

On the C R U C I F I X I O N.

Who hath believed the Report? Isa. liii. 1.

1. **C**ALM as the midnight is my soul,
When underneath the BLOODY TREE ;
'Tis there my thoughts sublimely roll,
Revolving on that MYSTERY !
2. There I behold, lift up on high,
The mark of unrelenting scorn ;
The GOD whose wisdom form'd the sky,
The MAN of griefs—forsook, forlorn.
3. The MAN, at whom the FATHER cries,
“ Awake, O sword ! and vengeance take
“ On HIM, who now devoted lies
“ A surety for the sinner's sake !
4. “ Spare not His body, nor His soul ;
“ On Him the whole demand shall lie :
“ Himself has undertook the whole,
“ And HE the whole shall satisfy.
5. “ HE only shall the WINE-PRESS tread,
“ The dregs of my displeasure taste :
“ On HIM, and on His guiltless head,
“ The weight of my revenge shall rest.”
6. Is this then HE that comes from far,
From EDOM with His garments dy'd ?
Is this the bright, the Morning STAR,
Eclips'd as mourning for His bride ?
7. Is this the Father's only Son,
The image of Himself unseen ?
The fulness of the THREE in ONE,
In likeness of the sons of men ?
8. In whom I view th' incarnate GOD,
An ISAAC on the altar slain ;
No Angel there to stay THAT rod,
Or bid, “ Resheath the sword again.”
9. There then I see the Prince of Peace,
LORD of the living and the dead,
Pour from His wounded side's recess
The last rich drop He has to shed.
10. 'Tis there I see each legal type,
Dreadful unfolded to my view ;
The PASCAL LAMB for slaughter ripe,
The great burnt-offering burnt anew.
11. There too, with them who stood around
His cross, with tearful eyes I see,
Fresh myst'ries streaming from that wound,
That, as it streams, atones for Me !

12. There, with the Mother of her LORD,
 Whose soul the sword of anguish pierc'd,
 I seem to share the sad record,
 And weep, with her, the scene rehears'd.
13. There I behold the mighty SUN
 In darkness plunge his visual rays ;
 And there the pale and shiv'ring Moon,
 For sorrow seems to veil her face.
14. All Nature feels the direful shock,
 As Nature's self abhorr'd their deeds ;
 While Jewish hearts, more hard than rock,
 Revile the Sufferer as He bleeds.
15. 'Tis there I see what sin deserves,
 'Tis there I see what sin has done,
 When on that cross mine eye observes
 The Father's Co-eternal SON !
16. There I bewail, with downcast eyes,
 My own ingratitude and shame ;
 How much I need, yet little prize,
 The merits of the bleeding LAMB !
17. 'Tis there, in types of blood, I read,
 What Justice might have done to Me ;
 Transferr'd from my offending head,
 And nail'd with JESUS to the tree.
18. 'Tis there, between two Thieves, I view
 The only innocent and just ;
 The GOD of all, who all things knew,
 Humbled with FELONS to the dust.
19. 'Tis there, with wonder, I behold,
 What Patriarchs once could scarce conceive ;
 Nor Prophets, tho' themselves foretold,
 For wonder, easily believe.
20. There I behold th' angelic throng
 Bending o'er Heav'n's eternal steep,
 While Seraphs, struck, suspend their song,
 And high Archangels seem to weep !
21. There GABRIEL, foremost of the choir,
 Hangs o'er his harp with melting eye,
 To see the GOD that did inspire
 That harp with life, ACCURSED die !
22. Nor seems ev'n Hell without its share,
 Seiz'd with distraction's wild amaze ;
 Their eye-lids flash more horrid glare,
 As scorch'd with flames of fiercer blaze.
23. Their loss bewail'd with shriller cries,
 Their fall a fate no tongue can tell ;
 But sunk as judgment seems to rise,
 They deeper sink to deeper Hell !

24. The ~~evil~~ ARCH-FIEND, with BRUISED head,
 Now shudders for his future doom ;
 While SIN and DEATH united dread
 The approaching triumph of the TOMB * !
25. All this, and more, methinks I see,
 By FAITH's strong realizing eye ;
 My curse all cancell'd on that tree
 On which the TREE of LIFE did die !
26. " But when (I ask) did this begin ?
 " Who first such thoughts of love could dare ?
 " With art divine condemn the sin,
 " And yet the sinner kindly spare !"
27. I ask'd, and, as I listen'd, heard
 This gracious answer to my plea :
 " E'er yet Creation's self appear'd,
 " Or ought but DEITY could be :
28. " E'er the bright orb that lights the day,
 " Or that fair lamp that gilds the night ;
 " E'er shone the stars, whose cluster'd ray
 " Adorns the firmament with light :
29. " High as the FOUNT from whence it flow'd,
 " Deep as the source from whence it sprung ;
 " E'er seraph forms extatic glow'd,
 " Or morning stars their mattins sung,
30. " This mystery of LOVE began ;
 " Its source in His eternal mind,
 " Who GOD with God, as Man with Man,
 " Then sware to rescue lost mankind.
31. " In that great moment all was fix'd ;
 " I come, (he cries) to do thy will ;
 " Be judgment but with mercy mix'd,
 " And I her vengeance will fulfil.
32. " I will the sinner's curse sustain,
 " I will the debt of justice pay ;
 " The LAW's long injur'd rights regain,
 " And bear the injurer's guilt away !"
33. " His word th' Incarnate SURETY kept ;
 " And well prepar'd to feel the smart,
 " Thy surety has discharg'd the debt,
 " And snatch'd its dagger from thy heart.
34. " Took on Himself the load of sin,
 " Content to bear IMPUTED guilt,
 " He still remain'd untaint within,
 " And spotless as the blood He spilt.
35. " Be then His acts thy wonder's joy,
 " Thy life the witness of His love ;
 " Its sweet descant thy sweet employ,
 " 'Till sown in death it blooms above.

36. " Where long as Heav'n itself shall live,
 " Long as the GOD that died for thee ;
 " So long His love shall life survive,
 " And Saints revolve the MYSTERY !"

On the RESURRECTION.

The LORD is KING!

1. **A**LL hail the power of JESU's name!
 Let Angel's prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown Him LORD of All.
2. Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it, fall
 Before His face who tunes their choir,
 And crown Him LORD of All.
3. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fix'd this floating ball ;
 Now hail the strength of ISRAEL's might,
 And crown Him LORD of All.
4. Crown Him, ye martyrs of your GOD,
 Who from His ALTAR call ;
 Extol the stem of JESSE's rod,
 And crown Him LORD of All.
5. Ye seed of ISRAEL's chosen race,
 Ye ransom'd of the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him LORD of All.
6. Hail Him, ye heirs of DAVID's line,
 Whom David LORD did call ;
 The GOD incarnate, Man DIVINE ;
 And crown Him LORD of All.
7. SINNERS ! whose love can ne'er forget
 The WORMWOOD and the GALL,
 Go—spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown him LORD of All.
8. Let every tribe and every tongue
 That bound Creation's call,
 Now shout in universal song,
 The CROWNED LORD of ALL !

F I N I S.