```
Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral by Phillis Wheatley To MAECENAS. MAECEN
as Cain, May be refin'd, and join th' angelic train. On the Death of the Rev. Dr. SEWELL, 176 v'd th' immortal shore, Though we shall hear thy warning voice no more. Come, let us al t'rous way To the blest mansions in eternal day. Then begging for the Spirit of our Go pect of the blissful skies; While on our minds Christ's image is imprest, And the de or the evils past! Great God, incomprehensible, unknown By sense, we bow at thine you had give us of that morey to partake. Which they had promised for the Saiour's aviour's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   n its lovely blushes spread, See Sewell number'd with the happy dead. Hail, holy man, arriful eyes The saint ascending to his native skies; From hence the prophet wing'd his rap
                                                                                                                                                 9. ERE ye
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       t the mor
                                                                                                                                             l behold
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ager for the saint ascending to his native skies; From hence the propriet wing a his rap ager for the same abode, Come, let us all with the same vigour rise, And take a pros in ev'ry breast. Thrice happy faint! to find thy heav'n at last, What compensation f rone. O, while we beg thine excellence to feel, Thy sacred Spirit to our hearts re "Sewell is dead." Swift-pinion'd Fame thus cry'd. "Is Sewell dead," my tremb pray'd! How oft to us the Word of Life convey'd! By duty urg'd my mournf by Jes us's blood, "A sinner once, but now a saint with God; "Behold ye rich, ye
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ur glows
                                                                                                                                       d, And p
                                                                                                                                  ar Savio
                                                                                                                              hine ex
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             alted th
veal, And give us of that mercy to partake, Which thou hast promis'd for the S ling tongue reply'd, O what a blessing in his flight deny'd! How oft for us the ul verse to close, I for his tomb this epitaph compose. "Lo, here a man, re poor, ye fools, ye wise, "Not let his monument your heart surprise; "Tw
                                                                                                                          aviour'
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  s sake!
                                                                                                                  holy p
deem'd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     rophet
by Jes
you w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 hat this holy man has done, "Which gives him brighter lustre than the nd love, "He fought the paths of piety and truth, "By these made hap scues sinners from the chains of guilt. "Mourn him, ye indigent, w, the bread descending from above, "And ask an intrest in his sa
                                                                                                                ill tell
sun. "Listen, ye happy, from your seats above. "I speak sincerely, wh
py from his early youth; "In blooming years that grace divine he fel
hom he has fed, "And henceforth seek, like him, for living bread;
                                                                                                             ile I s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                peak a
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                                                                                                        "Ev'n
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                                                                                                  graci
is ble
ving love. "Mourn him, ye youth, to whom he oft has told "God's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            from the times of old. "I too have cause this mighty loss to mo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         nders
urn, "For he my monitor will not return. "O when shall we to h
Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD. 1770. HAIL, happy saint, on thin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            n the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               same graces in our bosoms thrive." On the Death of the Rev
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    st sta
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  te arrive? "Whe
                                                                                               e imm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    I throne,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Posse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 st of glory, life, and bliss unknown; We hear no more the m
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   un
ptivate t
ight! H
th
usic of thy tongue, Thy wonted auditories cease to throng.
                                                                                              Thy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          mons in un
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    I'd accents flow'd, And ev'ry bosom with devotion glow'd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 equal
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     nd. Unhappy we the setting sun deplore, So glorious on es the earth for heav'n's unmeasur'd height, And world
Thou didst in strains of eloquence refin'd Inflame the he
                                                                                          art, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    he mi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 nd ca
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                د! H
th rap
'd th
ce, but ah! it shines no more. Behold the prophet in his
                                                                                         tow'r
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ing fl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      e leav
s unknown receive him from our sight. There Whitefiel
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          urse his way, And sails to Zion through vast seas of
                                                                                      d win
day. Thy pray'rs, great saint, and thine incessant crie
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           om of thy native skies. Thou moon hast seen, and a
                                                                                    s Hav
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e bos
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             t grace in ev'ry heart might dwell, He long'd to see
ustre in their conduct shine; That Saviour, which
I the stars of light, How he has wrestled with his Go
                                                                                  d by
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 night. He
America excell; He charg'd its youth that ev'ry gra
                                                                                ce di
                                                                                                                                                                                                              vine Should
his soul did first receive, The greatest gift that ev
h list'ning pleasure hung. "Take him, ye wretche
                                                                               'n a G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              fre
"T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 fer'd to the num'rous throng, That on his lips wit
                                                                                                                                                                                                           od can give, He
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ely of
                                                                                                                                                                                                             your only good
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ake h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   im ye starving sinners, for your food; "Ye thirst
                                                                            d, for
                                                                                                                                                                                                            e him for your joy
, ye Africans, he I
I be sons, and kin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e; "Take him my dear Americans, he said, "Be
you, "Impartial Saviour is his title due: "Was
y, come to this life-giving stream, "Ye preacher
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ful
                                                                           s, tak
your complaints on his kind bosom laid: "Tak
                                                                         e him
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ong
h'd in the fountain of redeeming blood, "You
                                                                         shal
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        priests to God." Great Countess,* we Amer
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        eply
White
cans revere Thy name, and mingle in thy gr
                                                                                                                                                                                                             ncere; New Englan
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          feels, the Orphans mourn, Their more that
father will no more return. But, though arr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          field no more exerts his lab'ring breath, \
                                                                     este
                                                                                                                                                                                                            d by the hand of de
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ath,
et let us view him in th' eternal skies, Let
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           e; While the tomb safe retains its sacred
                                                                    ev'ry
                                                                                                                                                                                                             heart to this bright
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              visio
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             whom Mr. Whitefield was Chaplain. On t
trust, Till life divine re-animates his dust.
                                                                    *Thé
                                                                                                                                                                                                             Countess of Hunting
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             , to
                                                                                                                                                                                                            e. FROM dark abodes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              therial light Th' enraptur'd innocent ha
he Death of a young Lady of Five Years
                                                                 of Ag
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             to f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              air e
s wing'd her flight; On the kind bosom
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               titude above. This known, ye parents
                                                               of ete
                                                                                                                                                                                                             rnal love She finds unk
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             now
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               n bea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                tions of unerring grace, Should turn y
, No more distress'd in our dark vale
nor her loss deplore, She feels the iron
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             isp
ard
                                                               han
                                                                                                                                                                                                             d of pain no more; The d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ensa
our sorrows into grateful praise; Let t
below, Her morning sun, which rose
                                                             hen n
                                                                                                                                                                                                             o tears for her henceforw
                                                                                                                                                                                                              ely bright, Was quickly ma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ntle
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   h the gloom of night; But hear in hea
                                                            divin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    hou, Lord, whom I behold with glor
v'n's blest bow'rs your Nancy fair, A
                                                           nd le
                                                                                                                                                                                                              arn to imitate her language t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           her
                                                                                                                                                                                                             what tuneful sound "Wilt thou
y crown'd, "By what sweet name, an
                                                          d in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     s'd? Seraphic pow'rs are faint "Inf
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     aints and angels join their songs
nite love and majesty to paint. "To
                                                                                                                                                                                                              let all their graceful voices raise
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      nd s
                                                          thee
of praise." Perfect in bliss she fro
                                                                                                                                                                                                            r heav'nly home Looks down, and s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ng b
tive
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      eckons you to come; Why then,
                                                        m he
ond parents, why these fruitless g
                                                                                                                                                                                                          ? Restrain your tears, and cease your p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       moans. Freed from a world of sin
                                                        roan
and snares, and pain, Why would
eck the rising tumult of the soul.
II, his holy name revere, Upright
                                                                                                                                                                                                          wish your daughter back again? No--bow res
                                                        you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        t hope your grief control, And ch
                                                                                                                                                                                                          in the prosperous, and adverse day, Adore the G od ractions, and your hearts sincere, Till having sail'd throug
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         es and takes away; Eye him in a
                                                      Calm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          's tempestuous sea, And from
                                                      you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          in your happy babe to part no t, To vanquish satan in the fie
ts rocks, and boist'rous billows
                                                                                                                                                                                                                Yourselves, safe landed on the blissful shore, Sh
                                                      free
                                                                                                                                                                                                           leman. WHO taught thee conflict with the pow'rs of rms with might unknown, How great thy conquest, 'r is o'er, The scene is ended to return no more. O
more. On the Death of a young
                                                   Gent
ds of light? Who strung thy fee
                                                   ble a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           how bright thy crown! War wit
h each princedom, throne, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Id my muse thy seat on high
                                                   pow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              cou
behold, How deckt with laurel,
                                                                                                                                                                                                               enrich'd with gold! O could she hear what praise thine
                                                   how
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             employs, How sweet thine a
nthems, how divine thy joys!
                                                                                                                                                                                                               t heavinly grandeur should exalt her strain! What holy ra
                                                 Wha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             es in her numbers reign! To s
ooth the troubles of the mind
                                                                                                                                                                                                              eace, To still the tumult of life's tossing seas, To e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             nguish of the parents heart,
                                                 to p
What shall my sympathizing
                                                                                                                                                                                                            e impart? Where is the balm to heal so deep a woun
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             e shall a sov'reign remedy i
                                                vers
e found? Look, gracious Spir
heir grief control, And sprea
                                                                                                                                                                                                           om thine heav'nly bow'r, And thy full joys into their b
                                                it, fr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               oso
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              our; The raging tempest of t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ms p
                                                                                                                                                                                                             dawn of glory through the soul, To eye the path th
dy on the Death of her Husband. GRIM monarch
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              eparted trod, And trace him
                                               d the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                e sa
to the bosom of his God. To
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                                               a La
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ee, d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              epriv'd of vital breath, A yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                     th: Dost thou go on incessant to destroy, Our st known to say, Though millions die, the vass ht on earth thy flinty he art can move. The fri of the grave. Fair mour ner, there see thy
ung physician in the dust of joy? Enough thou never yet
                                                dea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  gri
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               o double, and lay waste our
                                                wa
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               y sway: Nor youth, nor scie
nce, not the ties of love, Nor
                                               oug
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 spouse from his dire dart t
o save, In vain we ask the s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                onard laid, And o'er him sp
                                              over
read the deep impervious s
                                                                                                                                 . Clos'd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           y fetters keep H
                                              hade
                                                                                                                                                                                                    are his eyes, and heav
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  nses
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 bound in never-waking si
                                                                                                                                                                                                  y world Shall fall from
eep, Till time shall cease, ti
                                              I ma
                                                                                                                                a starr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            heav'n, in di
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 hurl'd Till nature in her fin
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                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      re confu
al wreck shall lie, And her I
                                              ast
                                                                                                                       gro an shal
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, a divine immortal frame. B
                                             ut se
                                                                                                                           e softly-
                                                                                                                                                                                                stealing tears apace
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e each other
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  dow
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                n the mourner's face; But of
ease thy tears, bid ev'ry sig
soul arise, And look beyon
                                                                                                                         t, And c
                                                                                                                                                                                               ast the load of ang
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                from thine heart:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 the cold shell of his great
                                             h de
                                                                                                                par
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                                             d, th
                                                                                                             ou
                                                                                                                                                                                                the skies; There
                                                                                                                       native of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   thy view, where fleet
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                an the wind Thy Leonard
                                                                                                                                                                                               elf preparé to pa
mounts, and leaves the ear
                                              th b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      s the vale of night To
                                                                                                                     nd. Thys
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   join
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 for ever on the hills of ligh
t: To thine embrace this joy
                                              ful s
                                                                                                                  it moves
                                                                                                                                                                                               To thee, the p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       er of his earth
pleasures more refin'd, And
hap. xvii. YE martial pow'rs
                                                                                                    ters uited to t
                                                                                                                                                                                             h' immortal mi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               . GOLIA
                                               bet
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                y song, an daid
f fight: Yo u be
                                                                                                                                                                                             ul nine, Inspire
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 my high design. The drea
                                               an
                                                                                                 d a ll ye tunef
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            m
dful scenes and toils of war
                                                                                                                                                                                            s, and the fields
                                               I wr
                                                                                ite, The arden
                                                                                                         t warrior
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                st remember, and you best
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ed lyre, Di d the
can sing The acts of heroe
                                                                      the vocal string: R
                                              s to
                                                                                                       esume the
                                                                                                                                                                                           ays with which
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                n the poet and the sage ins
pire. Now front to front the stood, Thick as the foliage of
                                                                                                isplay'd , Here Isr
wood; B et
                                              armi
                                                                                          e d
                                                                                                                                                                                           ael rang'd, and t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              here the foes array
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ; The host s on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 two opposing mountains
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          sive valley lay, O'er whi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   the gleam ing
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                armour pour'd the day, Wh
                                               f the
                                                          wavi
                                                                                                                                                                                          n them an exten
                                                                                         ng
en from the camp of the Phil
                                                                                               Dreadfu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       or rose; In the dire deeds of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 bleeding b attle
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 skill'd, The monster stalks
                                               istine foe
                                                                                                                                                                                          w, a mighty warri
the terror of the field. From
                                                                                                                                           Golia
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ame: A br azen
                                               Gath h
                                                                                            sprung,
                                                                                                                                                                                 th was his name, Of fie
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    rce deportment, and gigantic fr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 helmet on his head was pl
ac'd, A coat of mail his form 
ear he proudly wav'd, whose
                                                                                           grac'd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  targe his shoulders prest: Dread
                                                                                                                                                                                        aves his legs, the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ful in arm s hig
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               h-tow'ring o'er the rest A sp
                                                                                                                                                  trange
                                                                                     h ead, S
                                                                                                                                                                             to r
                                                                                                                                                                                         elate, six hundre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              d shekels weigh'd; He strode alon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             g, and sho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              e ample field, While Phoebu
                                                iron
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             When thus the huge, enormous
                                                                                  hr ough
                                                                                                                                                                                         chilling horror ra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ief bea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Sav. what the cause that in t
                                                                                                                                                                      b's race
his proud array "You set you
                                                                                                                                                          e face of day? "One hero find in all yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ur vaunting train, "Then see who los
                                                r bat
                                                                                 tle in th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           es, and w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ho w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ins the plain; "For he who w
ins, in triumph may demand
                                                                                etual se
                                                                                                                                                     rvice from the vanquish'd land: "Your arm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ies I defy, your force despise, "By f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Philistia's eyes: "Produce a
                                                Perp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ar inferio
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               r in
                                                                                                                                            contest, and the victor's right." Thus challeng'd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      he: all Israel stood amaz'd, And ev'r
man, and let us try the fight,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       y chief i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              n co
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             nsternation gaz'd; But Jesse
s son in youthful bloom appea
                                                                             nd warlike courage far beyond his years: He left the folds, he left the flow'ry meads, And so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ft recesses of the sylvan shades. N
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ow Israe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               I's m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            onarch, and his troops arise,
                                                 rs, A
                                                                           th e skies; In Elah's vale the scene of combat lies. When the fair morning blush'd with orien
With peals of shouts ascendin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              t red, What David's fire enjoin'd the so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   n obey
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            nd swift of foot towards the tr
                                                  g to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        rethren of the war. While yet they spake t
                                                                        bos om with the martial flame. He leaves his carriage to another's care, And runs to greet his b
ench he came, Where glow'd e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 he giant
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ef arose, Repeats the challen
                                                                      the sound, and trembling at the view, Affrighted Israel from its post withdrew. "Observe ye this
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     tremendous foe, they cry'd, "Who in prou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           r armies hath defy'd: "Whoeve
ge, and insults his foes: Struck
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              d vaunt
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            s ou
                                                     , "Fr eedo m in Israel for his house shall gain; "And on him wealth unknown the king will pour, "And give take s away "Reproach from Jacob, who destroys the chief. "And puts a period to his country's grief. "He eople ey'd The wond'rous hero, and again reply'd: "Such the rewards our monarch will bestow, "On him who
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   his royal daughter for his dow'r." Then Je
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          est hope: "My brethren say,
r lays him prostrate on the plain
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            sse's y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           oung
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           armies of the living God." Thu
What shall be done for him who
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              vaunts the honours of his arms abroad, "An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           d scorn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          conquers, and destroys his foe." Eliab heard,
s spoke the youth, th' attentive p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         and kin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         into ire To hear his shepherd br
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      n of thine heart, "But back in safety from the fie
other thus inquire, And thus beg
                                                                 hat errand brought thee? s ay "Who keeps thy flock? or does it go astray? "I know the base ambitio
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Id depa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         liab thus to Jesse's youngest h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          rt." E
eir, Express'd his wrath in accent
                                                                 st severe. When to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       "What have I done? or what the cause to chid
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       s were told before the king, who
                                                                                                                                                                                     brother mildly he reply
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e? The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         word
                                                                                                                                                                                   rch dauntless he began, "For this Philistine fail no heart of man: "I'll take t hou a stripling go, "And venture combat with so great a foe? "Who all his days
sent For the young hero to his roy
                                                                 nt: Before the mo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                'For this Philistine fail no heart of man: "I'll take th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ith the giant fight: "I dread not al
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e vale, a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      r'd to fight, "And made its deeds
his boasts, nor all his might." Whe
                                                                 s the king: "Dar's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  has bee
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       n inu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            clouds and whirlwinds usher'd in his birth." When
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    I kept the fleecy care, "And out the s d him o'er the field, "The prey del
his study and delight: "Battles and
                                                                   ds hed brou
                                                                                                                                                                                    t the monster forth, "And
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                David th
                                                          bloo
                                                                                                                                                                       gh
re rush'd a lion and a bear; "A tende
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           d with no other weapon than my crook "Bold I pur
                                                                                                                                                                                    e hungry lion took, "An
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              su'd, an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    d cha
iver'd, and the felon kill'd: "As thus t
                                                                                                                                                                                     nd the bear I slew, "S
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           o shall Goliath fall, and all his crew: "The God, wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   om these beasts of prey, "By me thi
                                                           he lio
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             o sav'd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   me fr
                                                                                                                                                                          n a
s monster in the dust shall lay." So D
                                                                                                                                                                                     oke. The wond'ring
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          king reply'd; "Go thou with heav'n and victory on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   is coat of mail, this sword gird on,
                                                            avid
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             thy side
he said, And plac'd a mighty helmet o
                                                              n his
                                                                                                                                                                        hea
                                                                                                                                                                                      d: The coat, the s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         word, the helm he laid aside, Nor chose to ventu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           re with t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  hose
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  arms untry'd, Then took his staff, an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 t che
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         s took. Mean time descended to Philistia's son
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                rub, and he thus begun: "Goliath, wel
d to the neighb'ring brook Instant he ra
                                                                                                                                                                 d thenc
                                                                                                                                                                                       e five pebble
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          A radian
                                                              n, an
thou know'st thou hast defy'd "Yon He
                                                                                                                                                           armies,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         d their God deny'd: "Rebellious wretch audac
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              orbear, "Nor tempt the vengeance of th
                                                                brew
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ious wo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               rm! f
eir God too far: "Them, who with his Om
                                                                                                                                                                                       y,
ps
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        and no arm defend: "Proud as thou art, in sho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              great, "I come to tell thee thine approa
                                                                 nipot
                                                                            ence contend,
                                                                                                                                         "No eye shall pit
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             glory
ching fate. "Regard my words. The Judge
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         the tow'ring mountain nods, "Will give thin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            he savage brood, "That cut the liquid air
                                                                    of all
                                                                                   the g
                                                                                                 ods,
                                                                                                        "Beneath whose ste
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e armie
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            s to t
                                                                                                                                                                                       y,
in
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       "And thou shalt perish by a beardle
or range the wood. "Thee too a well-aim'd
                                                                     peb
                                                                            ble shall d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          "Such
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          e mandate from the realms above, "And s
                                                                                                  est
hould I try the vengeance to remove, "Myse
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     g would prove. "Goliat h say, shall grace to him b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ho dares heav'ns Monarch, and insults his
                                                                                                 eb
                                                                                                                                  el to my k
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       e show
throne?" "Your words are lost on me," the
                                                                                                                                 While fear and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  rath contended in his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         eyes, When thus the messen
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        av'n replies: "Provoke no more Jehovah's a
                                                                       giant
                                                                                             cries
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ger fro
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        m he
wful hand "To hurl its vengeance on thy guilt
                                                                         y land: "He grasps
                                                                                                                               the thunder, and, he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        nts their sov'reign's orders to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      e angel spoke, and turn'd his eyes away, Ad
                                                                                                                                                                                            wing s the
                                                                                                                                                                                                               storm, "Serva
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     perform
                                                                          d comes: the fatal s
                                                                                                                                                                                                      taff engag'd his b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     w'ring height Survey'd the stripling, and disda
                                                                                                                             tones demand His left, the s
ding new radiance to the rising day. Now Davi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        etter hand: The giant mov'd, and from
in'd the fight, And thus began: "Am I a dog with
                                                                             thee? "Bring'st th
                                                                                                                           ou no armour, but a staff to me? "
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         gods on thee their vollied curses pou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   nd beasts and birds of prey thy flesh devour.'
David undaunted thus, "Thy spear and shield "S
                                                                                                                          n to thy body yield: "Jehovah's name-
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  rious war. "To-day the Lord of Hosts to me will
                                                                             hall no protectio
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           -no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         other arms I bear, "I ask no other in th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  is glo
give "Vict'ry, to-day thy doom thou shalt receive;
                                                                                                                         ou threaten shall your own become, "And beast
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        hall be your animated tomb, "That all t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 rth's inhabitants may know "That there's a God,
                                                                                 The fate y
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             SS
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               he ea
who governs all below: "This great assembly too s
                                                                                                                       itness stand, "That needs nor sword, nor spear, th' Al
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       hty's hand: "The battle his, the conque
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             st he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              bestows, "And to our pow'r consigns our hated for
es." Thus David spoke; Goliath heard and came To
                                                                                                                     the hero in the field of fame. Ah! fatal meeting to thy troops
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       d thee, But thou wast deaf to the divine
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            e; Young David meets thee, meets thee not in vain
                                                                                  meet
'Tis thine to perish on th' ensanguin'd plain. And now
                                                                                                                   outh t he forceful pebble slung Philistia trembled as it whiz
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     along: In his dread forehead, where the h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ends, Just o'er the brows the well-aim'd stone desc
ends, It pierc'd the skull, and shatter'd all the brain, Pro
                                                                                                                                     e he tumbled to the plain: Goliath's fall no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    terror yields Than riving thunders in aeria
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        s: The soul still ling'red in its lov'd abode, Till conq'rin
                                                                                                                   his fac
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        I field
                                                                                       ne on
g David o'er the giant strode: Goliath's sword then laid it
                                                                                                                                          nd from the body hew'd the ghastly
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  blood in gushing torrents drench'd the plai
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      he soul found passage through the spouting veins. And
                                                                                         s ma
                                                                                                                ster
                                                                                                                         dead. A
                                                                                                                                                                                                    head: T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ns, T
now aloud th' illustrious victor said, "Where are your boa
                                                                                                                                                  champion's "dead?" Scarce ha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  when the Philistines fled: But fled in vain; the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     qu'ror swift pursu'd: What scenes of slaughter! and what
                                                                                            sting
                                                                                                                                w your
                                                                                                                                                                                                   d he spo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e con
                                                                                                                s no
seas of blood! There Saul thy thousands grasp'd th' impurp
                                                                                              leď sa
                                                                                                                                                         s of death the conquest o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                And David there were thy ten thousands laid: Thu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Israel's damsels musically play'd. Near Gath and Edron
                                                                                                                nd I
                                                                                                                                     n pang
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             em brought, but in his tent he plac'd The load of armour whi
s the leader of the host reply'd; "As lives thy soul I know not
"Before the king behold the stripling stand, Goliath's head de
many an hero lay, Breath'd out their souls, and curs'd the ligh
                                                                                                t of da
                                                                                                                 y: Th
                                                                                                                                             eir fury
                                                                                                                                                                , quench'd by death
                                                                                                                                                                                                 , no long
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            urns, And David with Goliath's head returns, To Sal
ch the giant grac'd. His monarch saw him coming from the war
                                                                                                                                                   déman
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          y, who is this amazing youth?" he cry'd, When thu
                                                                                                   , And
                                                                                                                   thus
                                                                                                                                                                      ded of the son
                                                                                                   ng:"
"Art t
whence he sprung, "So great in prowess though in years so you
pending from his hand: To him the king: "Say of what martial line
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   v'reign said, "Before whose conq'ring arm Philistia fle
t sire was thine?" He humbly thus; "The son of Jess
                                                                                                                       Inquire w
                                                                                                                                                          hose s
                                                                                                                                                                             on is he,
                                                                                                                                                                                               the so
                                                                                                                                  you
mis'd gi
ings enr
s in
                                                                                                                                                                                           and wha
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        e I: "I came the glories of the field to try. "Small is my tribe, but v
                                                                                                                                                                 ng hero
                                                                                                                            hou, you
aliant in the fight; "Small is my city, but thy royal right." "Then take t
again." Thoughts on the WORKS OF PROVIDENCE. A R I S E, my soul
                                                                                                                                                                              ' the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    h cry'd, Conferring riches and the royal bride: "Kn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      it to my soul for ever thou remain "With me, nor quit my regal roof
                                                                                                           he pro
                                                                                                                                                                        fts,"
                                                                                                                                                                                           monarc
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ose goodness and benificence appear As round its centre moves the e my soul, and favour my intend. Celestial muse, my arduous flight sust
                                                                                                                                                                                aptur'd, rise T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    o praise the monarch of the earth and skies, Wh
                                                                                                               , on w
rolling year, Or when the morning glows with rosy charms, Or the sun sl
                                                                                                                                                 s in the oce
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   s: Of light divine be a rich portion lent To guid
                                                                                                                umber
                                                                                                                                                                                       an's arm
ain And raise my mind to a seraphic strain! Ador'd for ever be the God uns
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   e sun revolves this vast machine, Though to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             his eye its mass a point appears: Ador'd the God that whirls surrounding
                                                                                                                                                           hich ro
                                                                                                                                                                                       und th
spheres, Which first ordain'd that mighty Sol should reign The peerless mon
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  in: Of miles twice forty millions is his heig
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ht, And yet his radiance dazzles mortal sight So far beneath--from him th' ex
                                                                                                                        arch of
                                                                                                                                                                  th' ether
                                                                                                                                                                                       eal tra
tended earth Vigour derives, and ev'ry flow'ry birth: Vast through her orb she m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 Around her Phoebus in unbounded spa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ce; True to her course th' impetuous storm derides, Triumphant o'er the winds
                                                                                                                           oves wi
                                                                                                                                                                          th easy grace
, and surging tides. Almighty, in these wond rous works of thine, What Pow'r, wh
                                                                                                                               at Wisd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                d what Goodness shine! And are thy w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  onders, Lord, by men explor'd, And yet creating glory unador'd! Creation smiles
                                                                                                                                                                                  om, an
in various beauty gay, While day to night, and night succeeds to day: That Wisdom
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                tends Jehovah's ways, Shines mos
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               t conspicuous in the solar rays: Without them, destitute of heat and light, This wor
d would be the reign of endless night: In their excess how would our race complain, Ab
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ife! how hate its length ned chain
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          ! From air adust what num'rous ills would rise? What dire contagion taint the burning
                                                                                                                                         horring I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 the orient main Ascending dost adorn the heav'nly plain! So rich, so various are thy bease of all adores. O'er beings infinite his love extends, His Wisdom rules them, and his Pow'r
skies? What pestilential vapours, fraught with death, Would rise, and overspread the land
                                                                                                                                              s beneath
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ? Hail, smiling morn, that from
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           And thy great God, the cau
uteous dies, That spread through all the circuit of the skies, That, full of thee, my soul in rap
defends. When tasks diurnal tire the human frame, The spirits faint, and dim the vital flame, Then
                                                                                                                                                            too that eve
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          r active bounty shines,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Which not infinity of space confines. The sable veil, that Night in silence draws, Conceals effect
s, but shows th' Almighty Cause, Night seals in sleep the wide creation fair, And all is peaceful but th
d, Which still appears harmonious, fair, and good. May grateful strains salute the smiling morn, Before it
n regardless hear, And never, never raise the filial pray'r? To-day, O hearken, nor your folly mourn For time mi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                as the day before, Wakes ev'ry eye, but what shall wake no more; Again the face of nature is renew' day, and night to night conspire To show the goodness of the Almighty Sire? This mental voice shall ma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        gain, gay Phoebus,
                                                                                                                                                                  e brow of care. A
                                                                                                                                                                          s beams the eastern hills adorn! Shall day to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        eturn. But see the sons of vegetation rise, And spread their leafy banners to the skies. All-wise Almighty Provi
                                                                                                                                                                                           spent, that never will r
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              f the Maker's plan. The pow'r the same that forms a ray of light, That call d creation from eternal night. "Let there be d the light around its Maker shine, The first fair product of th' omnific God, And now through all his works diffus'd abroad. As r
dence we trace In trees, and plants, and all the flow'ry race; As clear as in the nobler frame of man, All lovely copies o
light," he said: from his profound Old Chaos heard, and trembled at the sound: Swift as the word, inspir'd by pow'r divine, Behol
eason's pow'rs by day our God disclose, So we may trace him in the night's repose: Say what is sleep? and dreams how passing strange! When action ceases, and unbounded o'er the plains, Where Fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns. Hear in soft stra ins the dreaming lover sigh To a kind fair, or rave in jealousy; On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent, The lab'ring passions struggle for a vent. What pow'r, O man! thy reason then restores, So long suspended in nocturnal hours? What secret hand returns the mental train, A
nd gives improv'd thine active pow'rs again? From thee, O man, what gratitude should rise! And, when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes, Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies. How merciful our God who thus imparts O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts, When want s and woes might be our righteous lot, Our God forgetting, by our God forgot! Among the mental pow'rs a question rose, "What most the image of the Eternal Bows?" When thus to Reason (so let Fancy rove) Her great companion spoke immortal Love. "Say, mighty pow'r, how long shall strife prevail, "And with its murmurs load the whisp'ring gale? "Refer the cause to Recollection's shrine, "Who loud proclaims my origin divine, "The cause whence heav'n and earth began to be, "And is not man immortaliz'd by me? "Reason let this most causeless strife subside." Thus Love pronouncing, and Reason thus remply'd. "Thy birth, coelestial queen! tis mine to own, "In thee resplendent is the Godhead shown; "Thy words persuade, my soul enraptur'd feels "Resistless beauty which thy smile revealing block the blooming goddess in her arms. Infinite Love, we supplies? This most is heard in Nature's constant voice, This most is heard to have supplied to a lady on the Death of three Relations. We trace the pow'r of
ourish all, to serve one gen ral end, The good of man: yet man ungrateful pays But little homage, and but little praise. To him, whose works arry'd with mercy shine, What songs should rise, how constant, how divine! To a Lady on the Death of three Relations. WE trace the pow'r of
Death from tomb to tomb, And his are all the ages yet to come. 'Tis his to call the planets from on high, To blacken Phoebus, and dissolve the sky; His too, when all in his dark realms are hurl'd, From its firm base to shake the solid world; His fatal sceptre rules the spacious whole, A nd trembling nature rocks from pole to pole. Awful he moves, and wide his wings are spread: Behold thy brother number'd with the dead! From bondage freed, the exulting spirit flies Beyond Olympus, and these starry skies. Lost in our woe for thee, blest shade, we mourn In vain; to earth thou never must return. Thy sisters too, fair mourner, feel the dart Of Death, and leave the world behind. As a young plant by hurricanes up torn, So near its parent lies the newly born-- But 'midst the bright ehtereal treatments.
ain behold It shines superior on a throne of gold: Then, mourner, cease; let hope thy tears restrain, Smile on the tomb, and sooth the raging pain. On yon blest regions fix thy longing view, Mindless of sublunary scenes below; Ascend the sacred mount, in thought arise, And seek s ubstantial and immortal joys; Where hope receives, where faith to vision springs, And raptur'd seraphs tune th' immortal strings To strains extatic. Thou the chorus join, And to thy father tune the praise divine. To a Clergyman on the Death of his Lady. WHERE contemplation finds her sacred spring, Where heav'nly music makes the arches ring, Where virtue reigns unsully'd and divine, Where wisdom thron'd, and all the graces shine, There sits thy spouse amidst the radiant throng, While praise eternal warbles from her tongue; There choirs angelic shout her we elcome round, With perfect bliss, and peerless glory crown'd. While thy dear mate, to flesh no more confin'd, Exults a blest, an heav'n-ascended mind, Say in thy breast shall floods of sorrow rise? Say shall its torrents overwhelm thine eyes? Amid the seats of heav'n a place is free,
And angels open their bright ranks for thee; For thee they wait, and with expectant eye Thy spouse leans downward from th' empyreal sky: "O come away," her longing spirit cries, "And share with me the raptures of the skies. "Our bliss divine to mortals is unknown; "Immortal life and glory are our own. "There too may the dear pledges of our love "Arrive, and taste with us the tribute of their praise "To him, who dy'd stern justice to stone, "And make eternal glory all our own. "He in his death slew ours, and, as he rose, "He crush'd the dire dominion of our foes; "Vain were their hopes to put the gates of light." She spoke, and turn'd from mortal scenes her eyes, Which beam'd celestial radiance o'er the skies. Then thou do
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