

*Original Copy*  
THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
MR. THO. PARNELL.

Containing those  
PUBLISHED BY MR. POPE,

Together with his whole  
POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Signum laude virum Musa vetat mori. HOR.

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Such were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,  
Till Death, untimely, stopp'd his tuneful tongue.  
Oh! just beheld and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!  
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!  
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain!  
Dear to the Muse, to HARLEY dear—in vain!  
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the Statesman in the Friend.—  
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear  
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear),  
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,  
Still hear thy PARNELL in his living lays.—

POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

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VOL. II.

L O N D O N :

Printed by Fry and Coughman, MOORFIELDS.

Anno 1786.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS BARNES.  
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

MOSES,

DEBORAH,

HANNAH,

DAVID,

SOLOMON,

JONAH,

HEZEKIAH,

HABAKKUK,

*&c. &c. &c.*

Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praise to show,  
Bright Gift of Verse descend! and here below  
My ravish'd heart with rais'd affection fill,  
And warbling o'er the soul incline my will.  
Among thy pomp let rich Expression wait,  
Let ranging Numbers form thy train complete.—  
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,  
Let Fancy's flow'ry spring erect its head.—

My call is favour'd, Time, from first to last,  
Unwinds his years; the present sees the past:  
I view the circles as he turns them o'er,  
And fix my footsteps where he went before.

GIFT OF POETRY.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY *Arp* AND Touchman, MOORFIELDS.

Anno 1786.

# BACCHUS :

O R,

## THE DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

As Bacchus, ranging at his leisure  
(Iſo Bacchus, king of pleaſure),  
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,  
And all his thouſand airy fancies,  
Alas! he quite forgot the while 5  
His fav'rite vines in Leſbos' Iſle.

The god returning ere they dy'd,  
" Ah! ſee my jolly Fawns," he cry'd,  
" The leaves but hardly born are red,  
" And the bare arms for pity ſpread : 10  
" The beaſts afford a rich manure,  
" Fly, my boys, to bring the cure,  
" Up the mountains, o'er the vales,  
" Thro' the woods, and down the dales ;  
" For this, if full the cluſter grow, 15  
" Your bowls ſhall doubly overflow."

So cheer'd, with more officious haſte  
They bring the dungs of every beaſt ;  
The loads they wheel, the roots they bear,  
They lay the rich manure with care, 20

While oft' he calls to labour hard,  
And names as oft' the red reward.

The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,  
The thick'ning clusters load the year,  
The season swiftly purple grew, 25  
The grapes hung dangling, deep with blue.

A vineyard ripe, a day serene  
Now call them all to work again ;  
The Fawns thro' ev'ry furrow shoot  
To load their flasks with the fruit, 30  
And now the vintage early trod,  
The wines invite the jolly god.

Strow the roses, raise the song,  
See the master comes along !  
Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter, 35  
Whim and Frolic follow after ;  
The Fawns aside the vats remain,  
To shew the work and reap the gain.  
All around, and all around,  
They sit to riot on the ground : 40  
A vessel stands amidst the ring,  
And there they laugh, and there they sing,  
Or rise a jolly, jolly band,  
And dance about it hand in hand,  
Dance about and shout amain, 45  
Then sit to laugh and sing again :  
Thus they drink, and thus they play  
The fun and all their wits away.



But as an ancient author sung,  
The vine manur'd with ev'ry dung 50  
From ev'ry creature, strangely drew  
A tang of brutal nature too :

'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns,  
New turns of humour seiz'd the Fawns,

Here one was crying out, By Jove ; 55  
Another, Fight me in the grove ;

This wounds a friend, and that the trees ;

The lion's temper reign'd in these,

Another grins and leaps about,  
And keeps a merry world of rout, 60  
And talks impertinently free,

And twenty talk the same as he ;

Chatt'ring, idle, airy, kind,

These take the monkey's turn of mind,

Here one, who saw the Nymphs that stood 65  
To peep upon them from the wood,

Skulks off to try if any maid

Be lagging late beneath the shade,

While loose discourse another raises

In naked Nature's plainest phrases, 70

And ev'ry glass he drinks enjoys

With change of nonsense, lust, and noise ;

Mad and careless, hot and vain,

Such as these the Goat retain,

Another drinks and casts it up, 75

And drinks, and wants another cup,

Is very silent and sedate,  
 Ever long and ever late ;  
 Full of meats and full of wine,  
 This takes his temper from a swine. 80

There some, who hardly seem to breathe,  
 Drink and hang the jaw beneath ;  
 Gaping, tender, apt to weep,  
 Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew 85  
 (If what the poets say be true),  
 While Bacchus made the merry feast,  
 Inclined to one or other beast ;  
 And since, 'tis said, for many a mile  
 He spread the vines of Lesbos' Isle. 90

## ON QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE. .

*Anno 1713.*

MOTHER of Plenty, daughter of the Skies,  
 Sweet Peace, the troubled world's desire, arise ;  
 Around thy Poet weave thy summer shades,  
 Within my fancy spread thy flow'ry meads,  
 Amongst thy train soft Ease and Pleasure bring, 5  
 And thus indulgent sooth me whilst I sing !

Great Anna claims the song ; no brighter name  
 Adorns the list of never-dying Fame ;

No fairer soul was ever form'd above,  
None e'er was more the grateful nation's love, 10  
Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with speed  
To sing such lines as Bolingbroke may read,  
On war dispers'd, on faction trampled down,  
On all the peaceful glories of the crown;  
And if I fail in too confin'd a flight, 15  
May the kind world upon my labours write,  
"So fell the lines which strove for endless fame,  
"Yet fell attempting on the noblest theme."

Now twelve revolving years has Britain stood,  
With loss of wealth and vast expence of blood, 20  
Europa's guardian; still her gallant arms  
Secur'd Europa from impending harms.  
Fair honour, full success, and just applause,  
Pursu'd her marches and adorn'd her cause;  
Whilst Gaul, aspiring to erect a throne 25  
O'er other empires, trembled for her own,  
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies slain,  
And sunk the thought of universal reign.

When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,  
The fears which rack'd the nations justly die: 30  
Pow'r finds its balance, giddy motions cease  
In both the scales, and each inclines to peace.  
This fair occasion Providence prepares  
To answer pious Anna's hourly pray'rs,  
Which still on warm devotion's wings arose, 35  
And, reaching heav'n, obtain'd the world's repose.

Within the vast expansion of the sky,  
Where orbs of gold in fields of azure lie,  
A glorious palace shines, whose silver ray  
Serenely flowing lights the Milky Way, 40  
The road of angels: here, with speedy care,  
The summon'd guardians of the world repair,  
When Britain's angel, on the message sent,  
Speaks Anna's pray'rs, and Heav'n's supreme intent,  
That War's destructive arm should humble Gaul, 45  
Spain's parted realms to diff'rent monarchs fall,  
The grand alliance, crown'd with glory, cease,  
And joyful Europe finds the sweets of peace.  
He spoke; the smiling hopes of man's repose,  
The joy that springs from certain hopes arose 50  
Diffusive o'er the place; complacent airs  
Sedately sweet were heard within the spheres;  
And bowing, all adore the sov'reign mind,  
And fly to execute the work design'd.

This done, the guardian on the wing repairs 55  
Where Anna sat revolving public cares  
With deep concern of thought: unseen he stood,  
Presenting peaceful images of good  
On Fancy's airy stage; returning trade,  
A sunk Exchequer fill'd, an army paid, 60  
The fields with men, the men with plenty, blest,  
The towns with riches, and the world with rest.  
Such pleasing objects on her bosom play,  
And give the dawn of glory's golden day,

When all her labours at their harvest shown, 65  
Shall in her subjects' joy complete her own.  
Then breaking silence, "'Tis enough," she cries,  
"That war has rag'd to make the nations wise;  
"Heav'n prospers armies whilst they fight to save,  
"And thirst of further fame destroys the brave; 70  
"The vanquish'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,  
"And but escap'd the chains they meant to give.  
"Now let the pow'rs be still'd, and each possess  
"Of what secures the common safety best!"

So spake the Queen, then, fill'd with warmth divine,  
She call'd her Oxford to the grand design; 76  
Her Oxford! prudent in affairs of state,  
Profoundly thoughtful, manifestly great  
In ev'ry turn, whose steady temper steers  
Above the reach of gold or shock of fears; 80  
Whom no blind chance, but merit understood  
By frequent trials, pow'r of doing good,  
And will to execute, advanc'd on high;  
O Soul created to deserve the sky!  
And make the nation, crown'd with glory, see 85  
How much it rais'd itself by raising thee!  
Now let the schemes which labour in thy breast,  
The long alliance bless with lasting rest;  
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,  
And fix the sep'rate int'rests of the cause. 90

These toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,  
A genius fashion'd for the greatest ends,

Whose strong perception takes the swiftest flight,  
And yet its swiftness ne'er obscures its sight:  
When schemes are fix'd, and each assign'd a part, 95  
None serves his country with a nobler heart;  
Just thoughts of honour all his mind control,  
And expedition wings his lively soul.

On such a patriot to confer the trust,  
The monarch knows it safe, as well as just. 100

Then next proceeding in her agents' choice,  
And ever pleas'd that worth obtain the voice,  
She, from the list of high-distinguish'd fames,  
With pious Bristol gallant Strafford names;  
One form'd to stand a church's firm support, 105  
The other fitted to adorn a court;  
Both vers'd in bus'ness, both of fine address,  
By which experience leads to great success:  
And both to distant lands the monarch sends,  
And to their conduct Europe's peace commends. 110

Now ships unmoor'd to waft her agents o'er  
Spread all their sail, and quit the flying shore.  
The foreign agents reach th' appointed place,  
The Congress opens, and it will be peace.  
Methinks the war, like stormy winter, flies, 115  
When fairer months unveil the blueish skies,  
A flow'ry world the sweetest season spreads,  
And doves with branches flutter round their heads.  
Half-peopled Gaul, whom num'rous ills destroy,  
With wishful heart attends the promis'd joy. 120



For this prepares the Duke—Ah! sadly slain,  
'Tis grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:  
No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,  
For verse can only grant a life in fame;  
Yet could my praise, like spicy odours shed, 125  
In everlasting song embalm the dead,  
To realms that weeping heard the loss, I'd tell  
What courage, sense, and faith, with Brandon fell.

But Britain more than one for glory breeds,  
And polish'd Talbot to the charge succeeds, 130  
Whose far-projecting thoughts, maturely clear,  
Like glasses draw their distant objects near.  
Good parts, by gentle breeding much refin'd,  
And stores of learning, grace his ample mind;  
A cautious virtue regulates his ways, 135  
And honour gilds them with a thousand rays:  
To serve his nation, at his Queen's command  
He parts, commission'd for the Gallic land:  
With pleasure Gaul beholds him on her shore,  
And learns to love a name she fear'd before. 140

Once more aloft there meet for new debates  
The guardian angels of Europa's states,  
And mutual concord shines in ev'ry face,  
And ev'ry bosom glows with hopes of peace,  
While Britain's steps in one consent they praise, 145  
Then gravely mourn their other realms' delays,  
Their doubtful claims thro' seas of blood pursu'd,  
Their fears that Gallia fell but half subdu'd,



And all the reas'nings which attempt to show  
That war should ravage in the world below. 150

" Ah! fall'n estate of man! can rage delight!

" Wounds please the touch, or ruin charm the sight!

" Ambition make unlovely mischief fair!

" Or ever pride be Providence's care!

" When stern oppressors range the bloody field, 155

" 'Tis just to conquer, and unsafe to yield:

" There save the nations; but no more pursue,

" Nor in thy turn become oppressor too.

" Our rebel angels for ambition fell,

" And war in heav'n produc'd a fiend in hell." 160

Thus, with a soft concern for man's repose,

The tender guardians join to moan our woes,

Then awful rise, combin'd with all their might,

To find what fury, 'scap'd the den of Night,

The pleasing labours of their love withstands, 165

And spreads a wild distraction o'er the lands;

Their glitt'ring pinions sound in yielding air,

And watchful Providence approves the care.

In Flandria's soil, where campshavemark'd the plain,

The fiend, impetuous Discord, fix'd her reign; 170

A tent her royal seat. With full resort

Stern shapes of horror throng'd her busy court,

Blind Mischief, Ambush, close concealing Ire,

Loud Threat'nings, Ruin, arm'd with sword and fire,

Assaulting Fierceness, Anger wanting breath, 175

High redd'ning Rage, and various forms of death,

Dire imps of darkness, whom with gore she feeds,  
When war beyond its point of good proceeds.  
In Gallic armour, call'd, with alter'd name,  
Great love of Empire, to the field she came; 180  
Now, still supporting feud, she strives to hide  
Beneath that name, and only change the side;  
But as she whirl'd the rapid wheels around,  
Where mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground  
(A sullen, joyless sport), with searching eye 185  
The shining chiefs regard her as they fly;  
Then hov'ring, dart their beams of heav'nly light;  
She starts, the fury stands confess'd to fight,  
And grieves to leave the foil, and yells aloud;  
Her yells are answer'd by the sable crowd, 190  
And all on bat-like wings (if Fame be true)  
From Christian lands to Northern climates flew.

But rising murmurs from Britannia's shore  
With speed recall her watchful guardian o'er.  
He spreads his pinions, and, approaching near, 195  
These hints in scatter'd words assault his ear;  
"The people's pow'r—The grand alliance cross—  
"The peace is sep'rate—Our religion's lost."  
Led by the blatant voice along the skies,  
He comes where Faction over cities flies; 200  
A talking fiend, whom snaky locks disgrace,  
And num'rous mouths deform her dusky face,  
Whence lies are utter'd, whisper softly sounds,  
Sly doubts amaze, or innuendo wounds:

Within her arms are heaps of pamphlets seen, 205  
And these blaspheme the Saviour, those the Queen;  
Associate vices: thus with tongue and hand  
She shed her venom o'er the troubled land.

Now vex'd that Discord, and the baneful train  
That tends on Discord, fled the neighb'ring plain, 210  
She rag'd to madness when the guardian came,  
And downwards drove her with a sword of flame;  
A mountain gaping to the nether hell  
Receiv'd the fury, railing as she fell;  
The mountain closing o'er the fury lies, 215  
And stops her passage where she means to rise,  
And when she strives, or shifts her side for ease,  
All Britain rocks amidst her circling seas,

Now Peace returning after tedious woes,  
Restores the comforts of a calm repose: 220  
Then bid the warriors sheath their sanguin'd arms,  
Bid angry trumpets cease to sound alarms,  
Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,  
Red streaming colours furl around the spear,  
And each contending realm no longer jar, 225  
But pleas'd with rest, unharness all the war.

She comes, the blessing comes! where'er she moves  
New springing beauty all the land improves:  
More heaps of fragrant flow'rs the fields adorn,  
More sweet the birds salute the rosy morn, 230  
More lively green refreshes all the leaves,  
And in the breeze the corn more thickly waves.

She comes, the blessing comes in easy state,  
And forms of brightness all around her wait :  
Here smiling Safety, with her bosom bare, 235  
Securely walks, and cheerful Plenty there ;  
Here wondrous Sciences with eagles' sight,  
There liberal Arts, which make the world polite ;  
And open Traffic, joining hand in hand  
With honest Industry, approach the land. 240

O welcome, long desir'd, and lately found !  
Here fix thy seat upon the British ground ;  
Thy shining train around the nation send,  
While by degrees the loading taxes end :  
While caution calm, yet still prepar'd for arms, 245  
And foreign treaties, guard from foreign harms ;  
While equal Justice, hearing ev'ry cause,  
Makes ev'ry subject join to love the laws.

Where Britain's patriots in council meet,  
Let public safety rest at Anna's feet ; 250  
Let Oxford's schemes the path to plenty show,  
And thro' the realm increasing plenty go :  
Let arts and sciences in glory rise,  
And, pleas'd the world has leisure to be wise,  
Around their Oxford and their St. John stand, 255  
Like plants that flourish by the master's hand ;  
And safe in hope the sons of Learning wait  
Where Learning's self has fix'd her fair retreat :  
Let Traffic, cherish'd by the senate's care,  
On all the seas employ the wafting air ; 260

And Industry, with circulating wing,  
Thro' all the land the goods of Traffic bring.  
The blessings so dispos'd will long abide,  
Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts preside ;  
Great Ormond's arms the sword of caution wield, 265  
And hold Britannia's broad-protecting shield ;  
Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat  
By fair dispatch with ev'ry foreign state ;  
And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably shown,  
Makes Justice call his firm decrees her own. 270

Thus all that poets fancied heav'n of old  
May for the nation's present emblem hold :  
There Jove imperial sway'd, Minerva wise,  
And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the skies ;  
On arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight, 275  
Mars rein'd the war, and Themis judg'd the right :  
All mortals once beneficently great  
(As Fame reports), and rais'd in heav'nly state ;  
Yet sharing labours, still they shunn'd repose,  
To shed the blessings down by which they rose. 280

Illustrious Queen ! how Heav'n hath heard thy  
What stores of happiness attend thy cares ! [pray'rs !  
A church in safety fix'd, a state in rest,  
A faithful ministry, a people blest,  
And kings submissive at thy footstool thrown, 285  
That others' rights restore, or beg their own.  
Now rais'd with thankful mind, and rolling flow,  
In grand procession to the temple go,

By snow-white horses drawn, while sounding Fame  
Proclaims thy coming, praise exalts thy name; 290  
Fair Honour dress'd in robes adorns thy state,  
And on thy train the crowded nations wait,  
Who, pressing, view with what a temper'd grace  
The looks of majesty compose thy face,  
And mingling sweetness shines, or how thy dress, 295  
And how thy pomp an inward joy confess;  
Then fill'd with pleasures to thy glory due,  
With shouts, the chariot moving on, pursue.

As when the phoenix from Arabia flown  
(If any phoenix were like Anna known), 300  
His spice at Phœbus' shrine prepar'd to lay,  
Where'er their monarch cut his airy way,  
The gath'ring birds around the wonder flew,  
And much admir'd his shape, and much his hue,  
The tuft of gold that glow'd above his head, 305  
His spacious train with golden feathers spread,  
His gilded bosom speck'd with purple pride,  
And both his wings in glossy purple dy'd;  
He still pursues his way, with wond'ring eyes  
The birds attend, and follow where he flies. 310

Thrice happy Britons! if at last you know  
'Tis less to conquer than to want a foe;  
That triumphs still are made for war's decrease,  
When men by conquest rise to views of peace;  
That over toils for peace in view we run, 315  
Which gain'd, the world is pleas'd, and war is done.



Fam'd Blenheim's field, Ramillies' noble feat,  
Blaregni's desp'rate act of gallant heat,  
Or wondrous Winendale, are war pursu'd  
By wounds and death thro' plains with blood imbru'd;  
But good design to make the world be still, 321  
With human grace adorns the needful ill.

This end obtain'd, we close the scenes of rage,  
And gentler glories deck the rising age.

Such gentler glories, such reviving days, 325  
The nation's wishes, and the statesman's praise,  
Now pleas'd to shine, in golden order throng,  
Demand our annals, and enrich our song.

Then go where Albion's cliffs approach the skies  
(The fame of Albion so deserves to rise), 330  
And deep engrav'd for time, till time shall cease,  
Upon the stones their fair inscription place.

Iberia rent, the pow'r of Gallia broke,  
Batavia rescu'd from the threat'ned yoke,  
The royal Austrian rais'd, his realms restor'd, 335  
Great-Britain arm'd, triumphant, and ador'd,  
Its state enlarg'd, its peace restor'd again,  
Are blessings all adorning Anna's reign. 338



ELYSIUM.

IN airy fields, the fields of bliss below,  
Where woods of myrtle, set by Maro, grow,  
Where grass beneath, and shade diffus'd above,  
Refresh the fevers of distracted love;  
There at a solemn tide the beauties, slain  
By tender passion, act their fates again;  
Thro' gloomy light, that just betrays the grove,  
In orgies all disconsolately rove;  
They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies sweep,  
That nodding bend beneath their load of sleep,  
By lakes subsiding with a gentle face,  
And rivers gliding with a silent pace;  
Where kings and swains, by ancient authors sung,  
Now chang'd to flow'rets o'er the margin hung;  
The self-admirer, white Narcissus, so  
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below:  
In bells of azure hyacinth arose,  
In crimson painted young Adonis glows,  
The fragrant crocus shone with golden flame,  
And leaves inscrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.  
A sad remembrance brings their lives to view,  
And with their passion makes their tears renew,  
Unwinds the years, and lays the former scene,  
Where after death they live for deaths again.  
Lost by the glories of her lover's state,  
Deluded Semele bewails her fate,

And runs, and seems to burn, the flames arise  
And fan with idle fury as she flies.

The lovely Cænis, whose transforming shape  
Secur'd her honour from a second rape, 30  
Now moans the first, with ruffled dress appears,  
Feels her whole sex return, and bathes with tears,

The jealous Procris wipes a seeming wound,  
Whose trickling crimson dyes the bushy ground,  
Knows the sad shaft, and calls before she go, 35  
To kiss the fav'rite hand that gave the blow.  
Where ocean feigns a rage, the Sestian fair  
Holds a dim taper from a tow'r of air;  
A noiseless wind assaults the wav'ring light,  
The beauty tumbling mingles with the night. 40

Where curling shades for rough Leucate rose,  
With love distracted tuneful Sappho goes,  
Sings to mock cliffs a melancholy lay,  
And with a lover's leap affrights the sea.

The sad Eryphile retreats to moan, 45  
What wrought her husband's death and caus'd her  
Surveys the glitt'ring veil, the bribe of Fate, [own;  
And tears the shadow, but she tears too late.

In thin design and airy picture fleet  
The tales that stain the royal house of Crete : 50  
To court a lovely bull Pasiphaë flies,  
The snowy phantom feeds before her eyes,  
Lost Ariadne raves ; the thread she bore  
Trails on unwinding as she walks the shore ;

And Phædra, desp'rate, seeks the lonely groves, 55

To read her guilty letter while she roves :

Red shame confounds the first, the second wears

A starry crown, the third a halter bears.

Fair Laodamia mourns her nuptial night,

Of love defrauded by the thirst of fight ; 60

Yet for another as delusive cries,

And dauntless sees her Hero's ghost arise.

Here Thisbe, Canace, and Dido, stand,

All arm'd with swords, a fair, but angry band :

This sword a lover own'd ; a father gave 65

The next ; a stranger chanc'd the last to leave.

And there ev'n she, the goddess of the grove,

Join'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove ;

As once for Latmos she forsook the plain,

To steal the kisses of a slumb'ring swain ; 70

Around her head a starry fillet twines,

And at the front a silver crescent shines.

These, and a thousand and a thousand more,

With sacred rage recall the pangs they bore,

Strike the deep dart afresh, and ask relief, 75

Or sooth the wound with soft'ning words of grief.

At such a tide unheedful Love invades

The dark recesses of the madding shades ;

Thro' long descent he fans the fogs around,

His purple feathers as he flies resound : 80

The nimble beauties, crowding all to gaze,

Perceive the common troubler of their ease ;

Tho' dulling mists and dubious day destroy  
The fine appearance of the flutt'ring boy,  
Tho' all the pomp that glitters at his side 85  
The golden belt, the clasp and quiver, hide;  
And tho' the torch appear a gleam of white  
That faintly spots and moves in hazy night,  
Yet still they know the god, the gen'ral foe,  
And threat'ning lift their airy hands below. 90

From hence they lead him where a myrtle stood,  
The saddest myrtle in the mournful wood,  
Devote to vex the gods; 'twas here before  
Hell's awful empress soft Adonis bore,  
When the young hunter scorn'd her graver air, 95  
And only Venus warm'd his shadow there.

Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,  
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;  
He mourns, but vainly mourns, his angry fate,  
For beauty, still relentless, acts in hate. 100  
Tho' no offence be done, no judge be nigh,  
Love must be guilty by the common cry;  
For all are pleas'd, by partial passion led,  
To shift their follies on another's head.

Now sharp reproaches ring their shrill alarms, 105  
And all the heroines brandish all their arms,  
And ev'ry heroine makes it her decree  
That Cupid suffer just the same as she.  
To fix the desp'rate halter one assay'd,  
One seeks to wound him with an empty blade; 110

Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,  
 They fall in fancy, and he feels despair;  
 Some tofs the hollow seas around his head  
 (The seas that want a wave afford a dread),  
 Or shake the torch; the sparkling fury flies, 115  
 And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.

The mournful Myrrha bursts her rended womb,  
 And drowns his visage in a moist perfume;  
 While others, seeming mild, advise to wound  
 With hum'rous pains, by sly Derision found, 120  
 That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,  
 From whence the roses first begin to glow,  
 Or in their flames to singe the boy prepare,  
 That all should choose by wanton fancy where.

The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breast, 125  
 She too securely thro' the circle prest,  
 • Forgot the parent, urg'd his hasty fate,  
 And spurr'd the female rage beyond debate;  
 O'er all her scenes of frailty swiftly runs,  
 Absolves herself, and makes the crime her son's, 130  
 That, clasp'd in chains, with Mars she chanc'd to lie,  
 A noted fable of the laughing sky;  
 That from her love's intemp'rate heat began  
 Sicanian Eryx, born a savage man,  
 The loose Priapus, and the monster wight 135  
 In whom the sexes shamefully unite.

Nor words suffice the goddesses of the fair,  
 She snaps the rosy wreath that binds her hair,

Then on the god, who fear'd a fiercer woe,  
Her hands unpitying dealt the frequent blow; 140  
From all his tender skin a purple dew  
The dreadful scourges of the chaplet drew,  
From whence the rose, by Cupid ting'd before,  
Now, doubly tinging, flames with lustre more.

Here ends their wrath; the parent seems severe; 145  
The strokes unfit for little Love to bear;  
To save their foe the melting beauties fly,  
And, "Cruel Mother! spare thy child," they cry.  
To Love's account they plac'd their death of late,  
And now transfer the sad account to Fate: 150  
The mother pleas'd, beheld the storm assuage,  
Thank'd the calm mourners, and dismiss'd her rage.

Thus Fancy, once in dusky shade express'd,  
With empty terrors work'd the time of rest,  
Where wretched Love endur'd a world of woe 155  
For all a winter's length of night below;  
Then soar'd, as sleep dissolv'd, unchain'd away,  
And thro' the port of iv'ry reach'd the day.

As mindless of their rage, he slowly sails  
On pinions cumber'd in the misty vales 160  
(Ah, fool to light!) the Nymphs no more obey,  
Nor was this region ever his to sway:  
Cast in a deep'ned ring they close the plain,  
And seize the god reluctant all in vain. 164



## THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

WHERE waving pines the brows of Ida shade,  
The swain, young Paris, half supinely laid,  
Saw the loose flocks thro' shrubs unnumber'd rove,  
And piping call'd them to the gladdened grove :  
'Twas there he met the message of the skies, 5  
That he, the judge of beauty, deal the prize.

The message known, one Love with anxious mind,  
To make his mother guard the time assign'd,  
Drew forth her proud white swans, and trac'd the pair  
That wheel her chariot in the purple air : 10

A golden bow behind his shoulder bends,  
A golden quiver at his side depends ;  
Pointing to these he nods with fearless state,  
And bids her safely meet the grand debate.

Another love proceeds with anxious care, 15  
To make his iv'ry sleek the shining hair,  
Moves the loose curls, and bids the forehead show,  
In full expansion all its native snow.

A third enclasps the many-colour'd cest,  
And, rul'd by Fancy, sets the silver vest, 20  
When to her sons, with intermingled sighs,  
The goddess of the rosy lips applies.

" 'Tis now, my darling Boys ! a time to show  
" The love you feel, the filial aids you owe ;  
" Yet would we think that any dar'd to strive 25  
" For charms, when Venus and her Loves alive ?



“ Or, should the prize of beauty be deny’d,  
“ Has beauty’s Empress aught to boast beside?  
“ And ting’d with poison, pleasing while it harms,  
“ My darts I trusted to your infant arms; 30  
“ If when your hands have arch’d the golden bow,  
“ The world’s great Ruler bending owns the blow,  
“ Let no contending form invade my due,  
“ Tall Juno’s mien, nor Pallas’ eyes of blue;  
“ But grac’d with triumph, to the Paphian shore 35  
“ Your Venus bears the palms of conquest o’er,  
“ And joyful see my hundred altars there  
“ With costly gums perfume the wanton air.”

While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian dame,  
The groves resounded where a goddess came; 40  
The warlike Pallas march’d with mighty stride,  
Her shield forgot, her helmet laid aside;  
Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow’d,  
And peace, or something like, her visage show’d;  
So with her eyes serene, and hopeful haste, 45  
The long-stretch’d alleys of the wood she trac’d;  
But where the woods a second entrance found,  
With sceptred pomp and golden glory crown’d,  
The stately Juno stalk’d to reach the seat,  
And hear the sentence in the last debate; 50  
And long, severely long, resent the grove,  
In this what boots it she’s the wife of Jove.

Arm’d with a grace at length, secure to win,  
The lovely Venus smiling enters in;

All sweet and shining near the youth she drew, 55  
 Her rosy neck ambrosial odours threw;  
 The sacred scents diffus'd among the leaves,  
 Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary caves;  
 The charms, so am'rous all, and each so great,  
 The conquer'd Judge no longer keeps his seat; 60  
 Oppress'd with light, he drops his weary'd eyes,  
 And fears he should be thought to doubt the prize.

## A RIDDLE.

UPON a bed of humble clay,  
 In all her garments loose,  
 A prostitute my mother lay  
 To ev'ry comer's use;

Till one gallant, in heat of love, 5  
 His own peculiar made her,  
 And to region far above,  
 And softer beds, convey'd her.

But in his absence, to his place  
 His rougher rival came, 10  
 And with a cold constrain'd embrace  
 Begat me on the dame.

I then appear'd to public view  
 Creature wondrous bright,

Here crawls a preface on its half-burnt maggots,  
And there an introduction brings its faggots;  
Then roars the prophet of the Northern nation, 15  
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on moderation.  
Unwarn'd by this, go on the realm to fright,  
Thou Briton! vaunting on thy second sight:  
In such a ministry you safely tell  
How much you'd suffer if religion fell. 20

## MOSES.

To grace those lines which next appear to sight,  
The pencil shone with more abated light ;  
Yet still the pencil shone, the lines were fair,  
And awful Moses stands recorded there :  
Let his, replete with flames and praise divine, 5  
Let his the first rememb' red song be mine ;  
Then rise, my Thought ! and in thy prophet find  
What joy should warm thee for the work design'd ;  
To that great act, which rais'd his heart, repair,  
And find a portion of his spirit there. 10

A nation helpless and unarm'd I view,  
Whom strong revengeful troops of war pursue,  
Seasstop their flight, their camp must prove their grave ;  
Ah ! what can save them ? God alone can save.  
God's wondrous voice proclaims his high command,  
He bids their leader wave the sacred wand ; 15  
And where the billows flow'd they flow no more,  
A road lies naked, and they march it o'er.  
Safe may the sons of Jacob travel through !  
But why will hard'ned Egypt venture too ? 20  
Vain in thy rage, to think those waters flee,  
And rise like walls on either hand, for thee.  
The night comes on, the season for surprise,  
Yet fear not, Israel ! God directs thine eyes :  
A fiery cloud I see thine angel ride, 25  
His chariot is thy light, and he thy guide,

The day comes on, and half thy succours fail,  
Yet fear not, Israel! God will still prevail.

I see thine angel from before thee go,  
To make the wheels of vent'rous Egypt flow, 30  
His rolling cloud inwraps its beams of light,  
And what supply'd thy day prolongs their night.  
At length the dangers of the deep are run,  
The further brink is past, the bank is won;  
The leader turns to view the foes behind, 35  
Then waves his solemn wand within the wind.  
Oh, Nation freed by wonders! cease thy fear,  
And stand and see the Lord's salvation here.

Ye Tempests! now from ev'ry corner fly  
And wildiy rage in all my fancy'd sky. 40  
Roll on, ye Waters! as they roll'd before;  
Ye billows of my fancy'd ocean! roar;  
Dash high, ride foaming, mingle all the main;  
'Tis done—and Pharaoh can't afflict again.

The work, the wondrous work, of freedom's done,  
The winds abate, the clouds restore the sun, 46  
The wreck appears, the threat'ning army, drown'd,  
Floats o'er the waves to strew the sandy ground.

Then placethy Moses near the calming flood,  
Majestically mild, serenely good; 50  
Let meekness, lovely virtue, gently stream  
Around his visage like a lambent flame;  
Let grateful sentiments, let sense of love,  
Let holy zeal within his bosom move;

And while his people gaze the wat'ry plain, 55  
And fear's last touches like to doubts remain,  
While bright Astonishment, that seems to raise  
A questioning belief, is fond to praise,  
Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breast,  
Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd express. 60

“ I'll sing to God, I'll sing the songs of praise  
“ To God, triumphant in his wondrous ways;  
“ To God, whose glories in the seas excel,  
“ Where the proud horse and prouder rider fell.  
“ The Lord, in mercy kind, in justice strong, 65  
“ Is now my strength, this strength be now my song;  
“ This sure salvation such he proves to me,  
“ From danger rescu'd, and from bondage free.  
“ The Lord's my God, and I'll prepare his seat,  
“ My fathers' God, and I'll proclaim him great; 70  
“ Him Lord of battles, him renown'd in name,  
“ Him ever faithful, evermore the same;  
“ His gracious aids avenge his people's thrall,  
“ They make the pride of boasting Pharaoh fall;  
“ Within the seas his stately chariots lie, 75  
“ Within the seas his chosen captains die:  
“ The rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,  
“ They sunk like stones, they swiftly sunk below.  
“ Thine hand, my God! thine hand confess'd thy care,  
“ Thine hand was glorious in thy power there, 80  
“ It broke their troops, unequal for the fight,  
“ In all the greatness of excelling might:



“Thy wrath sent forward o’er the raging stream,  
“Swift, sure, and sudden, their destruction came :  
“They fell as stubble burns, while driving skies 85  
“Provoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.

“When blasts, dispatch’d with wonderful intent,  
“On sov’reign orders from thy nostrils went,  
“For our accounts the waters were afraid,  
“Perceiv’d thy presence, and together fled ; 90  
“In heaps uprightly plac’d they learn to stand,  
“Like banks of crystal by the paths of sand ; [pride,  
“Then fondly flush’d with hope, and swell’d with  
“And fill’d with rage, the foe profanely cry’d,  
“Secure of conquest, I’ll pursue their way ; 95  
“I’ll overtake them ; I’ll divide the prey ;  
“My lust I’ll satisfy, mine anger cloy ;

“My sword I’ll brandish, and their name destroy.”  
“How wildly threats their anger ? Hark ! above  
“New blasts of wind on new commission move, 100  
“To loose the fetters that confin’d the main,  
“And make its mighty waters rage again ;  
“Then overwhelm’d with their restless sway,  
“They sunk like lead, they sunk beneath the sea.

“Oh, who like thee, thou dreaded Lord of Hosts !  
“Among the gods whom all the nations boast, 106  
“Such acts of wonder and of strength displays ?  
“Oh great ! oh glorious, in thine holy ways !  
“Deserving praise, and that their praise appear  
“In signs of reverence and sense of fear. 110



“ With justice arm’d thou stretch’dst out thine hand,  
“ And earth between its gaping jaws of land  
“ Receiv’d its waters of the parted main,  
“ And swallow’d up the dark Egyptian train.  
“ With mercy rising on the weaker side, 115  
“ Thyself became the rescu’d people’s guide,  
“ And in thy strength they pass’d th’ amazing road,  
“ To reach thine holy mount, thy bless’d abode.

“ What thou hast done the neighb’ring realms shall  
“ And feel the strange report excite their fear, [hear;  
“ What thou hast done shall Edom’s Duke amaze, 121  
“ And make despair on Palestina seize ;

“ Shall make the warlike sons of Moab shake,  
“ And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak :  
“ In heavy damps, diffus’d on ev’ry breast, 125  
“ Shall cold distrust and hopeless terror rest.

“ The matchless greatness which thine hand has shown  
“ Shall keep their kingdoms as unmov’d as stone,  
“ While Jordan stops above, and fails below,  
“ And all thy flock across the channel go. 130

“ Thus on thy mercy’s silver-shining wing,  
“ Thro’ seas and streams thou wilt the nation bring,  
“ And as the rooted trees securely stand,  
“ So firmly plant it in the promis’d land,  
“ Where for thyself thou wilt a place prepare, 135  
“ And after-ages will thine altar rear ;  
“ There reign victorious in thy sacred seat,  
“ Oh, Lord ! for ever and for ever great.

“ Look, where the tyrant was but lately seen,  
“ The seas gave backward, and he ventur’d in: 140  
“ In yonder gulf with haughty pomp he show’d,  
“ Here march’d his horsemen, there his chariots rode,  
“ And when our God restor’d the floods again,  
“ Ah, vainly strong! they perish’d in the main;  
“ But Israel went a dry surprising way, 145  
“ Made safe by miracles amidst the sea.”

Here ceas’d the song, tho’ not the prophet’s joy,  
Which others’ hands and others’ tongues employ;  
For still the lays, with warmth divine express,  
Inflam’d his hearers to their inmost breast. 150  
Then Miriam’s notes the chorus sweetly raise,  
And Miriam’s timbrel gives new life to praise:  
The moving sounds, like soft delicious wind  
That breath’d from Paradise, a passage find,  
Shed sympathies for odours as they rove, 155  
And fan the risings of enkindled love.

O’er all the crowd the thought inspiring flew,  
The women follow’d with their timbrels too,  
And thus from Moses, where his strains arose,  
They catch’d a rapture to perform the close. 160

“ We’ll sing to God, we’ll sing the songs of praise,  
“ To God triumphant in his wondrous ways;  
“ To God, whose glories in the seas excel,  
“ Where the proud horse—and prouder rider fell.”

Thus Israel, raptur’d with the pleasing thought  
Of freedom wish’d and wonderfully got, 166

Made cheerful thanks from ev'ry bank resound,  
Express'd by songs, improv'd in joy by sound.  
Oh, sacred Moses! each insuling line  
That mov'd their gratitude was part of thine; 170  
And still the Christians in thy numbers view  
The type of baptism and of heav'n too:  
So souls from water rise to grace below,  
So saints from toil to praise and glory go.

Oh, grateful Miriam! in thy temper wrought, 175  
Too warm for silence or inventing thought;  
Thy part of anthem was to warble o'er  
In sweet response what Moses sung before:  
Thou led the public voice to join his lays,  
And words redoubling well redoubled praise: 180  
Receive thy title, Prophetess was thine,  
When here thy practice shew'd the form divine.  
The spirit thus approv'd, resign'd in will,  
The Church bows down, and hears responses still.

Nor slightly suffer tuneful Jubal's name 185  
To miss his place among the sons of Fame,  
Whose sweet infusions could of old inspire  
The breathing organs and the trembling lyre:  
Father of these on earth, whose gentle soul  
By such engagements could the mind control, 190  
If holy verses aught to music owe,  
Be that thy large account of thanks below;  
Whilst then the timbrels lively pleasure gave,  
And now whilst organs sound sedately grave.

My first attempt the finish'd course commends; 195  
Now, Fancy! flag not as that subject ends,  
But, charm'd with beauties which attend thy way,  
Ascend, harmonious, in the next essay.  
So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly,  
She mounts, she warbles, on the wind on high; 200  
She falls from thence, and seems to drop her wing,  
But, ere she lights to rest, remounts to sing.

It is not far the days have roll'd their years  
Before the second bright'ned work appears;  
It is not far, alas! the faulty cause 205  
Which from the prophet sad reflection draws;  
Alas! that blessings in possession cloy,  
And peevish murmurs are preferr'd to joy;  
That favour'd Israel could be faithless still,  
Or question God's protecting pow'r or will; 210  
Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,  
And long for Egypt and their bonds again.  
Scarce thrice the sun, since hard'ned Pharaoh dy'd,  
As bridegrooms issue forth with glitt'ring pride,  
Rejoicing rose, and let the nation see 215  
Three shining days of easy liberty,  
Ere the mean fears of want produc'd within  
Vain thought, replenish'd with rebellious sin.

Oh, look not, Israel! to thy former way,  
God cannot fail, and either wait or pray. 220  
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands  
Lot's hapless wife a strange example stands;

She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,  
And wrath as fierce may meet resembling sin:  
Then forward move thy camp, and forward still, 225  
And let sweet Mercy bend thy stubborn will.

At thy complaint a branch in Marah cast,  
With sweet'ning virtue mends the water's taste;  
At thy complaint the lab'ring tempest fails,  
And drives afore a wondrous shower of quails; 230  
In tender grass the falling manna lies,  
And heav'n itself the want of bread supplies:  
The rock divided flows upon the plain

At thy complaint, and still thou wilt complain.  
As thus employ'd thou went the desert through, 235  
Lo! Sinai Mount uprear'd its head to view;  
Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly-rolling cloud,  
Thine ears the trumpet shrill, the thunder loud;

The forky lightning shot in livid gleam;  
The smoke arose; the mountain, all a flame, 240  
Quak'd to the depths, and work'd with signs of awe,  
While God descended to dispense the law;  
Yet neither mercy, manifest in might,  
Nor pow'r in terrors, could preserve thee right.

Provok'd with crimes of such an heinous kind, 245  
Almighty justice sware the doom design'd,  
That they should never reach the promis'd seat,  
And Moses greatly mourns their hasten'd fate.

I'll think him now retir'd to public care,  
While night in pitchy plumes slides soft in air; 250

I'll think him giving what the guilty sleep,  
 To thoughts where Sorrow glides and Numbers weep;  
 Sad thoughts of woes, that reign where such prevail,  
 And man's short life, tho' not so short as frail.  
 Within this circle for his inward eyes, 255  
 He bids the fading low creation rise,  
 And straight the train of mimic senses brings  
 The dusky shapes of transitory things;  
 Thro' pensive shades the visions seem to range,  
 They seem to flourish, and they seem to change; 260  
 A moon decreasing runs the silent sky,  
 And sickly birds on moulting feathers fly;  
 Men walking count their days of blessing o'er,  
 The blessings vanish, and the tale's no more;  
 Still hours of nightly watches steal away, 265  
 Big waters roll, green blades of grass decay;  
 Then all the pensive shades, by just degrees,  
 Grow faint in prospect, and go off with these:  
 But while th' affecting notions pass along,  
 He chuses such as best adorn his song, 270  
 And thus with God the rising lays began,  
 God ever reigning, God compar'd with man;  
 And thus they move to man beneath his rod,  
 Man deeply sinning, man chastis'd by God.

" Oh, Lord! oh, Saviour! tho' thy chosen band 275  
 " Have stay'd like strangers in a foreign land,  
 " Thro' number'd ages which have run their race,  
 " Still has thy mercy been our dwelling-place;



- “ Before the most exalted dust of earth,  
“ The stately mountains had receiv’d a birth, 280  
“ Before the pillars of the world were laid,  
“ Before the habitable parts were made,  
“ Thou wert their God, from thee their rise they drew,  
“ Thou great for ages, great for ever too.  
“ Man (mortal creature!) fram’d to feel decays, 285  
“ Thine unresisted pow’r at pleasure sways;  
“ Thou say’st, Return, and parting souls obey;  
“ Thou say’st, Return, and bodies fall to clay:  
“ For what’s a thousand fleeting years with thee?  
“ Or time, compar’d with long eternity? 290  
“ Whose wings expanding, infinitely vast,  
“ O’erstretch its utmost ends of first and last:  
“ ’Tis like those hours that lately saw the sun,  
“ He rose, and set, and all the day was done;  
“ Or like the watches which dread night divide, 295  
“ And, while we slumber, unregarded glide,  
“ When all the present seems a thing of nought,  
“ And past and future close to waking thought,  
“ As raging floods, when rivers swell with rain,  
“ Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain, 300  
“ So swift and strong thy wondrous might appears,  
“ So life is carried down the rolling years.  
“ As heavy sleep pursues the day’s retreat  
“ With dark, with silent, and unactive state,  
“ So life’s attended on by certain doom, 305  
“ And death’s their rest, their resting-place a tomb;

“ It quickly rises, and it quickly goes,  
“ And youth its morning, age its ev’ning shows.  
“ Thus tender blades of grass, when beams diffuse,  
“ Rise from the pressure of their early dews, 310  
“ Point tow’rds the skies their elevated spires,  
“ And proudly flourish in their green attires;  
“ But soon (ah, fading state of things below!)  
“ The scythe destructive mows the lovely show;  
“ The rising sun thus saw their glories high, 315  
“ That sun descended sees their glories die.

“ We still with more than common haste of Fate  
“ Are doom’d to perish in thy kindled hate;  
“ Our public sins for public justice call,  
“ And stand like marks on which thy judgments fall;  
“ Our secret sins, that folly thought conceal’d, 321  
“ Are in thy light for punishment reveal’d.  
“ Beneath the terrors of thy wrath divine  
“ Our days unmix’d with happiness decline,  
“ Like empty stories, tedious, short, and vain, 325  
“ And never, never more recall’d again.  
“ Yet what were life, if to the longest date  
“ Which we have nam’d a life we back’ned Fate?  
“ Alas! its most computed length appears  
“ To reach the limits but of seventy years; 330  
“ And if by strength to fourscore years we go,  
“ That strength is labour, and that labour woe;  
“ Then will thy term expire, and thou must fly,  
“ Oh, Man! Oh, Creature! surely born to die.

“ But who regards a truth so thoroughly known? 335

“ Who dreads a wrath so manifestly shown?

“ Who seems to fear it, tho’ the danger vies

“ With any pitch to which our fear can rise?

“ O! teach us so to number all our days,

“ That these reflections may correct our ways; 340

“ That these may lead us from delusive dreams,

“ To walk in heav’nly Wisdom’s golden beams.

“ Return, O Lord! how long shall Israel sin?

“ How long thine anger be preserv’d within?

“ Before our time’s irrevocably past, 345

“ Be kind, be gracious, and return at last;

“ Let favour soon dispens’d, our souls employ,

“ And still remember’d favour live in joy:

“ Send years of comforts for our years of woes,

“ Send these, at least, of equal length with those; 350

“ Shine on thy flock, and on their offspring shine;

“ With tender mercy (sweetest act divine)

“ Bright rays of majesty, serenely shed,

“ To rest in glories on the nation’s head;

“ Our future deeds with approbation bless, 355

“ And, in the giving them, give us success. ’

Thus, with forgiveness earnestly desir’d,

Thus, in the raptures of a bliss requir’d,

The man of God concludes his sacred strain,

Now sit and see the subject once again. 360

See ghastly Death, where deserts all around

Spread forth the barren undelightful ground,

There stalks the silent melancholy shade,  
His naked bones reclining on a spade ;  
And thrice the spade with solemn sadness heaves, 365  
And thrice earth opens in the form of graves ;  
His gates of darkness gape to take him in,  
And where he soon would sink he's push'd by sin.

Poor Mortals ! here your common picture know,  
And with yourselves in this acquainted grow ; 370  
Thro' life with airy thoughtless pride you range,  
And vainly glitter in the sphere of change,  
A sphere where all things but for time remain,  
Where no fix'd stars with endless glory reign,  
But meteors only, short-liv'd meteors, rise, 375  
To shine, shoot down, and die, beneath the skies.

There is an hour, ah ! who that hour attends ?  
When man, the gilded vanity, descends ;  
When foreign force, or waste of inward heat,  
Constrain the soul to leave its ancient seat ; 380  
When banish'd Beauty from her empire flies,  
And, with a languish, leaves the sparkling eyes ;  
When soft'ning music and persuasion fail,  
And all the charms that in the tongue prevail ;  
When spirits stop their course, when nerves unbrace,  
And outward action and perception cease ; 386  
'Tis then the poor deform'd remains shall be  
That naked skeleton we seem'd to see.

Make this thy mirror if thou would'st have bliss ;  
No flatt'ring image shews itself in this ; 390

But such as lays the lofty looks of pride,  
And makes cool thought in humble channel glide;  
But such as clears the cheats of Error's den,  
Whence magic mists surround the souls of men;  
When self-delusion's trains adorn their flight, 395  
As snow's fair feathers fleet to darken sight;  
Then rest, and in the work of fancy spread;  
To gay-wav'd plumes for ev'ry mortal's head.  
These empty forms, when Death appears, disperse,  
Or melt in tears upon its mournful herse: 400  
The sad reflection forces men to know  
Life surely sails and swiftly flies below.  
Oh! lest thy folly lose the profit sought,  
Oh! never touch it with a glancing thought,  
As men to glasses come, and straight withdraw, 405  
And straight forget what sort of face they saw;  
But fix, intently fix, thine inward eyes,  
And in the strength of this great truth be wise:  
If on the globe's dim side our senses stray,  
Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day, 410  
Death seems long sleep, and hopes of heav'nly beams,  
Deceitful wishes, big with distant dreams;  
But if our reason purge the carnal sight,  
And place its objects in their juster light,  
We change the side, from dreams on earth we move,  
And wake thro' death to rising life above. 416

Here o'er my soul a solemn silence reigns,  
Preparing thought for new celestial strains;

The former vanish off, the new begin,  
The solemn silence stands like night between ; 420  
In whose dark bosom day departing lies,  
And day succeeding takes a lovely rise.  
But tho' the song be chang'd, be still the same,  
And still the prophet, in my lines the same ;  
With care renew'd, upon the children dwell, 425  
Whose sinful fathers in the desert fell ;  
With care renew'd, if any care can do,  
Ah ! lest they sin, and lest they perish too.

Go seek for Moses at yon' sacred tent,  
On which the Presence makes a bright descent. 430  
Behold the cloud with radiant glory fair,  
Like a wreath'd pillar, curls itself in air !  
Behold it hov'ring just above the door,  
And Moses meekly kneeling on the floor ;  
But if the gazing turn thy edge of sight, 435  
And darkness spring from unsupported light,  
Then change the sense, be sight in hearing drown'd,  
While these strange accents from the vision sound.

“ The time, my Servant, is approaching nigh,  
“ When thou shalt gather'd with thy fathers lie, 440  
“ And soon thy nation, quite forgetful grown  
“ Of all the glories which mine arm has shown,  
“ Shall thro' my covenant perversely break,  
“ Despise my worship, and my name forsake,  
“ By customs conquer'd, where to rule they go, 445  
“ And serving gods that can't protect their foe.



" Displeas'd at this, I'll turn my face aside  
 " Till sharp Affliction's rod reduce their pride;  
 " Till brought to better mind they seek relief,  
 " By good confessions in the midst of grief. 450  
 " Then write thy song, to stand a witness still  
 " Of favours past, and of my future will;  
 " For I their vain conceits before discern;  
 " Then writethy song, which Israel's sons shall learn."

As thus the wondrous voice its charge repeats, 455  
 The prophet musing deep within repeats,  
 He seems to feel it on a streaming ray  
 Pierce thro' the soul, enlight'ning all its way;  
 And much obedient will, and free desire,  
 And much his love of Jacob's seed, inspire; 460  
 And much, oh! much above the warmth of those  
 The sacred Spirit in his bosom glows;  
 Majestic Notion seems decrees to nod,  
 And holy Transport speaks the words of God.

He now returns, the finish'd roll he brings, 465  
 Enrich'd with strains of past and future things;  
 The priests in order to the tent repair,  
 The gather'd Tribes attend the elders there:  
 Oh! sacred Mercy's inexhausted store!  
 Shall these have warning of their faults before! 470  
 Shall these be told the recompenses due!  
 Shall heav'n and earth be call'd to witness too!  
 Then still the tumult, if it will be so,  
 Let fear to lose a word its caution show;

Let close Attention in dead calm appear, 475  
And softly, softly steal with silence near,  
While Moses, rais'd above the list'ning throng,  
Pronounces thus, in all their ears, the song.

"Hear, oh ye Heav'ns! creation's lofty show,  
"Hear, oh thou heav'n-encompass'd Earth below!  
"As silver show'rs of gently dropping rain, 481  
"As honey dews distilling on the plain,  
"As rain, as dews, for tender grass design'd,  
"So shall my speeches sink within the mind,  
"So sweetly turn the soul's enliv'ning food, 485  
"So fill and cherish hopeful seeds of good,  
"For now my numbers to the world abroad  
"Will loudly celebrate the name of God.

"Ascribe, thou Nation! ev'ry favour'd tribe  
"Excelling greatness to the Lord ascribe; 490  
"The Lord! the Rock! on whom we safely trust,  
"Whose work is perfect, and whose ways are just;  
"The Lord! whose promise stands for ever true;  
"The Lord! most righteous, and most holy too.

"Ah! worse election! ah! the bonds of sin! 495  
"They chuse themselves to take corruption in;  
"They stain their souls with vice's deepest blots,  
"When only frailties are his children's spots:  
"Their thoughts, words, actions, all are run astray,  
"And none more crooked, more perverse, than they.

"Say, rebel Nation! and unwisely light, 501  
"Say, will thy folly thus the Lord requite?

- " Or is he not the God who made thee free,  
 " Whose mercy purchas'd, and establish'd thee?  
 " Remember well the wondrous days of old, 505  
 " The years of ages long before thee told;  
 " Ask all thy fathers, who the truth will show,  
 " Or ask thine elders, for thine elders know.  
 " When the Most High, with sceptre pointed down,  
 " Describ'd the realms of each beginning crown; 510  
 " When Adam's offspring, providential care,  
 " To people countries, scatter'd here and there,  
 " He to the limits of their lands confin'd,  
 " That favour'd Israel has its part assign'd;  
 " For Israel is the Lord's, and gains the place 515  
 " Reserv'd for those whom he would chuse to grace.  
 " Him in the desert, him his mercy found,  
 " Where Famine dwells, and howling deafs the ground;  
 " Where dread is felt, by savage noise increas'd,  
 " Where Solitude crests its seat on waste; 520  
 " And there he led him, and he taught him there,  
 " And safely kept him with a watchful care;  
 " The tender apples of our heedful eye  
 " Not more in guard, nor more securely lie.  
 " And as an eagle, that attempts to bring 525  
 " Her, unexperienc'd, young to trust the wing,  
 " Stirs up her nest, and flutters o'er their heads,  
 " And all the forces of her pinions spreads,  
 " And takes and bears them on her plumes above,  
 " To give peculiar proof of royal love; 530

“ ’Twas so the Lord, the gracious Lord alone,  
“ With kindness most peculiar led his own ;  
“ As no strange god concurr’d to make him free,  
“ So none had pow’r to lead him through but he.  
“ To lands excelling lands, and planted high, 535  
“ That boasts the kindest influencing sky,  
“ He brought, he bore him, on the wings of grace,  
“ To taste the plenties of the ground’s increase ;  
“ Sweet dropping honey from the rocky soil,  
“ From flinty rocks the smoothly flowing oil, 540  
“ The gilded butter from the stately kine,  
“ The milk with which the dugs of sheep decline,  
“ The marrow-fatness of the tender lambs,  
“ The bulky breed of Basan’s goats and rams,  
“ The finest flow’ry-wheat that crowns the plain, 545  
“ Distends its husk, and loads the blade with grain ;  
“ And still he drank, from ripe delicious heaps  
“ Of clusters press’d, the purest blood of grapes :  
“ But thou art wanton fat, and kickest now ;  
“ Oh ! well directed ; oh ! Jeshuran, thou ; 550  
“ Thou soon wert fat, thy sides were thickly grown,  
“ Thy fatness deeply cover’d every bone ;  
“ Then wanton fulness vain oblivion brought,  
“ And God that made, and sav’d thee, was forgot.  
“ While gods of foreign lands, and rites abhor’d, 555  
“ To jealousies and anger mov’d the Lord ;  
“ While gods thy fathers never knew were own’d,  
“ And fiends themselves with sacrifice aton’d.

“ Oh ! fools, unmindful whence your order’d frame,  
 “ And whence your life-infusing spirit, came : 560  
 “ Such strange corruptions could his hate provoke,  
 “ And thus their fate his indignation spoke :  
 “ It is decreed, I’ll hide my face, and see  
 “ When I forsake them, what their end shall be ;  
 “ For they’re a froward, very froward strain ! 365  
 “ They promise duty, but return disdain.  
 “ Within my soul they’ve rais’d a jealous flame,  
 “ By new-nam’d gods, and only gods in name ;  
 “ They make the burnings of my anger glow  
 “ By guilty vanity’s displeasing show, 570  
 “ I’ll also teach their jealousy to fret  
 “ At such as are not form’d a people yet ;  
 “ I’ll make their anger vex their inward breast,  
 “ When such as have not known my laws are blest.  
 “ A fire, a fire, that nothing can assuage, 575  
 “ Is kindled in the fierceness of my rage,  
 “ To burn the depths, consume the land’s increase,  
 “ And on the mountains’ strong foundations seize.  
 “ Thick heaps of mischief on their heads I send,  
 “ And all mine arrows wing’d with fury spend. 580  
 “ Slow parching death, and pestilential heat,  
 “ Shall bring the bitter pangs of ling’ring fate.  
 “ The teeth of beasts shall swift destruction bring ;  
 “ The serpents’ wound them with envenom’d sting ;  
 “ The sword without, and dread within, consume 585  
 “ The youth and virgin in their lovely bloom ;

“ Weak tender Infancy by suckling fed,  
“ And helpless Age with hoary-frosted head.  
“ I said I’d scatter all the sinful race,  
“ I said I’d make its mere remembrance cease, 590  
“ But that! I fear’d the foes’ unruly pride,  
“ Their glory vaunted, and my pow’r deny’d.  
“ While thus they boast, our arm has shewn us brave;  
“ And God did nothing, for he could not save:  
“ So fond their thoughts are, so remote of sense, 595  
“ And blind in ev’ry course of Providence.  
“ O did they know to what my judgments tend!  
“ O would they ponder on their latter-end!  
“ They soon would find, that when upon the field  
“ One makes a thousand, two ten thousand yield, 600  
“ The Lord of Hosts has sold a rebel state,  
“ And sure enclos’d it in the nets of Fate:  
“ For what’s another’s rock compar’d with ours!  
“ Let them be judges that have prov’d their pow’rs,  
“ That on their own have vainly call’d for aid, 605  
“ While ours to freedom and to glory led.  
“ Their vine, indeed, may seem to flourish fair,  
“ But yet it grows in Sodom’s tainted air;  
“ It sucks corruption from Gomorrah’s fields,  
“ And galls for grapes in bitter clusters yields, 610  
“ And poison sheds for wine, like that which comes  
“ From asps’ and dragons’ death-infected gums.  
“ And are not these their hateful sins reveal’d,  
“ And in my treasures for my justice seal’d?



- “ To me the province of revenge belongs, 615  
“ To me the certain recompense of wrongs ;  
“ Their feet shall totter in appointed time,  
“ And threat’ning danger overtake their crime,  
“ For wing’d with feather’d haste the minutes fly,  
“ To bring those things that must afflict them nigh. 620  
“ The Lord will judge his own and bring them low,  
“ And then repent, and turn upon the foe ;  
“ And when the judgments from his own remove,  
“ Will thus the foe convincingly reprove.  
“ Where are the gods, the rock, to whom in vain 625  
“ Your off’rings have been made, your victims slain ?  
“ Let them arise, let them afford their aid,  
“ And with Protection’s shield surround your head.  
“ Know then your Maker, I the Lord am he,  
“ Nor ever was there any god with me ; 630  
“ And death or life, or wounds or health, I give,  
“ Nor can another from my pow’r relieve.  
“ With solemn state I lift my arm on high,  
“ Above the glories of the lofty sky ;  
“ And by myself majestically swear 635  
“ I live for ever, and for ever there.  
“ If in my rage the glitt’ring sword I whet,  
“ And sternly sitting take the judgment-seat,  
“ My just awarding sentence dooms my foe,  
“ And vengeance wields the blade, and gives the blow ;  
“ And deep in flesh the blade of fury bites, 641  
“ And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,

“ And both grow drunk with blood defil’d in sin,

“ When executions of revenge begin.

“ Then let his nation in a common voice, 645

“ And with his nation let the world, rejoice :

“ For whether he for crimes or trials spill

“ His servants’ blood, he will avenge it still :

“ He’ll break the troops, he’ll scatter them afar

“ Who vex our realm with desolating war, 650

“ And on the favour’d Tribes, and on the land,

“ Shed victories and peace from Mercy’s hand.”

Here ceas’d the song, and Israel look’d behind,

And gaz’d before, with unconfining mind,

And, fix’d in silence and amazement, saw 655

The strokes of all their state beneath the law.

Their recollection does its light present,

To shew the mountain bless’d with God’s descent,

To shew their wand’rings, their unfix’d abode, -

And all their guidance in the desert road: 660

Then where the beams of recollection go,

To leave the fancy dispossest’d of show,

The fairer light of prophesy’s begun,

Which op’ning future days supplies their sun :

By such a sun (and fancy needs no more) 665

They see the coming times, and walk them o’er ;

And now they gain that rest their travail sought,

Now milk and honey stream along the thought ;

Anon they feel their souls, the blessings cloy,

And God’s forgot in full excess of joy: 670

And oft' they sin, and oft' his anger burns,  
And ev'ry nation's made their scourge by turns;  
Till oft repenting, they convert to God,  
And he repenting too destroys the rod.

O Nation! timely warn'd in sacred strain, 675

O never let thy Moses sing in vain;  
Dare to be good, and happiness prolong,  
Or if thy folly will fulfil the song,  
At least be found the seldomer in ill,

And still repent, and soon repent thee still. 680

When such fair paths thou shalt avoid to tread,

Thy blood will rest upon thy sinful head;

Thy crime by lasting will secure thy foe,

The gracious warning to the Gentiles go,

And all the world, that's call'd to witness here, 685

Convinc'd by thine example, learn to fear.

The Gentile world, a mystic Israel grown,

Will in thy first condition find their own;

A God's descent, a pilgrimage below,

And promis'd rest where living waters flow: 690

They'll see the pen, describe in ev'ry trace

The frowns of anger, or the smiles of grace;

Why mercy turns aside and leaves to shine,

What cause provokes the jealousy divine;

Why justice kindles dire-avenging flames, 695

What endless pow'r the lifted arm proclaims;

Why mercy shines again with cheerful ray,

And glory double-gilds the lightsome day.

Tho' nations change, and Israel's empire dies,  
Yet still the case on earth again may rise; 700  
Eternal Providence its rule retains,  
And still preserves, and still applies, the strains.

'Twas such a gift the prophet's sacred pen,  
On his departure, left the sons of men.  
Thus he, and thus the swan her breath resigns 705  
(Within the beauty of poetic lines),  
He white with innocence, his figure she,  
And both harmonious, but the sweeter he.  
Death learns to charm, and while it leads to bliss,  
Has found a lovely circumstance in this, 710  
To suit the meekest turn of easy mind,  
And actions cheerful in an air resign'd.

Thou Flock, whom Moses to thy freedom led,  
How wilt thou lay the venerable dead!  
Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew) 715  
Go build a pyramid to glory due;  
Square the broad base, with sloping sides arise,  
And let the point diminish in the skies;  
There leave the corpse, impending o'er his head  
The wand whose motion winds and waves obey'd.  
On sable banners to the sight describe 721  
The painted arms of ev'ry mourning tribe.  
And thus may public grief adorn the tomb  
Deep streaming downwards thro' the vaulted room.  
On the black stone a fair inscription raise, 725  
That sums his government, to speak his praise,

And may the style as brightly worth proclaim,  
As if Affection with a pointed beam  
Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or Honour due  
Had with itself inlaid the tablet through. 730

But stop the pomp that is not man's to pay,  
For God will grace him in a nobler way;  
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heav'nly state,  
With splendid forms and light serene replete;  
I hear the sound of flutt'ring wings in air, 735  
I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:  
They fly, they bear, they rest, on Nebo's head,  
And in thick glory wrap the rev'rend dead.  
This errand crowns his songs, and tends to prove  
His near communion with the quire above. 740

Now swiftly down the steepy mount they go,  
Now swiftly glides their shining orb below,  
And now moves off where rising grounds deny  
To spread their valley to the distant eye.  
Ye blest'd Inhabitants of glitt'ring air! 745

You've born the prophet, but we know not where.  
Perhaps lest Israel, over-fondly led,  
In rating worth when envy leaves the dead,  
Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,  
Make him their idol, and his grave the shrine. 750  
But what disorder? what repels the light?  
And ere its season forces on the night?  
Why sweep the spectres o'er the blasted ground?  
What shakes the Mount with hollow-roaring sound?

Hell rolls beneath it, Terror stalks before 755  
With shrieks and groans, and Horror bursts a door,  
And Satan rises in infernal state,  
Drawn up by Malice, Envy, Rage, and Hate;  
A dark'ning vapour with sulphureous steam,  
In pitchy curlings, edg'd by sullen flame, 760  
And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,  
Drives whirling up on mad Confusion's storm.

Then fiercely burning where the prophet dy'd,  
"Nor shall thy nation 'scape my wrath," he cry'd;  
"This corpse I'll enter, and thy flock mislead, 765  
"And all thy miracles my lies shall aid.  
"But where?—He's gone, and by the scented sky,  
"The fav'rite courtiers have been lately nigh.  
"Oh! slow to bus'ness, curs'd in mischief's hour;  
"Trace on their odours, and if hell has pow'r—"  
This said, with spite, and with a bent for ill, 771  
He shot with fury from the trembling hill.

In vain, proud Fiend, thy threats are half express'd,  
And half lie choking in thy scornful breast;  
His shining bearers have perform'd their right, 775  
And laid him softly down in shades of night.  
A warrior heads the band, great Michael he,  
Renown'd for victories in wars with thee;  
A sword of flame to stop thy course he bears,  
Nor has thy rage avail'd, nor can thy snares. 780  
The Lord rebuke thy pride, he meekly cries;  
The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.



Here Moses leaves my song, the Tribes retire,  
The desert flies, and forty years expire.  
And now, my Fancy! for a while be still, 785  
And think of coming down from Nebo's hill:  
Go, search among thy forms, and thence prepare  
A cloud in folds of soft surrounding air:  
Go, find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,  
To waft thee gently-rock'd in open sky ; 790  
Then stealing back to leave a silent calm,  
And thee reposing in a grove of palm ;  
The place will suit my next succeeding strain,  
And I'll awake thee soon to sing again. 794

## DEBORAH.

**T**IME! fire of years, unfold thy leaf anew,  
And still the past recall to present view;  
Spread forth thy circles, swiftly gaze them o'er,  
But where an action's nobly sung before,  
There stop and stay for me, whose thoughts design  
To make another's song resound in mine.  
Pass where the priests' procession bore the law,  
When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe  
While Israel march'd upon the naked sand,  
Admir'd the wonder, and obtain'd the land;      10  
Slide thro' the num'rous fates of Canaan's kings,  
While Conquests rode on Expedition's wings;  
Glance over Israel at a single view,  
In bondage oft', and oft' unbound anew,  
'Till Jabin rise, and Deb'rah stand enroll'd      15  
Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.

Oh! king subdu'd! oh! woman born to fame!  
Oh! wake my fancy for the glorious theme;  
Oh! wake my fancy with the sense of praise,  
Oh! wake with warblings of triumphant lays;      20  
The land you rise in sultry suns invade,  
But when you rise to sing you'll find a shade.  
Those trees, in order and with verdure crown'd,  
The sacred prophets's tent surround,  
And that fair palm a-front exactly plac'd,      25  
That overtops and overspreads the rest,

Near the firm root a mossy bank supports,  
 Where Justice opens unexpensive courts,  
 There Deb'rah sits, the willing Tribes repair,  
 Refer their causes, and she judges there; 30  
 Nor needs a guard to bring her subjects in,  
 Each grace, each virtue, proves a guard unseen,  
 Nor wants the penalties enforcing law,  
 While great Opinion gives effectual awe.

Now twenty years that roll'd in heavy pain, 35  
 Saw Jabin gail them with Oppression's chain,  
 When she, submissive to divine command,  
 Proclaims a war for freedom o'er the land,  
 And bids young Barak with those men descend,  
 Whom in the mountains he for battle train'd. 40  
 "Go," says the prophets, "thy foes assail;  
 "Go, make ten thousand over all prevail;  
 "Make Jabin's captains feel thine edged sword,  
 "Make all his army—God has spoke the word."  
 He, fit for war, and Israel's hope in fight, 45  
 Yet doubts the number, and by that the fight;  
 Then thus replies, with wish to stand secure,  
 Or eager thought to know the conquest sure:  
 "Belov'd of God, lend thou thy presence too,  
 "And I with gladness lead th' appointed few; 50  
 "But if thou wilt not, let thy Son deny,  
 "For what's ten thousand men, or what am I?"  
 "If so," she cries, "a share of toil be mine,  
 "Another share, and some dishonour, thine;

“ For God, to punish doubt, resolves to show 55  
“ That less than numbers can suppress his foe :  
“ You’ll move to conquer, and the foes to yield,  
“ But ’tis a woman’s act secures the field.”

Now seem the warriors in their ranks assign’d,  
Now furling banners flutter in the wind ; 60  
Her words encourage, and his actions lead,  
Hope spurs them forward, Valour draws the blade,  
And Freedom, like a fair reward for all,  
Stands reaching forth her hands, and seems to call.

On t’other side, and almost o’er the plain, 65  
Proud Sis’ra, Jabin’s captain, brings his men,  
As thick as locusts on the vintage fly,  
As thick as scatter’d leaves in autumn lie,  
Bold with success against a nation try’d,  
And proud of numbers, and secure in pride. 70

Now sound the trumpet, now my fancy warms,  
And now methinks I view their toils in arms ;  
The lively phantoms tread my boundless mind,  
And no faint colours or weak strokes design’d.  
See where in distant conquest from afar 75  
The pointed arrows bring the wounds of war ;  
See where the lines with closer force engage,  
And thrust the spear, and whirl the sword of rage :  
Here brake the files, and vainly strive to close,  
There on their own repell’d assist their foes : 80  
Here Deb’rah calls, and Jabin’s soldiers fly,  
There Barak fights, and Jabin’s soldiers die.

But now nine hundred chariots roll along,  
Expert their guiders, and their horses strong,  
And Terror rattling in their fierce array, 85  
Bears down on Israel to restore the day.  
Oh! Lord of Battles! oh! the danger's near;  
Assist thine Israel, or they perish here.  
How swift is Mercy's aid? behold it fly  
On rushing tempests thro' the troubled sky; 90  
With dashing rain, with pelting hail, they blow,  
And sharply drive them on the facing foe.  
Thus bless'd with help, and only touch'd behind,  
The fav'rite nation presses in the wind,  
But heat of action now disturbs the fight, 95  
And wild confusion mingles all the fight;  
Cold-whistling winds, and shrieks of dying men,  
And groans and armour, sound in all the plain,  
The bands of Canaan Fate no longer dare,  
Oppress'd by weather, and destroy'd by war, 100  
And from his chariot, whence he rul'd the fight,  
Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight,  
See where he flies, and see the victor near;  
See rapid Conquest in pursuit of fear:  
See, see! they both make off, the work is o'er, 105  
And fancy clear'd of vision as before.  
Thus (if the mind of man may seem to move  
With some resemblance of the skies above),  
When wars are gath'ring in our hearts below,  
We've seen their battles in ethereal show; 110

The long-distended tracks of opening sky,  
The phantoms azure field of fight supply;  
The whitish clouds an argent armour yield,  
A radiant blazon gilds their argent shield;  
Young glitt'ring comets point the levell'd spear, 115  
Which for their pennons hang their flaming hair,  
And o'er the helms, for gallant glory drest,  
Sit curls of air, and nod upon the crest.  
Thus arm'd they seem to march, and seem to fight,  
And seeming wounds of death delude the fight; 120  
The ruddy thunder-clouds look stain'd with gore,  
And for the din of war within they roar;  
Then flies aside, and then aside pursues,  
Till in their motion all their shapes they loose;  
Dispersing air concludes the mimic scene, 125  
The sky shuts up, and swiftly clears again.

But does their Sis'ra share the common fate,  
Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?  
With such inquiry near the palm repair,  
Victorious Honour knows, and tells it there. 130

To that fair type of Israel's late success,  
Which nobly rises as its weights depress,  
To that fair type returns the joyful band,  
Whose courage rose to free their groaning land;  
There stands the leader in the pomp of arms, 135  
There stands the judge in Beauty's awful charms,  
And whilst reclin'd upon the resting spear,  
He pants with chace, and breathes in calmer air,



Her thoughts are working with a backward view,  
And would in song the great exploit renew ; 140  
She sees an arm'd Oppression's hundred hands  
Impose its fetters on the promis'd lands ;  
She sees their nation struggling in the chains,  
And wars arising with unequal trains ;  
She sees their fate in arms, the field imbru'd, 145  
The foe disorder'd, and the foe pursu'd,  
Till Conquest, dress'd in rays of glory, come  
With Peace and Freedom brought in triumph home ;  
Then round her heart a beamy gladness plays,  
Which, darting forward, thus converts to praise : 150

“ For Israel's late avengings on the foe,  
“ When led by no compelling pow'r below,  
“ When each spring forward of their own accord,  
“ For this, for all the mercy, praise the Lord !  
“ Hear, O ye Kings ! ye neighb'ring princes ! hear ;  
“ My song triumphant shall instruct your fear ; 156  
“ My song triumphant bids your glory bow  
“ To God confess'd, the God of Jacob now.

“ O glorious Lord ! when with thy sov'reign hand  
“ Thou led the nation off from Edom's land, 160  
“ Then trembled earth, and shook the heav'ns on high,  
“ And clouds in drops forsook the melted sky ;  
“ With tumbling waters hills were heard to roar,  
“ And felt such shocks as Sinai felt before ;  
“ But fear abating, which by time decays, 165  
“ The kings of Canaan rose in Shamgar's days,

- “ And still continued in Jacl’s times,  
“ Their empire fixing with successful crimes ;  
“ Oppression ravag’d all our lost abodes,  
“ Nor dare the people trust the common roads, 170  
“ But paths perplex’d and unfrequented chose,  
“ To shun the danger of perplexing foes.  
“ Thus direful was deform’d the country round,  
“ Unpeopled towns, and disimprov’d the ground,  
“ Till I, resolving in the gap to stand, 175  
“ I, Deb’rah, rose, a mother of the land,  
“ Where others, slaves by settled custom grown,  
“ Could serve, and chuse to serve the gods unknown ;  
“ Where others suffer’d with a tame regret  
“ Destruction spilling blood in ev’ry gate, 180  
“ And forty thousand had not for the field  
“ One spear offensive, or defensive shield.  
“ O tow’rds the leaders of my nation move,  
“ O beat my warming heart with sense of love ;  
“ Commend th’ asserters on their own accord, 185  
“ And bless the sov’reign causer, bless the Lord !  
“ Speak ye, that ride with pow’r return’d in state,  
“ Speak ye the praise that rule the judgment-seat ;  
“ Speak ye the praise to God that walk the roads,  
“ While safety brings you to restor’d abodes ! 190  
“ The rescu’d villagers, no more afraid  
“ Of archers lurking in the faithless shade ;  
“ And sudden death convey’d from sounding strings  
“ Shall ne’er approach the waters’ rising springs ;

- “ And, while their turns of drawing there they wait,  
“ Loit’ring in ease upon a mossy seat, 196  
“ Call all the blessings of the Lord to mind,  
“ And sing the Lord, in all the blessings kind.  
“ The townsmen, rescu’d from the tyrant’s reign,  
“ Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again, 200  
“ See Justice in the gates the balance bear,  
“ And none but her unsheath a weapon there.  
“ Awake, O Deb’rah! O awake, to praise!  
“ Awake, and utter forth triumphant lays,  
“ Arise, O Barak! be thy pomp begun, 205  
“ Lead on thy triumph, thou Abinoam’s son,  
“ Thy captives bound in chains, when God’s decree,  
“ Made humbled princes stoop their necks to thee,  
“ When he, the giver of success in fight,  
“ Advanc’d a woman o’er the sons of Might. 210  
“ Against this Amalec of banded foes,  
“ I, Deb’rah, root of all the war, arose,  
“ From Ephraim sprung, and leading Ephraim’s line,  
“ The next in rising, Benjamin, was thine.  
“ The ruling heads of half Manassah’s land, 215  
“ To serve in danger left their safe command;  
“ The tribe of Zebulun’s unactive men,  
“ For glorious arms forsook the peaceful pen;  
“ The Lords of Issachar with Deb’rah went,  
“ The Tribe with Barak to the vale was sent, 220  
“ Where he on foot perform’d the general’s part,  
“ And shar’d the soldiers’ toil to raise their heart.

“ But Reuben’s strange divisions justly wrought  
“ Amongst his brethren deep concern of thought,  
“ Ah ! while the nation in affliction lay, 225  
“ How couldst thou, Reuben ! by the sheepfolds stay,  
“ And let thy bleating flock divert thy days,  
“ That idly pass’d thee with inglorious ease ?  
“ Divided Tribe ! without thy dangers free,  
“ Deep were the searchings of our heart for thee. 230  
“ Our Gilcad too, by such example sway’d,  
“ With unconcern beyond the river stay’d ;  
“ And Dan in ships at sea for safety rode,  
“ And frighten’d Asher in its rocks abode.  
“ Now sing the field, the feats of war begun, 235  
“ And praise thy Naphtali with Zebulun ;  
“ To deaths expos’d in posts advanc’d they stood,  
“ With souls resolv’d, and gallant rage of blood :  
“ Then came the kings and fought ; the gather’d kings ;  
“ By waters streaming from Megiddo’s springs, 240  
“ In Taanach vale sustain’d the daring toil,  
“ Yet neither fought for pay, nor won the spoil.  
“ The skies, indulgent in the cause of right,  
“ On Israel’s side against their army fight ;  
“ In evil aspects stars and planets range, 245  
“ And by the weather in tempestuous change  
“ Promote the dire distress, and make it known  
“ That God has hosts above to save his own.  
“ The Kishon swell’d, grew rapid as they fled,  
“ And roll’d them, sinking, down its sandy bed. 250

" O river Kishon ! river of renown !

" And, O my Soul ! that trod their glory down ;

" The stony paths, by which disorder'd flight 253

" Convey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,

" With rugged points their horses' hoofs distrest,

" And broke them, prancing in impetuous haste.

" Curse, curse ye Meroz ! curse the town abhorr'd !

" (So spake the glorious angel of the Lord)

" For Meroz came not in the field prepar'd,

" To join that side on which the Lord declar'd : 260

" But bless ye Jael ; be the Kenites' name

" Above our women's blest'd in endless fame.

" The captain, faint with sore fatigue of flight,

" Implor'd for water to support his might,

" And milk she pour'd him, while he water sought,

" And in her lordly dish her butter brought. 266

" With courage well deserving to prevail,

" One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,

" And him reclin'd to sleep she boldly slew ;

" She smote, she pierc'd, she struck, the temple through :

" Before her feet, reluctant, on the clay 271

" He bow'd, he fell ; he bow'd, he fell, he lay ;

" He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By such degrees,

" As thrice she struck, each stroke's effect she sees.

" His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes, 275

" And, grown impatient, thro' the lattice cries,

" Why moves the chariot of my son so slow ?

" Or what affairs retard his coming so ?

" Her ladies answer'd—but she would not stay 279  
 " (For pride had taught what flatt'ry meant to say),  
 " They'vesped, she says; and now the prey they share,  
 " For each a damsel, or a lovely pair,  
 " For Sis'ra's part a robe of gallant grace,  
 " Where divers colours rich embroid'ry trace,  
 " Meet for the necks of those who win the spoil 285  
 " When triumph offers its reward for toil.

" Thus perish all whom God's decrees oppose;  
 " Thus, like the vanquish'd, perish all thy foes;  
 " But let the men that in thy name delight  
 " Be like the sun in heav'nly glory bright, ' 290  
 " When mounted on the dawn he posts away,  
 " And with full strength increases on the day."

'Twas here the prophets respir'd from song,  
 Then loudly shouted all the cheerful throng,  
 By freedom gain'd, by victory complete, ' 395  
 Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.  
 The frowns of sorrow gave their ancient place  
 To pleasure, drawn in smiles on ev'ry face:  
 The groans of slav'ry were no longer wrung,  
 But thought of comfort from the blessing sprung;  
 And as they shouted from the breezy west, 300  
 Amongst the plumes that deck the fingers' crest,  
 The spirit of Applause itself convey'd  
 On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd.  
 Such was the case (or such ideas flow 305  
 From thought replenish'd with triumphant show),



What rais'd their joy their love could also raise,  
 And each contended in the words of praise;  
 And ev'ry word proclaim'd the wonders past,  
 And God was still the first, and still the last; 310  
 Deep in their souls the fair impression lay,  
 Deep-trac'd, and never to be worn away.

From hence the rescu'd generation still  
 Abhorr'd the practice of rebellious ill,  
 And fear'd the punishment for ill abhorr'd, 315  
 And lov'd repentance, and ador'd the Lord.

From hence, in all their days the Lord was kind,  
 His face serene with settled favour shin'd,  
 Fair banish'd Order was recall'd in state,  
 The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate; 320  
 Peace cheer'd the vales, Contentment laugh'd with  
 Gay-blooming Plenty rose with large increase; [Peace,  
 Sweet Mercy those who thought on mercy blest,  
 And so for forty years the land had rest.

Rest, happy Land! awhile; ah! longer so, 325  
 Didst thou thine happiness sincerely know;  
 But soon thy quiet with thy goodness past,  
 And in the song alone obtain'd to last.

Live, Song triumphant! live in fair record,  
 And teach succeeding times to fear the Lord; 330  
 For fancy moves by bright example woo'd,  
 And wins the mind with images of good.  
 Touch'd with a sacred rage and heav'nly flame,  
 I strive to sing thine universal aim;

To quit the subject, and in lays sublime 835  
The moral fit for any point of time.

Then go, my Verses! with applying strain,  
Go, form a triumph not ascrib'd to men.

Let all the clouds of grief impending lie,  
And storms of trouble drive along the sky; 340  
Then, humble Piety, thine accents raise,  
For pray'r will prove the pow'rful charm of ease.

Lo! now my soul has spoke its best desires,  
How blessings answer what the pray'r requires!  
Before thy sighs the clouds of grief retreat, 345  
The storms of trouble by thy tears abate,  
And radiant Glory, from her upper sphere,  
Looks down and glitters in relented air.

Rise, lovely Piety! from earthy bed,  
The parted flame descends upon thine head; 350  
This wondrous mitre, fram'd by sacred Love,  
And for thy triumph sent thee from above,  
In two bright points with upper rays aspires,  
And rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.  
Rise, lovely Piety! with pomp appear, 355  
And thou, kind Mercy! lend thy chariot here;  
On either side fair Fame and Honour place,  
Behind let Plenty walk in hand with Peace,  
While Irreligion, mutt'ring horrid sound,  
With fierce and proud Oppression backward bound,  
Drag by the wheels along the dusty plain, 361  
And, gnashing, lick the ground, and curse with pain.

Now come, ye thousands, and more thousands yet,  
With order join to fill the train of state;  
Souls tun'd for praising to the temple bring, 365  
And thus amidst the sacred music sing;  
“Hail, Piety! triumphant Goodness, hail!  
“Hail, O prevailing, ever, O, prevail!  
“At thine entreaty Justice leaves to frown,  
“And Wrath appeasing lays the thunder down; 370  
“The tender heart of yearning Mercy burns,  
“Love asks a blessing, and the Lord returns.  
“In his great name that heav'n and earth has made,  
“In his great name alone we find our aid;  
“Then bless the name, and let the world adore  
“From this time forward, and for evermore.” 376

## HANNAH.

Now crowds move off, retiring trumpets sound  
On echoes dying in their last rebound,  
The notes of fancy seem no longer strong,  
But sweet'ning, closes fit a private song.  
So when the storms forsake the sea's command, 5  
To break their forces in the winding land,  
No more their blasts tumult'ous rage proclaim,  
But sweep in murmurs o'er a murm'ring stream.  
Then seek the subject, and its song be mine,  
Whose numbers mix'd in sacred story shine : 10  
Go, brightly-working Thought, prepar'd to fly,  
Above the page on hov'ring pinions lie,  
And beat with stronger force to make thee rise  
Where beauteous Hannah meets the searching eyes.

There frame a town, and fix a tent with cords, 15  
The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent the Lord's :  
Carv'd pillars filleted with silver rear,  
To close the curtains in an outward square,  
But those within it, which the porch uphold,  
Be finely wrought, and overlaid with gold. 20

Here Eli comes to take the resting seat,  
Slow moving forward with a rev'rend gait,  
Sacred in office, venerably sage,  
And venerably great in silver'd age.  
Here Hannah comes a melancholy wife, 25  
Reproach'd for barren in the marriage life ;

Like summer mornings she to sight appears,  
 Bedew'd and shining in the midst of tears;  
 Her heart in bitterness of grief she bow'd,  
 And thus her wishes to the Lord she vow'd : 30

“ If thou thine handmaid with compassion see,  
 “ If I, my God ! am not forgot by thee,  
 “ If in mine offspring thou prolong my line,  
 “ The child I wish for all his days be thine;  
 “ His life devoted in thy courts be led, 35  
 “ And not a razor come upon his head.”

So from recesses of her inmost soul,  
 Thro' moving lips her still devotion stole;  
 As silent waters glide thro' parted trees,  
 Whose branches tremble with a rising breeze ; 40  
 The words were lost because her heart was low,  
 But free desire had taught the mouth to go ;  
 This Eli mark'd—and with a voice severe,  
 While yet she multiply'd her thoughts in pray'r,  
 “ How long shall wine,” he cries, “ distract thy breast?  
 “ Be gone, and lay the drunken fit by rest.” 46

“ Ah !” says the mourner, “ count not this for sin,  
 “ It is not wine, but grief that works within ;  
 “ The spirit of thy wretched handmaid know,  
 “ Her prayers complaint, and her condition woe.” 50  
 Then spake the sacred priest ; “ In peace depart,  
 “ And with thy comfort God fulfil thine heart.”  
 His blessing, thus pronounc'd with awful sound,  
 The vot'ry bending leaves the solemn ground ;

She seems confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries, 55  
And cheerful hope the tears of trouble dries,  
And makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll  
With joy, that dawns in thought upon the soul.

Now let the town, and tent, and court, remain,  
And leap the time till Hannah comes again ; 60  
As painted prospects skip along the green,  
From hills to mountains eminently seen,  
And leave the intervals that sink below  
In deep retreat, and unexpress'd to show.

Behold ! she comes (but not as once she came, 65  
To grieve, to sigh, and teach her eyes to stream),  
Content adorns her with a lively face,  
An open look, and smiling kind of grace ;  
Her little Samuel in her arms she bears,  
The wish of long desire, and child of pray'rs, 70  
And as the sacrifice she brought begun,  
To rev'rend Eli she presents her son.

" Here," cries the mother, " here my Lord may see  
" The woman come who pray'd in grief by thee ;  
" The child I sued for, God in bounty gave, 75  
" And what he granted let him now receive,"

But still the vot'ry feels her temper move  
With all the tender violence of love,  
That still enjoys the gift, and inly burns,  
To search for larger or for more returns ; 80  
Then fill'd with blessings which allure to praise,  
And rais'd by joy to soul-enchanting lays,  
Thus thanks the Lord, beneficently kind,  
In sweet effusions of the grateful mind.



“ My lifting heart with more than common heat 85  
“ Sends up its thanks to God on ev’ry beat ;  
“ My glory, rais’d above the reach of scorn,  
“ To God exalts its highly-planted horn ;  
“ My mouth enlarg’d mine enemies defies,  
“ And finds in God’s salvation full replies. 90  
“ Oh, bright in holy beauty’s pow’r divine !  
“ There’s none whose glory can compare with thine ;  
“ None share thine honours ; nay, there’s none beside,  
“ No rock on which thy creatures can confide.  
“ Ye proud in spirit ! who your gifts adore, 95  
“ Unlearn the faults, and speak with pride no more ;  
“ No more your words in arrogance be shown,  
“ Nor call the works of Providence your own,  
“ Since he that rules us infinitely knows,  
“ And as he will his acts of pow’r dispose. 100  
“ The strong, whose sinewy forces arch’d the bow,  
“ Have seen it shatter’d by the conqu’ring foe ;  
“ The weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,  
“ And new-sprung vigour in the limbs increase ;  
“ The full, whom vary’d tastes of plenty fed, 105  
“ Have let their labour out to gain their bread ;  
“ The poor, that languish’d in a starving state,  
“ Content and full, have ceas’d to beg their meat ;  
“ The barren womb, no longer barren now,  
“ (Oh, be my thanks accepted with my vow ! ) 110  
“ In pleasure wonders at a mother’s pain,  
“ And sees her offspring, and conceives again,  
“ While she that glory’d in her num’rous heirs,  
“ Now broke by feebleness no longer bears.

“ Such turns their rising from their Lord derive, 115  
“ The Lord that kills, the Lord that makes alive;  
“ He brings by sickness down to gaping graves,  
“ And by restoring health from sickness saves;  
“ He makes the poor by keeping back his store,  
“ And makes the rich by blessing men with more;  
“ He sinking hearts with bitter grief annoys, 121  
“ Or lifts them, bounding with enliven’d joys.  
“ He takes the beggar from his humble clay,  
“ From off the dunghill where despis’d he lay,  
“ To mix with princes in a rank supreme, 125  
“ Fill thrones of honour, and inherit fame:  
“ For all the pillars of exalted state,  
“ So nobly firm, so beautifully great,  
“ Whose various orders bear the rounded ball,  
“ Which would without them to confusion fall, 130  
“ All are the Lord’s, at his dispose stand,  
“ And prop the govern’d world at his command.  
“ His mercy, still more wonderfully sweet,  
“ Shall guard the righteous, and uphold their feet;  
“ While, thro’ the darkness of the wicked soul 135  
“ Amazement, dread, and desperation, roll;  
“ While envy stops their tongues, and hopeless grief,  
“ That sees their fears, but not their fears’ relief;  
“ And they their strength as unavailing view,  
“ Since none shall trust in that and safety too. 140  
“ The foes of Israel, for his Israel’s sake,  
“ God will to pieces in his anger break;  
“ His bolts of thunder, from an open’d sky,  
“ Shall on their heads with force unerring fly;

" His voice shall call, and all the world shall hear, 145

" And all for sentence at his seat appear."

But mount to gentler praises, mount again ;

My thoughts, prophetic of Messiah's reign,

Perceive the glories which around him shine,

And thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.

'Tis here the numbers find a bright repose, 151

The vow's accepted, and the vot'ry goes :

But thou, my Soul ! upon her accents hung,

And sweetly pleas'd with what she sweetly sung,

Prolong the pleasure with thine inward eyes, 155

Turn back thy thoughts, and see the subject rise.

In her peculiar case the song begun,

And for a while thro' private blessings run,

As thro' their banks the curling waters play,

And, soft in murmers, kiss the flow'ry way : 160

With force increasing then she leaps the bounds,

And largely flows on more extended grounds ;

Spreads wide and wider, till vast seas appear,

And boundless views of Providence are here.

How swift these views along her anthem glide, 165

As waves on waves push forward in the tide !

How swift thy wonders o'er my fancy sweep,

O Providence ! thou great, unfathom'd deep !

Where resignation gently dips the wing,

And learns to love and thank, admire and sing, 170

But bold presumptuous reas'nings diving down

To reach the bottom, in their diving drown.

Neglecting man, forgetful of thy ways,  
Nor owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praise,  
But from himself his happiness derives, 175  
And thanks his wisdom when by thine he thrives;  
His limbs at ease in soft repose he spreads,  
Bewitch'd with vain delights on flow'ry beds.  
And, while his sense the fragrant breezes kiss,  
He meditates a waking dream of bliss; 180  
He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near;  
He thinks of glories, and their rays appear;  
He thinks of beauties, and a lovely face  
Serenely smil'd in ev'ry taking grace;  
He thinks of riches, and their heaps arise, 185  
Display their glitt'ring forms, and fix his eyes:  
Thus drawn with pleasures in a charming view,  
Rising he reaches, and would fain pursue;  
But still the fleeting shadows mock his care,  
And still his fingers grasp at yielding air. 190  
Whate'er our tempers as their comforts want,  
It is not man's to take, but God's to grant;  
If, then, persisting in the vain design,  
We look for bliss without an help divine,  
We still may search, and search without relief, 195  
Nor only want a bliss, but find a grief.  
That such conviction may to sight appear,  
Sit down, ye sons of Men! spectators here,  
Behold a scene upon your folly wrought,  
And let this lively scene instruct the thought. 200

Boy, blow the pipe until the bubble rise,  
Then cast it off to float upon the skies;  
Still swell its sides with breath—O beauteous frame!  
It grows, it shines! be now the World thy name.  
Methinks creation forms itself within, 205  
The men, the towns, the birds, the trees, are seen,  
The skies above present an azure show,  
And lovely verdure paints an earth below.  
I'll wind myself in this delightful sphere,  
And live a thousand years of pleasure there 210  
Roll'd up in blisses which around me close,  
And now regal'd with these, and now with those.  
False hope, but falser words of joy, farewell!  
You've rent the lodging where I meant to dwell;  
My bubbles burst, my prospects disappear, 215  
And leave behind a moral and a tear.  
If at the type our dreaming souls awake,  
And Hannah's strains their just impression make,  
The boundless pow'r of Providence we know,  
And fix our trust on nothing here below. 220  
Then he, grown pleas'd that men his greatness own,  
Looks down serenely from his starry throne,  
And bids the blessed days our prayers have won  
Put on their glories, and prepare to run;  
For which our thanks be justly sent above, 225  
Enlarg'd by gladness, and inspir'd with love;  
For which his praises be for ever sung,  
O sweet employment of the grateful tongue!

Burst forth, my Temper! in a godly flame,  
For all his blessings laud his holy name; 239  
That e'er mine eyes saluted cheerful day,  
A gift devoted in the womb I lay,  
Like Samuel vow'd, before my breath I drew,  
O! could I prove in life like Samuel too!  
That all my frame is exquisitely wrought, 235  
The world enjoy'd by sense, and God by thought;  
That living streams thro' living channels glide,  
To make this frame by Nature's course abide;  
That for its good, by Providence's care,  
Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air; 240  
That Mercy's ever inexhausted store  
Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promise more,  
And all the proffers stream with grace divine,  
And all the promises with glory shine.  
O praise the Lord, my Soul! in one accord 245  
Let all that is within me praise the Lord.  
O praise the Lord, my Soul! and ever strive  
To keep the sweet remembrances alive;  
Still raise the kind affections of thine heart,  
Raise ev'ry grateful word to bear a part; 250  
With ev'ry word the strains of love devise,  
Awake thine harp, and thou thyself arise;  
Then if his mercy be not half exprest,  
Let wond'ring silence magnify the rest. 254



## DAVID.

My thought, on views of admiration hung,  
Intently ravish'd, and depriv'd of tongue,  
Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,  
Here mov'd with praise, and mov'd with glory there;  
The joys entrancing, and the mute surprise, 5  
Half fix the blood, and dim the moist'ning eyes;  
Pleasure and Praise on one another break,  
And Exclamation longs at heart to speak,  
When thus my Genius, on the work design'd  
Awaiting closely, guides the wand'ring mind. 10

If while thy thanks would in thy lays be wrought,  
A bright astonishment involve the thought,  
If yet thy temper would attempt to sing,  
Another's quill shall imp thy feeble wing;  
Behold the name of royal David near, 15  
Behold his music and his measures here,  
Whose harp Devotion in a rapture strung,  
And left no state of pious souls unsung.

Him to the wond'ring world but newly shown,  
Celestial Poetry pronounc'd her own; 20  
A thousand Hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,  
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze;  
Fair-blooming Innocence with tender years,  
And native Sweetness for the ravish'd ears.

Prepar'd to smile within an early song, 25  
And brought their rivers, groves; and plains, along;  
Majestic Honour, at the palace bred,  
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,  
Reach'd forth the sceptre of her royal seat,  
His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great; 30  
Undaunted courage, deck'd with manly charms;  
With waving azure plumes, and gilded arms,  
Display'd the glories and the toils of fight,  
Demanded fame, and call'd him forth to write.  
To perfect these the sacred Spirit came, 35  
By mild infusion of celestial flame,  
And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breast,  
And breath'd his graces over all the rest.  
Ah! where the daring flights of men aspire  
To match his numbers with an equal fire, 40  
In vain they strive to make proud Babel rise,  
And with an earth-born labour touch the skies,  
While I the glitt'ring page resolve to view,  
That will the subject of my lines renew,  
The laurel wreath, my fame's imagin'd shade, 45  
Around my beating temples fears to fade,  
My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,  
And David's God must help, or else I sink.

As rolling rivers in their channels flow  
Swift from aloft, but on the level flow,  
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,  
So just, so copious, move the Psalmist's strains:

So sweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,  
 So gently clear, or so sublimely great,  
 While Nature's seen in all her forms to shine, 55  
 And mix with beauties drawn from truth divine;  
 Sweet beauties (sweet affection's endless rill)  
 That in the soul like honey-drops distil.

Hail, holy Spirit! hail, supremely kind!  
 Whose inspirations thus enlarg'd the mind, 60  
 Who taught him what the gentle shepherd sings,  
 What rich expression suit the port of kings;  
 What daring words describe the soldier's heat,  
 And what the prophet's ecstasies relate;  
 Nor let his worst condition be forgot, 65  
 In all this splendour of exulted thought,  
 On one thy diff'rent sorts of graces fall,  
 Still made for each, of equal force in all,  
 And while from heav'nly courts he feels a flame,  
 He sings the place from whence the blessing came, 70  
 And makes his inspirations sweetly prove  
 The tuneful subject of the mind they move.

Immortal Spirit! light of life instill'd,  
 Who thus the bosom of a mortal fill'd,  
 Tho' weak my voice, and tho' my light be dim, 75  
 Yet fain I'd praise thy wondrous gifts in him:  
 Then since thine aid's attracted by desire,  
 And they that speak thee right must feel thy fire,  
 Vouchsafe a portion of thy grace divine,  
 And raise my voice, and in my numbers shine; 80

I sing of David, David sings of thee;  
Assist the Psalmist and his work in me.

But now my Verse! arising on the wing,  
What part of all thy subject wilt thou sing?  
How fire thy first attempt? in what resort 85  
Of Palestina's plains or Salem's court?

Where, as his hands the solemn measure play'd,  
Curs'd fiends with torment and confusion fled;  
Where, at the rosy spring of cheerful light,  
(If pious Fame record tradition right) 90  
A soft efflation of celestial fire

Came like a rushing breeze and shook the lyre,  
Still sweetly giving ev'ry trembling string,  
So much of sound as made him wake to sing.

Within my view the country first appears, 95  
The country first enjoy'd his youthful years;  
Then frame thy shady landscapes in my strain,  
Some conscious mountain or accustom'd plain,  
Where by the waters, on the grass reclin'd,  
With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd, his mind;  
For thro' the paths of rural life I'll stray, 101  
And in his pleasures paint a shepherd's day.

With grateful sentiments, with active will,  
With voice exerted, and enliv'ning skill,  
His free return of thanks he duly paid, 105  
And each new day new beams of bounty shed.  
Awake, my tuneful Harp! awake, he cries;  
Awake, my Lute! the sun begins to rise,

My God ! I'm ready now ; then takes a flight  
 To purest Piety's exalted height ; 110  
 From thence his soul, with heav'n itself in view,  
 On humble prayers and humble praises flew ;  
 The praise as pleasing, and as sweet the pray'r,  
 As incense curling up thro' morning air.

When tow'rd's the field with early steps he trod, 115  
 And gaz'd around, and own'd the works of God,  
 Perhaps in sweet melodious words of praise  
 He drew the prospect which adorn'd his ways ;  
 'The soil but newly visited with rain,  
 The river of the Lord with springing grain 120  
 Enlarge, increase, the soft'ned furrow blest,  
 The year with goodness crown'd, with beauty drest,  
 And still to pow'r divine ascribe it all,  
 From whose high paths the drops of fatness fall,  
 Then in the song the smiling flocks rejoice, 125  
 And all the mute creation finds a voice ;  
 With thick returns delightful echoes fill  
 The pastur'd green or soft ascending hill,  
 Rais'd by the bleatings of unnumber'd sheep,  
 To boast their glories in the crowds they keep ; 130  
 And corn that's waving in the western gale,  
 With joyful sound proclaims the cover'd vale.

Whene'er his flocks the lovely shepherd drove  
 To neighb'ring waters, to the neighb'ring grove,  
 To Jordan's flood, refresh'd by cooling wind, 135  
 Or Cedron's brook, to mossy banks confin'd,

In easy notes and guise of lowly swain  
'Twas thus he charm'd and taught the list'ning train.

“ The Lord's my shepherd, bountiful and good,  
“ I cannot want since he provides me food ; 140  
“ Me for his sheep along the verdant meads,  
“ Me all too mean his tender mercy leads,  
“ To taste the springs of life, and taste repose  
“ Wherever living pasture sweetly grows ;  
“ And as I cannot want, I need not fear, 145  
“ For still the presence of my Shepherd's near ;  
“ Thro' darksome vales, where beasts of prey resort,  
“ Where Death appears with all his dreadful court,  
“ His rod and hook direct me when I stray,  
“ He calls to fold, and they direct my way.” 150

Perhaps when, seated on the river's brink,  
He saw the tender sheep at noon-day drink,  
He sung the land where milk and honey glide,  
And fatt'ning plenty rolls upon the tide :

Or, fix'd within the freshness of a shade, 155  
Whose boughs diffuse their leaves around his head,  
He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,  
Then sung the righteous in their happy state ;  
And how, by providential care, success  
Shall all their actions in due season bless. 160  
So firm they stand, so beautiful they look ;  
As planted trees aside the purling brook,  
Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,  
Nor careful for the want of dropping rain,



The leaves sprout forth, the rising branches shoot, 165  
And summer crowns them with the ripen'd fruit.

But if the flow'ry field with vary'd hue  
And native sweetness entertain'd his view,  
The flow'ry field, with all the glorious throng  
Of lively colours, rose to paint his song; 170  
Its pride and fall within the numbers ran,  
And spake the life of transitory man.

As grass arises by degrees, unseen,  
To deck the breast of earth with lovely green,  
Till Nature's order brings the with'ring days, 175  
And all the summer's beauteous pomp decays;  
So by degrees, unseen, doth man arise,  
So blooms by course, and so by course he dies.  
Or as her head the gaudy flowret heaves,  
Spreads to the sun, and boasts her silken leaves, 180  
Till accidental winds their glory shed,  
And then they fall before the time to fade;  
So man appears, so falls in all his prime,  
Ere age approaches on the steps of time.  
But thee, my God! thee still the same we find, 185  
Thy glory lasting, and thy mercy kind,  
That still the just, and all his race, may know  
No cause to mourn their swift account below.

When from beneath he saw the wand'ring sheep  
That graz'd the level range along the steep, 190  
Then rose, the wanton stragglers home to call  
Before the pearly dews at ev'ning fall;

Perhaps new thoughts the rising ground supply,  
And that employs his mind which fills his eye. 194  
“ From pointed hills,” he cries, “ my wishes tend  
“ To that great hill from whence supports descend :  
“ The Lord’s that hill, that place of sure defence,  
“ My wants obtain their certain help from thence ;  
“ And as large hills projected shadows throw,  
“ To ward the sun from off the vales below, 200  
“ Or for their safety stop the blast above  
“ That with raw vapours loaded nightly rove ;  
“ So shall protection o’er his servants spread,  
“ And I repose beneath the sacred shade,  
“ Unhurt by rage, that, like a summer’s day, 205  
“ Destroys and scorches with impetuous ray ;  
“ By wasting sorrows undepriv’d of rest,  
“ That fall like damps by moon-shine on the breast.”  
Here from the mind the prospects seem to wear,  
And leave the couch’d design appearing bare ; 210  
And now no more the shepherd sings his hill,  
But sings the sov’reign Lord’s protection still :  
For as he sees the night prepar’d to come  
On wings of ev’ning, he prepares for home,  
And in the song thus adds a blessing more, 215  
To what the thought within the figure bore :  
“ Eternal Goodness manifestly still  
“ Preserves my soul from each approach of ill,  
“ Ends all my days as all my days begin,  
“ And keeps my goings-out and comings in.” 220

Here think the sinking sun descends apace,  
 And from thy first attempt, my Fancy! cease;  
 Here bid the ruddy shepherd quit the plain,  
 And to the fold return his flocks again.

Go, lest the lion or the shagged bear 225  
 Thy tender lambs with savage hunger tear,  
 Tho' neither bear nor lion match thy might,  
 When in their rage they stood reveal'd to fight;  
 Go, lest thy wanton sheep, returning home,  
 Should, as they pass, thro' doubtful darkness roam;  
 Go, ruddy Youth! to Beth'lem turn thy way, 231  
 On Beth'lem's road conclude the parting day.

Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,  
 And sees the crescent rise with silver light;  
 His words consider all the sparkling show 235  
 With which the stars in golden order glow.

"And what is man," he cries, "that thus thy kind,  
 "Thy wondrous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind?  
 "For him they glitter; him the beasts of prey,  
 "That scare my sheep, and these my sheep, obey. 240  
 "O Lord! our Lord, with how deserv'd a fame  
 "Does earth record the glories of thy name!"

Then, as he thus devoutly walks along,  
 And finds the road as finish'd with the song,  
 He sings with lifted hands and lifted eyes, 245  
 "Be this, my God! an ev'ning sacrifice."

But now the lowly dales, the trembling groves,  
 O'er which the whisper'd breeze serenely roves,

Leave all the course of working fancy clear,  
Or only grace another subject here ; 250  
For in my purpose new designs arise,  
Whose bright'ning images engage mine eyes :  
Then here, my Verse ! thy louder accents raise,  
Thy theme thro' lofty paths of glory trace ;  
Call forth his honours in imperial throngs, 255  
And strive to touch his more exalted songs.

While yet in humble vales his harp he strung,  
While yet he follow'd after ewes with young,  
Eternal Wisdom chose him for his own,  
And from the flock advanc'd him to the throne, 260  
That there his upright heart and prudent hand,  
With more distinguish'd skill and high command,  
Might act the shepherd in a noble sphere,  
And take his nation into regal care.  
He could of mercy then and justice sing, 265  
Those radiant virtues that adorn a king,  
That make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,  
Beyond those gems whose splendour decks a crown ;  
That fixing peace by temper'd love and fear,  
Make plains abound, and barren mountains bear : 270  
" To thee to whom these attributes belong,  
" To thee, my God !" he cry'd, " I send my song ;  
" To thee, from whom my regal glory came,  
" I sing the forms in which my court I frame ;  
" Assist the models of imperfect skill, 275  
" O come with sacred aid, and fix my will !

" A wise behaviour in my private ways,  
 " And all my soul dispos'd to public peace;  
 " Shall daily strive to let my subjects see  
 " A perfect pattern how to live in me. 280  
 " Still will I think, as still my glories rise;  
 " To set no wickèd thing before mine eyes;  
 " Nor will I chuse the favourites of state  
 " Among those men that have incurr'd thine hate, }  
 " Whose vice but makes them scandalously great. }  
 " 'Tis time that all whose froward rage of heart 286  
 " Would vex my realm, shall from my realm depart;  
 " 'Tis time that all whose private stand'ring lie  
 " Leads judgment falsely, shall by judgment die;  
 " And time the great, who loose the reins to pride,  
 " Shall with neglect and scorn be laid aside: 291  
 " But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,  
 " I'll send my light with sharp-disarming ray;  
 " Thro' dark retreats, where humble minds abide,  
 " Thro' shades of peace, where modest tempers hide,  
 " To find the good that may support my state, 296  
 " And having found them, then to make them great:  
 " My voice shall raise them from the lonely cell,  
 " With me to govern, and with me to dwell;  
 " My voice shall flatt'ry and Deceit disgrace, 300  
 " And in their room exulted Virtue place;  
 " That with an early care and stedfast hand  
 " The wicked perish from the faithful land."

When on the throne he sat in calm repose,  
And with a royal hope his offspring rose, 305  
His prayers, anticipating time, reveal  
Their deep concernment for the public weal ;  
Upon a good forecasted thought they run,  
For common blessings in the king begun ;  
For righteousness and judgment strictly fair, 310  
Which from the king descends upon his heir :  
So when his life and all his labour cease,  
The reign succeeding brings succeeding peace ;  
So still the poor shall find impartial laws,  
And orphans still a guardian of their cause ; 315  
And stern Oppression have its galling yoke  
And rabid teeth of prey to pieces broke :  
Then wond'ring at the glories of his way,  
His friends shall love, his daunted foes obey ;  
For peaceful commerce neighb'ring kings apply, 320  
And with great presents court the grand ally.  
For him rich gums shall sweet Arabia bear,  
For him rich Sheba mines of gold prepare ;  
Him Tharxis, him the foreign isles, shall greet,  
And ev'ry nation bend beneath his feet. 325  
And thus his honours far extended grow  
The type of great Messiah's reign below.

But worldly realms, that in his accents shine,  
Are left beneath the full-advanc'd design,  
When thoughts of empire in the mind increase 330  
O'er all the limits that determine place,



If thus the monarch's rising fancy move  
To search for more unbounded realms above,  
In which celestial courts the King maintains  
And o'er the vast extent of Nature reigns; 335  
He then describes, in elevated words,  
His Israel's shepherd as the Lord of lords.  
How bright between the cherubims he sits!  
What dazzling lustre all his throne emits!  
How righteous, with judgment join'd, support 340  
The regal seat, and dignify the court;  
How fairest Honour and majestic State  
The presence Grace, and Strength and Beauty wait!  
What glitt'ring ministers around him stand,  
To fly like winds or flames at his command! 345  
How sure the beams, on which his palace rise,  
Are set in waters rais'd above the skies!  
How wide the skies like outspread curtains fly,  
To veil majestic light from human eye!  
Or form'd the wide-expanded vaults above, 350  
Where storms are bounded tho' they seem to rove;  
Where fire, and hail, and vapour, so fulfil  
The wise intentions of their Maker's will!  
How well 'tis seen the great Eternal mind  
Rides on the clouds, and walks upon the wind! 355

O wondrous Lord! how bright thy glories shine  
The heav'ns declare! for what they boast is thine;  
And yon blue tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,  
In all its handywork displays thy might!

Again the monarch touch'd another strain, 360  
Another province claim'd his verse again,  
Where goodness infinite has fix'd a sway,  
Whose outstretch'd limits are the bounds of day.  
Beneath this empire of extended air,  
Yet still in reach of Providence's care, 365  
God plac'd the rounded earth with stedfast hand,  
And bid the basis ever firmly stand ;  
He bid the mountains from confusion's heaps  
Exalt their summits and assume their shapes ;  
He bid the waters like a garment spread, 370  
To form large seas, and as he spake they fled :  
His voice, his thunder, made the waves obey,  
And forward hasten till they form'd the sea ;  
Then, left with lawless rage the surges roar, 374  
He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with shore :  
He fill'd the land with brooks, that trembling steal,  
Thro' winding hills, along the flow'ry vale,  
To which the beasts that graze the vale retreat  
For cool refreshings in the summer's heat ;  
While perch'd in leaves upon the tender sprays 380  
The birds around their singing voices raise.  
He makes the vapours, which he taught to fly,  
Forake the chambers of the clouds on high ;  
And golden harvest rich with ears of grain,  
And spiry blades of grass, adorn the plain, 385  
And grapes luxuriant cheer the soul with wine,  
And ointment shed to make the visage shine ;

Thro' trunks of trees fermenting sap proceeds,  
To feed and tinge the living boughs it feeds :  
So shoots the fir, where airy storks abide, 390  
So cedar Lebanon's aspiring pride,  
Whose birds, by God's appointment in their nest,  
With green surrounded, lie secure of rest.  
Where small increase the barren mountains give,  
There kine adapted to the feeding live ; 395  
There flocks of goats in healthy pastures browse,  
And in their rocky entrails rabbits house.  
Where forests thick with shrub entangled stand,  
Untrod the roads, and desolate the land,  
These close in coverts hide the beasts of prey, 400  
Till heavy darkness creeps upon the day,  
Then roar with Hunger's voice, and range abroad,  
And in their method seek their meat from God ;  
And when the dawning edge of eastern air  
Begins to purple, to their dens repair. 405  
Man next succeeding, from the sweet repose  
Of downy beds to work appointed goes :  
When first the morning sees the rising sun,  
He sees their labours both at once begun,  
And night returning with its starry train, 410  
Perceives their labours done at once again.  
O manifold in works, supremely wise,  
How well thy gracious store the world supplies !  
How all thy creatures on thy goodness call,  
And that bestows a due support for all! 415

When from an open hand thy favours flow,  
Rich Bounty stoops to visit us below ;  
When from thy hand no more thy favours stream,  
Back to the dust we turn from whence we came ;  
And when thy Spirit gives the vital heat, 420  
A sure succession keeps the kinds complete ;  
The propagated seeds their forms retain,  
And all the face of earth's renew'd again.  
'Thus, as you've seen th' effect reveal the cause,  
Is Nature's ruler, known in Nature's laws ; 425  
Thus still his pow'r is o'er the world display'd,  
And still rejoices in the world he made :  
The Lord he reigns, the King of kings is King,  
Let nations praise, and praises learn to sing.  
My verses here may change their style again, 430  
And trace the Psalmist in another strain ;  
Where all his soul the soldier's spirit warms,  
And to the music fits the sound of arms,  
Where brave disorder does in numbers dwell,  
And artful number speaks disorder well. 435  
Arise, my Genius ! and attempt the praise  
Of dreaded pow'r and perilous essays,  
And where his accents are too nobly great,  
Like distant echoes give the faint repeat ;  
For who like him, with enterprising pen, 440  
Can paint the Lord of Hosts in wrath with men,  
Or with just images of tuneful lay  
Set all his terrors in their fierce array ?

He comes! the tumult of discording spheres,  
The quiv'ring shocks of earth, confess their fears; 445  
Thick smoke precede, and blasts of angry breath,  
That kindle dread-devouring flames of death.

He comes! the firmament with dismal night  
Bows down, and seems to fall upon the light;  
The darkling mists inwrap his head around, 450  
The waters deluge, and the tempests sound,  
While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,  
And plants his black pavilion in the skies.

He comes! the clouds remove, the rattling hail  
Descending, bounds and scatters o'er the vale; 455  
His voice is heard, his thunder speaks his ire,  
His lightning blasts with blue sulphureous fire;  
His brandish'd bolts with swift commission go  
To punish man's rebellious acts below;

His stern rebukes lay deepest ocean bare, 460  
And solid earth by wide eruption tear;  
Then glares the naked gulph with dismal ray,  
And then the dark foundations see the day.

O God! let mercy this thy war assuage;  
Alas! no mortal can sustain thy rage; 465  
While I but strive the dire effects to tell,  
And on another's words attentive dwell,  
Confusing passions in my bosom roll,  
And all in tumult work the troubled soul;  
Remorse with pity, fear with sorrow, blend, 470  
And I but strive in vain. My Verse! descend,

To less aspiring paths direct thy flight,  
Tho' still the less may more than match thy might,  
While I to second agents tune the strings,  
And Israel's warrior Israel's battles sings ; 475  
Great warrior he! and great to sing of war,  
Whose lines (if ever lines prevail'd so far)  
Might pitch the tents, compose the ranks anew,  
To combat found, and bring the toil to view.  
O Nation! most securely rais'd in name, 480  
Whose fair records he wrote for endless fame ;  
O Nation! oft' victorious o'er thy foes,  
At once thy conquests and thy thanks he shows:  
For thus he sung the realms that must be thine,  
And made thee thus confess an aid divine. 485  
" When Mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its sway,  
" And Israel pass'd the deep-divided sea :  
" When Mercy spake it, haughty Pharaoh's host,  
" And haughty Pharaoh, by the waves were tost :  
" When Mercy led us thro' the desert sand, 490  
" We reach'd the borders of the Promis'd Land ;  
" Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought,  
" And all those kings by Mercy's help we fought :  
" There with their monarch Amor's people bleed,  
" For God was gracious, and the tribes succeed : 495  
" There monstrous Ogg was fell'd on Basan's plain,  
" For God was gracious to the Tribes again.  
" At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,  
" And Israel sings that God is gracious still."



Nor has the warlike prince alone enroll'd 500  
The wondrous feats their fathers did of old;  
His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,  
These too may challenge just returns of praise.  
"My God!" he cries, "my surest rock of might,  
"My trust in dangers, and my shield in fight, 505  
"Thy matchless bounties I with gladness own,  
"Nor find assistance but from thee alone:  
"Thy strength is armour, and my path success;  
"No pow'r like thee can thus securely bless:  
"When troops united would arrest my course, 510  
"I break their files, and thro' their order force.  
"When in their towns they keep, my siege I form,  
"And leap the battlements, and lead the storm;  
"And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lie,  
"As swift as hinds in chase I bound on high. 515  
"My strenuous arms thou teachest how to kill,  
"And snap in funder temper'd bows of steel;  
"My moving footsteps are enlarg'd by thee,  
"And kept from snares of planned ambush free;  
"And when my foes forsake the field of fight, 520  
"Then flush'd with conquest I pursue their flight:  
"In vain their fears, that almost reach despair,  
"The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;  
"As swift as fear brisk warmth of conquest goes,  
"And at my feet dejects the wounded foes: 525  
"For help they call, but find their helpers gone,  
"For God's against them, and I drive them on,

“ As whirling dust in airy tumult fly  
“ Before the tempest that involves the sky,  
“ And in my rage’s unavowed sway 530  
“ I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay.”

The warrior thus in song his deeds express’d,  
Nor vainly boasted what he but confess’d.

While warlike actions were proclaim’d abroad,  
That all their praises should refer to God. 535

And here, to make this bright design arise  
In fairer splendour to the nation’s eyes,  
From private valour he converts his lays,  
For yet the public claim’d attempts of praise,  
And public conquests where they jointly fought, 540  
Thus stand recorded by reflecting thought.

“ God sent his Samuel from his holy seat  
“ To bear the promise of my future state,  
“ And I rejoicing see the Tribes fulfil  
“ The promis’d purpose of almighty will. 545

“ Subjected Sichem, sweet Samaria’s plain,  
“ And Succoth’s valleys, have confess’d my reign ;  
“ Remoter Gilead’s hilly tracts obey,  
“ Manasseh’s parted sands accept my sway ; [mine,  
“ Strong Ephraim’s sons, and Ephraim’s ports, are  
“ And mine the throne of princely Judah’s line : 551  
“ Then since my people with my standard go,  
“ To bring the strength of adverse empire low,  
“ Let Moab’s foil, to vile subjection brought,  
“ With groans declare how well our ranks have fought;

“ Let vanquish’d Edom bow its humbled head, 556  
“ And tell how pompous on its pride I tread.  
“ And now, Philistia ! with thy conqu’ring host,  
“ Dismay’d and broke, of conquer’d Israel boast ;  
“ But if a fear of Rabbah yet remain 560  
“ On Johemaa’n’s hill or Amon’s plain,  
“ Lead forth our armies, Lord ! regard our pray’r ;  
“ Lead, Lord of Battles ! and we’ll conquer there.”  
As this the warrior spake his heart arose,  
And thus with grateful turn perform’d the close: 565  
“ Tho’ men to men their best assistance lend,  
“ Yet men alone will but in vain befriend :  
“ Thro’ God we work exploits of high renown ;  
“ ’Tis God that treads our great opposers down.”  
Hear now the praise of well-disputed fields, 570  
The best return victorious honour yields ;  
’Tis common good restor’d, when lovely Peace  
Is join’d with Righteousness in strict embrace.  
Hear, all ye Victors ! what your sword secures ;  
Hear, all you Nations ! for the cause is yours ; 575  
And when the joyful trumpets loudly sound,  
When groaning captives in their ranks are bound,  
When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,  
And broken shafts and batter’d armour bear ;  
When painted arches acts of war relate, 580  
When slow procession’s pomps augment the state ;  
When Fame relates their worth among the throng,  
Thus take from David their triumphant song.

“ Oh! clap your hands together oh! rejoice  
“ In God with Melody's exalted voice; 585  
“ Your sacred psalm within his dwelling raise,  
“ And for a pure oblation offer praise,  
“ For the rich goodness plentifully shows  
“ He prospers our design upon our foes.  
“ Then hither, all ye Nations! hither run, 590  
“ Behold the wonders which the Lord has done;  
“ Behold with what a mind, the heap of slain,  
“ He spreads the sanguine surface of the plain,  
“ He makes the wars that mad Confusion hurl'd  
“ Be spent in victories and leave the world; 595  
“ He breaks the bended bows, the spears of ire,  
“ And burns the shatter'd chariots in the fire,  
“ And bids the realms be still, the tumult cease,  
“ And know the Lord of war for Lord of peace.  
“ Now may the tender youth in goodness rise, 600  
“ Beneath the guidance of their parents' eyes,  
“ As tall young poplars when the ranger's nigh,  
“ To watch their risings lest they shoot awry.  
“ Now may the beauteous daughters, bred with care,  
“ In modest rules and pious acts of fear, 605  
“ Like polish'd corners of the Temple be,  
“ So bright, so spotless, and so fit for thee:  
“ Now may the various seasons bless the soil,  
“ And plenteous gard'ners pay the ploughman's toil;  
“ Now sheep and kine upon the flow'ry meads 610  
“ Increase in thousands and ten thousand heads;

" And now no more the sound of grief complains  
 " For those that fall in fight or live in chains:  
 " Here when the blessings are proclaim'd aloud,  
 " Join all the voices of the thankful crowd; 615  
 " Let all that feel them thus confess their part,  
 " Thus own their worth with one united heart.  
 " Happy the realm which God vouchsafes to bless  
 " With all the glories of a bright success!  
 " And happy thrice the realm, if thus he please 620  
 " To crown those glories with the sweets of ease;  
 " From warfare finish'd, on a chain of thought  
 " To bright attempts of future rapture wrought.  
 " Yet stronger, yet thy pinions stronger raise,  
 " Oh Fancy! reigning in the pow'r of lays; 625  
 " For Sion's Hill thine airy courses hold,  
 " 'Twas there thy David prophesy'd of old,  
 " And there devout in contemplation sit,  
 " In holy vision and ecstatic fit."

Methinks I seem to feel the charm begin, 630  
 Now sweet contentment tunes my soul within;  
 Now wondrous soft arising music plays,  
 And now full sounds upon the sense increase;  
 Fit David's lyre, his artful fingers move  
 To court the Spirit from the realms above, 635  
 And pleas'd to come where Holiness attends,  
 The courted Spirit from above descends:  
 Hence on the lyre and voice new graces rest,  
 And bright prophetic forms enlarge the breast;

Hence firm decrees his mystic hymns relate, 640  
Affix'd in heav'n's adamant gate,  
The glories of the most important age,  
And Christ's blest'd empire seen by sure presage.

When, in a distant view, with inward eyes,  
He sees the Son descending from the skies, 645  
To take the form of man for mankind's sake,  
'Tis thus he makes the great Messiah speak;  
"It is not, Father! blood of bullocks slain  
"Can cleanse the world from universal stain;  
"Such off'rings are not here requir'd by thee, 650  
"But point at mine, and leave the work for me:  
"To perfect which, as servants' ears they drill,  
"In sign of op'ning to their masters' will,  
"Thy will would open mine, and have me bear  
"My sign of ministry, the body there. 655  
"Prophetic volumes of our state assign  
"The world's redemption as an act of mine,  
"And, lo! with cheerful and obedient heart  
"I come, my Father! to perform my part."  
So spake the Son, and left his throne above, 660  
When wings to bear him were prepar'd by Love,  
When with their monarch on the great descent  
Sweet Humbleness and gentle Patience went;  
Fair sisters both! both blest'd in his esteem,  
And both appointed here to wait on him. 665

But now before the prophet's ravish'd eyes  
Succeeding prospects of his life arise,



And here he teaches all the world to sing  
 Those strains in which the nation own'd him king;  
 When boughs, as at an holy feast, they bear, 670  
 To shew the Godhead manifested there,  
 And garments, as a mark of glory, strow'd,  
 Declar'd a Prince proclaim'd upon the road.

"This day the Lord hath made we will employ  
 "In songs," he cries, "and consecrate to joy. 675  
 "Hosannah, Lord! hosannah, shed thy peace,  
 "Hosannah long-expecting nations' grace;  
 "Oh! blest'd in honour's height triumphant, thou  
 "That wast to come, oh! blest thy people now."

'Twere easy dwelling here with fix'd delight, 680  
 And much the sweet engagement of the sight;  
 But fleeting visions each on other throng,  
 And change the music, and demand the song.  
 Ah! music chang'd by sadly-moving show  
 Ah! song demanded in excess of woe! 685

For what was all the gracious Saviour's stay,  
 Whilst here he trod in life's encumber'd way,  
 But troubled patience, persecuted breath,  
 Neglected sorrows, and afflicting death?  
 Approach, ye Sinners! think the garden shows 690  
 His bloody sweat of full arising throes;  
 Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain,  
 Thro' David's person, and in David's strain:

"Oh, save me, God! thy floods about me roll,  
 "Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my soul; 695

“ I come at length where rising waters drown,  
“ And sink in deep affliction deeply down.  
“ Deceitful snares, to bring me to the dead,  
“ Lie ready plac’d in every path I tread,  
“ And hell itself, with all that hell contains, 700  
“ Of fiends accurs’d, and dreadful change of pains,  
“ To daunt firm will, and cross the good design’d,  
“ With strong temptations fasten on the mind.”

Such grief, such sorrows, in amazing view,  
Distracted fears and heaviness pursue. 705

Ye Sages! deeply read in human frame,  
The passions’ causes, and their wild extreme,  
Where mov’d an object more oppos’d to bliss?  
What other agony could equal his?

The music still proceeds with mournful airs, 710  
And speaks the dangers as it speaks the fears.

“ Oh! sacred Presence! from the Son withdrawn;  
“ Oh! God, my Father, whither art thou gone?

“ Oh! must my soul bewail tormenting pain,  
“ And all my words of anguish fall in vain? 715

“ The trouble’s near in which my life will end,  
“ But none is near that will assistance lend;

“ Like Balaam’s bulls my foes against me throng

“ So proud, inhuman, numberless, and strong,

“ Like desert lions on their prey they go, 720

“ So much their fierce desire of blood they show;

“ As ploughers wound the ground they tore my back,

“ And long deep furrows manifest the track:

" They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet, 724  
 " And caus'd sharp pangs where nerves in numbers  
 " Rich streams of life forsake my rended veins, [meet;  
 " And fall like water spilt upon the plains;  
 " My bones, that us'd in hollow seats to close,  
 " Disjoint with anguish of convulsive throes;  
 " My mourning heart is melted in my frame, 730  
 " As wax dissolving runs before a flame;  
 " My strength dries up, my flesh the moisture leaves,  
 " And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves.  
 " Alas! I thirst; alas! for drink I call,  
 " For drink they give me vinegar and gall. 735  
 " To sportful game the savage soldiers go,  
 " And for my vesture on my vesture throw;  
 " While all deride who see me thus forlorn,  
 " And shoot their lips, and shake their heads, in scorn:  
 " And with despiteful jest, Behold, they cry, 740  
 " The great peculiar darling of the sky;  
 " He trusted God would save his soul from woe,  
 " Now God may have him if he loves him so.  
 " But to the dust of death by quick decay  
 " I come; O Father! be not long away." 745  
 And was it thus the Prince of life was slain?  
 And was it thus he dy'd for worthless men?  
 Yes, blessed Jesus; thus in ev'ry line  
 These suff'rings which the prophet spake were thine.  
 Come, Christian! to the corpse in spirit come, 750  
 And with true signs of grief surround the tomb:

Upon the threshold-stone let Sin be slain,  
Such sacrifice will best avenge his pain.  
Bring thither then repentance, sighs, and tears,  
Bring mortify'd desires, bring holy fears, 755  
And earnest pray'r, express'd from thoughts that roll  
Thro' broken mind and groanings of the soul;  
These scatter on his herse, and so prepare  
Those obsequies the Jews deny'd him there,  
While in your hearts the flames of love may burn, 760  
To dress the vault, like lamps in sacred urn:  
There oft', my Soul! in such a grateful way  
Thine humblest homage with the godly pay.

But David strikes the sounding chords anew,  
And to thy first design recalls thy view; 765  
From life to death, from death to life, he flies,  
And still pursues his object in his eyes,  
And here recounts, in more enliven'd song,  
The sacred Presence, not absented long.  
The flesh not suffer'd in the grave to dwell, 770  
The soul not suffer'd to remain in hell;  
But as the conqueror fatigu'd in war  
With hot pursuit of enemies afar,  
Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,  
Then lifts his looks to repossess the sky; 775  
So bow'd the Son in life's uneasy road,  
With anxious toil, and thorny danger strow'd;  
So bow'd the Son, but not to find relief,  
But taste the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;

So when he tasted these he rais'd his head, 780  
And left the fabled mansions of the dead,  
Ere mould'ring time consum'd the bones away,  
Or slow corruption's worms had work'd decay;  
Here Faith's foundations all the soul employ,  
With springing graces springing beams of joy, 785  
Then paus'd the voice where Nature's seen to pause,  
And for a time suspend her ancient laws.

From hence arising as the glories rise  
That must advance above the lofty skies,  
He runs with sprightly fingers o'er the lyre, 790  
And fills new songs with new celestial fire,  
In which he shews, by fair description's ray,  
The Christ's ascension to the realms of day;  
When Justice, pleas'd with life already paid,  
Unbends her brows, and sheaths her angry blade,  
And meditates rewards, and will restore 796  
What Mercy woo'd him to forsake before;  
When on a cloud with gilded edge of light  
He rose above the reach of human sight,  
And met the pomp that hung aloft in air, 800  
To make his honours more exceeding fair:  
"See," cries the prophet, "how the chariots wait  
"To bear him upwards in triumphant state;  
"By twenty thousands in unnumber'd throng,  
"And angels draw the glitt'ring ranks along: 805  
"The Lord amongst them sits in glory dress'd,  
"Nor more the presence Sinai Mount confess'd.

“ And now the chariots have begun to fly,  
“ The triumph moves, the Lord ascends on high,  
“ And Sin and Satan, us’d to captive men, 810  
“ Are dragg’d for captives in his ample train;  
“ While, as he goes, seraphic circles sing  
“ The wondrous conquest of their wondrous king;  
“ With shouts of joy their heav’nly voices raise,  
“ And with shrill trumpets manifest his praise.” 815  
From such a point of such exceeding height,  
A while my Verses sloop their airy flight,  
And seem for rest on Olivet to breathe,  
And charge the two that stand in white beneath,  
That as they move and join the moving rear, 820  
Within their honour’d hands aloft they bear  
The crown of thorns, the cross on which he dy’d,  
The nails that pierc’d his limbs, the spear his side;  
Then where kind Mercy lays the thunder by,  
Where Peace has hung great Michael’s arms on high,  
Let these adorn his magazine above, 826  
And hang the trophies of victorious Love,  
Lest man, by superstitious mind entic’d,  
Should idolize whatever touch’d the Christ.  
But still the prophet in the spirit soars 830  
To new Jerusalem’s imperial doors;  
There sees and hears the bless’d angelic throng,  
There feels their music, and records their song;  
Or, with the vision warm’d, attempts to write  
For those inhabitants of native light, 835



And teaches harmony's distinguish'd parts  
In sweet response of united hearts;  
For thus without might warbling angels sing,  
Their course containing on the flutter'd wing :  
" Eternal Gates ! your stately portals rear, 840  
" Eternal Gates ! your ways of joy prepare,  
" The King of glory for admittance stays ;  
" He comes, he'll enter ; O prepare your ways !"  
Then bright archangels that attend the wall  
Might thus upon the beauteous order call ; 845  
" Ye Fellow-ministers ! that now proclaim  
" Your King of glory, tell his awful name."  
At which the beauteous order will accord,  
And sound of solemn notes pronounce the Lord !  
" The Lord ! endow'd with strength, renown'd for might,  
" With spoils returning from the finish'd fight." 851  
Again with lays they charm the sacred gates,  
And graces double while the song repeats ;  
Again within the sacred guardians sing,  
And ask the name of their victorious King ; 855  
And then again the Lord's, the name rebounds  
From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.  
New thrones and pow'rs appear to lift the gate,  
And David still pursues their enter'd state.  
" Oh Prophet ! Father ! whither would'st thou fly ? 860  
" Oh, mystic Israel's chariot for the sky."  
Thou sacred Spirit ! what a wondrous height,  
By thee supported, soars his airy flight !

For glimpse of majesty divine is brought  
Among the shifted prospects of the thought; 865  
Dread sacred sight! I dare not gaze for fear,  
But sit beneath the fingers' feet, and hear,  
And hold each sound that interrupts the mind,  
Thus in a calm by pow'r of verse confin'd.

Ye dreadful ministers of God! displeas'd, 870  
Let blasting tempests be no longer rais'd:  
Ye deep-mouth'd thunders! leave your direful groan,  
Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne,  
The still small voice more justly will express  
How great Jehovah did the Lord address. 875  
And you, bright feather'd choirs of endless peace!

A while from tuneful hallelujahs cease;  
A while stand fix'd with deep attentive care,  
You'll have the time to sing for ever there;  
The royal Prophet will the silence break, 880  
And in his words Almighty Goodness speak.

He spake (and smil'd to see the bus'ness done),  
"Thou art my first, my great begotten Son;  
"Here on the right of Majesty sit down,  
"Enjoy thy conquest, and receive thy crown, 885  
"While I thy worship and renown complete,  
"And make thy foes the footstool of thy feet;  
"For I'll pronounce the long resolv'd decree,  
"My sacred Sion be reserv'd for thee;  
"From thence thy peaceful rod of pow'r extend, 890  
"From thence thy messenger of mercy send,

" And teach thy vanquish'd enemies to bow,  
 " And rule where Hell has fix'd an empire now :  
 " Then ready nations to their rightful King  
 " The free-will off'rings of their hearts shall bring,  
 " In holy beauties for acceptance dress'd, 896  
 " And ready nations be with pardon bless'd :  
 " Meanwhile thy dawn of truth begins the day,  
 " Enlighten'd subjects shall increase thy sway  
 " With such a splendid and unnumber'd train, 900  
 " As dews in morning fill the grassy plain.  
 " This by myself I swore; the great intent  
 " Has past my sanction, and I can't repent;  
 " Thou art a King and Priest of peace below,  
 " Like Salem's monarch, and for ever so. 905  
 " Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine; the Gentiles claim,  
 " For thy possession take the world's extreme :  
 " The kings shall rage, the parties strive, in vain,  
 " By persecuting rage, to break thy reign.  
 " Thou art my Christ, and they that still can be 910  
 " Rebellious subjects be destroy'd by thee.  
 " Bring, like the potter, to severe decay  
 " Thy worthless creatures, found in humble clay.  
 " Then hear, ye Monarchs! and, ye Judges! hear,  
 " Rejoice with trembling, serve the Lord with fear;  
 " In his commands with signs of homage move, 616  
 " And kiss the gracious offers of his love :  
 " Ye surely perish if his anger flame,  
 " And only they be bless'd that bless his name."

Thus does the Christ in David's anthems shine, 920  
With full magnificence of art divine,  
Then on his subjects gifts of grace bestow,  
And spread his image on their hearts below ;  
As when our earthly kings receive the globe,  
The sacred unction, and the purple robe, 925  
And mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,  
They scatter medals of themselves around ;  
There heav'nly fingers clap their vary'd wings,  
And lead the choir of all created things,  
Relate his glory's everlasting prime, 930  
His fame continu'd with the length of time,  
Where'er the sun shall dart a gilded beam,  
Or changing moons diffuse the silver'd gleam,  
Where'er the waves of rolling ocean sent,  
Encompass'd with arms of wide extent : 935  
" Hail, full of mercy !" ready nations cry ;  
" Hail, for ever, ever blest'd, on high !  
" Hail, oh, for ever, on thy beauteous throne !  
" Thou, Lord, that workest wondrous things alone,  
" Still let thy glory to the world appear, 940  
" And all the riches of thy goodness hear."

But thou, fair Church ! in whom he fixes love,  
Thou Queen accepted of the Prince above,  
Behold him fairer than the sons of men,  
Embrace his offer'd heart, and share his reign. 945  
In Moses' laws they bred thy tender years,  
But now to new commands incline thine ears ;

Forget thy people, bear no more in mind  
Thy Father's household, for thy Spouse is kind ;  
Within thy soul let vain affections die, 950  
Him only worship, and with him comply ;  
So shall thy Spouse's heart with thine agree,  
So shall his fervour still increase for thee.  
Come, while he calls, supremely favour'd Queen !  
In heav'nly glories dress thy soul within ; 955  
With pious actions to the throne be brought,  
In close connection of the virtues wrought,  
Let these around thee for a garment shine,  
And be the work to make them pleasing thine.  
Come, lovely Queen ! advance with stately port, 960  
Thy good companions shall complete thy court,  
With joyful souls their joyful entrance sing,  
And fill the palace of your gracious King.  
What tho' thy Moses and the prophets cease ;  
What tho' the priesthood leaves the settled race ; 965  
The Father's place their offspring well supplies,  
When at thy Spouse's ministry they rise ;  
When thy blest'd household on his orders go,  
And rule for him where'er he reigns below.  
Come, Queen exalted ! come, my lasting song 970  
To future ages shall thy fame prolong ;  
The joyful nations shall thy praise proclaim,  
And for their safety crowd beneath thy name.  
Oh, bounteous Saviour ! still thy mercy kind,  
Still what thy David sung thy servants find ; 975

Still why thy David sung thy servants see,  
From thee sent down, and sent again to thee;  
They see the words of thanks and love divine  
In strains mysterious intermingled shine,  
As sweet and rich unite in costly waves, 980  
When purling gold the purpled web receives,  
And still the Church he shadow'd hears the lays  
In daily service as an aid to praise :  
At these her temper good Devotion warms,  
And mounts aloft with more engaging charms, 985  
Then as she strives to reach the lofty sky,  
Bids Gratitude assist her will to fly ;  
In these our gratitude becomes on fire,  
Then feels its flames improv'd by strong desire,  
Then feels desire in eager wishes move, 990  
And wish determine in the point of love.

Such hymns to regulate, and such to raise,  
Approach, ye sounding instruments of praise !  
'Tis fit you tune for him, whose holy love,  
In wish aspiring to the choir above, 995  
And fond to practise ere his time to go,  
Devoutly call'd you to the choir below ;  
There where he plac'd you, with your solemn sound,  
For God's high glory fill the sacred ground,  
And there, and ev'ry where, his wondrous name 1000  
Within his firmament of pow'r proclaim.  
Soft pleasing lutes with easy sweetness move,  
To touch the sentiments of heavenly love ;



Assist the lyre and voice to tell the charms  
That gently stole him from the Father's arms; 1005  
Gay trembling timbrels, us'd with airs of mirth,  
Assist the loud hosannah rais'd on earth,  
When on an ass he meekly rides along,  
And multitudes are heard within the song :  
Full-tenor'd psalt'ry, join the doleful part 1010  
In which his agony possess'd his heart,  
And seem to feel thyself, and seem to show  
A rising heaviness and signs of woe:  
Sonorous organ at his passion moan,  
And utter forth thy sympathising groan, 1015  
In big slow murmurs anxious sorrow speak,  
While melancholy winds thine entrails shake,  
As when he suffer'd, with complaining sound  
The storms in vaulted caverns shook the ground :  
Swift cheerful cymbals give an airy strain, 1020  
When having bravely broke the doubled chain  
Of Death and Hell, he left the conquer'd grave,  
And rose to visit those he dy'd to save;  
And as he mounts in song, and angels sing,  
With grand procession their returning King, 1025  
Triumphant trumpets raise their notes on high,  
And make them seem to mount, and seem to fly:  
Then all at once conspire to praise the Lord  
In music's full consent and just accord.  
Ye sons of Art! in such melodious way 1030  
Conclude the service which you join to pay,

While nations sing Amen, and yet again  
Hold forth the note, and sing aloud, Amen.

Here has my fancy gone where David leads,  
Now softly pacing o'er the grassy meads, 1035  
Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear  
The gilded spires of palaces in air,  
Now shooting thence upon the level flight,  
To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,  
Anon with utmost stretch ascending far 1040  
Beyond the region of the farthest star;  
As sharpest-sighted eagles tow'ring fly,  
To weather their broad sails in open sky,  
At length on wings half clos'd slide gently down,  
And one attempt shall all my labours crown: 1045  
In others' verse the rest be better shown,  
But this is more, or should be more, thine own.

If then the spirit that supports my lines  
Have prov'd unequal to my large designs,  
Let others rise from earthly passion's dream, 1050  
By me provok'd to vindicate the theme:  
Let others round the world in rapture rove,  
Or with strong feathers fan the breeze above,  
Or walk the dusky shades of death, and dive  
Down hell's abyss, and mount again alive. 1055  
But oh, my God! may these unartful rhymes,  
In sober words of woe bemoan my crimes:  
'Tis fit the sorrows I for ever vent  
or what I never can enough repent;

'Tis fit, and David shews the moving way, 1060  
And with his pray'r instructs my soul to pray.  
Then since thy guilt is more than match'd by me,  
And since my troubles should with thine agree,  
O Muse! to glories in affliction born,  
May thine humility my soul adorn; 1065  
For humblest prayers are most affecting strains,  
As mines lie rich in lowly planted veins;  
Such aid I want to render Mercy kind,  
And such an aid as here I want I find;  
Thy weeping accents in my numbers run, 1070  
Ah, thought! ah, voice of inward dole begun!

My God! whose anger is appeas'd by tears,  
Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears;  
With many tongues my sins for justice call,  
But Mercy's ears are manifold for all. 1075  
Those sweet celestial windows open wide,  
And in full streams let soft compassion glide;  
There wash my soul, and cleanse it yet again,  
O th'roughly cleanse it from the guilty stain!  
For I my life with inward anguish see, 1080  
And all its wretchedness confesses to thee.

The large inditement stands before my view,  
Drawn forth by conscience, most amazing true,  
And fill'd with secrets hid from human eye,  
When, foolish Man! thy God stood witness by. 1085  
Then, oh, thou Majesty divinely great!  
Accept the sad confessions I repeat,

Which clear thy justice to the world below,  
Should dismal sentence doom my soul to woe.  
When in the silent womb my shape was made, 1090  
And from the womb to lightsome life convey'd,  
Curs'd Sin began to take unhappy root,  
And thro' my veins its early fibres shoot;  
And then what goodness did'st thou shew, to kill  
The rising weeds and principles of ill! 1095  
When to my breast, in fair celestial flame,  
Eternal Truth and lovely Wisdom came,  
Bright gift, by simple Nature never got,  
But here reveal'd to change the ancient blot :  
This wondrous help, which Mercy pleas'd to grant,  
Continue still, for still thine aid I want : 1101  
And as the men whom leprosy invade,  
Or they that touch the carcass of the dead,  
With hyssop sprinkled, and by water clean'd,  
Their former pureness in the law regain'd ; 1105  
So purge my soul, diseas'd, alas ! within,  
And much polluted with dead works of sin.  
For such blest'd favours at thine hand I sue,  
Be grace thine hyssop, and thy water too ;  
Then shall my whiteness for perfection vie 1110  
With blanching snows that newly leave the sky.  
Thus thro' my mind thy voice of gladness send,  
Thus speak the joyful word, " I will, be clean'd ;"  
That all my strength, consum'd with mournful pain,  
May by thy saving health rejoice again, 1115

And now no more my foul offences see ;  
Oh ! turn from these, but turn thee not from me :  
Or, lest they make me too deform'd a sight,  
Oh ! blot them with oblivion's endless night.  
Then further pureness to thy servant grant ; 1120  
Another heart, or change in this, I want.  
Create another, or the change create,  
For now my vile corruption is so great,  
It seems a new creation to restore  
Its fall'n estate to what it was before. 1125  
Renew my spirit, raging in my breast,  
And all its passions in their course arrest ;  
Or turn their motions, widely gone astray,  
And fix their footsteps in thy righteous way.  
When this is granted, when again I'm whole, 1130  
Oh ! ne'er withdraw thy presence from my soul :  
There let it shine, so let me be restor'd  
To present joy which conscious hopes afford.  
There let it sweetly shine, and o'er my breast  
Diffuse the dawning of eternal rest ; 1135  
Then shall the wicked this compassion see,  
And learn thy worship and thy works from me ;  
For I to such occasions of thy praise  
Will tune my lyre and consecrate my lays.  
Unseal my lips, where guilt and shame have hung, 1140  
To stop the passage of my grateful tongue,  
And let my prayer and song ascend—my prayer  
Here join'd with saints, my song with angels there ;

Yet neither prayer I'd give, nor songs, alone,  
If either off'rings were as much thy own; 1145  
But thine's the contrite spirit, thine's an heart  
Oppress'd with sorrow, broke with inward smart,  
That at thy footstool in confession shows  
How well its faults, how well the Judge, it knows:  
That sin with sober resolution flies, 1150  
This gift thy mercy never will despise.  
Then in my soul a mystic altar rear,  
And such a sacrifice I'll offer there;  
There shall it stand, in vows of virtue bound,  
There falling tears shall wash it all around, 1155  
And sharp remorse, yet sharper edg'd by woe,  
Deserv'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow;  
There shall my thoughts to holy breathings fly,  
Instead of incense, to perfume the sky;  
And thence my willing heart aspires above,  
A victim panting in the flames of love. 1161



## SOLOMON.

As thro' the Psalms from theme to theme I chang'd,  
Methinks like Eve in Paradise I rang'd,  
And ev'ry grace of song I seem'd to see,  
As the gay pride of ev'ry season, she ;  
She gently treading all the walks around, 5  
Admir'd the springing beauties of the ground,  
The lily glist'ring with the morning dew,  
The rose in red, the violet in blue,  
The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,  
And tulips colour'd in a thousand shows; 10  
Then here and there perhaps she pull'd a flow'r  
To strew with moss, and paint her leafy bow'r ;  
And here and there, like her, I went along,  
Chose a bright strain, and bid it deck my song.

But now the sacred Singer leaves mine eye; 15  
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high :  
Ere this, Devotion bore his heav'nly psalms,  
And now himself bears up his harp and palms.  
Go, Saint triumphant! leave the changing sight,  
So fitted out you suit the realms of light; 20  
But let thy glorious robe at parting go,  
Those realms have robes of more effulgent show :  
It flies, it falls ; the flutt'ring silk I see,  
Thy son has caught it, and he sings like thee,  
With such election of a theme divine, 25  
And such sweet grace as conquers all but thine.

Hence ev'ry writer o'er the fabled streams,  
Where frolic fancies sport with idle dreams,  
Or round the light enchanted clouds dispose,  
Whence wanton Cupids shoot with gilded bows ; 30  
A nobler writer strains more brightly wrought,  
Themes more exalted fill my wond'ring thought ;  
The parted skies are track'd with flames above,  
As Love descends to meet ascending love ;  
The seasons flourish where the Spouses meet, 35  
And earth in gardens spreads beneath their feet :  
This fresh-bloom prospect in the bosom throngs,  
When Solomon begins his Song of Songs,  
Bids the rap'd soul to Lebanon repair,  
And lays the scenes of all his action there, 40  
Where as he wrote, and from the bow'r survey'd  
The scenting groves, or answ'ring knots he made,  
His sacred art the sights of Nature brings  
Beyond their use to figure heav'nly things.

Great Son of God ! whose gospel pleas'd to throw  
Round thy rich glory veils of earthly show, 46  
Who made the vineyard oft' thy Church design,  
Who made the marriage-feast a type of thine,  
Assist my verses, which attempt to trace  
The shadow'd beauties of celestial grace, 50  
And with illapses of seraphic fire  
The work which pleas'd thee once once more inspire.  
Look, or Illusion's airy visions draw,  
Or now I walk the gardens which I saw,

Where silver waters feed a flow'ring spring, 55  
And winds salute it with a balmy wing;  
There on a bank, whose shades directly rise  
To screen the sun, and not exclude the skies,  
There sits the sacred Church: methinks I view  
The Spouse's aspect, and her ensigns too: 60  
Her face has features where the Virtues reign,  
Her hands the book of sacred love contain;  
A light (Truth's emblem) on her bosom shines,  
And at her side the meekest Lamb reclines;  
And oft' on heav'nly lectures in the book, 65  
And oft' on heav'n itself she cast a look;

Sweet, humble, fervent, zeal, that works within,  
At length bursts forth, and raptures thus begin:

“ Let him, that Him my soul adores above,  
“ In close communions breathe his holy love, 70  
“ For these bless'd words his pleasing lips impart,  
“ Beyond all cordials cheer the fainting heart.  
“ As rich and sweet the precious ointment stream,  
“ So rich thy graces flow, so sweet thy name  
“ Diffuses sacred joy; 'tis hence we find 75  
“ Affection rais'd in ev'ry virgin mind;  
“ For this we come, the daughters here and I,  
“ Still draw we forward, and behold I fly;  
“ I fly through mercy, when my King invites,  
“ To tread his chambers of sincere delights; 80  
“ There, join'd by mystic union, I rejoice,  
“ Exalt my temper, and enlarge my voice,

“ And celebrate thy joys, supremely more  
“ Than earthly blifs; thus upright hearts adore.  
“ Nor you, ye Maids! who breathe of Salem’s air, 85  
“ Nor you refuse that I conduct you there;  
“ Tho’ clouding darkness hath eclips’d my face,  
“ Dark as I am I shine with beams of grace.  
“ As the black tents where Ismael’s line abides  
“ With glitt’ring trophies drefs their inward fides; 90  
“ Or as thy curtains, Solomon! are feen,  
“ Whose plaits conceal a golden throne within,  
“ ’Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal fight,  
“ And yet my vifage was by nature white;  
“ But fiery funs, which perfecute the meek, 95  
“ Found me abroad, and fcorch’d my rofy cheek;  
“ The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,  
“ They made me drefs a vineyard not my own;  
“ Among their rites (their vines) I learn’d to dwell,  
“ And in the mean employ my beauty fell; 100  
“ By frailty loft, I gave my labour o’er,  
“ And my own vineyard grew deform’d the more.  
“ Behold I turn; O fay, my foul’s defire!  
“ Where doft thou feed thy flock, and where retire  
“ To reft that flock when noon-tide heats arife? 105  
“ Shepherd of Ifrael! teach my dubious eyes  
“ To guide me right, for why fhould thine abide  
“ Where wand’ring fhepherds turn their flocks afide?”

So fpake the Church, and figh’d; a purple light  
Sprung forth, the Godhead flood reveal’d to fight, 110

And Heav'n and Nature smil'd ; as white as snow  
His seamless vesture loosely fell below ;

Sedate and pleas'd he nodded ; round his head

The pointed glory shook, and thus he said :

" If thou, the loveliest of the beauteous kind, 115

" If thou canst want thy Shepherd's walk to find,

" Go by the footsteps where my flocks have trod,

" My faints, obedient to the laws of God ;

" Go where their tents my teaching servants rear,

" And feed the kids, thy young believers, there : 120

" Should thus my flocks increase, my fair delight,

" I view their numbers, and compare the sight

" To Pharaoh's horses when they take the field,

" Beat plains to dust, and make the nations yield.

" With rows of gems thy comely cheeks I deck, 125

" And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,

" For so like gems the riches of my grace,

" And so descending glory cheers thy face ;

" Gay bridal robes a flow'ring silver strows,

" Bright gold engrailing on the border glows." 130

He spake, the Spouse admiring heard the sound,

Then meekly bending on the sacred ground,

She cries, " Oh, present to my ravish'd breast !

" This sweet communion is an inward feast ;

" There sits the King, while all around our heads 135

" His grace, my spikenard, pleasing odours sheds ;

" About my soul his holy comfort flies,

" So closely treasur'd in the bosom lies

“ The bundled myrrh so sweet, the scented gale  
“ Breaths all En-gedi’s aromatic vale. 140

“ Now, says the King, my Love ! I see thee fair,  
“ Thine eyes for mildness with the dove’s compare.”

“ No, thou, Belov’d ! art fair,” the Church replies,  
“ (Since all my beauties but from thee arise)

“ All fair, all pleasant ; these communions show 145  
“ Thy counsels pleasant, and thy comforts so :

“ And as at marriage-feasts they strow the flow’rs,  
“ With nuptial chaplets hang the summer bow’rs,

“ And make the rooms of smelling cedars fine,  
“ Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline ;

“ I dress my soul with such exceeding care, 151  
“ With such, with more, to court thy presence there.”

“ Well hast thou prais’d,” he says. “ The Sharon rose  
“ Thro’ flow’ry fields a pleasing odour throws,

“ The valley-lilies ravish’d sense regale, 155  
“ And with pure whiteness paint their humble vale ;

“ Such names of sweetness are thy lover’s due,  
“ And thou, my Love ! be thou a lily too,

“ A lily set in thorns, for all I see,  
“ All other daughters are as thorns to thee.” 160

Then she. “ The trees that pleasing apples yield  
“ Surpass the barren trees that clothe the field ;

“ So you surpass the sons with worth divine,  
“ So shade, and fruit as well as shade, is thine.

“ I sat me down, and saw thy branches spread, 165  
“ And green protection flourish o’er my head ;



" I saw thy fruit, the soul's celestial food,  
 " I pull'd, I tasted, and I found it good :  
 " Hence in the spirit to the blissful seats  
 " Where Love to feast mysteriously retreats, 170  
 " He led me forth ; I saw the banner rear,  
 " And Love was pencil'd for the motto there.  
 " Prophets and teachers in your care combine ;  
 " Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine ;  
 " The cordial promises of joys above, 175  
 " For hope deferr'd has made me sick with love.  
 " Ah, while my tongue reveals my fond desire,  
 " His hands support me, lest my life expire ;  
 " As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd, 179  
 " This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist."

Here ceas'd the Church, and lean'd her languid  
 Bent down with joy, when thus the Lover said : [head,  
 " Behold, ye Daughters of the realm of Peace !  
 " She sleeps, at least her thoughts of sorrow cease.  
 " Now by the bounding roes, the skipping fawns, 185  
 " Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns,  
 " By all the tender innocents that rove,  
 " Your hourly charges in my sacred grove,  
 " Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,  
 " I would not have her wake but when she will." 190

So rest the Church and Spouse : my verses so  
 Appear to languish with the flames you show,  
 And pausing rest ; but not the pause be long,  
 For still thy Solomon pursues the song.

Then keep the place in view ; let sweets more rare  
Than earth produces fill the purpled air ; 196  
Let something solemn overspread the green,  
Which seems to tell us here the Lord has been !  
But let the virgin still in prospect shine,  
And other strains of her's enliven mine. 200  
She wakes ! she rises ! bid the whisp'ring breeze  
More softly whisper in the waving trees,  
Or fall with silent awe ; bid all around  
Before the Church's voice abate their sound,  
While thus her shadowy strains attempt to show 205  
A future advent of the Spouse below :

“ Hark ! my Beloved's voice ! behold him too !  
“ Behold him coming in the distant view !  
“ No clamb'ring mountains make my lover stay,  
“ (For what are mountains in a lover's way ?) 210  
“ Leaping he comes ! how like the nimble roe  
“ He runs the paths his prophets us'd to show !  
“ And now he looks from yon' partition wall,  
“ Built till he comes—'tis only then to fall ;  
“ And now he's nearer in the promise seen, 215  
“ Too faint the sight—'tis with a glass between ;  
“ From hence I hear him as a lover speak,  
“ Who near a window calls a fair to wake.  
“ Attend, ye Virgins ! while the words that trace  
“ An op'ning spring design the day of grace. 220  
“ Hark ! or I dream, or else I hear him say,  
“ Arise, my Love ! my Fair One ! come away ;

“ For now the tempests of thy winter end,  
“ Thick rains no more in heavy drops descend,  
“ Sweet painted flow’rs their silken leaves uncloſe,  
“ And dreſs the face of earth with vary’d ſhows; 226  
“ In the green wood the ſinging birds renew  
“ Their chirping notes, the ſilver turtles coo;  
“ The trees that yield the fig already ſhoot,  
“ And knit their bloſſoms for their early fruit; 230  
“ With fragrant ſcents the vines reſreſh the day,  
“ Ariſe, my Love! my Fair One! come away.  
“ O come, my Dove! forſake thy cloſe retreat,  
“ For cloſe in ſafety haſt thou fix’d thy ſeat,  
“ As fearful pigeons in dark clefts abide, 235  
“ And ſafe the clefts their tender charges hide.  
“ Now let thy looks with modeſt guiſe appear,  
“ Now let thy voice ſalute my longing ear,  
“ For in thy looks an humble mind I ſee,  
“ Prayer forms thy voice, and both are ſweet to me:  
“ To ſave the bloomings of my vineyard haſte, 241  
“ Which foxes (false deluding teachers) waſte;  
“ Watch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there;  
“ Our grapes are tender, and demand thy care.”  
Thus ſpeaks my Love, ſurpriſing love divine! 245  
“ I thus am his, he thus for ever mine;  
“ And till he comes I find a preſence ſtill,  
“ Where ſouls attentive ſerve his holy will,  
“ Where down in vales unſpotted lilies grow,  
“ White types of innocence in humble ſhow. 250

“ O! till the spicy breath of heav'nly day,  
“ Till all thy shadows fleet before thy ray,  
“ Turn, my Beloved! with thy comforts here,  
“ Turn in thy promise, in thy grace appear,  
“ Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown 255  
“ To save themselves, as thou to cheer thine own;  
“ Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound  
“ Before the stretches of the fleetest hound;  
“ Skim the plain chase of lofty Bether's head,  
“ And make the mountain wonder if they tread.” 260

But long expectance of a bliss delay'd  
Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the sacred maid;  
Then mists arising straight repel the light,  
The colour'd garden lies disguis'd with night,  
A pale horn'd crescent leads a glimm'ring throng, 265  
And groans of absence jar within the song.

“ By night,” she cries, “ a night which blots the  
“ I seek the lover whom I fail to find; [mind,  
“ When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,  
“ I search, and vainly search, with Reason's eye; 270  
“ Rise, fondly rise, thy present search give o'er,  
“ And ask if others know thy lover more.  
“ Dark as it is, I rise; the moon that shines  
“ Shows by the gleam the city's outward lines,  
“ I range the wand'ring road, the winding street, 275  
“ And ask, but ask in vain, of all I meet,  
“ Till, toil'd with ev'ry disappointing place,  
“ My steps the guardians of the Temple trace,

" Whom thus my wish accosts ; ' Ye sacred Guides !

" Ye Prophets ! tell me where my Love resides ?" 280

" 'Twas well I question'd ; scarce I pass'd them by

" Ere my rais'd soul perceives my lover nigh :

" And have I found thee, found my joy divine ?

" How fast I'll hold thee till I make thee mine !

" My mother waits thee, thither thou repair, 285

" Long waiting Israel wants thy presence there."

The lover smiles to see the virgin's pain,

The mists roll off, and quit the flow'ry plain.

" Yes, there I come," he says ; " thy sorrow cease,

" And guard her, Daughters of the realms of Peace !

" By all the bounding roes and skipping fawns, 291

" Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns ;

" By all the tender innocents that rove,

" Your hourly charges in my sacred grove, 294

" Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,

" I'll have her feel my comforts while she will."

Here hand in hand with cheerful heart they go,

When wand'ring Salem sees the solemn show,

Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again, 299

And thus her daughters sing th' approaching scene :

" Who from the desert, where the waving clouds

" High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds ?

" For Sion's hill her sober pace she bends,

" As grateful incense from the dome ascends.

" It seems the sweets from all Arabia shed 305

" Curl at her side, and hover o'er her head.

" For her the King prepares a bed of state,  
 " Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,  
 " All mystic Israel's sons; 'tis there they quell  
 " The foes within, the foes without repel; 310  
 " The guard his ministry, their swords of fight  
 " His sacred laws, her present state of night.  
 " He forms a chariot, too, to bring her there,  
 " Not the carv'd frame of Solomon's so fair;  
 " Sweetsmellsthe chariot as the Temple stood, 315  
 " The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood;  
 " High wreaths of silver'd columns prop the door,  
 " Fine gold entrail'd adorns the figur'd floor;  
 " Deep fringing purple hangs the roof above, 319  
 " And silk embroid'ry paints the midst with love.  
 " Go forth, ye Daughters! Sion's daughters go;  
 " A greater Solomon exalts the show;  
 " If crown'd with gold, and by the Queen bestow'd,  
 " To grace his nuptials Jacob's monarch rode,  
 " A crown of glory from the King divine, 325  
 " To grace these nuptials makes the Saviour shine;  
 " While the blest'd pair, express'd in emblem, ride,  
 " Messiah Solomon, his Church the bride,"

Ye kind attendants, who with wond'ring eyes  
 Saw the grand entry, what you said suffice; 330  
 You sung the lover with a loud acclaim,  
 The lover's fondness longs to sing the dame.  
 He speaks, admiring Nature stands around,  
 And learns new music while it hears the sound.



- " Behold, my Love ! how fair thy beauties show,  
 " Behold how more, how most extremely so ! 336  
 " How still to me thy constant eyes incline,  
 " I see the turtle's when I gaze on thine ;  
 " Sweet thro' the lids they shine with modest care,  
 " And sweet and modest is a virgin's air. 340  
 " How bright thy locks ! how well their numberpaints  
 " The great assemblies of my lovely saints !  
 " So bright the kids, so numerously fed,  
 " Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head ;  
 " All Gilead's head a fleecy whitencs clouds, 345  
 " And the rich master glories in the crowds.  
 " How pure thy teeth ; for equal order made,  
 " Each answ'ring each, whilst all the public aid ;  
 " These lovely graces in my Church I find,  
 " This candour, order, and accorded mind. 350  
 " Thus when the season bids the shepherd lave  
 " His sheep new shorn within the crystal wave,  
 " Wash'd they return in such unsully'd white,  
 " Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.  
 " How please thy lips, adorn'd with native red ! 355  
 " Art vainly mocks them in the scarlet thread ;  
 " But if they part, what music wafts the air !  
 " So sweet thy praises, and so soft thy prayer.  
 " If thro' thy loosen'd curls with honest flame  
 " Thy lovely temple's fine complexion flame, 360  
 " Whatever crimson granate blossoms show,  
 " 'Twas never theirs so much to please and glow.

“ But what’s thy neck, the polish’d form I see,  
“ Whose iv’ry strength supports thine eyes, to me ?  
“ Fair type of firmness when my faints aspire 365  
“ The sacred confidence that lifts desire,  
“ As David’s turret on the stately frame  
“ Upheld its thousand conq’ring shields of fame :  
“ And what thy breasts ? they still demand my lays ;  
“ What image wakes to charm me whilst I gaze ? 370  
“ Two lovely mountains, each exactly round,  
“ Two lovely mountains with the lily crown’d,  
“ While two twin roes, and each on either bred,  
“ Feed in the lilies of the mountain’s head.  
“ Let this resemblance spotless virtues show, 375  
“ And in such lilies feed my young below.  
“ But now farewell till night’s dark shades decay,  
“ Farewell, my Virgin ! till the break of day ;  
“ Swift for the hills of spice and gums I fly,  
“ To breathe such sweets as scent a purer sky ; 380  
“ Yet as I leave thee, still above compare,  
“ My Love ! my Spotless ! still I find thee fair.”

Here rest, celestial Maid ! for if he go,  
Nor will he part, nor is the promise slow ;  
Nor slow my fancy move ; dispel the shade, 385  
Charm forth the morning, and relieve the maid.  
Arise, fair Sun ! the Church attends to see  
The Sun of righteousness arise in thee.  
Arise, fair Sun ! and bid the Church adore,  
’Tis then he’ll court her whom he prais’d before. 390

As thus I sing it shines ; there seems a found  
Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground ;  
I see their meeting, see the flow'ry scene,

And hear the mystic love pursu'd again : 394

“ Now to the mount, whose spice perfumes the day,

“ 'Tis I invite thee, come, my Spouse ! away ;

“ Come, leave thy Lebanon ; is aught we see

“ In all thy Lebanon compar'd to me ? 398

“ Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wishful sight,

“ From Hermon's, Shenir's, and Amana's height ;

“ There dwells the leopard, there assaults the bear,

“ This world has ills, and such may find thee there.

“ My Spouse ! my Sister ! O thy wondrous art,

“ Which thro' my bosom drew my ravish'd heart !

“ Won by one eye my ravish'd heart is gone, 405

“ For all thy seeing guides consent as one ;

“ Drawn by one chain which round thy body plies

“ For all thy members one blest union ties.

“ My Spouse ! my Sister ! O the charm to please,

“ When love repaid returns my bosom ease ! 410

“ Strongly thy love, and strongly wines restore,

“ But wines must yield, thy love inflames me more.

“ Sweetly thine ointments (all thy virtues) smell,

“ Not altar spices please thy King so well.

“ How soft thy doctrine on thy lips resides ! 41

“ From those two combs the dropping honey glides,

“ All pure without, as all within sincere

“ Beneath thy tongue—I find it honey there,

" Ah ! while thy graces thus around thee shine,  
 " The charms of Lebanon must yield to thine ; 420  
 " His spring, his garden, ev'ry scented tree,  
 " My Spouse ! my Sister ! all I find in thee.  
 " Thee for myself I fence, I shut, I seal ;  
 " Mysterious spring, mysterious garden, hail !  
 " A spring, a font, where heav'nly waters flow, 425  
 " A grove, a garden, where the graces grow :  
 " There rise my fruits, my cyprus, and my fir,  
 " My saffron, spikenard, cinnamon, and myrrh ;  
 " Perpetual fountains for their use abound,  
 " And streams of favour feed the living ground." 430

Scarce spake the Christ when thus the Church replies,  
 And spread her arms where'er the spirit flies :

" Ye cooling Northern Gales ! who freshly shake  
 " My balmy reeds, ye Northern Gales ! awake :  
 " And thou, the regent of the southern sky, 435  
 " O ! soft inspiring, o'er my garden fly !  
 " Unlock and waft my sweets, that ev'ry grace  
 " In all its heav'nly life regale the place.  
 " If thus a paradise thy garden prove,  
 " 'Twere best prepar'd to entertain my Love ; 440  
 " And that the pleasing fruits may please the more,  
 " O think my proffer was thy gift before !"

At this the Saviour cries, " Behold me near,  
 " My Spouse ! my Sister ! O behold me here !  
 " To gather fruits I come at thy request, 445  
 " And, pleas'd, my soul accepts the solemn feast :

" I gather myrrh with spice to scent the treat,  
 " My virgin-honey with the combs I eat;  
 " I drink my sweet'ning milk, my lively wine,  
 " (These words of pleasure mean thy gifts divine)  
 " To share my bliss my good elect I call, 451  
 " The Church (my garden) must include them all:  
 " Now sit and banquet; now, Belov'd! you see  
 " What gifts I love, and prove these fruits with me.  
 " O might this sweet communion ever last! 455  
 " But with the sun the sweet communion past;  
 " The Saviour parts, and on Oblivion's breast,  
 " Benumb'd and slumb'ring lies the Church to rest.  
 " Pass the sweet alleys while the dusk abides,  
 " Seek the fair lodge in which the maid resides." 460  
 Then, Fancy, seek the maid, at night again  
 The Christ will come, but comes, alas! in vain.

" I sleep," she says, " and yet my heart awakes;"  
 (There's still some feeling while the lover speaks)  
 With what fond fervour from without he cries, 465  
 " Arise, my Love! my Undefil'd! arise;  
 " My Dove! my Sister! cold the dews alight,  
 " And fill my tresses with the drops of night.  
 " Alas! I'm all unrob'd, I wash'd my feet,  
 " I tasted slumber, and I find it sweet." 470  
 " As thus my words refuse, he slips his hands  
 " Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands.  
 " What! tho' deny'd, so persevering kind!  
 " Who long denies a persevering mind?

- " From my wak'd soul my slothful temper flies, 473  
" My bowels yearn, I rise, my Love! I rise;  
" I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,  
" Thy smelling myrrh comes dropping off the door,  
" Now, where's my Love?—What! hast thou left the  
" O! to my soul repeat thy words of grace; [place?  
" Speak in the dark, my Love! I seek thee round, 481  
" And vainly seek thee till thou wilt be found.  
" What! no return? I own my folly past,  
" I lay too listless; speak, my Love! at last. 484  
" The guards have found me—Are ye guards indeed,  
" Who smite the sad, who make the feeble bleed?  
" Dividing teachers these who wrong my name,  
" Rend my long vail, and cast me bare to shame.  
" But you, ye Daughters of the realm of Rest!  
" If ever pity mov'd a virgin-breast, 490  
" Tell my Belov'd how languishing I lie,  
" How love has brought me near the point to die."  
" And what Belov'd is this you would have found?"  
Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around. 494  
" What wondrous thing, what charm beyond com-  
" Say what's thy lover, Fairest o'er the fair!" [para?  
" His face is white and ruddy," she replies,  
" So mercy join'd to justice tempers dyes;  
" His lofty stature, where a myriad shine,  
" O'ertops, and speaks a majesty divine; 500  
" Fair honour crowns his head; the raven-black  
" In bushy curlings flows adown his back;



" Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,  
 " White like the milk, and with a mildness grac'd,  
 " As the sweet doves, whene'er they fondly play  
 " By running waters in a glitt'ring day. 506  
 " Within his breath what pleasing sweetness grows!  
 " 'Tis spice exhal'd, and mingled on the rose:  
 " Within his words what grace with goodness meets!  
 " So beds of lilies drop with balmy sweets. 510  
 " What rings of Eastern price his finger hold!  
 " Gold decks the fingers, beryl decks the gold!  
 " His iv'ry shape adorns a costly vest,  
 " Work paints the skirts, and gems enrich the breast;  
 " His limbs beneath his shining sandals case, 515  
 " Like marble columns on a golden base.

" Nor boasts that mountain where the cedar-tree  
 " Perfumes our realm such num'rous sweets as he.  
 " O lovely All! what could my King require 519  
 " To make his presence more the world's desire?  
 " And now, ye Maids! if such a friend you know,  
 " 'Tis such my longings look to find below."

While thus her friend the Spouse's anthems sing,  
 Deck'd with the Thummim, crown'd a sacred king,  
 The daughters' hearts the fine description drew, 525  
 And that which rais'd their wonder ask'd their view.

" Then where," they cry, "thou Fairest o'er the fair!  
 " Where goes thy lover? tell the virgins where;  
 " What flow'ring walks invite his steps aside?  
 " We'll help to seek him; let those walks be try'd."

The Spouse revolving here the grand descent, 531  
 " 'Twas that he promis'd; there," she cries, "he went;  
 " He keeps a garden where the spice's breath  
 " Its bow'ring borders kifs the vale beneath;  
 " 'Tis there he gathers lilies, there he dwells, 535  
 " And binds his flow'rets to unite their smells.  
 " O 'tis my height of love that I am his!  
 " O he is mine, and that's my height of bliss!  
 " Descend, my Virgins! well I know the place,  
 " He feeds in lilies, that's a spotless race." 540

At dawning day the Bridegroom leaves a bow'r,  
 And here he waters, there he props a flow'r,  
 When the kind damsel, spring of heav'nly flame,  
 With Salem's daughters to the garden came; 545  
 Then thus his love the Bridegroom's words repeat  
 (The smelling borders lent them both a feat),  
 " O great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place;  
 " O fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of Peace;  
 " Whose aspect, awful to the wond'ring eye,  
 " Appears like armies when the banners fly: 550  
 " O turn, my Sister! O my beauteous Bride!  
 " Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aside.  
 " How bright thy locks! how well their number paints  
 " The great assemblies of my lovely fairs!  
 " So bright the kids, so numerously fed, 555  
 " Graze the green wealth of lofty Gilead's head.  
 " How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,  
 " Each answ'ring each, while all the public aid;

" As when the season bids the shepherd lave  
 " His sheep, new shorn, within the silver wave, 560  
 " Wash'd they return in such unfully'd white,  
 " So march by pairs, and in the flock unite,  
 " How sweet thy temples! not pomegranates know  
 " With equal modest look to please and glow.  
 " If Solomon his life of pleasure leads 565  
 " With wives in numbers and unnumber'd maids,  
 " In other paths my life of pleasure shown,  
 " Admits my love, my undefil'd alone ;  
 " Thy mother Israel, she, the dame who bore  
 " Her choice, my dove, my spotless, owns no more ;  
 " The Gentile queens at thy appearance cry, 571  
 " Hail! Queen of Nations! Hail! the maids reply ;  
 " And thus they sing thy praise : What heav'nly dame  
 " Springs like the morning with a purple flame ?  
 " What rises like the moon with silver light ? 575  
 " What like the sun assists the world with light ;  
 " Yet awful still, tho' thus serenely kind,  
 " Like hosts with ensigns rattling in the wind.  
 " I grant I left thy sight, I seem'd to go ;  
 " But was I absent when you fancy'd so ? 580  
 " Down to my garden, all my planted vale,  
 " Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal,  
 " Where blown pomegranates there I went to see,  
 " What knitting blossoms white the bearing tree! 584  
 " View the green buds, recall the wand'ring shoots,  
 " Smell my gay flow'rets, taste my flavour'd fruits,

" Raise the curl'd vine, refresh the spicy beds,

" And joy for ev'ry grace my garden sheds."

The Saviour here, and here the Church, arise;

" And am I thus respected ?" thus she cries. 590

" I mount for heav'n transported on the winds,

" My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds."

As rapt with comfort thus the maid withdrew,

The waiting daughters wonder'd where she flew ; 594

" And O ! return," they cry ; " for thee we burn,

" O maid of Salem ! Salem's self, return.

" And what's in Salem's maid we covet so ?

" Hear, all ye Nations !——'tis your bliss below ;

" That glorious vision by the patriarch seen, 599

" When sky-born beauties march'd the scented green,

" There the met saints and meeting angels came,

" Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name."

Again the maid reviews her sacred ground,

Solemn she sits, the damsels sing around.

" O prince's Daughter ! how with shining show

" Thy golden shoes prepare thy feet below ! 606

" How firm thy joints ! what temple-work can be,

" With all its gems and art, prefer'd to thee ?

" In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,

" Still flow the riches of abounding grace, 610

" Pure, large, refreshing, as the waters fall

" From the carv'd navels of the cistern-wall ;

" In thee the lover finds his race divine,

" You teem with numbers, they with virtues shine ;

- “ So wheat with lilies, if their heaps unite, 615  
“ The wheat’s unnumber’d and the lilies white.  
“ Like tender roes thy breasts appear above,  
“ Two types of innocence and twins of Love:  
“ Like iv’ry turrets seems thy neck to rear,  
“ O sacred emblem! upright, firm, and fair! 620  
“ As Heshbon pools, which with a silver state  
“ Diffuse their waters at their city gate,  
“ For ever so thy virgin eyes remain;  
“ So clear within, and so without serene.  
“ As thro’ sweet fir the royal turret shows 625  
“ Whence Lebanon surveys a realm of foes,  
“ So thro’ thy lovely curls appear thy face  
“ To watch thy foes and guard thy faithful race.  
“ The richest colours flow’ry Carmel wears, 629  
“ Red fillets cross’d with purple braid thy hairs;  
“ Yet not more strictly these thy locks restrain,  
“ Than thou thy King with strong affections chain,  
“ When from his palace he enjoys thy sight,  
“ O Love! O Beauty! form’d for all delight.  
“ Straight is thy goodly stature, firm and high, 635  
“ As palms aspiring in the brighter sky;  
“ Thy breasts the cluster (if those breasts we view  
“ As late for beauty, now for profit too),  
“ Woo’d to thine arms, those arms that oft’ extend  
“ In the kind posture of a waiting friend, 640  
“ Each maid of Salem cries, I’ll mount the tree,  
“ Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee.

“ O more than grapes thy fruit delights the maids!  
“ Thy pleasing breath excels the citron shades;  
“ Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go 645  
“ From those sweet lips with more refreshment flow;  
“ Their pow’rful graces slumb’ring souls awake,  
“ And cause the dead that hear thy voice to speak.”

This anthem sung, the glorious Spouse arose,  
Yet thus instructs the daughters ere she goes. 650  
“ If aught, my Damsels! in the Spouse ye find  
“ Deserving praises, think the lover kind;  
“ To my Belov’d these marriage-robcs I owe,  
“ I’m his desire, and he would have it so.” 654

Scarce spake the Spouse but see the lover near,  
Her humble temper brought the Presence here,  
Then rais’d by grace, and strongly warm’d by love,  
No second languor lets her Lord remove;  
She flies to meet him, zeal supplies the wings,  
And thus her haste to work his will she sings; 660  
“ Come, my Beloved! to the fields repair,  
“ Come where another spot demands our care;  
“ There in the village we’ll to rest recline,  
“ Mean as it is I try to make it thine.  
“ When the first rays their cheering crimson shed,  
“ We’ll rise betimes to see the vineyard spread, 666  
“ See vines luxuriant verdur’d leaves display,  
“ Supporting tendrils curling all the way,  
“ See young unpurpled grapes in clusters grow,  
“ And smell pomegranate blossoms as they blow,



- “ There will I give my loves, employ my care,  
“ And as my labours thrive approve me there: 672  
“ Scarce have we pass’d my gate the scent we meet,  
“ My covering jessamines diffuse a sweet,  
“ My spicy flow’rets, mingled as they fly, 675  
“ With doubling odours crowd a balmy sky.  
“ Now all the fruits which crown the season view,  
“ These nearer fruits are old, and those are new,  
“ And these, and all of ev’ry loaded tree,  
“ My love! I gather, and reserve for thee. 680  
“ If then thy Spouse’s labour please thee well,  
“ Oh! like my brethren with thy sister dwell;  
“ No blameless maid, whose fond caresses meet  
“ An infant-brother in the public street,  
“ Clings to its lips with less reserve, than I 685  
“ Would hang on thine where’er I found thee nigh:  
“ No shame would make me from thy side remove,  
“ No danger make me not confess thy love.  
“ Straight to my mother’s house, thine Israel she,  
“ (And thou my monarch wouldst arrive with me)  
“ ’Tis there I’d lead thee, where I mean to stay 691  
“ Till thou, by her, instruct my soul to pray;  
“ There shalt thou prove my virtues, drink my wine,  
“ And feel my joy to find me wholly thine. 694  
“ Oh! while my soul were sick thro’ fond desire,  
“ Thine hands should hold me lest my life expire;  
“ As round a child the parent’s arms are plac’d,  
“ This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist.”

" So cast thy cares on me," the Lover cry'd ;  
 " Lean to my bosom, lean, my lovely Bride! 700  
 " And now, ye Daughters of the realm of Bliss!  
 " Let nothing discompose a love like this,  
 " But guard her rest from each approach of ill;  
 " I caus'd her languor, guard her while she will."

Here pause the lines, but soon the lines renew ;  
 Once more the pair celestial come to view. 706  
 Ah! seek them once, my ravish'd Fancy! more,  
 And then thy Songs of Solomon are o'er ;  
 By yon' green bank pursue their orb of light,  
 The sun shines out, but shines not half so bright ;  
 See Salem's maids in white attend the King, 711  
 They greet the Spouses—hark to what they sing.

" Who from the desert, where the wand'ring clouds  
 " High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?  
 " 'Tis she, the Spouse! Oh! favour'd o'er the rest,  
 " Who walks reclin'd by such a lover's breast." 716

The Spouse, rejoicing, heard the kind salute,  
 And thus address'd him—all the rest were mute:  
 " Beneath the law, our goodly parent tree,  
 " I went, my much Belov'd! in search of thee; 720  
 " For thee like one in pangs of travail strove,  
 " Hence none may wonder if I gain thy love.  
 " As seals their pictures to the wax impart,  
 " So let my picture stamp thy gentle heart;  
 " As fix'd the signets on our hands remain, 725  
 " So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again;

“ For love is strong as death, whene’er they strike,  
“ Alike imperious, vainly check’d alike :  
“ But dread to lose love mix’d with jealous dread ;  
“ As soon the marble tomb resign the dead ; 730  
“ Its fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,  
“ The fire intense, and thine the most of all ;  
“ To slack the points no chilling floods are found ;  
“ Nay, should afflictions roll like floods around,  
“ Were wealth of nations offer’d, all wou’d prove  
“ Too small a danger, or a price for love. 736  
“ If then with love this world of worth agree,  
“ With soft regard our little sister see,  
“ How far unapt as yet, like maids that own  
“ No breasts at all, or breasts but hardly grown.  
“ Her part of proselyte is scarce a part, 742  
“ Too much a Gentile at her erring heart ;  
“ Her day draws nearer ; what have we to do  
“ Left she be ask’d, and prove unworthy too ?”  
“ Despair not, Spouse !” he cries, “ we’ll find the means ;  
“ Her good beginnings ask the greater pains : 746  
“ Let her but stand she thrives : a wall too low  
“ Is not rejected for the standing so :  
“ What falls is only lost : we’ll build her high,  
“ Till the rich palace glitters in the sky. 750  
“ The door that’s weak (what need we spare the cost ?)  
“ If ’tis a door, we need not think it lost ;  
“ The leaves she brings us, if those leaves be good,  
“ We’ll close in cedar’s uncorrupting wood.” 754

Rapt with the news, the Spouse converts her eyes,  
“ And, oh ! Companions ! ” to the maids she cries,  
“ What joys are ours, to hail the nuptial day  
“ Which calls our sister ! — Hark, I hear her say,  
“ Yes, I’m a wall : lo ! she that boasted none,  
“ Now boasts of breasts unmeasurably grown ; 760  
“ Large tow’ry buildings, where securely rests  
“ A thousand thousand of my lover’s guests ;  
“ The vast increase affords his heart delight,  
“ And I find favour in his heav’nly sight.”  
The lover here, to make her rapture last, 765  
Thus adds assurance to the promise past.

“ A spacious vineyard in Baal-Hamon vale,  
“ The vintage set by Solomon to sale,  
“ His keepers took, and ev’ry keeper paid  
“ A thousand purses for the gains he made. 770  
“ And I’ve a vintage too ; his vintage bleeds  
“ A large increase, but my return exceeds.  
“ Let Solomon receive his keepers’ pay,  
“ He gains his thousand, their two hundred they ;  
“ Mine is mine own, ’tis in my presence still, 775  
“ And shall increase the more the more she will.  
“ My Love ! my Vineyard ! Oh the future shoots  
“ Which fill my garden-rows with sacred fruits !  
“ I saw the list’ning maids attend thy voice,  
“ And in their list’ning saw their eyes rejoice ; 780  
“ A due success thy words of comfort met,  
“ Now turn to me—’tis I would hear thee yet.

“ Say, Dove ! and Spotless ! for I must away ;  
“ Say, Spouse ! and Sister ! all you wish to say.”  
He spake, the place was bright with lambent fire,  
(But what is brightness if the Christ retire ?) 786  
Gold-bord’ring purple mark’d his road in air,  
And kneeling all, the Spouse address’d the pray’r :  
“ Desire of Nations ! if thou must be gone,  
“ Accept our wishes all compris’d in one ; 790  
“ We wait thine advent ; oh ! we long to see,  
“ I and my sister, both as one in thee.  
“ Then leave thy heav’n, and come and dwell below.  
“ Why said I leave ?—’tis heav’n where’er you go.  
“ Haste, my Belov’d ! thy promise haste to crown ; 795  
“ The form thou’lt honour waits thy coming down ;  
“ Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown  
“ To save themselves, as thine to save thine own.  
“ Haste like the nimblest harts, that lightly bound  
“ Before the stretches of the swiftest hound, 800  
“ With reaching feet devour a level way,  
“ Across their backs their branching antlers lay,  
“ In the cool dews their bending body ply,  
“ And brush the spicy mountains as they fly.” 804

## JONAH.

**T**HUS sung the king—Some angel reach a bough  
From Eden's tree to crown the wisest brow.  
And now, thou fairest garden ever made,  
Broad banks of spices, blossom'd walks of shade,  
O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell, 5  
Since I must leave thee, Lebanon! farewell.

Swift from my soul the fair idea flies,  
A wilder sight the changing scene supplies;  
Wide seas come rolling to my future page,  
And storms stand ready when I call to rage. 10  
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding shore,  
The prophet Jonah just arrives before;  
He sees a ship unmooring, lo! the gales,  
He pays, and enters, and the vessel sails.

Ah! wouldst thou fly thy God? Rash man, forbear;  
What land so distant but thy God is there? 16  
Weak Reason! cease thy voice.—They run the deep,  
And the tir'd prophet lays his limbs to sleep.  
Here God speaks louder, sends a storm to sea,  
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way; 20  
Strong blasts come whistling, by degrees they roar,  
And shove big surges tumbling on to shore:  
The vessel bounds, then rolls, and ev'ry blast  
Works hard to tear her by the groaning mast;  
The sailors, doubling all their shouts and cares, 25  
Furl the white canvass, and cast forth the wares;



Each seeks the god their native regions own ;  
In vain they seek them, for those gods were none :  
Yet Jonah slept the while, who solely knew,  
In all that number, where to find the true : 30

To whom the pilot ; " Sleeper ! rise and pray,  
" Our gods are deaf ; may thine do more than they."

But thus the rest ; " Perhaps we waft a foe  
" To Heav'n itself, and that's our cause of woe ;  
" Let's seek by lots, if Heav'n be pleas'd to tell," 35  
And what they sought by lots on Jonah fell.

" Then whence he came, and who, and what, and  
Thus rag'd the tempest, all confus'dly cry ; [why ?"  
Each press'd in haste to get his question heard,  
When Jonah stops them with a grave regard. 40

" An Hebrew man you see, who God revere ;  
" He made this world, and makes this world his care :  
" His the whirl'd sky, these waves that lift their head,  
" And his yon' land on which you long to tread :  
" He charg'd me late to Nineveh repair, 45  
" And to their face denounce his sentence there.

" Go, said the vision, Prophet, preach to all,  
" Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall.  
" But well I knew him gracious to forgive,  
" And much my zeal abhorr'd the bad should live,  
" And if they turn they live ; then what were I 51  
" But some false prophet when they fail to die ?  
" Or what, I fancy'd, had the Gentiles, too,  
" With Hebrew prophets, and their God, to do ?

“ Drawn by the wilful thoughts my foil I run, 55  
“ I fled his presence, and the work’s undone.”

The storm increases as the prophet speaks,  
O’er the toss’d ship a foaming billow breaks,  
She rises pendent on the lifted waves,  
And thence descries a thousand wat’ry graves, 60  
Then downward rushing, wat’ry mountains hide  
Her hulk beneath in deaths on ev’ry side.

“ O !” cry the sailors all, “ thy fact was ill ;  
“ Yet, if a prophet, speak thy Master’s will ;  
“ What part is ours with thee ? can aught remain 65  
“ To bring the blessings of a calm again ?”

Then Jonah—“ Mine’s the death will best atone,  
“ (And God is pleas’d that I pronounce my own)  
“ Arise, and cast me forth ; the wind will cease,  
“ The sea subsiding wear the looks of peace, 70  
“ And you securely steer ; for well I see  
“ Myself the criminal, the storm for me.”

Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,  
And awe resulting from a prophet’s name ;  
Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die, 75  
Fear pleads against him, lest they pow’r defy :  
If then to aid the flight abets the sin,  
They think to land him where they took him in :  
Perhaps to quit the cause might end the woe,  
And God appeasing, let the vessel go. 80  
For this they fix their oars, and strike the main,  
But God withstands them, and they strike in vain.

The storm increases more with want of light ;  
Low black'ning clouds involve the ship in night ;  
Thick batt'ring rains fly thro' the driving skies ; 85  
Loud thunder bellows, darted lightning flies ;  
A dreadful picture night-born Horror drew,  
And his or theirs, or both their fates, they view.

Then thus to God they cry ; " Almighty Pow'r,  
" Whom we ne'er knew till this despairing hour, 90  
" From this devoted blood thy servants free,  
" To us he's innocent, if so to thee ;  
" In all the past we see thy wondrous hand,  
" And that he perish think it thy command."

This pray'r perform'd, they cast the prophet o'er,  
A surge receives him, and he mounts no more ; 96  
Then stills the thunder, cease the flames of blue,  
The rains abated, and the winds withdrew,  
The clouds ride off, and, as they march away,  
Thro' ev'ry breaking shoots a cheerful day ; 100  
The sea, which rag'd so loud, accepts the prize ;  
A while it rolls, then all the tempest dies ;  
By gradual sinking flat the surface grows,  
And safe the vessel with the sailors goes.  
The lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er, 105  
And makes the mountain-echoes learn to roar,  
If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,  
Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end ;  
Murm'ring awhile, to rest his limbs he lays,  
And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at ease. 110

Bless'd with the sudden calm, the sailors own  
That wretched Jonah worshipp'd right alone,  
Then make their vows, the victim-sheep prepare,  
Bemoan the prophet, and the God revere.

Now, tho' you fear to lose the pow'r to breathe,  
Now tho' you tremble, Fancy! dive beneath; 116  
What world of wonders in the deep are seen,  
But this the greatest——Jonah lives within!  
The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,  
Strange as the crime has found a dungeon too. 120  
God sent a monster of the frothing sea,  
Fit by the bulk, to gorge the living prey,  
And lodge him still alive; this hulk receives  
The falling prophet as he dash'd the waves:  
There newly wak'd, from fancy'd death he lies, 125  
And oft' again in apprehension dies,  
While three long days and nights depriv'd of sleep,  
He turn'd and toss'd him up and down the deep;  
He thinks the judgment of the strangest kind,  
And much he wonders what the Lord design'd; 130  
Yet since he lives, the gift of life he weighs,  
That's time for pray'r, and thus a ground for praise,  
“ From the dark entrails of the whale to thee  
“ (This new contrivance of a hell to me),  
“ To thee, my God! I cry'd; my full distress 135  
“ Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my soul redress.  
“ Cast to the deep, I fell by thy command,  
“ Cast in the midst beyond the reach of land;

“ Then to the midst brought down, the seas abide  
“ Beneath my feet, the seas on ev’ry side, 140  
“ In storms the billow, and in calms the wave,  
“ Arc moving cov’rings to my wand’ring grave.  
“ Fore’d by despair I cry’d, how to my cost  
“ I fled thy presence, oh ! for ever lost !  
“ But hope revives my soul, and makes me say, 145  
“ Yet tow’rds thy temple shall I turn and pray ;  
“ Or if I know not here where Salem lies,  
“ Thy Temple’s heav’n, and faith has inward eyes.  
“ Alas ! the waters which my whale surround  
“ Have thro’ my sorrowing soul a passage found ; 150  
“ And now the dungeon moves, new depths I try,  
“ New thoughts of danger all his paths supply.  
“ The last of deeps affords the last of dread,  
“ And wraps its funeral weeds around my head :  
“ Now o’er the sand his rollings seem to go, 155  
“ Where the big mountains root their base below ;  
“ And now to rocks and clefts their course they take,  
“ Earth’s endless bars, too strong for me to break :  
“ Yet from th’ abyfs, my God ! thy grace divine  
“ Hath call’d him upward, and my life is mine. 160  
“ Still as I tofs’d, I scarce retain’d my breath,  
“ My soul was sick within, and faint to death.  
“ ’Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray’d,  
“ And to thy temple flew the pray’rs I made.  
“ The men whom lying vanity ensnares 165  
“ Forsake thy mercy, that which might be theirs ;  
“ But I will pay—My God ! my King ! receive  
“ The solemn vows my full affection gave,

"When in thy temple for a psalm I sing  
"Salvation only from my God, my King." 170

Thus ends the prophet, first from Canaan sent  
To let the Gentiles know they must repent :  
God hears and speaks ; the whale at God's command  
Heaves to the light, and casts him forth to land.

With long fatigue, with unexpected ease, 175  
Oppress'd a while, he lies aside the seas ;  
His eyes, tho' glad, in strange astonish'd way  
Stare at the golden front of cheerful Day ;  
Then, slowly rais'd, he sees the wonder plain,  
And what he pray'd he wrote to sing again. 180

The song recorded brings his vow to mind,  
He must be thankful, for the Lord was kind ;  
Straight to the work he shun'd he flies in haste,  
(That seems his vow, or seems a part at least)  
Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to all, 185  
Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall fall ;  
Fear seiz'd the Gentiles, Nineveh believes,  
All fast with penitence, and God forgives.

Nor yet of use the prophet's suff'ring fails ;  
Hell's deep black bosom more than shews the whales ;  
But some resemblance brings a type to view, 191  
The place was dark, the time proportion'd too.  
"A race," the Saviour cries, "a sinful race,  
"Tempts for a sign the pow'rs of heav'nly grace ;  
"And let them take the sign ; As Jonah lay 195  
"Three days and nights within the fish of prey,  
"So shall the Son of man descend below,  
"Earth's op'ning entrails shall retain him so."



My Soul! now seek the song, and find me there  
What Heav'n has shewn thee to repel despair. 200  
See where from hell she breaks the crumbling ground,  
Her hairs stand upright, and they stare around;  
Her horrid front deep-trenching wrinkles trace,  
Lean sharp'ning looks deform'd her livid face;  
Bent lie the brows, and at the bend below 205  
With fire and blood two wand'ring eye-balls glow:  
Fill'd are her arms with num'rous aids to kill,  
And God she fancies but the Judge of ill.

Oh, fair-ey'd Hope! thou see'st the passion nigh,  
Daughter of Promise, oh! forbear to fly; 210  
Assurance holds thee, Fear would have thee go,  
Close thy blue wings, and stand thy deadly foe;  
The Judge of ill is still the Lord of grace,  
As such behold him in the prophet's case,  
Cast to be drown'd, devour'd within the sea, 215  
Sunk to the deep, and yet restor'd to day.

Oh, love the Lord, my Soul! whose parent care  
So rules the world he punishes to spare.  
If heavy grief my downcast heart opprefs,  
My body danger, or my state distress, 220  
With low submission in thy temper bow,  
Like Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow;  
With hopes of comfort kiss the chast'ning rod,  
And, shunning mad despair, repose in God;  
Then whatsoe'er the prophet's vow design,  
Repentance, thanks, and charity, be mine. 226

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## HEZEKIAH.

FROM the bleak beach, and broad expanse of sea,  
To lofty Salem, Thought ! direct thy way,  
Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,  
And end thy flight when Hezekiah reigns.

How swiftly Thought has pass'd from land to land,  
And quite outrun Time's meas'ring glass of sand ! 6  
Great Salem's walls appear, and I resort  
To view the state of Hezekiah's court.

Well may that king a pious verse inspire,  
Who cleans'd the Temple, who reviv'd the choir, 10  
Pleas'd with the service David fix'd before,  
That heav'nly music might on earth adore.  
Deep-rob'd in white he made the Levites stand,  
With cymbals, harps, and psalt'ries in their hand ;  
He gave the priests their trumpets, prompt to raise 15  
The tuneful soul by force of sound to praise :  
A skilful master for the song he chose,  
The songs were David's these, and Asaph's those :  
Then burns their off'ring, all around rejoice,  
Each tunes his instrument to join the voice ; 20  
The trumpets sounded, and the fingers sung,  
The people worshipp'd, and the Temple rung :  
Each, while the victim burns, presents his heart,  
Then the priest blesses, and the people part.

Hail, sacred Music ! since you know to draw 25  
The soul to heav'n, the spirit to the law,  
I come to prove thy force ; thy warbling string  
May tune my soul to write what others sing.

But is this Salem ? this the promis'd bliss, [this ?  
These sighs and groans ? what means the realm by

What solemn sorrow dwells in ev'ry street! 31  
What fear confounds the downcast looks I meet!  
Alas, the King! Whole nations sink with woe  
When righteous kings are summon'd hence to go.  
The King lies sick, and thus to speak his doom 35  
The prophet, grave Isaiah, stalks the room:  
"Oh, Prince! thy servant, sent from God, believe;  
"Set all in order, for thou can'st not live."  
Solemn he said, and sighing left the place;  
Deep prints of horror furrow'd ev'ry face, 40  
Within their minds appear eternal glooms,  
Black gaping marbles of their monarch's tombs;  
A king belov'd deceas'd, his offspring none,  
And wars destructive ere they fix the throne.  
Straight to the wall he turn'd with dark despair, 45  
( 'Twas tow'ards the Temple, or for private pray'r)  
And thus to God the pious monarch spoke,  
Who burn'd the groves, the brazen serpent broke;  
"Remember, Lord! with what a heart for right,  
"What care for truth, I walk'd within thy sight." 50  
'Twas thus with terror, pray'rs, and tears, he tofs'd,  
When the mid-court the grave Isaiah cross'd,  
Whom in the cedar columns of the square  
Meets a sweet angel hung in glitt'ring air:  
Seiz'd with a trance he stopp'd; before his eye 55  
Clears a rais'd arch of visionary sky,  
Where, as a minute pass'd, the greater light  
Purpling appear'd, and south'd and set in night;  
A moon succeeding leads the starry train,  
She glides, and sinks her silver horns again: 60

A second fancy'd morning drives the shades ;  
 Clos'd by the dark the second ev'ning fades ;  
 The third bright dawn awakes, and straight he sees  
 The Temple rise, the monarch on his knees. 6.

Pleas'd with the scene, his inward thoughts rejoice,  
 When thus the guardian angel form'd a voice.

" Now tow'rd's the captain of my people go,

" And, Seer ! relate him what thy visions show ;

" The Lord has heard his words, and seen his tears,

" And thro' fifteen extends his future years." 70

Here to the room, prepar'd with dismal black,  
 The prophet turning, brought the comfort back.

" Oh, Monarch, hail !" he cry'd ; " thy words are

" Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard ; [heard,

" God gives thee fifteen years ; when thrice a-day 75

" Shews the round sun, within the Temple pray."

" When thrice the day !" surpris'd, the monarch cries,

" When thrice the sun ! what pow'r have I to rise !

" But if thy comfort's human or divine, 79

" 'Tis short to prove it——give thy prince a sign."

" Behold," the prophet cry'd (and stretch'd his hands)

" Against yon' lattice where the dial stands,

" Now shall the sun a backward journey go

" Thro' ten drawn lines, or leap to ten below."

" 'Tis easier posting Nature's airy track," 85

Replies the monarch ; " Let the sun go back."

Attentive here he gaz'd, the prophet pray'd,

Back went the sun, and back pursu'd the shade.

Cheer'd by the sign, and by the prophet heal'd,

What sacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd ! 90

s sickly swallows, when a summer ends,  
Who miss'd the passage with their flying friends,  
Take to a wall, there lean the languid head,  
While all who find them think the sleepers dead,  
If yet their warmth new days of summer bring, 95  
They wake, and joyful flutter up to sing ;  
So far'd the monarch ; sick to death he lay,  
His court despair'd, and watch'd the last decay ;  
At length new favour shines, new life he gains,  
And rais'd he sings ; 'tis thus the song remains : 100  
" I said, My God ! when in the loath'd disease  
" Thy prophet's words cut off my future days,  
" Now to the grave with mournful haste I go,  
" Now Death unbars his sable gates below.  
" How might my years by course of nature last ? 105  
" But thou pronounc'd it, and the prospect past.  
" I said, my God ! thy servant now no more  
" Shall in thy Temple's sacred courts adore ;  
" No more on earth with living man converse,  
" Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable herse. 110  
" My life, like tents which wand'ring shepherds raise,  
" Proves a short dwelling, and removes at ease.  
" My sins pursue me ; see the deadly band ;  
" My God, who sees them, cuts me from the land ;  
" As when a weaver finds his labour sped, 115  
" Swift from the beam he parts the fast'ning thread ;  
" With pining sickness all from night to day,  
" From day to night, he makes my strength decay ;  
" Reck'ning the time, I roll with restless groans,  
" Till with a lion's force he crush my bones, 120

“ New morning dawns, but, like the morning past  
“ ’Tis day, ’tis night, and still my sorrows last.  
“ Now screaming like the crane my words I spoke  
“ Now like the swallow, chatt’ring, quick, and broke;  
“ Now like the doleful dove, when on the plains 12  
“ Her mourning tone affects the list’ning swains.  
“ To heav’n for aid my wearying eyes I throw,  
“ At length they’re weary’d quite, and sink with woe:  
“ From Death’s arrest for some delays I sue,  
“ Thou, Lord! who judg’d me, thou repriev’d me too.

“ Rapture of joy! what can thy servant say? 131  
“ He sent his prophet to prolong my day;  
“ Thro’ my glad limbs I feel the wonder run,  
“ Thus said the Lord, and this himself has done.  
“ Soft shall I walk, and, well secur’d from fears, 135  
“ Possess the comforts of my future years.  
“ Keep soft my heart, keep humble while they roll  
“ Nor e’er forget my bitterness of soul.  
“ ’Tis by the means thy sacred words supply  
“ That mankind live, but in peculiar I: 140  
“ A second grant thy mercy pleas’d to give,  
“ And my rais’d spirits doubly seem to live.  
“ Behold the time! when peace adorn’d my reign,  
“ ’Twas then I felt my stroke of humbling pain;  
“ Corruption dug her pit, I fear’d to sink, 145  
“ God lov’d my soul, and snatch’d me from the brink;  
“ He turn’d my follies from his gracious eye,  
“ As men who pass accounts, and cast them by. [claim?  
“ What mouth has Death which can thy praise pro-  
“ What tongue the Grave, to speak thy glorious name?



" Or will the senseless dead exult with mirth, 151

" Mov'd to their hope by promises on earth?

" The living, Lord! the living only praise,

" The living only fit to sing thy lays;

" These feel thy favours, these thy Temple see, 155

" These raise the song, as I this day, to thee:

" Nor will thy truth the present only reach,

" This the good fathers shall their offspring teach,

" Report the blessings which adorn my page,

" And hand their own with mine from age to age.

" So when the Maker heard his creature crave, 161

" So kindly rose his ready will to save.

" Then march we solemn tow'rs the Temple door,

" While all our joyful music sounds before;

" There on this day thro' all my life appear, 165

" When this comes round in each returning year;

" There strike the strings, our voices jointly raise,

" And let his dwellings hear my songs of praise."

Thus wrote the monarch, and I'll think the lay  
Design'd for public when he went to pray; 170

I'll think the perfect composition runs,

Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthan's sons.

Then since the time arrives the seer foretold,

And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,

With thankful zeal recover'd, Prince! prepare 175

To lead thy nation to the dome of pray'r.

My Fancy takes her chariot once again,

Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train;

She sees the singers reach Moriah's hill,

The minstrels follow, then the porches fill; 180

She wakes the num'rous instruments of art,  
That each perform its own adapted part;  
Seeks airs expressive of thy grateful strains,  
And list'ning hears the vary'd tune she feigns.

From a grave pitch to speak the monarch's woe,  
The notes flow down, and deeply sound below, 186  
All long-continuing, while depriv'd of ease  
He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.  
Here intermix'd with discord, when the crane  
Screams in the notes thro' sharper sense of pain; 190  
There run with descant on, and taught to shake  
When pangs repeated force the voice to break;  
Now like the dove they murmur, till in sighs  
They fall, and languish with the failing eyes:  
Then slowly slack'ning, to surprise the more, 195  
From a dead pause his exclamations soar;  
To meet brisk Health the notes ascending fly,  
Live with the living, and exult on high:  
Yet still distinct in parts the music plays,  
Till prince and people both are call'd to praise; 200  
Then all uniting strongly strike the string,  
Put forth their utmost breath, and loudly sing;  
The wide-spread chorus fills the sacred ground,  
And holy transport scales the clouds with sound.

Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice 205  
Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.

This story known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,  
Drawn by the sign observ'd, or mov'd by fame;  
These ask the fact for Hezekiah done,  
And much they wonder at their god the sun, 210

That thrice he drove, thro' one extent of day,  
His gold-shod horses in ethereal way;  
Then vainly ground their guesses on Nature's laws;  
The soundest knowledge owns a greater cause.

Faith knows the fact transcends, and bids me find  
What help for practice here incites the mind; 216  
Straight to the song, the thankful song, I move,  
May such the voice of ev'ry creature prove,  
If ev'ry creature meets its share of woe,  
And for kind rescues ev'ry creature owe; 220  
In public so thy Maker's praise proclaim,  
Nor what you begg'd with tears conceal with shame.

'Tis there the ministry thy name repeat,  
And tell what mercies were vouchsaf'd of late,  
Then joins the church, and begs thro' all our days 225  
Not only with our lips but lives to praise.

'Tis there our sov'reigns, for a signal day  
The feast proclaim'd, their signal thanks repay:  
O'er the long streets we see the chariots wheel,  
And, following, think of Hezekiah still; 230  
In the blest'd dome we meet the white-rob'd choir,  
In whose sweet notes our ravish'd souls aspire;  
Side answ'ring side, we hear and bear a part,  
All warm'd with language from the grateful heart;  
Or raise the song, where meeting keys rejoice, 235  
And teach the base to wed the treble voice;  
Arts soft'ning echoes in the music sound,  
And answ'ring natures from the roof rebound.

Here close, my Verse! the service asks no more;  
Bless thy good God, and give the transport o'er. 240

## HABAKKUK.

Now leave the porch, to vision now retreat,  
 Where the next rapture glows with varying heat:  
 Now change the time, and change the Temple scene,  
 The following seer forewarns a future reign.  
 To some retirement where the prophets' sons      5  
 Indulge their holy flight my fancy runs;  
 Some sacred college, built for praise and pray'r,  
 And heav'nly dream, she seeks Habakkuk there.  
 Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's sin,  
 Hears the word come, or feels the fit within;      10  
 Or sees the vision fram'd with angels' hands,  
 And dreads the judgments of revolted lands;  
 Or holds a converse if the Lord appear,  
 And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear:  
 This deep recess portends an act of weight,      15  
 A message lab'ring with the work of Fate.

Methinks the skies have lost their lovely blue,  
 A storm rides fiery, thick the clouds ensue.  
 Fall'n to the ground, with prostrate face I lie,  
 Oh! 'twere the same in this to gaze and die.      20  
 But hark, the prophet's voice! my pray'rs complain  
 Of labour spent, of preaching urg'd in vain.  
 And must, my God! thy sorrowing servant still  
 Quit my lone joys to walk this world of ill,  
 Where spoiling rages, strife and wrong command,      25  
 And the slack'd laws no longer curb the land?

At this a strange, and more than human, sound  
 Thus breaks the cloud, and daunts the trembling  
 "Behold, ye Gentiles! wond'ring all behold, [ground :  
 "What scarce ye credit tho' the work be told, 30  
 "For, lo ! the proud Chaldean troops I raise,  
 "To march the breadth, and all the region seize,  
 "Fierce as the prowling wolves at close of day,  
 "And swift as eagles in pursuit of prey :  
 "As eastern winds to blast the season blow, 35  
 "For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe,  
 "Leads the sad captives countless as the sand,  
 "Derides the princes, and destroys the land ;  
 "Yet these triumphant grown offend me more,  
 "And only thank the gods they chose before." 40  
 "Art thou not Holiest !" Here the prophet cries,  
 "Supreme, Eternal, of the purest eyes ?  
 "And shall those eyes the wicked realms regard,  
 "Their crimes be great, yet vict'ry their reward ?  
 "Shall these still ravage more and more to reign, 45  
 "Draw the full net, and cast to fill again ?  
 "As watchmen silent sit, I wait to see  
 "How solves my doubt, what speaks the Lord to me."  
 "Then go," the Lord replies, "suspend thy fears,  
 "And write the vision for a term of years. 50  
 "Thy foes will feel their turn when those are past ;  
 "Wait, tho' it tarry, sure it comes at last.  
 "'Tis for their rapine, lusts, and thirst of blood,  
 "And all their unprotecting gods of wood :

“ The Lord is present on his sacred hill, 55  
“ Cease thy weak doubts, and let the world be still.”

Here Terror leaves me with exalted head,  
I breathe fine air, and find the vision fled ;  
The seer withdrawn, inspir'd, and urg'd to write,  
By the warm influence of the sacred sight. 60

His writing finish'd, prophet-like array'd,  
He brings the burthen on the region laid ;  
His hands a tablet and a volume bear,  
The tablet threat'nings, and the volume pray'r,  
Both for the Temple, where, to shun decay, 65  
Enroll'd the works of Inspiration lay ;  
And awful oft' he stops, or marches slow,  
While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.

Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,  
He fix'd his table on the sacred wall. 70  
'Twas large inscrib'd, that those who run might read,  
“ Habakkuk's burthen by the Lord decreed ;  
“ For Judah's sins her empire is no more,  
“ The fierce Chaldeans bathe her realm in gore.”

Next to the priest his volume he resign'd, 75  
'Twas pray'r with praises mix'd, to raise the mind ;  
'Twas facts recounted which their fathers knew,  
'Twas pow'r in wonders manifest to view ;  
'Twas comfort rais'd on love already past,  
And hope that former love returns at last. 80

The priests within the prophesy convey'd,  
The singers tunes to join his anthem made :



Hear and attend the words; and, holy Thou!  
That help'd the prophet, help the poet now.

“ O Lord ! who rules the world, with mortal ear 85

“ I've heard thy judgments, and I shake for fear.

“ O Lord ! by whom their number'd years we find,

“ E'en in the midst receive the drooping mind ;

“ E'en in the midst thou canst—the Lord make it known

“ Thy love, thy will, thy pow'r, to save thine own.

“ Remember mercy tho' thine anger burn, 91

“ And soon to Salem bid thy flock return.

“ O Lord ! who gav'st it with an outstretch'd hand,

“ We well remember how thou gav'st the land. 94

“ God came from Teman ; southward sprung the

“ From Paran mount the One that's holycame; [flame,

“ A glitt'ring glory made the desert blaze,

“ High heav'n was cover'd, earth was fill'd with praise.

“ Dazzling the brightness, not the sun so bright,

“ 'Twas here the pure substantial fount of light 100

“ Shot from his hand and side in golden streams,

“ Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams :

“ Thus shone his coming as sublimely fair

“ As bounded Nature has been fram'd to bear ;

“ But all his further marks of grandeur hid, 105

“ Nor what he could was known, but what he did :

“ Dire plagues before him ran at his command,

“ To waste the nations in the Promis'd Land ;

“ A scorching flame went forth where'er he trod,

“ And burning fevers were the coals of God : 110

- “ Fix’d on the mount he stood, his meas’ring reed  
“ Marks the rich realms for Jacob’s seed decreed ;  
“ He looks with anger, and the nations fly  
“ From the fierce sparklings of his dreadful eye ;  
“ He turns, the mountain shakes its awful brow ; 115  
“ Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.  
“ How glory there, how terror here, displays  
“ His great, unknown, yet everlasting ways !  
“ I see the sable tents along the strand  
“ Where Cushman wander’d desolately stand, 120  
“ And Midian’s high pavilions shake with dread,  
“ While the tam’d seas thy rescu’d nation tread.  
“ What burst the path ? what made the Lord engage ?  
“ Could waters anger, seas incite, thy rage ?  
“ That thus thine horses force the foaming tide, 125  
“ And all the chariots of salvation ride.  
“ Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy swore,  
“ Those oaths, that promise, Israel had before.  
“ The rock that felt thee cleav’d, the rivers flow,  
“ The wond’ring desert lends them beds below. 130  
“ Thy might the mountains’ heaving shocks confess,  
“ High-shatter’d Horeb trembled o’er the rest ;  
“ Great Jordan pass’d its nether waters by,  
“ Its upper waters rais’d the voice on high ;  
“ Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall 135  
“ Curling arose, and had no leave to fall :  
“ The sun effulgent, and the moon serene,  
“ Stopp’d by thy will, their heav’nly course refrain :

" The voice was man's, yet both the voice obey,  
 " Till wars completed close the lengthen'd day. 140  
 " Thy glitt'ring spears, thy rattling darts prevail,  
 " Thy spears of lightning, and thy darts of hail.  
 " 'Twas thou that march'd against their Heathen band,  
 " Rage in thy visage, and thy flail in hand ; 144  
 " 'Twas thou that went before to wound their head,  
 " The captain follow'd where the Saviour led :  
 " Torn from their earth they feel the desp'rate wound,  
 " And pow'r unfounded fails for want of ground.  
 " With village-war thy Tribes, where'er they go,  
 " Distress the remnant of the scatter'd foe ; 150  
 " Yet mad they rush'd as whirling wind descends,  
 " And deem'd for friendless those the Lord befriends.  
 " Thy trampling horse from sea to sea subdue,  
 " The bounding ocean left no more to do.

" O when I heard what thou vouchsaf'dst to win  
 " With works of wonder must be lost for sin, 156  
 " I quak'd thro' fear, the voice forsook my tongue,  
 " Or at my lips with quiv'ring accent hung ;  
 " Dry leanness ent'ring to my marrow came,  
 " And ev'ry loos'ning nerve unstrung my frame. 160  
 " How shall I rest, in what protecting shade,  
 " When the day comes, and hostile troops invade ?  
 " Tho' neither blossoms on the fig appear,  
 " Nor vines with clusters deck the purpling year ;  
 " Tho' all our labours olive-trees belie, 166  
 " Tho' fields the substance of the bread deny ;

" Tho' flocks are sever'd from the silent fold,  
 " And the rais'd stalls no lowing cattle hold,  
 " Yet shall my soul be glad, in God rejoice,  
 " Yet to my Saviour will I lift my voice, 174  
 " Yet to my Saviour still my temper sings,  
 " What David set to instruments of strings;  
 " The Lord's my strength, like hinds he makes my  
 " Yon' mount's my refuge, I as safely fleet, [feet;  
 " Or (if the song's apply'd), he makes me still 175  
 " Expect returning to Moriah's hill."

In all this bymn what daring grandeur shines!  
 What darting glory rays among the lines!  
 What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and smokes  
 What ambient fires conceal the Lord within! [are seen!  
 What working wonders give the promis'd place, 181  
 And load the conduct of a stubborn race!  
 In all the work a lively fancy flows,  
 O'er all the work sincere affection glows,  
 While Truth's firm rein the course of Fancy guides,  
 And o'er affection zeal divine presides. 186

Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly  
 Amongst eternal attributes on high,  
 And here I touch at love supremely fair,  
 And now at pow'r, anon at mercy there; 190  
 So like a warbling bird my tunes I raise  
 On those green boughs the Tree of Life displays,  
 Whose twelve fair fruits each month by turns receives,  
 And for the nations healing ope their leaves:

Then be the nations heal'd, for this I sing, 195  
descending softly from the prophet's wing.

Thou, World! attend, the case of Israel see,  
will thus at large refer to God and thee.

If love be shewn thee, turn thine eyes above,  
And pay the duties relative to love; 200

If pow'r be shewn, and wonderfully so,  
Wonder, and thank, adore, and bow below;  
If pow'r that led thee now no longer lead,  
But brow-bent Justice draws the flaming blade,  
When love is scorn'd, when sin the sword provokes,  
Let tears and pray'rs avert or heal the strokes; 205

If Justice leaves to wound, and thou to groan  
Beneath new lords in countries not thine own,  
Know this for Mercy's act, and let your lays,  
Grateful in all, recount the cause of praise; 210  
Then love returns, and while no sins divide  
The firm alliance, pow'r will shield thy side.

See the grand round of Providence's care,  
See realms assisted here, and punish'd there;  
O'er the just circle cast thy wond'ring eyes,  
Thank while you gaze, and study to be wise. 215

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