurl'd ;

Their native soil no more they trod,
 They rest beneath no hallow'd sod ;
 Throughout the living world,
 This sole memorial of their lot
 Remains, — they *were*, and they are *not*.

The spirit of the Cape * pursued
 Their long and toilsome way ;
 At length, in ocean-solitude,
 He sprang upon his prey ;
 ‘ Havoc !’ the shipwreck-demon cried,
 Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
 Gave all his lightnings play ;
 The abyss recoil’d before the blast,
 Firm stood the seamen till the last.

* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms. — See CAMOENS’ *Lusiad*, Book V.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
 The merchant-sails were sped ;
 Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
 They mark'd the high mast-head
 Of that devoted vessel, tost
 By winds and floods, now seen, now lost ;
 While every gun-fire spread
 A dimmer flash, a fainter roar ;
 — At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
 For love and kindred's sake ;
 When these the voice of Rumour hear,
 Their inmost heart shall quake,
 Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
 Believe, and long to unbelieve,
 But never cease to ache ;
 Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
 The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

THE SEQUEL.

He sought his sire from shore to shore,
He sought him day by day ;
The prow he track'd was seen no more,
Breasting the ocean-spray ;
Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
He sail'd above his father's head,
Unconscious where it lay,
Deep, deep beneath the rolling main ;
— He sought his sire ; he sought in vain.

Son of the brave ! no longer weep ;
Still with affection true,
Along the wild disastrous deep,
Thy father's course pursue ;

Full in his wake of glory steer,
His spirit prompts thy bold career,
 His compass guides thee through ;
So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

M. S.

 TO THE MEMORY OF

*' A Female whom Sickness had reconciled to the
' Notes of Sorrow,'*

Who corresponded with the Author under this signature,
on the first publication of his Poems, in 1806, but died
soon after; when her real name and merits were dis-
closed to him by one of her surviving friends.

MY Song of Sorrow reach'd her ear ;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
Consoled me with her latest breath.

What is the Poet's highest aim,
His richest heritage of fame ?

H 4

— To track the warrior's fiery road,
 With havoc, spoil, destruction strow'd,
 While nations bleed along the plains,
 Dragg'd at his chariot-wheels in chains?
 — With fawning hand to woo the lyre,
 Profanely steal celestial fire,
 And bid an idol's altar blaze
 With incense of unhallow'd praise?
 — With syren strains, Circean art,
 To win the ear beguile the heart,
 Wake the wild passions into rage,
 And please and prostitute the age?

NO!—to the generous Bard belong
 Diviner themes and purer song:
 —To hail Religion from above,
 Descending in the form of Love,
 And pointing through a world of strife
 The narrow way that leads to life:
 —To pour the balm of heavenly rest
 Through Sorrow's agonizing breast;

With Pity's tender arms embrace
 The orphans of a kindred race ;
 And in one zone of concord bind
 The lawless spoilers of mankind :
 — To sing in numbers boldly free
 The wars and woes of liberty ;
 The glory of her triumphs tell,
 Her nobler suffering when she fell, *
 Girt with the phalanx of the brave,
 Or widow'd on the patriot's grave,
 Which tyrants tremble to pass by,
 Ev'n on the car of Victory.

These are the Bard's sublimest views,
 The angel-visions of the Muse,
 That o'er his morning slumbers shine ;
 These are his themes, — and these were mine.

* ' Piu val d'ogni vittoria un bel soffrire.'

GAETANA PASSERINI.

But pale Despondency that stole
 The light of gladness from my soul,
 While youth and folly blindfold ran
 The giddy circle up to Man,
 Breathed a dark spirit through my lyre,
 Dimm'd the noon-radiance of my fire,
 And cast a mournful evening hue
 O'er every scene my fancy drew.
 Then though the proud despised my strain,
 It flow'd not from my heart in vain ;
 The lay of freedom, fervour, truth,
 Was dear to undissembling youth,
 From manly breasts drew generous sighs,
 And Virtue's tears from Beauty's eyes.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd HER ear ;
 She raised her languid head to hear,
 And, smiling in the arms of Death,
 She bless'd me with her latest breath.

A secret hand to me convey'd
 The thoughts of that inspiring Maid ;
 They came like voices on the wind,
 Heard in the stillness of the mind,
 When round the Poet's twilight walk
 Aerial beings seem to talk,
 Not the twin-stars of Leda shine
 With vernal influence more benign,
 Nor sweeter, in the sylvan vale,
 Sings the lone-warbling nightingale,
 Than through my shades her lustre broke,
 Than to my griefs her spirit spoke.

My fancy form'd her young and fair,
 Pure as her sister-lilies were,
 Adorn'd with meekest maiden grace,
 With every charm of soul and face,
 That Virtue's awful eye approves,
 And fond Affection dearly loves :
 Heaven in her open aspect seen,
 Her Maker's image in her mien,

Such was the picture fancy drew,
In lineaments divinely true ;
The Muse, by her mysterious art,
Had shewn her likeness to my heart,
And every faithful feature brought
O'er the clear mirror of my thought.
— But she was waning to the tomb ;
The worm of death was in her bloom ;
Yet as the mortal frame declined,
Strong through the ruins rose the mind :
As the dim moon, when night ascends,
Slow in the east the darkness rends,
Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,
Pours the mild splendour of her beams,
Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
Free as a disembodied soul !
Thus, while the veil of flesh decay'd,
Her beauties brighten'd through the shade ;
Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd
In nature's weakness were reveal'd ;

And still the unrobing spirit cast
Diviner glories to the last,
Dissolved its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
Emerging into perfect light.

Yet shall the friends who loved her weep,
Though shrined in peace the sufferer sleep,
Though rapt to heaven the saint aspire,
With seraph guards, on wings of fire;
Yet shall they weep ;— for oft and well
Remembrance shall her story tell,
Affection of her virtues speak,
With beaming eye and burning cheek,
Each action, word, and look recall
The last, the loveliest of all,
When on the lap of death she lay,
Serenely smiled her soul away,
And left surviving Friendship's breast
Warm with the sunset of her rest.

O thou, who wert on earth unknown,
Companion of my thought alone,
Unchanged in heaven to me thou art,
Still hold communion with my heart ;
Cheer thou my hopes, exalt my views,
Be the good angel of my Muse ;
— And if to thine approving ear
My plaintive numbers once were dear ;
If, falling round thy dying hours,
Like evening dews on closing flowers,
They sooth'd thy pains, and through thy soul
With melancholy sweetness stole,
HEAR ME : — When slumber from mine eyes,
That roll in irksome darkness, flies ;
When the lorn spectre of unrest
At conscious midnight haunts my breast ;
When former joys and present woes,
And future fears are all my foes ;
Spirit of my departed friend,
Calm through the troubled gloom descend,

With strains of triumph on thy tongue,
Such as to dying saints are sung ;
Such as in Paradise the ear
Of GOD himself delights to hear ;
— Come all unseen ; be only known
By Zion's harp of higher tone,
Warbling to thy mysterious voice ;
Bid my desponding powers rejoice ;
And I will listen to thy lay,
Till night and sorrow flee away,
Till gladness o'er my bosom rise,
And morning kindle round the skies.

If thus to me, sweet saint, be given
To learn from thee the hymns of heaven,
Thine inspiration will impart
Seraphic ardours to my heart ;
My voice thy music shall prolong,
And echo thy entrancing song ;

My lyre, with sympathy divine,
 Shall answer every chord, of thine,
 Till their consenting tones give birth
 To harmonies unknown on earth.
 Then shall my thoughts, in living fire
 Sent down from heaven, to heaven aspire,
 My verse through lofty measures rise,
 A scale of glory to the skies,
 Resembling, on each hallow'd theme,
 The ladder of the Patriarch's dream,
 O'er which descending angels shone,
 On earthly missions from the throne,
 Returning by the steps they trod,
 Up to the Paradise of God.

THE END.

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