

*And when your foot-shapes remain  
 And where'er you fix your future home  
 May joys attending crown the spot  
 And haply best mansions be your last*

*Wm Burr*

220/60 764118  
 THE

# FARMER'S MEDITATIONS,

OR

## SHEPHERD'S SONG

—  
 been  
 of literature  
 in order to  
 it has been  
 and  
 BY THOMAS RANDALL, <sup>dered by</sup>  
 A RESIDENT OF EATON, N. H. <sup>useful</sup>  
 1833-  
 age not  
 in fact  
 farmer  
 or of

LIMERICK, ME.

WM. BURR, PRINTER.

1833.

Entered according to an Act of Congress,  
the year 1833, by THOMAS RANDALL,  
Clerk's Office of the District Court of

## PREFACE.

### CANDID READER,

As the Author of this work has not been privileged with that branch of literature which is so necessary a requisite in order to prepare a work for the press, but has been under the necessity of employing another for that purpose; he may be considered by some as incapable of imparting any useful instruction to the *literati*. But let the reader of these Poems be careful, and judge not rashly concerning this work. Let him first represent to himself an illiterate farmer, supporting his family with the labor of his hands; occupying those scanty moments that naturally intervene the fatiguing hours of labor; even those moments, wherein the "drowsy world lies lost in sleep," to publish to the world the meditations of his fruitful and sagacious mind. His genius, exert



ing itself under the disadvantages of illiterature, is seen laboring *alone* in the "greatness of its strength," to perform, as it were, "a new thing under the sun." He darts, as it were, into the etherial regions, and there beholds the host of heaven, the sun, moon, and stars, exhibiting the praise of their Creator! He ranges the earth, and explores the great abyss, and tunes his verse to the respective employment and condition of the things and inhabitants of earth and sea.

With a pleasing variety of metre, our author has composed this volume of poems, which cannot fail to amuse both the aged and the youth, and lead the candid reader to admire the productions of the *Etonian Farmer's* unpolished pen.

In transcribing this work for publication, I was requested by the author to make corrections no farther than it regarded the orthography and punctuation: for which reason the reader will perceive the measure and sentiment of the author's poetry (without essential alteration) in his own style and language. He, however, requested me (as far as I saw fit) to mark such words as

I considered as being used in an improper form, and such also as were used (in a strict sense) *unnecessarily*. I have therefore marked the ungrammatical and expletive words to be printed in *italic*.

And now, while you this little book peruse,  
The prime production of a farmer's Muse,  
Seek not his "Meditations" to revile;  
Scorn to condemn the author or his style;  
Look to thyself, nor give thy passions scope,  
But learn the words of Alexander Pope—  
"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall  
be!"

BENJAMIN R. JORDAN.

# FARMER'S MEDITATIONS

OR

## SHEPHERD'S SONGS.

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### POEM I.

#### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Unto the publick here I send  
This little Book which I have pen'd;  
For good, I think it is design'd,  
To improve the beauties of the mind.

2 Let none expel it from his door  
Until he's read its pages o'er,  
And give himself some leisure time  
To read these lessons, put in rhyme.

3 It is design'd for to amuse,  
And not design'd for to abuse;  
But to awake the human kind,  
And give a lustre to the mind.

4 For I have pass'd from thing to thing,  
Assisted by a generous spring;  
My passions lighted to a flame,  
While reason held a steady reign.



- 5 Each hateful passion I've suppress'd,  
In peace alone I sought to rest;  
While guile and malice have been dead,  
A glory shone around my head.
- 6 Thus prompted by a strong desire,  
I'll paint to view my golden lyre;  
My heart well tuned with heavenly lays,  
To sing the highest notes of praise.
- 7 I've seen the lofty climes of jove,  
I've rang'd the fields, and walk'd the grove,  
Where fancy paints the flowery lawn,  
And gentle zephyrs round me fawn.
- 8 I've labour'd hard myself to know,  
While I've been passing here below;  
But, to myself, am weak and blind—  
The common lot of human kind.
- 9 Quite small the knowledge we can gain—  
Tho' labour'd for, with mighty pain;  
It lies beyond the human thought,  
Tho' carefully it may be sought.
- 10 Ignorant of those hidden springs,  
That turn around terrestrial things,  
We cannot scan th' Eternal Cause,  
That rules great nature by its laws.
- 11 Tho' we may look with strong desires,  
And try to weigh volcanick fires,  
We cannot trace their hidden path,  
That lies concealed in the earth.
- 12 Those dreadful fires, that burst with rage,  
Do awe the peasant and the sage :

What secret law directs this flame—  
It lies beyond our sense to name.

13 Great nature is but art unknown,  
Tis only scan'd by God alone,  
No one, but he, can it explore,  
Survey each part, and look it o'er.

14 If man is wise, 'tis but in part,  
Though he may climb from art to art :  
To worlds unnumber'd he may run,  
But yet in fact he knows but one.

## POEM II.

### RESIGNATION.

My God, with all my voice I'll praise,  
My heart and tongue surrender,  
While I behold thy lovely works,  
That shine with awful splendour.

2 The fervent sun, the teeming earth,  
The moon all dress'd in beauty,  
Ten thousand stars their courses roll,  
Each to perform its duty.

3 The lofty mountains rear their heads,  
The hills with trees are crowned;  
Ten thousand sweets the valleys yield,  
Whilst lower lands are drowned.

4 The flying clouds, the stormy winds,  
The sea all in commotion;

- While lofty ships do soar away,  
And plough the briny ocean.
- 5 There sharks and whales do spout & foam;  
They are to men a treasure :  
Ten thousand fish around them fly,  
While others sport in pleasure.
- 6 My God, while I thy works behold,  
I'm struck with admiration;  
Ten thousand diff'rent forms I see,  
As I pass through creation !
- 7 The hawk, the eagle, and the bear,  
For prey they are enraged;  
The lamb, the linnet, and the dove,  
To escape them, are engaged.
- 8 The hawk, and eagle, soar aloft,  
The bear by woods is screened;  
Each takes a diff'rent mode for food,  
And wish to be *convened*.
- 9 So men, like hawks and eagles, soar,  
While some below are creeping;  
They plan to cheat the husbandman,  
While he in bed is sleeping !
- 10 Ten thousand diff'rent ways they take,  
Instead of comfort giving,  
To rob the labourer of his store,  
And get an easy living !
- 11 But there's no man, I will expose,  
Now in my state or nation :  
So, I'll away to Bethlehem,  
And keep my place and station.

- 12 And there in peace I will remain,  
Retired from all creation,  
And ponder o'er the work that's done  
In every clime and nation.
- 13 But still my busy thoughts shall soar,  
And traverse the creation,  
And fly across to India's shore,  
There scrutinize each nation.
- 14 From thence to Europe I will fly;  
I'll there survey each nation,  
And, through the splendid cities, hie,  
To learn their situation.
- 15 And when my work is done below,  
I'll sail through the broad ether;  
And on to higher climes I'll go,  
Where joy shall last forever.
- 16 There, in *amaze*, I'll stand and gaze,  
Where sorrow is a stranger;  
And there behold that lovely head,  
Whose cradle was a manger.

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 POEM III.

## THE FLOWERY MOUNT.

'Twas on a distant, flow'ry mount,  
I sat me down *for* to recount,  
And call'd to mind those distant things,  
Which in vast creation springs :



There, in pensive silence sit,  
With the earth beneath my feet.

2 I turned my eyes for to behold—  
A thousand planets round me roll'd !  
While earth stood by in living green;  
Beasts and birds, *they* might be seen;  
Fish and insects, it is true;  
All were present to my view.

3 Trees and shrubs did wave in air,  
While lilies show'd a spotless fair :  
Pinks and violets, it is true,  
Show'd a red and crimson hue :  
The grove, the orchard, and the field—  
O ! what beauties they did yield.

4 The linnet sung, and swell'd her throat;  
The lark, she tuned her lofty note;  
The nightingale, she tuned her lay,  
Seated on a lofty spray;  
The wren and robin both struck in,  
And in unison did sing.

5 The ox, he rear'd his lofty head—  
The horse moved off with nimble speed—  
The lambs were skipping o'er the hill—  
The sheep were sipping at the rill—  
The ants were grovelling in the dust :  
They call'd the worm to quench their thirst.

6 The spider spun, the mole did plough,  
The bee drew sweet, and onward flew;  
Their wisdom made a great display,  
And no weakness did betray :

Hills were crown'd and mountains stood :  
All were great, and all were good.

7 I then beheld the orb of day,  
A thousand beauties to display,  
Ever constant in his race,  
While the moon doth change her face :  
The stars in glittering robes appear;  
Each to crown the new born year.

8 The stars in order, how they shine !  
And in union all combine !  
And, in their dress, are uniform,  
While they the upper climes adorn ;  
All are globes of noble size,  
Rolling in the lofty skies !

9 There dwells the lion and the lamb,  
The timorous sheep and hostile ram;  
There nature dwells, in all its forms,  
And those lofty climes adorns :  
All are very fair and free,  
Consisting both of land and sea.

#### POEM IV.

#### GOD'S WORKS DEMAND ATTENTION AND VENERATION.

When we do behold both the land and the  
sea,  
And think of their Author, how great he  
must be;

When we survey the vallies and mountains  
all around,  
We'll tune up our voices, his praises to  
sound.

2 The stars now in heaven were made by  
design,  
And each by reflection *do* brilliantly shine;  
They shew their great Author both power-  
ful and wise,  
Who set them all in order to beautify the  
skies.

3 The earth, when she is clothed in her  
green attire,  
Her complicated beauties, we much do ad-  
mire :  
It shows the great Author both powerful  
and kind;  
And, in his acts of wisdom, is human and  
divine.

4 The wind is now blowing, it sweeps o'er  
the land;  
The sea is always tumbling and dashing on  
the sand;  
The fishes *they* are sporting and skipping in  
the sea,  
Or in the briny ocean, wherever they be.

5 The beauties of nature, I *positive* declare;  
*They* fill us all with wonder, for every thing  
is rare !

The lovely pear and apple, the peach and  
cherry too;  
Whose taste is most delicious, and pleasant  
*for* to view.

6 The wheat, corn, and barley, that grow  
both rank and good,  
Potatoes, rye, and onions, are quite deli-  
cious food :  
The earth *it* will support them and keep  
them by her side.  
And constantly defend them from the old  
roaring tide.

7 The earth is our mother, with her ten  
thousand springs;  
She opens wide her bosom, and round her  
blessings flings;  
She will support her children, right from one  
common stock :  
They feed upon her bounties, and round her  
body flock.

8 Her sons *they* are various, in every state  
and clime :  
The orange-tree of India, the lemon and  
the lime :  
The cocoa tree beside them, *it* is both tall  
and trim;  
While lovely nuts are growing and gracing  
every limb.

9 The earth *she* is generous, to all her sons  
of need :



She nurses them with caution, and will preserve their seed,  
Her sons *they* are various, in every state and clime :  
She paints them with good colours, upon the shores of time.

10 The lily and rosy, the pink and violet too :

She paints them with good colours, which makes them fair to view ;  
Some have rosy faces, and some are blue or white,  
And all present good graces, *for* to enchant the sight.

11 Earth opens wide her bosom, she nurses every child,

And, to their wanting appetites, is ever good and kind :

Her joys they are moderate, and, in her sorrows, mute—

She gives them all good juices, still working at the root.

12 She is a fruitful mother, likewise a constant bride,

And heaven is her husband, now standing by her side ;

He blesses her with breezes and sends her light and heat,

And water in a plenty, to wash her humble seat.

13 And, in the heat of summer, he visits her with grace ;

He calls the clouds together, and sprinkles o'er her face ;

Right from his wat'ry treasure, her wants he will supply,

Lest she and all her children, should faint away and die.

14 He never will forsake her, he'll bless her fruitful face,

He'll sprinkle her with water, and every stream will trace ;

And when she's tired of bearing, we very well do know,

He'll bring his fleecy garment and cover her with snow.

15 Now while I sit a musing, on all the things of time,

And solemnly perusing my simple verse or rhyme,

It fills my heart with musick and carries it above,

Where hatred is banished by everlasting love.

16 A consort of musick now thrills on my ear,

If it is in heaven—I'm sure it is near—

Some celestial spirit, now standing at the stile—

He aids me in singing, and causes me to smile.

17 The great King of Glory is now on his way,  
His wisdom and power, he soon will display—  
Let every king and noble now lay by his sword,  
In humble submission to Jesus the Lord.

18 His head, while in jewry, was crowned with thorns,  
Now a rainbow of glory his temples adorns !  
In truth and in justice, he'll maintain his throne,  
Who once in a stable was said to be born.

### POEM V.

#### ADORATION.

Let us adore the great Creator,  
And tune our lips to sing his praise :  
He polished the frame of nature;  
He is the ancient king of days.

2 He put the earth and air in motion;  
He beautifies the lovely trees :  
He wings the air and heaves the ocean;  
He well commands the foaming seas.

3 He made the lights, to shine in heaven,  
And bid them roll their courses round;  
They are donations freely given,  
To shine and light this earthly ground.

4 What wonders he has made or formed !  
It strikes our sense with solemn awe !  
The heavens, he has well adorned,  
And placed each object under law.

5 He does command the rolling billows,  
Directs the fish that swim the sea :  
He nourishes the weeping willow,  
And well instructs the busy bee.

6 He shows the earth in all her beauty,  
He dresses her in living green;  
He calls each insect unto duty,  
And, all as one, he does convene.

7 He feeds the lion and the raven  
With food delightful to the taste;  
He points the dove to her fair haven;  
On her fine pinions, flies in haste.

8 Attended by her lovely consort,  
She mounts aloft, and wings the air;  
United by the bond of comfort,  
Unto their dwellings do repair.

9 No bitterness to break their union,  
Their bonds are innocence and love;  
They do enjoy some sweet communion  
In their safe mansions, far above.

10 A dove descended on the Saviour,  
He did abide and rest on him :  
And in the ark, built for a favor,  
The dove was safely lodged (*within.*)

11 This dove was sent out on a mission  
To give to Noah some relief,



And well obey'd his great commission;  
Returned with an Olive leaf.

12 It proved, the waters were assuaged,  
And would return from off the earth,  
And leave the ground where once they raged,  
Unto the ocean, find a path.

13 The dove is faithful in his nature.  
In him ten thousand beauties shine;  
An emblem of the great Creator,  
A friend to all the human kind.

## POEM VI.

### INCOMPREHENSIBLE JEHOVAH.

O thou great eternal God,  
All nature is thy walking road!  
O'er seas and continents, thou look'st,  
And well survey'st thy numerous flocks.

2 Were we to walk broad ether's road,  
And every step enquire for God;  
No one could half his fame declare,  
Or tell how high his glories are!

3 Were we to catch the morning ray,  
And walk along the sun's broad way;  
We should, th' Eternal, poorly trace,  
Whose dwelling is unbounded space.

4 Thousands of worlds above us roll;  
And all are under his control:

And thousands more are in the deep;  
Well pois'd they in their orbits keep.

5 The vast immensity is strew'd  
With unknown worlds that can't be view'd;  
In some mysterious ways they join—  
They've stood the rack and age of time!

6 This God—all nature is his frame,  
Jehovah is his won'drous name:  
Self-subsisting he must be,  
Who rules the heavens and binds the sea.

7 And tho' exalted far above;  
His chief delight is grace and love:  
In weakness, often, he descends  
To aid his prophets, and their pens.

8 He sees the sparrow in her fall,  
His ear attends the softest call.  
He hears the needy when they sigh,  
Relieves the prisoners when they cry.

9 The broken hearted find relief—  
He gives repentance to 'the thief':  
The maim'd and bruised *they* shall find  
A God that's ever good and kind.

10 The blind, he will restore their sight.  
He'll cure the lame, with much delight;  
His power and skill, he will display,  
The leprosy he'll wash away.

11 The tombs of all the wise and just—  
He'll break each seal, the prison burst;  
Some angels then, in bright array,  
Each sealed stone, shall roll away.

## POEM VII.

## AGENCY SECURE IN INFANCY.

How great is the Creator  
 To each beholding eye !  
 He built the frame of nature,  
 And the old rolling sky :  
 He marshall'd every star,  
 And bids them keep their place,  
 And bids the sun his circuit run,  
 For to dispense his grace.

2 Now, in the clouds of heaven,  
 He makes a great display :  
 He calls the sun to travel  
*For* to light up the day :  
 It's in the eastern world,  
 He shows his morning face ;  
 From thence his glory is unfurl'd,  
 To run his daily race.

3 Around this earthly region,  
 He travels *on* with speed ;  
 Reanimates old nature,  
 And blesses every seed :  
 He makes the grass to grow,  
 And vegetation spring :  
 He warms the plants of nature,  
 And calls the birds to sing.

\* His beams of light and beauty,  
 He sends *them* east and west :  
 All nature, calls to duty,  
 From her long slumbering rest.  
 He graces every sea,  
 And ocean, *all* as one :  
 The darkness he will chase away,  
 And bid it forward run.

5 Ten thousand thousand wonders  
 We see in earth and air,  
 And in the briny ocean,  
 Too numerous to declare !  
 There scaly monsters sport,  
 And cleave the briny deep.  
 Ten thousand living insects,  
 Around the shores, do creep.

6 The ships, like floating islands,  
 Do plough old Neptune's face ;  
 And through the winged vapours  
 They do pursue their race,  
 While lofty ships of war,  
 With their tremendous force,  
 Do feel the shocks of Boreas,  
 And drive along their course.

7 O what a rhymed riddle  
 Are all created things !  
 We see sweet life withdrawing,  
 And *slack* its tender strings :  
 But still, in different ways,  
 It animates again ;  
 It calls the dust to action,  
 In some new forms to reign.



- 8 That Life, that rear'd the ocean,  
With each wide spreading tree,  
That puts the air in motion,  
And heaves the briny sea,  
Gives action to the beast  
And each terrestrial grade,  
That floats the airy region,  
Or in the sea were made.
- 9 May we survey great nature  
Upon a general plan,  
With its directing power,  
Placed in the human-man,  
Who mediates between  
The living and the dead,  
Who values not reproaches,  
Though pour'd upon his head.
- 10 He suffers great reproaches,  
Wherever he does go :  
The haughty do disdain him,  
Because he sits so low :  
But mark his lofty rule  
Beyond old nature's frame—  
He does enclose creation,  
In every clime, will reign.
- 11 His joys are ever veiled  
In robes of deep distress :  
He e'er becomes a servant,  
All nations *for* to bless;  
But hides his shining face  
From nobles and from kings,  
And points to all the humble,  
Where living water springs.

- 12 The God in human nature  
Is all the God we know :  
To his extent and power,  
No human thought can go;  
An infant he may be,  
In every human breast;  
When known as a reprover,  
He does produce distress.
- 13 If God in infant nature  
Was in a stable born,  
And cradled in a manger,  
Forsaken and forlorn,  
He may be seen again,  
In some distressed place;  
And, through the medium of his Son,  
Unveil his lovely face.
- 14 Now in the vast, eternal,  
Unmeasurable frame,  
All things do move in order,  
And will remain the same :  
No changes will accrue  
In that Eternal Power,  
Who spread the heavenly curtains,  
And built the shady bower.

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POEM VIII.

GOOD NEWS FROM EFFINGHAM, N. H.

From Effingham good news we hear,  
Souls flock to Jesus far and near;

They leap, they fly from sin and thrall,  
And live to him who died for all.

2 The sight—how glorious to behold!  
Greater than diamonds set in gold,  
To see the sons of Adam raise  
Their cheerful voice, to sing God's praise.

3 Their hearts and voices join in one,  
To praise the everlasting Son;  
They mix and mingle in the sound,  
While love and harmony abound.

4 In Effingham it sha'nt be said,  
That we from Jesus Christ have fled;  
We'll watch our Lord, in his commands,  
Till we arrive at Canaan's land.

5 A party spirit we disdain,  
Since we in union hope to reign,  
Where names and parties never come,  
But love and union ever run.

6 Hatred begone! and malice die!  
Envy depart, and from us fly!  
Your traps and snares we'll have no more,  
Till we arrive at Canaan's shore.

7 There, in that land of peaceful joy,  
Our hearts and lips we will employ,  
And praise the glories of the Lamb,  
Who did exist ere time began.

8 There, in sweet visions, bathe the soul,  
Where streams of life perpetual roll;  
There, God his truth he will display,  
And Christ in glory light the day.

9 There saints and angels harmonize,  
All clouds are banished from their eyes,  
In joyful notes they join and sing,  
Where streams of life perpetual spring.

10 There, in those climes that shine so  
bright,  
No clouds will e'er obstruct the sight:  
A living power lights up the day,  
Ten thousand glories to display.

11 There winged seraphs fly in haste;  
Their joyful notes are sweetly grac'd:  
There Jesus will his truth unfold,  
Those ancient acts in times of old.

12 No party names will there be known,  
Nor jarring heads surround the throne,  
But all will feed on Jesus' love,  
And bear the image of the dove.

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## POEM IX.

### THE DESIRE OF THE HUMBLE.

Descend from heaven, celestial King,  
And tune my noblest powers to sing,  
Direct me, by some heavenly ray,  
To those fair climes of endless day.

2 Some noble gifts to me impart,  
And bind them strongly to my heart;

- Give me a savor of thy love,  
And lead me to thy courts above:
- 3 Where I may see that lovely Head,  
Who in a stable once was laid;  
The swaddling band was His attire,  
Whom saints and angels now admire.
- 4 A stable was his mean abode—  
The eastern sages pass'd that road,  
Were guided by a brilliant star,  
Which led them on with graceful care.
- 5 Straight to the manger they did come,  
And with the simple shepherds sung;  
For in the manger now they saw  
The Man that kept the royal law.
- 6 They felt salvation sweetly flow,  
Tho' in a place extremely low;  
The richest offerings they did bring  
A present to this new-born King.
- 7 This was a scene of heavenly joy,  
Their hearts and tongues now found employ,  
To sing aloud the Saviour's grace,  
Who came to save the fallen race.
- 8 Anna gave thanks, while Simeon prais'd;  
The doctors and the lawyers gaz'd;  
The stable-worship they despis'd;  
It was uncomely in their eyes.
- 9 The giddy priests and angry scribes  
The stable-worship they despis'd!  
They lov'd their profit and their gain,  
And thus despis'd the Saviour's name.

- 10 The Pharisee was in a rage,  
Against this worship did engage;  
While Herod, with his hellish crew,  
The children's lives he did pursue.
- 11 His passions, lighted to a flame  
For to destroy the Christian name,  
The sword of persecution drew,  
And all the children quickly slew.
- 12 But the Word did more increase:  
'Twas heard in Jewry and in Greece,  
And those that sat in death's dark shade,  
The word of God did them pervade.
- 13 The cripples then began to walk,  
The dumb could sing or wisely talk;  
The deaf could hear the shepherds' song,  
Which called the blind to look thereon.
- 14 The dead were raised from the grave;  
They felt the power of Christ to save;  
His words were pleasant to the poor,  
Who did not thrust him from their door.
- 15 The gospel, then, like lightning, flow  
From land to land, it passed through,  
It called the Gentile and the Jew,  
And formed their minds completely new.
- 16 It cross'd to North America,  
And here it's made a sweet display;  
It's tuned the organs of our lungs,  
And made us sing with cloven tongues.



## POEM X.

*On the death of GILMAN MOONEY, son of Hercules Mooney, of Eaton, N. H. died in Haverhill, N. H. By his request his corpse was brought seventy miles and interred in his father's burying place.*

Death, like an overwhelming sea,  
Will shortly bear its sons away;  
The numerous sons of Adam's race  
Will soon be lost in death's embrace.

2 All nations that surround this ball,  
Soon by the arm of death must fall;  
Their sons and daughters will decay,  
And like the rose will fade away.

3 As fruit that falleth from the tree,  
So men do fall, it's plain to see—  
They fall by turns into decay,  
And thus we see them pass away.

4 Poor Gilman Mooney now is dead,  
The grave is his appointed bed;  
His youthful limbs will there decay,  
Then form and fashion pass away.

5 Scarce nineteen years he liv'd in time,  
Just in the flower of his prime;  
He then did leave his father's home,  
And straight to Haverhill did roam.

6 Unto this town he did repair,  
Attended with prudential care;

He let himself a hired man—  
Industry seemed to be his plan.

7 He had not long been in the place,  
Before he was in evil case;  
The cholic had this youth attack'd,  
His constitution then was rack'd.

8 It did affect his tender heart,  
Its rage was felt in every part,  
It laid him on his dying bed;  
No human art could give him aid.

9 The doctors tried their force and skill,  
Those cholic pains they hop'd to still;  
But all in vain their efforts prov'd,  
They found the pains could not be mov'd.

10 He, rack'd with most tormenting pain,  
Was carried about some ease to gain;  
But he could gain but poor relief,  
In wasting death and dying grief.

11 'Twas found that death would soon ensue,  
His dreadful state was plain to view;  
Poor Gilman he must pass away,  
And in the shades of death must lay.

12 Death soon pervaded both his feet,  
His nimble pulse no longer beat;  
His heaving lungs gave up at last,  
A gloomy death on him was past.

13 And just before he did depart,  
His lovely mates came near his heart;  
He raised his cries to heaven for them:  
He knew they soon must follow him.

14 Come, lov'ly mates, while you have breath,  
Prepare to follow me in death.  
That gloomy state awaits you all;  
Beneath its force you soon must fall.

15 You've seen me in my youthful prime,  
When sporting with my inch of time;  
But now my glass is almost run,  
My labor's o'er beneath the sun.

16 Your house will never know me more,  
Nor shall I enter at your door;  
I therefore bid you all farewell,  
In heaven I hope your souls may dwell.

17 I've often leap'd those purling rills,  
That pass between the Etonian hills;  
But I shall never see no more,  
Those purling streams that us'd to roar.

18 My father and my mother too,  
No more their living son will view;  
The scythe of death will mow me down,  
I, by its fetters, must be bound.

19 If to your house I e'er should come,  
'Twill be my corpse—a lifeless son;

II I hope my body you'll receive,  
Thou wilt prepare for it a grave.

20 His parents answer'd his request,  
And laid him in his grave to rest.  
From Haverhill he was brought in haste,  
And in their burying yard was plac'd.

21 His brothers and his sisters dear,  
Now o'er his grave may shed a tear,

And walk around his turfy bed,  
While spikes of grass do crown his head.

22 Think of those limbs completely drawn,  
The dusty worms now feed upon;  
His flesh they wholly will conceal,  
When they completely end their meal.

23 Those rosy cheeks and brilliant eyes  
You'll see no more below the skies;  
That voice that often charm'd the ear,  
Is pleasant sound no more you'll hear.

24 There he will mingle with the dust,  
And own that mass that claim'd him first;  
But yet we hope he'll rise again,  
In some celestial climes to reign.

25 Where, here or there, we cannot tell,  
With him we hope all things are well;  
May he be found in bright array,  
And shine to one eternal day.

26 We leave him in the hands of God,  
Who ever is both kind and good,  
Whose mercy walks eternal round,  
And in its nature knows no bound.

POEM XI.

GOD'S WORD BOTH DISTRESSING AND  
CONSOLING.

The living word of God,  
It is divinely pure;

It is a sweet chastising rod,  
For ever will endure.

2 It does affect the heart,  
It touches every string,  
The sweetest comforts will impart,  
And tune the lips to sing.

3 This is the living Word  
That rear'd old nature's frame;  
It did exist beyond the flood—  
Thro' every age the same.

4 In nature it is found,  
It far outshines the day,  
'Twill ever walk an endless round,  
And light and life display.

5 The word of God will spring  
To raise our natures high;  
'Twill teach our cheerful lips to sing,  
And fertilize the eye.

6 God's word, in ancient days,  
Was found below the ground!  
In caves the prophets sung his praise,  
And made his truth abound.

To ancient men referr'd,  
By ancient men are told  
That those who published his word  
Were keepers of the fold.

8 Stable was their school,  
For Jesus taught them there;  
Who silly men, who played the fool,  
Were light as empty air.

## POEM XII.

## THE OX.

God made the earth with all its flocks,  
The grov'ling swine, the docile ox;  
He made them all for noble use,  
Tho' many suffer great abuse.

2 The ox was made in aid of man,  
To draw his wood, to plough his land;  
Submissively he draws his load,  
And in his labor chews his cud.

3 His tallow serves to make us light,  
(A fine assistant to the sight.)  
His meat is rare, it's what we choose;  
His hide is always good for shoes.

4 His horns we use to make us combat;  
Oil is extracted from his bones.  
The ox we view with great delight,  
And love to taste his tender tripe.

5 His liver, too, it is confess'd,  
Is excellent, if rightly dress'd.  
His hair, when mixed well with lime,  
It plasters well on oak or pine.

6 His gall is used for a sprain,  
'Twill cure the wound and ease the pain,  
And if applied, you'll find it so:  
'Twill help the crippled man to go.



7 His punch, the country women, *please*;  
It's often used to fetch their cheese.  
(Tho' this may make the ladies laugh,  
It's not inferior to the calf.)

8 The tongue, that often roll'd the cud,  
Combed his hair and lick'd the mud,  
(We can't reproach it for a lie,)  
It makes a most delicious pie.

9 The foot, that wore the iron shoe,  
Affords a juice that's good for glue:  
The cabinet-makers like it well,  
They glue their work to make it sell.

10 The steady ox the corn will nib;  
He knows his master and his crib;  
With resignation bears the yoke,  
Until his sweated body *smoke*.

11 With steady gait he braves the storm;  
Strong in his limbs, a noble form;  
His gait is quickened by the rod  
To plough the ground and break the sod.

12 Here I've described his partial use;  
Tho' oft he suffers great abuse,  
When tyrants beat him with a rod—  
Which once was thought Egyptians' god!

13 Oft tyrants beat his body sore,  
And heavy curses on him pour!  
Ten thousand evils on him with,  
But still in part is human flesh.

14 Here I've described the noble ox,  
The first of father Adam's flocks:

He is faithful, kind, and true,  
In every age he's passing through.

15 His use or end no one can know,  
How far above or deep below,  
What part of nature he may stand,  
Whether with angel, God, or man.

16 What future state he may abound,  
Or in what shape he will be found,  
We do not know, nor can we tell—  
On the great scale all things are well.

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### POEM XIII.

#### FALL LOST IN WINTER.

The fall is fled, the harvest past,  
The winter now is come *at last*,  
The wind is pouring from the north,  
And by its force repels the south.

2 The herds are shivering round the fold,  
And by their looks pronounce it cold;  
And, humming for their generous meat,  
They leap and kick to warm their feet.

3 The winds from various points do pour,  
The snow is sifting round the door,  
The traveller pauses on his way  
To see the sifting snow at play.

4 The snow is piling heap on heap,  
While feeble insects lie and sleep;

But man, *he* braves the rugged blast,  
While o'er the scene his eyes are cast.

5 He sees the nodding forest bow,  
While Boreas knits his frigid brow,  
Great homage to his force demands,  
While his cold breath infests the land.

6 The sun, *he* sends his feeble rays,  
His fires are weak to warm the days;  
The days are short, the nights are long;  
No cheerful birds to chant their song.

7 The streams present their icy face,  
While darkness veils the finny race;  
The scaly tribes do walk below,  
And *each* in different paths do go.

8 Although the winter is severe,  
The dreariest season of the year,  
The busy sleigh-men chant their song,  
And pass in jovial crowds along.

9 Their horses, looking bright and gay,  
With rapid force *they* draw the sleigh,  
With sounding bells around their necks,  
They pass the hills and frozen lakes.

10 The sleigh-men, pleased to see their inns,  
*They* laugh and smile to warm their shins,  
A cheerful glass lights up their tongues,  
And tunes the organs of their lungs.

11 Their landlord tips each one a grin,  
Is pleased to see them enter in,  
His bottles he does well arrange,  
He laughs and smiles to see them pass.

12 Each of them will a story tell,  
All hope in those *for* to excel,  
Forget the sorrows of the day,  
And thus they pass their hours away.

13 Winter brings some happy scenes,  
Some silver joys or golden dreams,  
Thus good and ill together blend,  
To every clime their favors send.

14 Some wormwood, if they chance to take  
And make their very bowels ache,  
Some honey may be at command,  
*For* to support their sinking hand.

15 Bitter oft has sweet effects,  
Those that despise, the sweet reject,  
For th' sake of good, let's bear the ill,  
And fill our hearts with pure good-will.

16 Love to God and love to man,  
Thro' various ages *it* has ran.  
This principle—may it endure  
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

#### POEM XIV.

JUSTICE STATIONARY, GRACE PLENTY.

Justice and judgment both are known,  
The habitation of God's throne;  
Mercy and truth, they go before:  
O may they spread from shore to shore.

2 May grace and truth for ever stand  
To beautify the sea and land;  
O may they shine in bright array,  
And kindle darkness into day.

3 Truth is only known in true,  
And true makes grace for ever new;  
O may we all be true and new,  
And godlike beauties *each* pursue.

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POEM XV.

BIRTH OF SPRING AND DEATH OF WINTER.

Phebus comes with brilliant rays,  
Cuts short the nights t' increase the days;  
He now forsakes the southern pole,  
Around the northern star to roll.

2 He forsakes the southern sphere,  
Around the northern pole to steer;  
He brings with him the southern gales,  
And heat along his footsteps trails.

3 He warms the body of the air—  
The north winds *die in long despair*,  
Retire and fly before his face—  
Earth feels the glory of his grace.

4 O'er all the hills he shows his face,  
The ice and snow begin their race,  
Quick to the ocean do retire,  
And there embrace their noble sire.

5 The ice dissolves, the snow *it* flees,  
New buds appear upon the trees,

The streams appear in merry glee,  
The bleating flocks delight to see.

6 The flocks rejoice fresh buds to nip,  
And at each brook do drink or sip;  
O'er hills and vales they take their way,  
Rejoice at winter's swift decay.

7 Sol now has mounted on his throne,  
He 's bid the ice and snow begone;  
He sends his living beams around,  
To cheer the earth and bless the ground.

8 He frees the earth from icy chains,  
Adorns the mountains, hills, and plains,  
He clothes the earth in living green,  
And makes her beauty to be seen.

9 Ten thousand lives which long have laid  
Insensible as though were dead,  
Now spring to life, begin their reign,  
Rejoice their active powers to gain.

10 The bee begins her busy hum,  
The birds of various hues are come;  
Ten thousand insects round us creep,  
Aroused from their long wintery sleep.

11 The earth and air now fill with life,  
(Each male enjoys his mate or wife,)  
They rear a family of their own,  
But still the first maintains the throne.

12 Ten thousand different forms there be  
In earth and air and in the sea,  
And all do find some sweet employ;  
And while they live they do enjoy.



13 Now while those creatures join and sing,  
Great God, what tribute can I bring?  
I'm made with them, not for to gaze,  
With each I'll join and sing thy praise.

14 May beasts and insects tune their voice,  
And fish and fowl approve the choice;  
May all created voices join  
To praise that God who is divine.

15 Here now I'll drop these scatter'd lines,  
And hope and wish for better times,  
When nature all shall join and bring  
Some livelier airs that all may sing.

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### POEM XVI.

#### AMERICAN INDIANS.

The States of North America  
Were once a savage land;  
They often gather'd round the sea,  
And caper'd on the sand.

2 Each stream and river they did trace,  
Their wonted food to gain:  
The buck and doe they oft did chase  
Through the cold snow or rain.

3 How oft they climb'd the mountain top  
To see their wonted home:  
Into the valley soon did drop,  
And thro' the woods did roam.

4 Those savages *they* did proceed  
Then with the busy throng;  
Often they felt their pinching need;  
Oft sung the warrior's song.

5 The tomahawk and scalping knife,  
They kept *them* by their side;  
Often timorous of their life,  
Each danger briskly eyed.

6 Oft thro' the waving forest run,  
Each purling stream did leap,  
Without the whistling fife or drum,  
Or bugle-horn—to keep.

7 How oft they climb'd the rugged hills  
In North America!  
And leap'd across the purling rills,  
Where fish did sport and play.

8 Around the hills and through the vales  
Those hardy sons did go;  
They valued not the piercing gales,  
But braved the frost and snow.

9 O what a large, unfathom'd wood,  
Those savage sons possess'd!  
They wander'd far to gain their food,  
Oft for it were distress'd.

10 From the Atlantic's western shore  
To the Pacific banks,  
Those tawny sons did rend and roar,  
And cut their savage pranks.

11 From the St. Lawrence's mighty stream  
To Cape Horn's dangerous rocks,

Those tawny sons did oft convene,  
And roam the wood in flocks.

12 The otter and the beaver too,  
The moose and buffalo—  
How oft this game they did pursue!  
From vale to mount would go.

13 America, in youthful prime,  
Then show'd her virgin face;  
'Twas clothed well with oak and pine,  
And thus her soil was grac'd.

14 Each mountain then was clothed with  
trees,  
On hills they thickly stood;  
They were compact around the seas;  
Each valley filled with wood.

15 What a large grove the savage man  
Had for a field of sport!  
Over the hills he often ran  
To find his simple fort.

16 Cunning and crafty was their trade,  
Hostile beyond degree:  
Their enemy oft met his fate:  
Most horrible to see!

17 But how those hardy sons came here  
Historians do relate:  
They came from Asia, drove by fear,  
And crossed Beering's Strait.

18 They came along, from cold to heat;  
To find a milder clime:

The history of their former seat  
Is wash'd away by time.

19 Fragments of some monarchial state,  
I think they may have been;  
And by oppression's dreadful fate,  
In those vast climes are seen.

20 Those savages no rolls possess'd,  
Or histories of time;  
Were with the present only blest,  
No ancient acts to shine.

21 For when Columbus *he* came here  
And landed on the shore,  
They cast on him a fearful eye,  
As God they did adore!

22 They thought that he and all his men  
Were gods in human form;  
Had left the sun, where they had been,  
And to their country borne.

23 And when the English landed here,  
Upon the savage shore,  
Those copper-skins were struck with fear  
At the dead cannon's roar.

24 The English landed on a rock,  
Upon their knees did fall,  
And, like a feeble, tim'rous flock,  
Aloud on God did call.

25 From thence they went into the wood,  
And raised their little camps;  
With fearfulness they ate their food  
Amidst the savage haunts!



26 Their food was scant and very poor;  
They had no bacon'd hams;  
They fed on ground-nuts round the door,  
Or dined upon the clams.

27 One-hundred-one made up this band  
Of saints or puritans.  
Three thousand miles from their own land  
Amidst the savage grins!

28 Forty or more, before the spring,  
Were laid in death's cold shade;  
And death thro' all their camps did ring.  
Perplex'd their wakeful head.

29 Their sorrows were beyond account,  
To see their friends depart;  
Too much for them for to surmount  
Without an aching heart.

### POEM XVII.

#### THE SUBTILE MERCHANT.

This merchant is both smooth and fair,  
His hands are white as lilies are,  
His coffers filled with golden store,  
Drawn from the simple, laboring poor!

2 It's by his craft and subtilty,  
He lives in ease and luxury;  
His table it is richly spread,  
While costly suits adorn his bed.

3 His house is mounted high in air,  
With carved work that's fine and fair:  
Some costly paint is then applied,  
It's neatly brushed on every side.

4 It's by his craft or policy,  
He makes it very fine to see;  
And fills it well with richest things,  
To imitate great dukes and kings.

5 His silver spoon, his golden dish;  
All things are suited to his wish;  
Rich carpets do adorn his floor,  
Drawn from the simple, laboring poor!

6 How fine are both his coach and sleigh!  
His children dance both night and day:  
O'er misery's head, they sport and dance,  
In silks of India or of France.

7 This wealth comes floating thro' the store:  
A trap to catch the simple poor,  
Set at the corner of the street,  
Where fools, and rogues, and idlers meet.

8 A group of females throng his store,  
Old men and boys do crowd his door,  
Each to buy some trifling toy,  
In hopes their fancied minds to cloy.

9 He sells them at the highest terms;  
Some he drives and some he charms;  
He works them over at his ease,  
And trades with each himself to please.

10 He's lawn and gauze and ribbons too,  
Both hoods and veils exposed to view;



Here Jane, and Sue, and Bet, and Kate—  
He means your sense and pence to rake.

11 Ho's lawn and gauze, both crape and  
baize—

On every piece they stand and gaze;  
He gets their shillings and their pence—  
They crown their heads and lose their sense.

12 Their butter and their cheese must go  
To keep in pride and fashion's show;  
The beef and mutton it must slip  
To pay for rum or brandy flip!

13 Beware, my friends, good counsel take,  
And labor hard your cloths to make;  
Leave folly's path, keep in due bounds,  
Don't give too much to purchase gowns.

14 May wisdom guide you in that way  
Where prudence dwells in plain array,  
With modesty right by her side;  
By all the graceful she is eyed.

### POEM XVIII.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HORSE, WITH AN  
ACCOUNT OF ALEXANDER AND DON-  
APARTE.

God of wisdom and of might,  
I view thy wonders with delight:  
Each insect thou completely drew,  
And fowl that wings the airy blue.

2 The fishes all are well array'd,  
And every beast which thou hast made;  
The horse that stands upon the land,  
Our admiration does command.

3 The horse is a majestic beast,  
The pride of Rome, the boast of Greece;  
His elegance we do admire,  
(If female or the noble sire.)

4 His bowing neck, his pointed ear—  
The whip and spur will make him steer.  
From clogs and fetters, if he's freed,  
He'll go with noble force and speed.

5 His lofty head and flowing mane  
Is govern'd well with curb and rein.  
His lord, well seated on his back,  
He tears his whip and gives a crack!

6 He glides the vales, he skips the hills,  
O'er limpid streams and gurgling rills;  
He presses on with mighty power,  
He hopes to gain his oating hour.

7 His feet new-shod and pared well—  
He's ever anxious to excel;  
With mighty strides to win the race;  
If in the run, the trot, or pace.

8 His master feels the force of pride,  
While on the saddle sits astride;  
His loaded whip and silver spur,  
They make his nimble horse to stir.

9 The public inn he sees ahead;  
The horse moves on with nimbler speed.

His master in his gorgeous dress,  
Soon hopes his appetite to bless.

10 The horse moves on with piercing eye—  
He wants his barley, oats or rye;  
Up to the trough he strikes his paw,  
His plated bits begins to *chaw*.

11 He feels with force his real need—  
He's brought his lord with nimble speed—  
He raises high his *whickering* voice—  
Some oats or barley are his choice.

12 The horse has a sagacious mind,  
Is to his master good and kind.  
The horse is of so ancient date,  
Beyond my knowledge to relate.

13 Of him the Jews did make their boast;  
He serv'd to aid the Egyptian host.  
Chariots and horses ever were  
The pride of every princely heir.

14 Horses have lived in every age;  
They'll draw the chariot, chaise or stage!  
Emperors and kings have liked them well:  
They've tried in horses to excel.

15 Bucephalus, that wond'rous beast,  
Carr'd Alexander out of Greece;  
In pomp and splendor he did ride,  
With all his nobles at his side.

16 Thro' fruitful vales and barren sands,  
The conqueror led his Grecian bands:  
Rivers and streams they pass'd in haste;  
All troubles braved and dangers fac'd.

17 And when to Persia they drew nigh,  
The conqueror glanced his eagle eye;  
Then to his soldiers thus he spoke—  
We'll conquer Persia at a stroke.

18 Persia will fall into my hand,  
With all the treasures of that land;  
Nations unborn will sound our fame,  
And each extol the Grecian name.

19 Cheer up my soldiers, look ahead;  
The eastern world we will invade.  
My Grecian soldiers, fear no pains;  
We'll bind their eastern kings in chains.

20 We will maintain our Grecian cause,  
And rule all nations by our laws;  
Our warlike arms shall cut their way;  
No Persian force shall us dismay.

21 When to the Grancus he did come,  
In warlike pomp and beat of drum,  
The Grancus stream he sought to swim;  
His warlike horse did then plunge in.

22 With glittering sword and battle-axe,  
He made the Persians turn their backs,  
And, in the midst of darts and spears,  
He cross'd the stream with shouts & cheers.

23 The Persian host he soon did cramp!  
They fell like hail stones round their camp!  
The Persian host astonished fled.  
O'erwhelmed by a Grecian flood.

24 The conqueror, with his lofty plume,  
Soon taught king Darius Persia's doom:



At Darius aimed a dreadful stroke—  
His frightened horses shook their yoke.

25 The Persians fled with dreadful sound;  
Their scatter'd limbs bestrew'd the ground;  
Their footsteps each was mark'd with blood,  
O'er hills of sand, thro' moats of mud.

26 Great Babylon and Tyre did fall,  
Their government, their spoil, and all!  
Cairo gave up! Egypt gave way!  
All hearts were struck with sore dismay!

27 The Indies trembled at the sound!  
King Porus *he* receiv'd a wound;  
On a huge elephant he rode,  
While darts were flying like a flood.

28 Great A'lexander curb'd the world!  
His Grecian flags were then uncurl'd;  
They waved in each commercial port,  
And were the pride of every fort.

29 Here I've described both horse and man,  
With busy thought and nimble pen:  
It's brought me down to modern date,  
To Bonaparte who 's died of late.

30 His horse he deem'd his favorite,  
He rode him swift, both day and night:  
The horse, called Noble, gave him ease,  
Over the Alps and Pyrenees.

31 He rode him swift, he led his crowds,  
He pass'd in splendor thro' St. Clouds:  
When this the priests and nobles saw,  
It fill'd their minds with solemn awe!

52 He rode his horse on Leipsick plain,  
While human blood the ground did stain;  
Their clashing swords and drums did sound,  
And thundering cannons shook the ground.

23 A purple dye bestrew'd the plain,  
And balls did fly like showers of rain!  
The scene was awful and sublime!  
It can't be shown by prose or rhyme!

24 Napoleon rallied to the charge—  
His force was powerful and large:  
At length his centre did give way;  
The allied force then carr'd the day.

25 The great Napoleon quickly fled,  
Who filled all Europe with his dread,  
He fled and left a bloody seal:  
Lord Wellington was at his heel!

26 Napoleon unto Paris fled,  
His crown was stripped from his head,  
And Elba's Isle became his seat,  
Who once had monarchs at his feet.

27 At Elba's Isle his stay was short;  
He took with him a small escort,  
And soon in Paris did appear!—  
"Twas unto them "a jubile year!"

28 His veteran troops (as it is said)  
Unto his standard quickly fled—  
"Long live the Emperor!" was their cry;  
And their huzzas did rend the skies!

29 Now while Napoleon had been gone,  
King Lewis occupied the throne:



But Lewis fled with sore disgrace,  
Or was expelled from the place.

40 They placed Napoleon on the throne—  
All hearts in France became as one!  
In Bonaparte they placed delight—  
He fought their battles day and night.

41 The allied kings not long had met,  
(’Twas in Vienna where they set,)  
They quickly heard a thundering sound,  
Alarm’d the *heavens!* and shook the ground!

42 The great Napoleon, that exile  
Who scour’d all Europe like a file,  
Poor Elba’s Isle *he* had now quit,  
And on the throne of France did sit.

43 Those allied kings did quick resolve,  
Their congress-setting to dissolve;  
For they were struck by those alarms—  
Each call’d his subjects quick to arms.

44 The Austrians, Prussians, English, too,  
Engaged Napoleon to subdue;  
While Alexander in a rage  
Was one with them for to engage.

45 Napoleon now prepared to fight;  
He left his palace in the night;  
And on Lord Wellington he came,  
In hopes to crush his force and fame.

46 His lordship fought—and did retire;  
But still kept a retreating fire:  
Napoleon pressed hard on him,  
In hopes to slay him and his men.

47 His lordship’s fire began to slack—  
He knew the strength, behind his back,  
The allied forces would engage,  
All fired with zeal and fill’d with rage!

48 Those forces soon did concentrate—  
The scene was dreadful to relate!  
The scene was awful then to view!  
Great was the battle of Waterloo!

49 Their guns did vomit fire and smoke!  
Men’s limbs were sever’d at a stroke;  
Both men and horses strew’d the ground,  
Amidst the thundering cannon’s sound.

50 The fire and smoke did upward rise  
In columns, fill’d the lower skies!  
Each bayonet was sheathed in flesh!  
They, on each other quick did rush!

51 O what a contest to decide!  
Thousands of men there fell and died!  
At length Napoleon’s force gave way:  
He left those grounds with sore dismay!

52 Three emperors then, the great allies,  
Were struck with wonder and surprise,  
Fell on their knees, on God did call,  
Gave thanks to him for Bona’s fall.

53 Napoleon left the battle grounds,  
Retired to France, resign’d his crowns,  
Resign’d them both unto his son,  
Who is not yet quite twenty one.

54 Great Bonaparte to Helena  
Was sent, (an exile there to stay.)



There to remain and spend his life,  
Far from his son and loving wife.

55 'Twas there he closed the scene of life,  
With all his grandeur, war, and strife—  
In a lead coffin lies that head,  
That fill'd all Europe with its dread.

56 He lies conceal'd in a deep grave—  
(Pleasant in peace, in war was brave,)  
A weeping willow crowns his head,  
While he lies slumbering in his bed.

57 His slumbering dust will there remain  
Till it is call'd to life again;  
Then it 'may' rise with nobler springs,  
And soar above terrestrial things.

### POEM XIX.

#### COLONIAL PROGRESSION AND VARIATION.

All nations that have ever been,  
Or, on the shores of time, were seen,  
Each one began in poverty,  
And lived and work'd in harmony.

2 For God's protection each did pant:  
Their clothes were mean, their food was  
scant:

For food and raiment, tug'd and strove  
To cultivate the savage grove.

3 Their cottages were poor and mean,  
Were scarcely fit *for* to be seen!  
The snow, the rain, the puffing wind,  
Were often seen and felt within!

4 Then when those poor distressed bands,  
Lived on those wild or savage lands,  
Unto one centre they were press'd;  
Through dread and fear, were oft distress'd.

5 But freedom was their chief desire;  
It burn'd within like sacred fire;  
Those colonies all dangers braved,  
To find this blessing which they craved.

6 Fair freedom was their precious gem—  
Come tell us now where it has been—  
Complete perfection can't be found  
In governments on earthly ground!

7 All governments, like trees, in time  
Do *each* grow up, and then decline:  
By idleness, they lose their rule;  
By selfishness, they play the fool!

8 Each colony, when they began,  
With horror view'd the savage man:  
Their native land they view'd with dread,  
Or kings and lords from whom they fled.

9 The savage man would stave their brain,  
The kings and lords, their pockets drain,  
And bind them with a slavish band,  
Or press them in a foreign land.

10 But colonies as they increase,  
Resemble ancient Rome and Greece.

They do forsake pure virtue's cause,  
And so refuse her precious laws.

11 When they get rid of former foes,  
Great tyranny among them grows:  
Both kings and lords among them rise,  
Whose lofty heads salute the skies!

12 So, by oppression's heavy hand,  
The simple men do lose command,  
And like a pack of silly fools,  
The crafty use them for their tools!

13 When politicks become the toast,  
Men rise for office like a host,  
And often sound their politicks,  
That they may work some knavish tricks!

14 When selfish gain lights up the tongue,  
And men, for office fight and run,  
Pompies and Cesars then you'll find,  
That will enslave the human kind.

15 Thus nations never do stand still;  
But turn like stones within the mill,  
Or, like the planets in the sky,  
Turn on their axes as they fly.

16 All nations *they* are globular  
If ruled by nobles or the czar;  
And all that rise do rise and shine,  
Then set behind the hills of time.

17 All nations, in their youthful prime,  
Do have a most transporting time;  
But when they roll and turn about,  
They are affected with the gout.

13 As they advance and age comes on—  
Farewell to the sweet freeman's song!  
Then independence can't be sung,  
Or sounded by the lips and tongue!

## POEM XX.

### THE PROGRESSING CHILD.

What shall I say of man below,  
Inhabitant of earth?  
In different paths we see him go,  
Beginning at his birth.

1 We view him first an infant child,  
Feeble in every part;  
His countenance is smooth and mild,  
His cries are often smart.

2 The little bellows in his breast  
It blows the fiery spark;  
The balmy air it gives him rest,  
And rears his little ark.

3 With sniffing nose and tender gums—  
No hair to grace his head—  
He asks no seat among the sons—  
The lap becomes his bed.

4 The matrons *each* do gather round;  
They dress him neat and clean,  
In a new frock or infant gown,  
In publick to be seen.



- 6 All hands proclaim him father's son,  
His countenance the same—  
A generous feast lights up the tongue—  
All talk of some great name.
- 7 This is a time of general joy,  
And smiles surround the room:  
Each *are* engag'd to praise the boy,  
And hope he'll grow up soon.
- 8 The mother fondles o'er her child,  
Gives him a loving kiss;  
She hopes his temper will be mild,  
And calls him, heir of bliss.
- 9 The father too with much delight,  
Watches his tender growth:  
He hopes he'll fast increase in might,  
And so pass on to youth.
- 10 How soon he creeps about the floor,  
And paddles in the wet!  
And oft he creeps without the door,  
And in the water get.
- 11 With dirt or clay he sou's his mouth,  
And dits the best of clothes;  
But soon he passes on to youth:  
In pride and pomp he goes!
- 12 In youthful age he acts his part;  
His countenance is fair:  
He passes on from art to art,  
Each act appearing rare.
- 13 The hill of science, if he climbs,  
And law becomes his choice;

- You'll see him in the worst of times,  
Neglect the sufferer's voice!
- 14 With nimble pen he'll fill the writ:  
He'll take a generous fee:  
He'll justify his ready wit,  
And call it fair, you see.
- 15 He'll tell the simple not to fear,  
His cause he's sure to win:  
He says, Your cause is very clear:  
And thus he tips a grin.
- 16 'You must advance a little cash  
To keep your cause along:  
You'd stave and beat them all to smash  
If you but now hold on!'

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 POEM XXI.

THE TALL LAWYER OF N. H. (J. M.)

 (*Written while at Court.*)

- There is a lion in this place  
Conceal'd from many an eye;  
But noble heads and generous hearts  
Do view him standing by.
- 2 Carelessly he moves about  
Upon the publick floor;  
And, through the assembly while he looks,  
Begins his dreadful roar.



- 3 With majesty he rears his head,  
Light streaming from his eye;  
His passions he does well suppress  
To raise his judgment high.
- 4 In confidence he opes his mouth,  
His words like rivers flow;  
Their sound is heard from north to south,  
Like thunder to his foe.
- 5 He's like a tall majestic tree  
Whose fruit is rich and rare:  
He has to bow his head to see  
And learn where people are!
- 6 His head is like a lofty block  
Or castle for defence;  
Where soldiers round its walls do flock,  
And shot and bombs, dispense.
- 7 Wonderous production of a God!  
He fills the bar with awe!  
He is a smart, chastising rod,  
A lion in the law.
- 8 May this giantick son in law  
Have gospel in his heart;  
While he deals vengeance to his foe,  
Have mercy to impart.
- 9 May he espouse his country's good,  
Defend them in the dark;  
Against the dread impending flood,  
Prepare for them an ark.
- 10 The tree of life and freedom stands  
Erect on humble ground,

Defended well by God's commands;  
There noble fruits abound.

- 11 Now may the lion and the lamb  
Both lie beneath this tree,  
The poor and needy, never jamb,  
But set oppressed free.

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POEM XXII.

EMBLEMATICAL LINES.

- One moon-shiny evening, as I walk'd along,  
The birds had ceased singing, and laid by  
their song;  
And they were reclining on neighboring  
spray;  
In peace were refreshing, from the labours  
of day.
- 2 There innocent nature was quiet in rest:  
No one they had abused, no one had op-  
press'd;  
The sun had declined; no wrath left on  
them;  
But all were reclining on a sweet mustard  
stem.
- 3 In peace and in union they all did unite,  
While the moon was a shining, dispensing  
her light;

No names of distinction were heard among  
them;

But all were reclining on the sweet mustard  
stem.

4 Their language was charming, 'twas love-  
ly and true;

Each sound was delightful, *and plain for to  
view;*

Their garments alike from the top to the  
hem:

In love they sat resting on the sweet mus-  
tard stem.

5 From the root of this mustard what vir-  
tues did spring;

*It cheer'd those fair creatures, and caused  
them to sing;*

To them it was convey'd in some secret  
veins,

And help'd them in singing the most love-  
ly strains.

6 Soon from their sweet slumbers their  
heads they did rear;

They sung so completely, they made me  
draw near:

Then I was reflecting, I thought where I'd  
been—

In a transport of glory, I leap'd on the limb.

7 Then we sung together and renewed our  
lay—

An angel descended, brought news of the  
day:

The stars now soon veiled, and the moon  
hid her face;

The sun in a moment presented his grace.

8 The birds came a flocking from north and  
the south;

The ancients flew round, with all the gay  
youth.

The tree was soon filled on every spray,  
And each were a basking in the beauties of  
day.

9 They *each* were supported by one com-  
mon root:

The birds of every clime, may partake of  
its fruit:

There's a branch from this root that's both  
smooth and fair,

And a lodging of safety for the fowls of the  
air.

10 Now in this sweet vision what beauties  
we see,

A kingdom heaves in view, compar'd to a  
tree:

But the types and the shadows may *each* flee  
away,

For Jesus in glory now lights up the day.



## POEM XXIII.

## MATRIMONIAL COMFORTS.

- How blest is the man and his wife  
 Who do not repine at their lot;  
 But banish confusion and strife,  
 And humbly reside in their cot.
- 2 Contentment will soften their care,  
 And banish confusion and wrath;  
 Forever in union to steer;  
 Sweet pleasures bestrewing their path.
- 3 If love and affection be good,  
 (Supplies may be scant on the board);  
 They will not contend about food,  
 Where love in abundance is stored.
- 4 Where husband and wife do agree,  
 And never give passion the reins,  
 Their comforts will flow like the sea,  
 And save them much trouble and pains.
- 5 If nought but a dinner of herbs,  
 Contentment will sweeten the meal,  
 Exceeding a feast of the herds,  
 Where hatred is nipping the heel.

## POEM XXIV.

## THE GREAT DIRECTOR.

- O thou high and lofty One,  
 Who *paints* the moon and *lights* the sun,  
*Bids* each to walk their courses round,  
 To cheer the earth and bless the ground.
- 2 *Bids* each dispense his blessings free,  
 Shine o'er the earth, and light the sea;  
 And in their course make no delay,  
 But grace the night and light the day.
- 3 Their steady courses they pursue,  
 Fly through the heavens or airy blue;  
 In lofty ether while they roll,  
 Send forth their rays from pole to pole.
- 4 They rise and grace the eastern sky,  
 Darkness before their presence *fly*;  
 Around this earthly ball they go,  
 Their generous blessings to bestow:
- 5 Shine o'er the top of western hills;  
 The purling streams, and gurgling rills;  
 The golden sun lights up the days;  
 The moon beams forth her paler rays.
- 6 They do rejoice the wakeful eye  
 That sees them in their orbits fly;  
 Arising slowly in the east,  
 Spread for the eye a generous feast.



7 The eye enjoys a sweet repast,  
Where the bright scene of light is cast;  
It feasts with pleasure night and day,  
On sun's bright beam or moon's pale ray.

8 As sun and moon make no delay;  
Forever wing their wondrous way;  
So let me, Lord, forever prove  
As constant to the God I love.

9 May warm desires possess my breast  
Until I reach that land of rest,  
Where beams of light forever roll,  
Beam on my eyes, and grace my soul.

10 Here, Lord, myself I do resign  
As a small twig of heavenly vine :  
Cut me not off from thine embrace,  
But let me see thy charming face.

11 Thy face outshines ten thousand suns,  
That in broad ether rolls or runs :  
'Twill turn the stony heart to flesh,  
And clothe the sinner fair and fresh.

12 'Twill melt the heart of Greek and Jew,  
The heathen tribes, their souls renew !  
It clothes the angel-bands with light,  
And fills the saints with sweet delight.

## POEM XXV.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF NICHOLAS  
BLAISDEL.

(Written by the Author's son, R. W.  
Randall.)

Then quivering fell, his spirit fled—  
And lo ! he sunk among the dead !  
Oh fatal blow ! unconscious end  
Of husband, father, and a friend.

2 Kindred, acquaintance, mourn in grief;  
No cordial friends could yield relief;  
But deep-felt groans and piercing cries,  
In echoes rend the vaulted skies.

3 Each wafting gale bore on the sound,  
The awful tale to spread around,  
Each heart felt woe, mirth gave away,  
Wan grief and sorrow bore the sway.

4 Silence hung heavy on the scene—  
Pity wept o'er the crimson stream,  
Look'd—but she saw he breath'd no more—  
He struggl'd—now his pangs are o'er.

5 Ah ! yes; he's gone, his soul has fled,  
And every thoughtful sense is dead ;  
His life is spent—sunk down in sleep—  
And left a kindred train to weep.

6 No more he dreads the howling blast;  
The summer's heat with him is past :



Nor thunders break his last repose ;  
He sleeps, and will till time shall close.

7 Though shrouded in death's darksome cell;  
Yet every whispering breeze shall tell,  
In yonder grave, (tho' now no more,)  
There lived a man, that loved the poor.

8 Yes, ever when the needy cried,  
His bounteous hand, their wants supplied ;  
And trembling age, borne down with years,  
He soothed, and check'd their rising tears.

9 But now, that soul has took its flight  
Beyond the reach of mortal sight,  
Where still, perhaps, he's marching on  
Through distant orbs and worlds unknown.

10 But stop, my muse, cease thy fond strain;  
My mournful lay, resume again,  
Let pity in sweet numbers flow,  
And let each verse be rhym'd in woe.

11 Thy bosom friend shall oft repair  
Unto thy grave, in silence there  
Shall watch the moon's declining ray,  
And pass her mournful hours away.

12 Tho' countless years shall roll away,  
And many a sun light up the day;  
Yet pity still shall drop a tear,  
And friends stand gazing on thy bier.

13 Oblivion's shade can ne'er obscure  
Thy worth—whose worth shall long endure.  
Thy virtues long with time remain—  
They *were*—and, still, shall shine the same.

14 Eaton shall long thy loss lament,  
Weep o'er thy grave, in tears relent;  
A laurel crown, hang o'er thy head,  
Defend thy clay and grace thy bed.

15 But while we mourn this fatal blow,  
This solemn truth, O let us know,  
As we are now, so once was he;  
As he is now, we soon must be.

### POEM XXVI.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF JOHN HERN.

(*By Reuben W. Randall.*)

The sun had descended down ether's broad  
road,  
The north winds in murmurs now whisper'd  
around;  
Low midnight had spread her dark mantle  
abroad :  
Chill fell the cold dew, and the frost gather'd  
round.

2 On his horse then unthoughtful swift home-  
ward he sped;  
But not far had he travel'd, ere death, pale  
and cold,  
With his poisonous dart, met this young man,  
and said,  
I am Death, the Destroyer ! my summons  
behold !



3 A prisoner pale, then he fell from his horse,  
 With red, dying blood, the death warrant  
 was seal'd—  
 No more he's delighted with musick's sweet  
 voice;  
 His limbs are inactive, his eyes are conceal'd.

4 In vain did they minister to his relief:  
 A bandage, in vain, was applied to his head—  
 Father, brothers, and sisters, in vain is your  
 grief:  
 Your friend, *he* is gone, for your John, *he*  
 is dead.

5 That voice, that so often has thrill'd on  
 the ear,  
 By the call of his dog, *and the grasp of his*  
*gun,*  
 Those limbs, not oft weary, nor startled  
 with fear,  
 Are cold now in death; and his voice is un-  
 done.

6 How hard was thy fate, O John, whilst  
 thou liv'd!  
 Yes; poor was thy fare, and constant thy  
 toil;  
 Exposed to the cold, and from heat ne'er  
 reliev'd;  
 The sport of thy hands was to culture the  
 soil.

7 How oft hast thou wander'd the dark for-  
 est through,  
 And clamber'd o'er mountains, both rugged  
 and high!  
 But thy Lion,\* oh John, ever faithful and  
 true,  
 Ne'er deserted thy track, nor in danger  
 would fly.

8 But no more will be heard the sound of  
 thy feet;  
 The partridge, no more, dread the flash of  
 thy gun—  
 Ye beasts of the chase, come from your re-  
 treat:

Your hunter is fallen, his race he has run.

9 The cold grave, O John, shall long be  
 thy bed;  
 And over thy body, the green grass shall  
 grow:  
 The willow, a weeping, bend over thy head—  
 There songsters shall warble a sad tale of  
 woe.

10 Should winds beat around thee, with cold  
 chilling breath,  
 The red lightnings fly, and the loud thun-  
 ders roar;  
 Yet secure thou shalt sleep in the cold arms  
 of death,

---

\* The name of his dog.



When thousands and thousands of years are  
no more.

11 How oft shall the traveller pause on his  
way,

As a low, pensive sigh shall grow faint on  
the ear,

And a pale mourner stand, at the close of  
the day,

Bedewing the cold grave of John, with a  
tear !

12 Oh friends, cease to mourn; for John  
cannot weep—

Why drop the warm tear? for his cheek is  
still cold—

Why tell him your grief? John ca'n't wake;  
he must sleep—

Will he dream? If he should, 'twill long be  
untold.

13 Shall we fear then to sleep the long  
slumber of death?

No : that seems repose ! death alone brings  
no fear—

Whence then comes such terror, while pan-  
ting for breath?

Ah ! we fear, lest we dream a sad dream of  
despair !

14 If a virtuous life, such fears can suppress,  
Make our sleep sweet in death, and to dream  
all is well !

Then we need not do more : (but should fear  
to do less—)

Then, "cease to do evil, and learn to do  
well."

## POEM XXVII.

### REIGN OF SUMMER

The summer *she* is come at last  
With all her smiling train;  
A glory o'er the scene is cast,  
When she begins her reign.

2 She comes to bless her children all;  
She bids them to agree :  
She lets her dew upon them fall,  
And waters from the sea.

3 She makes her lovely children grow;  
The lilies of the vale;  
Her fragrant blessings does bestow  
By her sweet balmy gale :

4 Refreshes every fruitful flower,  
She bids them not despair—  
And well devotes her labouring hour,  
To rear them up with care.

5 She gives them all a lovely dress;  
She clothes them neat and clean;  
The most of them, I do confess,  
Are clothed in living green.



- 6 She gives the rose a blushing face,  
The pink too by her side :  
And while she paints the rose with grace,  
The pink is not denied.
- 7 She paints the lily of the pond,  
In robes *that's* pure and white :  
Such robes, the lily's ever fond;  
She puts them on by night.
- 8 The summer is a charming nurse;  
She's full of grace and care :  
Her children, she will never curse,  
The apple, nor the pear.
- 9 She warms the body of the air—  
By her salubrious breath,  
She makes her children fresh and fair,  
Defends them well from death.
- 10 What joys the summer does restore;  
How pleasant and how fair :  
While fowls and insects round us pour,  
Or waft along in air.
- 11 The insects make their different hums;  
The birds *they* chant their song :  
The sheep and cattle playful runs,  
While lambs do join the throng.
- 12 The wheat and barley waving stand;  
While corn on ridges grow—  
What glory does adorn the land,  
Where peace and plenty flow.
- 13 This makes the farmer's prospect bright,  
And all his hopes to spring;

- Gives him a relish for delight,  
And tunes his heart to sing.
- 14 He looks to God, the good and just,  
To keep him in that way  
Where he may ever in him trust,  
And praise him night and day.

## POEM XXVIII.

## WONDERS OF NATURE.

- Great God I'll gaze, and sing thy praise,  
Here in this world of wonder;  
While stars do praise, and comets blaze,  
Each wakes my heart like thunder.
- 2 The clouds do clash, while lightnings flash,  
Light up the vault of heaven :  
The winds do pour, while thunders roar,  
Thence wat'ry drops are given.
- 3 The clouds in haste, are swiftly chas'd,  
Drove by a windy motion;  
Without delay, they wing their way,  
Borne to the briny ocean.
- 4 Thence, if they're dry, receive supply,  
To increase their wat'ry treasure;  
Without delay, they soar away,  
And deal it out by measure.
- 5 Below the sky, they quickly fly,  
While winds awake; the ocean

Shows its proud waves, or yawning graves,  
And rolls with thundering motion.

6 While clouds do fly, below the sky,  
The heavenly bodies, veiling;  
Great ships of war, well pa'd with tar,  
Are o'er the ocean sailing.

7 Those ships are tost, and sometimes lost,  
Sunk in the briny ocean,  
Whose tow'ring waves do flash and blaze,  
When they are put in motion;

8 Salute the sky, run mountain-high,  
And dash and roar like thunder:  
With force they pour, dash on the shore,  
And fill the mind with wonder.

9 There sailors sigh, and sometimes cry,  
To see those rolling billows  
Run mountain-high, (where fishes fly—)  
It wakes these sea-bred fellows.

10 God's works of might shine with delight!  
They fill the mind with pleasure—  
See the dead sea, forever free,  
Present her finny treasure!

11 God's works of time do grace my rhyme:  
Awake my noble power;  
Some heavenly ray, they do display,  
While on my writing tour:

12 Unto my heart, sweet gifts impart,  
For to indite good matter:  
Without delay, I'll write away,  
Some light and life to scatter.

13 God lifts my eyes above the skies,  
By his majestick power;  
And, as I walk, learns me to talk,  
And to improve each hour.

14 Through earth and air, I do declare  
God's works are all adorning:  
While we behold, may they unfold,  
To the great rising morning.

15 When Greek and Jew, and heathen too,  
Will celebrate God's praises;  
And, with one view, see all things new,  
Where life forever blazes.

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### POEM XXIX.

#### DEPTH CONSTITUTES HEIGHT.

In the deep vaults of nature's frame,  
There God in council holds his reign;  
Pure Government may there be found,  
Where the Eternal walks around.

2 In the vast climes below our feet,  
There the Eternal holds his seat:  
His throne, forever firm and pure,  
Like burning amber, will endure.

3 But, (not confin'd to worlds below,)  
Thro' towering climes, we see him go:  
He wings his way to Herschell's clime,  
And makes his polish'd face to shine.



- 4 He visits climes both near and far;  
His lovely presence ever *rare*;  
All worlds and systems he combines,  
And blesses each in needful times.
- 5 Almighty Lord ! celestial King !  
What thought can reach the Eternal spring !  
Or weigh that Life that ne'er began—  
Through untold ages it has ran !
- 6 Eternal Life did ne'er begin !  
This Rock of Ages e'er has been !  
It manages great nature's frame;  
Through endless years, 'twill be the same !
- 7 If life had ever been extinct,  
Each system, then, had been unlink'd;  
In great confusion, 'each would steer;  
No joy would crown the golden year.
- 8 But life eternal keeps its way,  
And will, to an unbounded day :  
It spreads a glory all around;  
In every clime it may be found.
- 9 Great Japiter and Venus too,  
In quick succession, passes through,  
A train of glory to display;  
Calls for the sun, lights up the day.
- 10 Eternal life would not decrease,  
Were all the sons of men to cease;  
That boundless ocean would remain,  
In various streams 'twould flow again.
- 11 It quickens plough-man and the sage;  
On reasons past it doth engage;

- It lights the passions to a flame,  
And teaches men its force and fame.
- 12 It paints the flower of the field,  
The richest fragrance, bids it yield;  
And every shrub and every tree,  
It makes *them* fine and fair to see.
- 13 O life ! sweet life ! delicious power !  
Who paints the field and shady bower;  
To thoughtless men, is ever kind;  
It tunes the organs of the mind.
- 14 Eternal, ceaseless life will roll  
In unbound space, beyond the pole,  
Through endless years, it will remain;  
Angels adore, and bless its Name.

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POEM XXX.

ON THE MEETING OF BRETHREN.

- Now, brethren, we have met;  
Let us adore the Saviour;  
While we together set,  
May we enjoy his favor:  
Descend celestial Dove,  
With all thy grace and beauty,  
And fill our hearts with love;  
Direct us on to duty.
- 2 Now let us trust the Lord,  
With humble submission,



(Supported by his word,)
 With holy contrition:
 Awake celestial fire,
 And brighten all our faces;
 Come meet our long desire,
 With thy most noble graces.

3 May we keep in that path,
 Which will lead us to union;
 May the love of the earth
 Never break our communion:
 And, while the sun doth shine,
 His brilliant rays are given;
 May we in love combine,
 And walk the road to heaven.

4 May God's praises abound,
 Now to adorn the meeting,
 And we in love be found,
 At Jesus' feet a sitting.
 Then God will bless our hands,
 And will be in our favor;
 If we keep his commands,
 We shall be heirs for ever.

5 Come we will not despair,
 If ever so needy;
 But let us join in prayer,
 That God may help us speedy.
 And while the moon endures,
 Or the brilliant stars are shining,
 O may our hearts be pure,
 And we be well designing.

6 We'll lift our hearts on high,
 To God our only Saviour;

In hopes he will come nigh,
 And bless us with his favor.
 Long as the sea shall roll,
 (Its billows roar like thunder,)
 May God our hearts control,
 And keep our passions under.

7 O come celestial Dove,
 And raise our drooping spirits:
 O may we taste thy love,
 And feel the Saviour's merits.
 When flesh and blood shall fail,
 Here in these earthly regions,
 May we with angels sail,
 And join the singing legions

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### POEM XXXI.

THE MEETING AND PARTING OF THREE  
SISTERS AND THEIR COMPANIONS,  
IN TAMWORTH, N. H.

#### First Part. *The Meeting.*

Now Tamson, and Anna, and Lydia, have  
met,  
With Isaac, and Eben, and Thomas, to set:  
In sweet consolation they each do agree;  
Amused and delighted each other to see.

2 These brothers and sisters have been long  
apart;  
Yet now they have joined in hand & in heart;



While life shall continue, or if they should  
die,  
No personal distance shall break off the tie.

Part Second. *Parting.*

- 3 Now my friends, we part in love,  
I hope to meet in realms above;  
There bathe our soul in heavenly joy,  
Where grief and sadness can't annoy.
- 4 Where strife is banis'd from the place,  
And every thought is truth and grace,  
Our hoary heads shall there appear,  
And find a happy jubile year.
- 5 Our busy walks will shortly end,  
Our dust with mother dust will blend,  
Our flesh and bones will soon decay,  
Each in their different station lay.
- 6 But grant, O God, our long desire,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly fire;  
Destroy the dross before our eyes,  
That we on wings of faith may rise.
- 7 Now for a season, we must part;  
But may we all be one in heart;  
And not depart from Christ's employ;  
Then we shall reign with him in joy.

POEM XXXII.

ADAM AND EVE.

- When we look o'er the scene of man,  
And view the different paths he's ran,  
Amazing sight, for us to view,  
To see the scenes he's passed through.
- 2 When we look back to ancient date,  
There see what history does relate,  
We find that Adam was the first;  
He stood alone, composed of dust.
- 3 He stood alone in Eden's grove;  
He saw his flocks with pleasure love;  
He saw the birds around him throng;  
On every tree they hymn'd their song.
- 4 His image he could not behold;  
But soon a wonder did unfold;  
A rib was taken from his side,  
Of which was made a lovely bride.
- 5 They to each other stood in bloom;  
The flowers around them gave perfume;  
The waving forest bending low,  
While they through fruits and flowers did go.
- 6 The generous figs in plenty grew;  
Almonds and dates were fair to view;  
Grapes hung in clusters on the vine,  
That would produce the richest wine.



7 The fruits and flowers in plenty grow.  
 All *was* enchanting *for* to view:  
 While nature did her gifts impart,  
 A hymn of joy possess'd their heart.

8 Now when this lovely pair was made,  
 The lion with the lamb was laid;  
 The dove and eagle were agreed;  
 No innocent was call'd to bleed!

9 Sweet harmony did then prevail;  
 The strong did not the weak assail:  
 The *prowling* lion softly walk'd,  
 With his inferior, often talk'd.

10 Adam and Eve now meekly stood,  
 Beheld the earth and swelling flood:  
 Each object then was rare and new;  
 All *was* enchanting to their view.

11 While they enjoy'd the wafting gale,  
 Sweet odors after them did trail:  
 Some balmy sweets they *constant* drew,  
 Their health and vigor to renew.

12 A garden was their sweet abode,  
 Where fruits and flowers in plenty *grow'd*:  
 They knew no sickness nor decay—  
 A smiling God then passed that way.

13 And when this pair in Eden stood,  
 The trees bent low with generous food:  
 Their fruit was rich, *and rare to see*,  
 They pluck'd and eat from every tree.

14 They eat for pleasure not for use;  
 In this, they offer'd great abuse:

They sought for pleasure out of pain;  
 This overthrew their happy reign.

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POEM XXXIII.

SOME REMARKS FROM THE BOOK OF HABAKKUK.

Great God I view thy skill and power,  
 Who *stains* the rose, and paints the flower;  
 Who *rais'd* the etherial worlds to view,  
 And *stain'd* the airy climes with blue.

2 Habakkuk saw his godlike power—  
 Thro' heathen climes he took his tour,  
 Girded with strength, from Teman came,  
 The heathens trembled at his name!

3 His robes were perfect righteousness:  
 He fill'd the heathen with distress:  
 The heathen gods did prostrate fall:  
 This living God o'er turned them all!

4 No beauty could with him compare;  
 His glory stretch'd through earth and air;  
 His ornaments were truth and grace,  
 Made heathen gods to veil their face.

5 The earth was filled with His praise;  
 He struck the heathen with amaze:  
 His glory sounded near and far;  
 Messannas rent the earth and air!



6 He filled those heathen lands with light;  
His brightness did affect their sight;  
His power was known from land to land;  
They prostrate fell at his command.

7 Before him went the pestilence—  
What burning coals he did dispense!  
Around his feet like amber lay—  
The heathen gods did melt away!

8 Who can stand before that God,  
Who manages the briny flood,  
Bids all the wheels of time roll round,  
Calls fierce contentions to *profound*?

9 No one among the human race,  
But *what* would shrink before his face;  
Like dust or chaff, before him fly,  
At one stern motion of his eye!

10 No one can stand before his face,  
But humble suppliants of his grace;  
We must be stript at mercy's door,  
And every favor there implore.

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POEM XXXIV.

INVITATIONS TO ZION'S HILL.

Let us repair to Zion's Hill:  
There sits the King, enthroned still,  
There joy, in great profusion, springs,  
And grace bestows her richest things.

1 The richest wine there he bestows;  
There heavenly fruit in plenty grows:  
It's there, he shows his smiling face,  
Most cheerfully, bestows his grace.

2 There priests and prophets all unite;  
The King *he* serves them with delight,  
Supplies them with the richest food:  
Each by *their* looks, pronounce it good;

3 Here all the flock of God may rest,  
And with his presence e'er be blest:  
If they but follow his command,  
They may possess the promised land.

4 Here streams of life *perpetual* flow,  
And heavenly fruits in plenty grow—  
What clusters do adorn the vine,  
Whose juice affords the richest wine.

5 Here, in this place, may I be blest,  
And with thy flocks forever rest;  
Here, let me dwell, beneath thy wings,  
Where life and joy *perpetual* springs.

6 Here is the city of our God;  
Here are the footsteps Jesus trod:  
Here in these courts, he holds his seat,  
With thrones and powers beneath his feet.



## POEM XXXV.

## INQUIRY OF IGNORANCE AND THE ANSWER OF WISDOM.

Where is the God of human kind?  
Now is he deaf? or is he blind?  
Or is that God, whom we extol,  
*Forsook* our climes and left us all?

2 Has he *forsook* our feeble clay?  
And soar'd above the Milky Way?  
Or has he past to yonder stars,  
To dwell in Jupiter or Mars?

3 Or is he in the briny deep?  
Where fish in millions swim and *creep*:  
Or in the bowels of the earth?  
Where bursting fires enforce a path.

4 In depth or height where shall we go,  
To find out God and him to know?  
Where shall we wander *for* to see  
"A God of spotless purity?"

5 We need not wander far abroad  
To seek and find a distant God:  
He stands among the human race,  
Dispensing both his truth and grace.

6 He's near the timorous and the brave,  
The honest man and cheating knave:

All ranks and ages he is near,  
And teaches them his name to fear.

7 His living Word, I'm sure is come—  
Through various ages, it has run:  
It is now clothed on afresh,  
Wrapt and conceal'd in human flesh!

8 He's veil'd in every sinful man,  
Now on the ocean or the land!  
And well reproves *them* by his word—  
Tremble ye sons, and fear the Lord.

## POEM XXXVI.

## THE CONTRAST.

If mercy, justice, truth and grace,  
Should once pervade the human race,  
A God in glory they would see,  
Of spotless life and purity.

2 God is a spirit, pure and just:  
All that oppose him now are curs'd,  
And, by the force and power of sin,  
*Kindles* a fire of hell within!

3 Sin, that pervades the human kind,  
Bewilders and misleads the mind;  
And keeps them from that shining throne,  
Where dwells the Jewish Corner Stone.

4 Pure virtue's found beneath our feet;  
Although an infant, it's complete:



But giddy priests, and haughty kings,  
Are blind to all those hidden things.

5 Their temples and their synagogues  
Are hung to them like heavy clogs;  
The 'stable worship' they despise,  
Where simple Good, an Infant, lies.

6 This simple Good, tho' poorly dress'd,  
Was by the eastern sages blest:  
"Their golden gifts they did present,"  
Then on their heavenly journey went.

7 Look to the manger, all ye proud;  
By sages, it is clearly view'd:  
They see the place where Jesus lay,  
The shepherds rise and bless the day.

### POEM XXXVII.

#### THE SAVIOUR OF MEN.

Jesus Christ, the heavenly king,  
Whom saints admire, and angels sing,  
The Lamb of God divinely fair—  
In Him ten thousand beauties are.

2 The Rock of Israel, firm and true;  
Whom Jacob saw, and Abra'm knew;  
And David sung his wond'rous fame;  
The Gentiles rose and bless'd his name.

3 This is that King that bled and groan'd;  
Whom Jew and Gentile once disown'd:

The wond'rous King, the Mighty God,  
Who walk'd along Idumea's road,

4 He is conceal'd and hid in flesh;  
His body still is fair and fresh;  
In princely robes I see him stand—  
With eyes of love, looks o'er the land.

5 Tho' he supplies the lowest place,  
He soars above the human race:  
No princely powers with him compare;  
He's ever faithful, just, and fair.

6 He's fill'd with meekness, cloth'd in truth;  
He's with the aged and the youth:  
He's with the infant-child, to bless—  
And, pities all, when in distress.

7 The sickly, maim'd, the halt, and blind—  
He to their wants is ever kind;  
In all their sorrows takes a part,  
And bears their names upon his heart.

8 His dying groans and bitter sighs,  
Where they are felt below the skies,  
They bring to view celestial things,  
And point where living water springs.

9 When groans and sighs affect the heart,  
Transporting joys he will impart,  
He'll give a polish to the mind,  
And shew himself forever kind.

10 He'll lead the mind to lofty heights,  
Where he presents his sweet delights,  
Where angels shine in bright array,  
And Christ in glory makes the day.



## POEM XXXVIII.

## A HUMBLE REQUEST.

- Great God, I labor hard to view  
The hand that form'd my frame,  
And every star completely drew,  
And gave to each a name.
- 2 My busy thoughts leap out and fly,  
They trace the airy road:  
I look for him who built the sky,  
And binds the briny flood.
- 3 My thoughts in rapid motion fly;  
They stretch from clime to clime;  
I long to see a brighter day,  
Upon the shores of time.
- 4 My thoughts ascend the arched sky,  
They visit climes below,  
Directed by that wakeful eye,  
That tells them where to go.
- 5 Jesus presents whate'er is past;  
He shows me things to come:  
And while my active powers shall last,  
In life's fair road I'll run.
- 6 He leads me safely in the way,  
And guides my tottering feet:  
He guards my night, he guards my day,  
And makes my hope complete.
- 7 My ways I'll ever think upon,  
I'll keep my end in sight;

Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,  
I'll travel with delight.

- 8 God's testimonies I esteem;  
I'll keep them near my heart;  
My hungry mind they will *convene*;  
From them I'll not depart.
- 9 Lord, support my sinking mind,  
And heal my broken heart;  
Give me a soul by thee refin'd,  
With Christ to share a part.

## POEM XXXIX.

## OUR SAVIOUR'S LIFE ON EARTH.

- O Jesus my Lord, I praise thy dear name;  
Thy love and thy beauty are ever the same;  
Thou *came* from above, as meek as a dove,  
And brought down for sinners thy pardoning  
love.
- 2 Sweet Jesus, my Lord, was in Bethlehem  
born;  
The angels attended, & honor'd that morn,  
They shouted for joy at the birth of our  
King,  
And unto the shepherds glad tidings did  
bring;
- 3 That the Saviour was born, who is Zion's  
bright King,



Who came down from heaven salvation to  
bring;  
For to open blind eyes, and unstop the deaf  
ears,  
Was a part of his labor for thirty three  
years.

4 He raised the dead, he healed the lame;  
His labor and patience were ever the same;  
He walk'd up and down in a poor servant's  
form,  
And the laws of his Father did sweetly a-  
dorn.

5 He walk'd night and day, his love to dis-  
play,  
Till Judas, the traitor, his blood did betray;  
The multitude came on Jesus, our Chief:  
They were led and directed by Judas the  
thief—

6 With swords and with staves they came  
upon Him,  
Who left his bright glory poor sinners to win!  
They his garments did part—on his vesture  
cast lots—  
Whose life was unblemish'd, and free from  
all spots!

7 To the Priest he was led, as Luke doth  
declare,  
(And Peter, th' apostle, did follow him  
there;)

They mocked His zeal, and spit in His face,  
Who will polish all nations with his saving  
grace!

8 He's the Stone, that was seen prepar'd  
without hands;  
He'll be seen and acknowledg'd by king  
doms and lands:  
This Stone doth appear so glorious to men:  
He's the Root of king David, and old Jes-  
se's Stem.

9 He's the light of the world, the reprov-  
er of sin—  
Come brethren, we'll travel bright glory to  
win;  
We soon shall arrive to glory above,  
To solace for ever in Jesus's love.

## POEM XL.

### JESUS TRIUMPHANT.

Descend from heav'n, celestial Dove,  
And fill my heart with grace and love;  
Kindle my passions to a blaze,  
And clothe my tongue with lofty praise.

2 Shed on my head celestial light,  
And fill my heart with power and might,  
Direct my thoughts to those fair climes,  
Where peace and union *ch* combines.



3 There sits the King in robes of light;  
There saints and angels all unite;  
They glorify that lovely head,  
That in a manger once was laid.

4 This is the Man once crown'd with thorns;  
Now many crowns his head *adorns*;  
This is the Man, in great distress,  
Once travell'd through our wilderness.

5 But he's ascended far on high,  
No more to bleed, to groan, and die;  
But is enthroned in worlds above,  
In the vast sea of boundless love.

6 No Herod will oppose his reign;  
His kingdom ever will remain:  
No wagging heads on him will sneer—  
Far from the soldiers' glitt'ring spear.

7 This King in Joseph's tomb did lay;  
But rose triumphant the third day:  
(An angel soon dispell'd the gloom,  
And rolled the stone from Joseph's tomb.)

8 Thus he arose, ascended high,  
Beyond the reach of mortal eye,  
Dispensing both his truth and grace  
To all the sons of Adam's race.

POEM XLI.

BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

Good God, what beauty fills my eye,  
What different forms around me lie;  
They serve to charm and chant my sight,  
And meet my fancy with delight.

2 The fields are dressed all in bloom;  
The pastures give a sweet perfume;  
The cattle on the hills do graze,  
While feather'd songsters sing thy praise.

3 The pastures and the shady grove,  
The bleating herds around *them* rove;  
While feather'd songsters, on each spray,  
With noble songs salute the day.

4 The sun bequeaths his generous heat;  
While earth supplies her humble seat;  
The moon, by fairness and command,  
Looks o'er the ocean and the land.

5 The moon is constant in her race;  
In every clime she shows her face;  
By night she shines, (while on her way,  
But often veils her face by day.

6 The sun and moon adoring stand,  
The glory both of sea and land;  
The earth they ever will *convene*,  
And clothe her well in living green.

7 The sun *he* sends his golden rays;  
With heat and light supplies the days;



He makes the tender leaf appear;  
With joy he crowns the golden year.

8 He graces every purling stream,  
While nimble waters onward teem;  
They pass along in different roads,  
Till lost in the amazing floods.

9 How vast thy works, mysterious God,  
Both on the earth and in the flood!  
Each tree and fish thy fame *declare*,  
And fowls that waft along the air.

10 He bids the poles to keep their place,  
The moon roll round and change her face;  
Bids Jupiter and Venus too,  
Their steady courses *each* pursue.

11 They grace the evening and the morn;  
The firmament they well adorn:  
While feather'd songsters tune their lay,  
And sing at the approach of day.

### POEM XLII.

#### PRAISE TO GOD.

Celestial Orb, thy light display,  
Shine on the eye-balls of the day;  
Kindle anew thy golden fire,  
And aid my pen to grace my lyre.

2 Strengthen my loins with grace and truth,  
And in my age restore my youth;

Cause thy enlivening beams to shine,  
And aid my pen to grace my rhyme.

3 Give energy to all my springs,  
And tune my heart of *thousand strings*;  
Give force and action to my frame,  
To sing aloud thy charming name.

4 Shed on my eyes celestial light,  
And fill my heart with power and might;  
My God, my busy thoughts control,  
Let words in lofty accents roll.

5 Send through my heart celestial rays,  
Strike all my golden wires to praise,  
And tune the organ of my lungs  
To sing with those of "cloven tongues."

6 With scientific men I'll sing:  
The 'widow's two mites' here I bring:  
With Pope and Homer I'll adore,  
And stretch my tho'ts from shore to shore.

7 I'll join with Watts, and tune my lays,  
Adore my God, and sing his praise:  
O may my songs be ever new,  
And every clime pronounce them true.

8 I'll sing of God's majestic name,  
Who now resides in nature's frame,  
Directs the sun, that shining orb,  
Who's ever faithful to his Lord.

9 He ever does dispense his light,  
Shines on the moon that rules the night,



Brightens the face of every star,\*  
That shines with lustre near or far.

10 May sun and moon adoring stand,  
The glory both of sea and land,  
Shout forth the praises of the Lord,  
Who form'd their bodies by his word.

11 May all the shining orbs of light  
Join in a song of sweet delight;  
With fish and fowls and creeping things,  
To celebrate the King of kings.

12 And clouds, whose bodies oft are broke,  
That roll in columns like the smoke,  
Send forth their lightnings in a blaze;  
While rolling thunders speak thy praise.

13 God's various works we here behold;  
Their wonders never can be told;  
Ten thousand thousand parts we find,  
Are to one whole completely joined.

14 May plants & trees now shout thy praise;  
And feed whereon the cattle graze—  
Give glory all ye Adam's race:  
Ye shall be heirs of truth and grace.

15 May glory, praise, pervade each land,  
And all unite in God's commands;  
Their hearts and souls may they resign,  
And in one body all combine.

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\* Planet is here meant.

## POEM XLIII.

## CELESTIAL MAJESTY.

Transcendent God, how grand thy works  
appear;  
Sublimely great, thro' the revolving year;  
The twinkling stars thy hand completely  
drew,  
Their lofty curtain tinged neat with blue.

2 Unbounded space, where thousand worlds  
do roll,  
And flaming comets thro' broad ether stroll  
There wisdom guides with its unerring art,  
In each display it acts a noble part.

## POEM XLIV.

## ON DEEP AFFLICTION.

Affliction like a mighty stream  
Has overwhelm'd my soul;  
I hope for blessings yet unseen,  
But still new troubles roll.

3 To God I cry with all my heart,  
He is my wond'rous Chief;  
For grace to me he can impart,  
Who saved the dying thief.



- 3 With bitter groans and sighs, I send  
Petitions to the Lord;  
In hopes he'll be my constant friend,  
And save me by his word.
- 4 Like yonder dove, I sit and grieve,  
Far from her native home:  
Lord, in thy name may I believe,  
And trust thy grace alone.
- 5 With bitter groans I spend the day,  
My nights unpleasant grow;  
While sorrows waste my feeble clay,  
And strow the path I go.
- 6 My friends have fled from my embrace,  
My kindred prove unkind:  
I'm *strew'd* among a savage race,  
And *scatter'd* in the wind!
- 7 My property is rent away,  
By an oppressive hand;  
And every night and every day  
In jeopardy I stand.
- 8 With quivering lips and painful heart,  
My soul draws near the dead:  
My sorrows (they will not depart)  
Perplex my wakeful head.
- 9 But in the Lord I'll trust my soul,  
I'll make him all my trust:  
My troubled thoughts he will control,  
And raise me with the just.

## POEM XLV.

ADDRESS TO MY DAUGHTER, MARY,  
WHILE IN HAVERHILL, MASS. AGED  
ABOUT 16 YEARS.

- My child, you've left Etonian hills,  
The purling streams and gurgling rills:  
In Haverhill now you reside,  
Hard by the sea's old rolling tide.
- 2 Strange objects there present to view,  
And each of them is rare and new;  
They serve to charm or charm your sight,  
And meet your fancy with delight.
- 3 There business-men are in a hum,  
Look o'er accounts, foot up the sum:  
There ladies meet in jovial crowds;  
While sailors sing and mount the shrouds.
- 4 There churches stand both neat and gay,  
Where people meet the Sabbath day,  
To hear their priests some truth declare:  
By bells are tolled timely there.
- 5 And while their thrilling bells do toll,  
Coaches along the streets do roll,  
People in crowds do throng the street,  
With glossy shoes upon their feet.
- 6 With ornaments upon their heads,  
To satisfy their fancied needs;  
With combs they do their heads adorn,  
Made of a cow's or ox's horn.

7 But on such splendor do not gaze,  
And pass away your precious days;  
Nor dwell too long on trifling things,  
And lose the source of nobler springs.

8 From virtue's path pray never swerve,  
But in your station try to serve;  
And do your duty every day,  
Nor lose *no* blessing by delay.

9 Give those who rule your growing years  
No bitter words to sting their ears;  
Nor cause their hearts to be unkind:  
Then love and favor you will find.

10 Keep modesty right by your side,  
In wisdom's presence do *preside*;  
Each evil habit soon correct,  
And sin and folly *soon* reject.

11 Be faithful as the rolling sun,  
Nor leave your work till all is done,  
And every thing well in its place,  
Then sacred smiles will grace your face.

12 Be diligent and careful too;  
Your daily business well pursue;  
Whate'er your duty may require,  
Pursue it with a strong desire.

13 The path of duty (you will find)  
Gives strength and vigor to the mind:  
If in that path you do excel,  
You'll hear from heaven that "all is well."

14 Envy not the rich and gay,  
While meekness points a better way.

Though riches like a sturdy tree,  
The root is all humility.

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POEM XLVI.

LATE WAR BETWEEN POLAND AND RUS-  
SIA.

Europe again, beyond the flood,  
Once *more* her soil, has drench'd with blood!  
The Poles arise, Russia invades;  
Before Warsaw they show their heads.

2 There kings and lords and emperors meet,  
In hopes each other to defeat:  
The torch of war is kindled there;  
Grape-shot and bombs salute the air.

3 Russia, a kind of Sythian race,  
Before Warsaw *they* show their face,  
To quell the Polish rebel bands,  
With warlike arms, invade their lands.

4 The cannon's roar is heard afar,  
While bombs are flying thick in air;  
The dead and dying may be seen,  
Their blood is sprinkled o'er the green!

5 The ploughmen quit the furrowing plough,  
While death sits brooding on their brow;  
They fly to arms, in dreadful haste,  
To seek their dying place.



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FARMER'S MEDITATIONS,

- 6 To please their emperors and their kings,  
They march the road where folly sings;  
To please their rulers, they desire,  
And fill their hearts with warlike fire.
- 7 Those kings and lords, in times of peace,  
Their laboring subjects, ever fleece:  
In war (to raise their honors high)  
They call them forth to bleed and die!
- 8 Like timorous sheep they strew the ground!  
Amidst the roaring cannon's sound—  
What ghastly looks and horrid grins,  
To raise the pride of haughty kings!
- 9 Europe will fall into decay,  
Like ghosts and phantoms flee away:  
Oppression, with its heavy hand,  
Will seal their fate and blast their land.

POEM XLVII.

FREEDOM GAINED AND LOST.

*An Emblem.*

- High o'er the mountain's tow'ring head,  
The clouds in sackcloth are array'd;  
With awful majesty they roll,  
While lightnings flash from pole to pole.
- 2 The mountain feels the dismal shocks,  
And, like an infant's cradle, rocks;

- It's shaken to its solid bed,  
While fluid fire surrounds its head.
- 3 The savage beasts look on and gaze,  
While thunders roar and lightnings blaze;  
Fear is depicted on each eye,  
While they to covert quickly fly,
- 4 The trembling trees obedient stand;  
Each bows its head toward the land;  
While shafts of lightning dart around,  
They are pitched headlong to the ground.
- 5 With shiver'd trunks and shatter'd arms,  
Overwhelmed in these dread alarms;  
In nameless ways they strew the ground,  
While sheets of light enclose them round.
- 6 But still the thunder, sounding loud,  
With dreadful surges, rends the cloud!  
It sends the peopled waters down  
To drench the mount, the vales to drown!

*Pause and Reflect*

- 7 The watery drops Republics are,  
Their independence they declare;  
But still that freedom it will flee:  
Be lost in the monarchical sea.
- 8 In various ways we see them run;  
By them the sound of freedom sung;  
In nameless ways they blindly creep,  
Still lost in the monarchical deep.
- 9 Freedom revives and then it dies,  
Both in the earth and rolling skies;

How many love its charming name!—  
Its nature sells for wealth and fame.

10 Freedom regained 'twill soon decrease—  
Republics follow Rome and Greece—  
A natural course they each pursue,  
Like dropping rain or falling dew.

11 Each view their Adams with delight,  
And for their Jacksons war and fight;  
Like Babylon to rear a name,  
Blindly pursue the falling rain;

12 Party spirit will divide;  
And yet, one path by each is eyed:  
The only difference is the name:  
Honor's the cannon; wealth the game.

13 But the deceiver, and deceived,  
Will lose that freedom, once achieved,  
And, to the leeward, take a hitch,  
And all plunge headlong in the ditch!

14 Fickled heads and chattering tongues  
Oft rack their brains, and strain their lungs,  
In the support of liberty;  
When truth declares, 'tis but a fee!

15 All things do run their different rounds,  
To certain lengths, or proper bounds,  
Till each by order, or design,  
Are lost in the elapse of time.

16 All things arise and then decay;  
And, like the moon, do wane away,  
Progressively they rise and fall—  
This is the lot and end of all.

17 How blind the state of mortals *are!*  
Who shall to man his way declare?  
And ope the mysteries of his woe?  
Or point the path for him to go?

### POEM XLVIII.

#### THE MAJESTY OF GOD, BOTH IN HIS WORKS AND DISPLAYS.

The Lord resides in nature's frame,  
He beautifies the whole:  
He ever will remain the same,  
While thousand worlds shall roll.

2 Each system he does well adorn;  
He strews them all with grace:  
He favors them, both night and morn,  
Bids each to keep *their* place.

3 He bids the sun dispense his light;  
The moon to change her face:  
While stars, in millions, chant the sight,  
Are constant in their race.

4 Thousands of worlds, that chant the sight  
That fill the expansive heaven;  
That shine with beauty and delight,  
Were by thy favors given.

5 No thought can trace the utmost bounds  
Of everlasting hills!



Or find the path or trackless rounds,  
Whom the Creator fills!

6 Our sight, contracted to a point;  
We cannot see afar;

Or bring perception to a point;  
To look through earth and air.

7 The vast immensity of space,  
Th' eternity of time;  
Our feeble thoughts can never trace,  
Nor sense can them define.

8 See worlds on worlds in lofty height!  
In depths they are the same!  
They shew a Godlike power and might,  
And praise thy wondrous name.

9 Great God, who would not praise thy  
name  
And spread thy fame abroad?  
Through *endless* years, thou art the same;  
The just and perfect God.

10 Thy powers immense we can't explore,  
Or tell how far and wide!  
Thou bidst the sea dash on the shore;  
And *manageth* the tide.

11 The sea rolls back with dreadful sway,  
Sets up a thundering roar;  
But soon it makes a *fresh* display;  
And dashes on the shore.

12 Heaven and earth do praise thy name;  
And the old rolling sea;

Each *do* declare thy acts of fame,  
In language ever free.

13 Help us to rise, with power and skill,  
To noble climes above:  
And ever learn to do thy will,  
As objects of thy love.

# POEM XLIX.

## THE BEAUTIES OF MAY.

How sweet is the morning of May!  
The brooks and the streamlets do  
The forest is lofty and gay; to the sky!  
While leaves in gradation do grow, fly!

2 The orchard is dressed in bloom, bed,  
The bees in quick motion do play, head!  
Draws sweet in the midst of perfume  
Most nimbly improving the day. —

3 The birds are *a* chanting the pursue.)  
Each tuning their voices to  
They welcome the pleasures pure times,  
And rejoice in the beauties —

4 The earth has renewed shall remain,  
She smiles in the beaut lenny's name.  
And widely extending her  
Her foreboding fruits t

5 Sweet flowers rejoicing  
They send forth the r

On each wafting gale *they* do fly;  
While roses awake from the tomb.

6 The ladies, *they* visit the grove;  
They breathe in the richest perfume,  
Produc'd by the white-headed clove,  
And other fine flowers in bloom.

7 Sweet blushes pervading the cheek,  
*Gives* shine to the ladies of spring:  
Their voices are pleasant and meek;  
While joy tunes their passions to sing.

8 Young ladies, I wish to impress  
The Giver of every good:  
Although in the midst of distress,  
*He's* lord of the field and the wood.  
And *pr* is ever oppress'd!

9 Great *by* the Muses's eye:  
namit's heartily blest,  
And spread by the 'child of the sky.'  
Through *e*  
The jus

10 Thy pow  
Or tell how

## POEM L.

Thou bidst the *ε*  
And *manageth*

11 The sea rolls baiercing eye;  
Sets up a thunderis, he makes them fly;  
But soon it makes a er-and his drills,  
And dashes on the of the hills.

12 Heaven and earth hardest earth,  
And the old rolling iner's path—

Each rugged blast like thunder *roar*—  
*They* bring to view the shining ore.

3 He drives his drifts, with mighty pains;  
Traces the lead and silver veins;  
The copper too, of golden cast,  
He brings to view at every blast.

4 Wonderous man, *for* to explore!  
To search the earth for mineral ore!  
He values not his time and pains,  
To search the earth for mineral gains!

5 Each obstacle he does surmount;  
Tears up the earth beyond account!  
With his steel hammer and his drills,  
Explores the bowels of the hills.

6 Each thundering blast—does *shake* the sky!  
While rocks in nameless ways do fly!  
The shining minerals leave their bed,  
*Pours* forth in *torrents* round his head!

7 Much is due to this great man,  
Who introduced the mining plan—  
(In Eaton and in Strafford too,  
His mining schemes, he does pursue.)

8 His name will live in future times,  
As an explorer of the mines—  
While their rich treasure shall remain,  
Time shall record A. Binny's name.



## POEM LI.

*Remarks on John March; a man of large stature, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, and who lately died at his residence in Eaton.*

(Inserted by Request.)

The mighty fall, by God's command :  
Who can secure their breath ?

John March, Esquire, has quit the land,  
Resign'd his life in death.

2 His bulky form we did admire;  
Uncommon was his weight;  
A fever seized on him like fire,  
And shortly seal'd his fate.

3 Death laid on him his chilly hand;  
He sunk beneath the load :  
In haste he left his favourite land,  
And quite the tiresome road.

4 He, like a giant, bow'd his head;  
He sunk at every breath :  
With wife and children round his bed,  
He closed his eyes in death.

5 He signified to some around,  
While on the tiresome road,  
That some sweet comforts he had found—  
He'd made his peace with God.

6 He saw a bright, celestial ray,  
Shone from the courts above :

He calmly smiled, and pass'd away,  
To nobler climes of love.

7 His wife and children gather'd round,  
In mournful silence stood;  
While tears on every cheek *was* found,  
And grief became their food.

8 His wife and children *each* may say,  
We've lost a great defence :  
He's cheer'd our hearts both night & day,  
By gifts, he did dispense.

9 He's cloth'd us with the richest dress,  
In publick to be seen :  
The worth of learning did impress;  
(In business to convene.)

10 Bless, Lord, the offsprings of the dead,  
With hearts and souls sincere :  
May each on Jesus lean *their* head,  
And all become his care.

11 His brothers and his sisters too,  
While each do feel the smart;  
His memory, may they keep in view,  
And bear it on their heart.

12 No more the chilly winds he'll feel,  
Nor the hot scorching sun :  
Nor start at the dread cannon's peal,  
Or hear the warlike drum.

13 No more with statesmen he will meet  
At Concord or elsewhere;  
In their assemblies take his seat;  
His measures to declare.

- 14 No more he'll call the humble poor,  
With him to take a seat,  
And feed them *all* within his door,  
With most delicious meat.
- 15 Those ministers, he thought sincere,  
With him *they* found a place;  
He treated them with love and care,  
As favourites of his grace.
- 16 But now he bids them all adieu !  
Here in this desert ground;  
No more his giant form to view,  
Nor, see him walking round.
- 17 Peace to his *memory*, may we say,  
May hateful feelings fail;  
For soon we all shall pass his way,  
And walk the deathly vale.
- 18 May every hateful tongue be still,  
And envy quit the ground :—  
Come, Lord, and fill us with good will,  
And make thy love abound.
- 19 Great is the Lord, exalted high;  
O'er all the heavens he rides :  
The dead are present to his eye,  
In earth or rolling tides.
- 20 The sleeping millions he will call  
To stand before his throne—  
Some may rise, and some may fall  
With him it's only known.

## POEM LII.

ON THE SEVERITIES OF WINTER AND  
MISSPENT TIME.

- Winter is cold and severe :  
We tremble at Boreas's breath;  
He seizes the poor, teaming steer,  
While the fowls are a freezing to death !
- 2 The winds of the north—how they blow  
They sweep o'er the hills and the plain;  
They frolick and sport with the snow,  
And maintain a horrible reign !
- 3 Winter, with his frigid locks,  
Now visits the field and the grove;  
He seizes the poor teaming flocks,  
While they to the water are *drove*.
- 4 He pinches the prince at the nose :  
He's never a servant of fear :  
He seizes his heel and his toes,  
And gives him a nip at the ear.
- 5 The peasants are beating the street :  
Their heads are well wrapped in fur :  
The cold is benumbing their feet,  
While they in quick motion do stir.
- 6 They visit the dram-shop by day,  
Most cheerily they hand round the glass,  
But at night they are hurried away, there  
In the midst of the fiddling mass !



- 7 How sad is the news to relate—  
 See each with a pipkin of rum,  
 Return to poor Bridget and Kate,  
 Who weep for their husbands at home.
- 8 Their houses are all on the rack !  
 And almost inclining to go !  
 The wind is at every crack,  
 And strews their poor house full of snow !
- 9 Their children do shiver with cold,  
 Their clothing is scanty and thin—  
 10 Those women do break out and scold,  
 And think their slack husbands are mean.
- 11 But Dickey and Will's had a lug !  
 They've beat through the frolicksome snow ;  
 12 And quite late with a jug—  
 Minto their houses they go.
- 13 For they call for some victuals to eat—  
 And the ' West-India worm,' he doth gnaw—  
 14 His house is a stranger to meat,  
 And read is unknown in their draw.
- 15 Comestoes must now be applied ;  
 How many we know not the sum,  
 And into their stomachs they slide ;  
 And quickly wash'd down with the rum !
- 16 Soon husband and wife's in a jar !  
 And the house is besmeared with smoke,  
 17 And need by pitchwood and tar—  
 And for a ' Job' to provoke !
- 18 Some children begin for to cry ;  
 And in a fury to bark !

The cat in a hurry to fly—  
 This scene—it look'd horrible dark !

15 The lug-pole and poker did fly !  
 Both husband and wife did engage !  
 And each one *their* forces did try,  
 To spit out their spleen and their rage !

16 But Bridget and Kate got the day,  
 They play'd such a tune with their tongues ;  
 While Dickey and William gave way ;  
 Being mortally seized at the lungs !

17 May folly and madness depart,  
 And temperance be rear'd to the throne ;  
 And prudence be kept near the heart,  
 Till love in perfection is grown.

### POEM LIII.

VIEW OF MAN, FROM HIS ORIGIN TO  
 THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

Man is an active lump of clay ;  
 His point, a space ; his time, a day ;  
 Sprung from the earth, his ancient root,  
 A lively twig or active shoot.

2 He came by order or design—  
 Fruit of a tree or tender vine :  
 Pluck'd from the vine, with tender care,  
 Press'd to the breast, and nourish'd there.

- 3 Whimpering or a whining cry  
 Draws, from his nurse, a pitying sigh :  
 Her loaded bottle she presents—  
 No more, her absence, he relents.
- 4 His growing years are hurried on,  
 Just like a fable or a song :  
 From lap to cradle, he proceeds,  
 While toys supply his fancied needs.
- 5 Each bubble-toy *affect* his sight,  
 And please his fancied mind *alike* :  
 They help to keep his thoughts in play,  
 Amuse his mind from day to day.
- 6 But see him pass from stage to stage,  
 From child to boy, from boy to sage :  
 From art to art he upward climbs;  
 In prospect, hopes for better times.
- 7 But disappointment plays her part,  
 And saps the root of every art :  
 The man is pressed down in age,  
 While foes against him *all* engage.
- 8 Now flattery, (once a *treacherous* friend,)  
 Recalls the toys, she used to lend;  
 Each youthful pleasure flees away,  
 While age brings on a *wore* decay !
- 9 The eyes grow dim, the grinders cease;  
 The voice untuned, for lack of teeth :  
 The tottering knee, the feeble hand,  
 For lack of strength, *they* lose command.
- 10 The bowels all are out of tune !  
 The breath it gives a *poor* perfume :

The head once crown'd with golden locks,  
 Requires the wool of fleecy flocks.

11 Now, man is in a feeble state :  
 He waits for death, his coming fate ;  
 At length it comes, in haggard form,  
 And bids him meet the dreadful storm.

12 He gasps, he dies, he quits the stage—  
 Here ends the child, the boy, the sage—  
 Back to the earth, from whence he came,  
 To spring to life or vegetate again.

13 His spirit may some course pursue  
 To worlds unknown, through airy blue,  
 Or else, remain a faithful guide,  
 To hold the foot of him that *slide*.

### POEM LIV.

GOD'S WISDOM AND POWER, ARE IM-  
 MENSE AND INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

Vast is the power of that great All,  
 Who weighs creation as a scroll ;  
 With worlds unnumber'd in his hand ;  
 They *each* roll round at his command.

2 He bids the tide of life to roll  
 Through unbound space beyond the pole ;  
 This active power its motion keeps,  
 Through endless heights or boundless deeps.



- 3 This Power, or God, we cannot trace;  
His works are vast, through endless space !  
No thought can reach the utmost bound,  
Or trace the circuit of his round !
- 4 He forms new systems every day;  
While others die or wane away :  
The infant takes the agents place;  
Thus he preserves a ceaseless race.
- 5 Life withdraws and death ensues;  
It flows again, and life renews :  
The infant, in the agent, lies,  
Both in the earth, and rolling skies.
- 6 The tide of life—it ebbs and flows;  
It stains the pink, and paints the rose :  
It gives sweet odours to the bloom,  
While winds convey the sweet perfume.
- 7 Who can describe life's distant bound ?  
Or comprehend its trackless round ?  
Its height and depth no one can tell :  
'Tis known in heaven, and felt in hell.
- 8 The tide of life will ever flow  
In heights above and depths below :  
This active power will e'er remain,  
Give sense of pleasure and of pain.
- 9 Pleasure, the escaping part of pain,  
Shakes off the bridle, slips the rein :  
Pain, like a rock, will e'er endure,  
While tempests beat or billows roar.
- 10 That pain, that oft affects mankind,  
Gives strength and vigour to the mind;

In its effects, oft rids from sin,  
And introduces joy within.

## POEM LV.

HOLINESS AND PURITY OF HEART PRO-  
DUCE A TRIUMPHANT SONG.

On God's holy mountain  
My feet *they* shall stand;  
While death and confusion  
Are spreading through the land :  
My feet *they* shall tread  
The sweet court yards above,  
To solace forever  
In Jesus's love.

2 On the mountain of Zion  
My feet *they* shall stand,  
Where Jesus, my Saviour,  
Maintains the command :  
With a rainbow of glory  
Surrounding his head;  
In garments most lovely  
He's richly array'd.

3 There streams of salvation  
Most sweetly *doth* flow,  
And fruits, of the choicest,  
In plenty do grow.  
There's eating and drinking—  
A feast for the soul—

There life, in its beauty,  
Transcendently roll.

4 There sorrow is banish'd,  
And grief veils her face;  
While love, peace, and glory,  
Give shine to the place.

No lack in the Saviour  
Can *never* be found;  
And all that obey him,  
In love do abound.

5 The beauty of Zion  
Sure never can fade :  
The rock of salvation  
Within it is laid :

It is a foundation  
That never can fail,  
Though pride and ambition,  
Its virtue, assail.

6 The floods have assailed,  
The tempests have beat;  
But Christ, the foundation,  
Is ever complete :

His word is with power,  
He's "mighty to save :"  
No one, in creation,  
Was ever so brave.

7 No Herod or Pilate,  
With their piercing spear,  
Can turn him from duty,  
Or make him to fear :  
For every rude passion

He braves like a man,  
And sends his salvation  
To every land.

8 Through death and destruction,  
The conquest he's won :  
From glory to glory,  
His fame it has run.  
He's risen triumphant  
With an angelick band,  
And offers his favours  
To every land.

9 If he be not God,  
He, his shadow, hath drew,  
And laid a foundation  
For Gentile and Jew;  
Restored that light,  
That Good Abraham saw :  
He has finish'd transgression,  
And fulfill'd the law.

10 This Tree of fair freedom  
Is found in low ground,  
Where no pricking thorn-bush  
Can ever be found :  
The thorn-bush and brier,  
On highlands, do grow;  
Where lions and tigers,  
In darkness, do go.



## POEM LVI.

GOD'S POWER CEASELESS AND UN-  
LIMITED.

Thou ceaseless Power of unbound space,  
All nature is thy dwelling place :  
No state or nation is the bound  
Of him who walks th' eternal round.

2 Millions of worlds, his hand has drew,  
Tinged their skies with living blue,  
And every system well arranged—  
Nor will his law be ever changed.

3 Maintains them all with liberal hands,  
Presents to each his just commands :  
Though every system he's above,  
They share the measure of his love.

4 The good of all he keeps in view,  
And looks his vast creation through :  
Nor hare nor sparrow meets the ground,  
But *what they fall* within his bound.

5 The beasts, that roam venerial wood,  
Supplies *them* with congenial food,  
Deals out to them their different meat,  
While they fall prostrate at his feet.

6 The wilderness enjoys his smiles,  
Where rushes grow, or Indian files,  
Where trees do bow and ever praise,  
And eagles mount aloft, and gaze.

7 The mountains bow, the vallies rise,  
While rains refresh them from the skies :  
They *each* confess, in nameless ways,  
The unbound Maker of their days.

8 The mount, the valley, and the tree,  
On the back ground, or near the sea,  
Both men and beasts, their tribute bring,  
In nameless ways his praises sing.

9 Unbound, eternal, ceaseless Power  
Looks through creation every hour !  
With flaming eyes, surveys the whole,  
Bids every system onward roll.

10 What majesty sur rounds that head,  
Who's power to raise the sleeping dead !  
String them anew with lively strings,  
Attach to each angelick wings !

11 What sacred power attends his word !  
It rends the earth, awakes the flood :  
The mountains tremble, to their bound,  
The hills attend, and catch the sound.

12 He speaks the word—the rocks *they* fly !  
Hot lava's thrown, and meets the sky !  
The sea retires, with dreadful roar,  
Returns again, and *dash* the shore !

## POEM LVII.

GOD'S HAND IS OPEN TO SUPPLY THE  
NEEDS OF EVERY LIVING CREATURE.

God speaks to men in various ways,  
Lest his request be known;  
He bids them tune their lips to praise,  
And gather round his throne.

2 In righteousness he ever speaks  
To men in every age :  
He calls the Jews and dying Greeks,  
Both peasant and the sage.

3 He calls the Gentile and the Jew,  
As favourites of his grace;  
Sends forth his spirit to renew  
The worst of Adam's race.

4 He calls the maimed and the halt;  
He bids the blind to see :  
The blind—he cures their sightless fault,  
And makes perception free.

5 He bids the lame to rise and walk,  
And take their bed along :  
The dumb, whose tongues refuse to talk,  
He favours with a song.

6 Strange are his ways and works of grace  
Through the eternal round !  
In every clime he shows his face,  
And makes his love abound.

7 May saints and sinners both unite  
To celebrate his name;  
And glorify him with delight,  
Shout forth his deeds of fame.

8 With hearts sincere, may each adore  
The God who built the sky;  
Send forth his fame from shore to shore,  
And on his grace rely.

## POEM LVIII.

JESUS CHRIST THE KING OF KINGS.

Jesus, our Lord, our rightful king—  
His praise may Jews and Gentiles sing;  
And heathen lands, of every clime,  
Their cheerful voices *each* resign.

2 May India, on that spicy shore,  
And Ophir, with its golden ore,  
Stretch forth the hand, with strong desire,  
To Jesus Christ, the great Messiah.

3 May Europe too, with Popish bands,  
Who bear the name of "Christian lands,"  
Forsake the misery they are in,  
Forsake the Pope that man of sin.

4 May Europe, (*now in foreign lands*),  
Soon burst *their* heathen, slavish bands :  
May kings and lords no more oppress,  
And fill all Europe with distress.



5 As gamblers work with artful tools,  
And learn their trade in gambling schools;  
So they do work with politicks,  
Play, on their people, knavish tricks !

6 If Jesus Christ *was* fully known,  
Both kings & lords would quit their throne;  
No one would long retain his seat,  
Like hungry rats to gnaw their meat !

7 A general joy would then be sung,  
The bells of freedom would be rung,  
Glory pervade old Europe's mass,  
Would far exceed their shining gas.

8 Columbian sons, while Europe reels,  
I fear you'll tread upon her heels !  
Her fo' steps you will never miss—  
In age you'll meet her with a kiss !

9 Hate her in word, in action own !  
Still aiming for a splendid throne—  
And, by gradation, round you roll;  
While pride, your passions *each*, *control*.

10 She has wrinkles plain to view—  
In age you will have wrinkles too !  
Then, in one glass, you will compare,  
And prove yourselves her rightful heir.

## POEM LIX.

## PRAISE.

My God, I will thy name adore,  
And spread thy fame from shore to shore,  
To earth's remotest bounds :  
I'll tune my lays to sing thy praise,  
Let sinners on me *stand* and gaze,  
Thro' the eternal rounds.

2 Thy name is ever rare and new,  
Fairer than Sharon's rose to view;  
It gives a sweet perfume :  
O may thy name spread far and wide,  
Beyond the sea's old rolling tide,  
Dispel the heathen gloom.

3 Thy name *it* comes with sweet perfume;  
It throws sweet odour round the room  
Of the benighted soul :  
It does expel the shades of night,  
And fill the soul with sweet delight,  
And every thought control.

4 No power can with this power compare :  
It's ever noble, rich, and rare;  
It cleanses all from sin :  
It makes the doubts to flee away,  
While faith points out the shining way,  
And works salvation in.

5 It makes the moving bowels melt,  
While virtue in the heart is felt,

Relieves the soul from pain;  
 Gives a polish to the mind,  
 And ever shows a Saviour kind,  
 And well approves his reign.

6 The eyes, *they* catch the rays of light,  
 While reason guides the passions right,  
 In peace and joy we sing :  
 By hope we hold the promised ground,  
 Where every blessing may be found,  
 While faith is on the wing.

7 By faith and hope we may arise  
 To fairer climes beyond the skies,  
 Where shining millions sing :  
 In those enchanting scenes of joy,  
 Our hearts and lips we will employ,  
 Where crystal waters spring.

8 There Jesus shows his spotless head,  
 Who once in Joseph's tomb was laid,  
 Wrapp'd in a *deathly* gown;  
 But soon he made a bright display,  
 Arose to climes of endless day,  
 By saints and angels crown'd.

9 O may we keep his sweet command,  
 Till we shall reach that happy land,  
 Where grief cannot annoy :  
 There wafting gales of love will roll,  
 Beam on the heart and grace the soul,  
 And every sense employ.

## POEM LX.

## REMARKS ON COMMERCIAL CITIES.

Commercial cities charm the eye,  
 Where flags of different nations fly :  
 Their various colours wave in air,  
 While domes and spires are seen afar.

2 Great ships and brigs come into port,  
 With schooners, pass the warlike fort;  
 While sloops and boats, of smaller size,  
 Do threng the port like swarms of flies !

3 They roll along with majesty :  
 Some into port and some to sea :  
 While sailors, blest with art and skill,  
 Brace up their yards their sails to fill.

4 Around the wharves, and in the docks,  
 There Neptune's sons are seen in flocks :  
 (Those lads are brave to look upon,  
 With their tarpolin jackets on.)

5 In cities, what a general hum !  
 There men on different business run;  
 There sailors sing and mount the shrouds,  
 While soldiers pass along in crowds.

6 With swords and muskets, neat & clean,  
 Parade themselves upon the green;  
 With plumes or feathers in their caps,  
 They mark the time by regular steps.



- 7 The merchant too inspects his bales;  
He opes his chests, or draws the nails,  
Pleased with the different hues & shapes—  
He's India lawns, or Canton crapes.
- 8 He's China and he's Bristol ware,  
Whose colours are both rich and rare :  
He views his goods with cheerful smiles,  
While they are heaped piles on piles !
- 9 He labours hard his place to fill,  
While doctors try the lance and pill :  
The lawyers in their office sit,  
Most nimbly draw or fill the writ.
- 10 They send their sheriffs round the street,  
Some feeble debtors *for* to meet;  
Tho' in the midst of poverty,  
Extract from them a generous fee !
- 11 Cobblers and tailors, in their place—  
While barbers trim and shave the face :  
Bakers and brewers join the train,  
Each labouring hard for wealth and fame.
- 12 Carpenters and blacksmiths too,  
Their steady courses (*each*) pursue :  
Joiners and masons, each defines  
*Their* work to please, and suit the times.
- 13 Those city trades, which I have pen'd,  
Do on each other oft depend.  
Groat cities, like a sturdy tree,  
All of one mass, *they* seem to be.
- 14 But time would fail me here to shew  
Half of their works to *public* view :

This must suffice, (I here do say,)  
To be revised another day.

## POEM LXI.

GOD'S ETERNAL POWER AND GOODNESS.

- Eternal Power, whose blissful ray  
Graces the morn and lights the day,  
Expels the darkness of the night,  
And bids the sun dispense its light.
- 2 The sun obeys his great command,  
Sends forth his rays to every land;  
His golden rays with grace descend,  
To every clime their favours lend.
- 3 God bids the sun pursue his race,  
Marks out his road, appoints his place;  
His Maker's voice he does revere,  
Keeps on his way from year to year.
- 4 The western world enjoys his smiles;  
He lights the face of eastern isles,  
Sends forth his rays from north to south,  
Blesses the aged and the youth.
- 5 Great God, thy works are vast and high  
Beyond the clouds or rolling sky—  
Ten thousand suns, in unbound space,  
With worlds unnumber'd, show their face.
- 6 There good and ill set up their claims;  
There science guides with steady reins;

And the Eternal rules alone,  
With worlds unnumber'd round his throne.

7 There wisdom shines in bright array,  
And God in truth supports the day :  
It's far beyond the power of thought—  
There suns and worlds are nobly wrought.

8 This God deserves the highest praise;  
He is the ancient King of Days :  
No eye can reach the utmost bound  
Of him who walks an endless round.

9 Then cease, frail mortal, dont pretend,  
Nor think to scan Great Nature's Friend,  
No sense nor reason can explain  
That God who holds a ceaseless reign.

### POEM LXII.

#### THE SEAMAN'S HAPPY CLOSE OF LIFE.

Now I am old and feeble,  
My work is almost done;  
But, in youth, was brave and hearty,  
Through many dangers run.  
I've cross'd the briny ocean,  
Where the raging billows roar,  
Split the waves, seamen's graves,  
Quite a distance from the shore.

2 I've visited the Indies,  
I've cruised the China Sea—

O'er the Pacifick Ocean,  
Where winds were blowing free.  
There sharks were seen in plenty,  
And whales did spout and foam,  
Smaller fish, for the dish,  
Through those waters *they* did roam.

3 I've visited old England,  
Both Holland, France and Spain;  
And to the coast of Egypt;  
And then return'd again—  
I've enter'd noble cities,  
That made a fine display :  
Every street was complete,  
And their houses neat and gay.

4 Their palaces and temples  
Were most exquisite fine;  
While domes and spires were reared,  
High in the air did shine.  
There monarchs, kings, and nobles,  
(Each enter'd with his train,)  
Made a show, you may know,  
And with rigour they did reign.

5 What majesty and splendour,  
Through all those cities run !  
There carriages were rolling,  
Each dazling in the sun :  
There royalists were sporting,  
They lived in wealth and ease,  
While the poor, round their door,  
Were begging on their knees.



- 6 When I survey those places,  
And bring them near to view;  
And see how many dangers,  
That I have passed through;  
They give me strong sensations,  
(When I do look them o'er,)  
Wakes, in me, the dread sea,  
Which in youth I did explore.
- 7 I've stood both wind and weather,  
My heart oft rack'd with pain;  
Oft stranded on a leeshore,  
Or tossed on the main :  
I've served as a seaman,  
A captain and a mate,  
Where the rain, on the main,  
And the lightning oft did meet.
- 8 I've joined fleets and armies,  
By land and on the sea;  
And oft, in dreadful dangers,  
To God I bow'd the knee :  
I've call'd on the great Author,  
Who wings the stormy sea—  
He can save from the grave,  
And make the spirit free.
- 9 But now I have retired  
To a peculiar spot :  
My limbs will shortly wither,  
And all my members rot :  
But he, who wings the ocean,  
And manages the wave,  
Can as well save from hell,  
And raise me from the grave.

- 10 I hope my humble spirit  
Will roam the courts above,  
And, in my blessed Saviour,  
Share largely in his love :  
And in my Father's presence  
Stand happy and complete :  
'Midst the crowns, walk the rounds,  
And forever near his seat.
- 11 My countrymen and nation,  
I bid you all farewell;  
May you, as happy brothers,  
In love and union dwell.  
Beware of sore oppression;  
Be meek and harmless too,  
Till you meet, near his seat,  
Who can look creation through.

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 POEM LXIII.

## THE LORD'S GOODNESS.

- God's wond'rous works to us unfold,  
Their beauties never can be told;  
Nor height nor depth can e'er be seen  
By men upon this broad terrene.
- 2 God's works appear in various forms;  
He rules the calm, and wings the storms,  
Adorns the spring with fruitful flowers,  
Directs the tides, and states its hours.

3 To men, bequeaths his liberal aid,  
 Blesses the beasts of every grade:  
 He bids the plants in prospect grow,  
 While ants, beneath their leaves, do go.

4 Humbles the proud, exalts the meek,  
 Pities the Jew and dying Greek;  
 Descends to men in various ways,  
 And tunes their lips to sing his praise.

5 Thou wonderful God, mysterious king,  
 Who would not love, thy praise to sing,  
 And join with some angelick throng,  
 To chant aloud some noble song?

6 O may thy praise be sung aloud,  
 While thunders roll and rend the cloud;  
 And rain *descend*, with clattering sound,  
 May praise be sung by all around.

7 With tuneful notes let us adore,  
 While winds do beat and tempests roar,  
 And sing to God with all our hearts;  
 Some noble gifts he'll then impart.

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### POEM LXIV.

#### HYMN OF PRAISE.

Now to the Lord a noble song,  
 With cheerful lips we sing:  
 To him all glory does belong,  
 And every blissful thing.

2 May every tuneful heart prepare  
 To sound his praise abroad;  
 Each is the favorite of his care,  
 And purchase of his blood.

3 Come ancient men and ladies too,  
 The children and the youth,  
 Keep Jesus ever in your view,  
 The fount of every truth.

4 O may his praise be sung aloud  
 By all created tongues,  
 And join with the angelic crowd,  
 With strong, immortal lungs.

5 The glorious Sun of Righteousness,  
 Our noblest praise demands:  
 He aids the stranger in distress,  
 That follows his commands.

6 All his commands are clean and pure,  
 Light our beclouded eyes;  
 To endless years they will endure,  
 When time and nature dies.

7 Though time and nature both may cease  
 With creatures here below,  
 We hope they'll reach a land of peace,  
 Where joys forever flow.

8 Where peace, in rich profusion springs,  
 And crowns of endless joy;  
 Where tongues immortal ever sing;  
 And praise is their employ.

9 May praise be sung by all below,  
 While it is sung above;



May heaven and earth in union grow,  
And bask in endless love.

—  
POEM LXV.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE ARE CONSPICUOUS, AND MAY BE TRACED, BY THE PERSON OF DEVOUT CONTEMPLATION, WITH RAPTURE AND DELIGHT.

The wonders of nature  
Are lofty and gay,  
Impressing the senses  
With their grand display:  
Its wonders are such,  
That we cannot explore,  
While the tempests do beat,  
Or the billows do roar.

2 What glory and beauty  
Gives shine to the stars!  
What fairness in Venus,  
What lustre in Mars;  
Great Jupiter's largeness,  
Attention commands:  
He shows his great body  
To kingdoms and lands.

3 The Sun and the Moon,  
Like a king and a queen;  
In every climate,  
Their faces are seen:

O'er the zones, (both the torrid  
And frigid) they shine;  
In one common favor  
They seem to combine.

4 The Father of Nature,  
And Parent of Time  
Has graced each planet,  
That brilliantly shine;  
Gives motion or action  
To every star,  
That rolls in broad ether,  
Both near and afar.

5 But let us leave heaven!—  
To earth we'll descend—  
There see what rare beauties  
Can on it be pen'd—  
There nature does vary  
In hue or in shape—  
'Twould puzzle an artist,  
The whole to relate!

6 See trees of the forest  
Both lofty and gay—  
There birds are a singing  
And chanting their lay;  
The hills and the mountains  
Enchantingly ring,  
While birds of the forest  
Unitedly sing.

7 What joy tunes their voices  
At each coming day!  
While they are high mounted

On every spray!  
The streams they do pass  
In sweet murmurs along,  
While the birds are a singing  
And chanting their song.

8 The birds of the forest  
Each differ in grade:  
Yet, one common author  
This difference has made.  
In size and in plumage,  
In shape and in name,  
And yet by one author  
They graciously came.

9 While the birds are a singing  
And gracing the wood,  
And anxiously seeking  
For their daily food;  
The fishes are gliding  
Along in the stream;  
By tribes in good order,  
They joyfully team.

10 The birds and the fishes,  
One author has made:  
They differ in fashion,  
In taste, name, and grade:  
And while they inhabit  
The land or the sea,  
Are pleased with their order,  
Wherever they be.

11 But the fowls of the air,  
And the fish of the sea,

Are not so ingenious  
As the nimble bee!  
He draws from the flowers  
And roses some sweet,  
And safely conveys it  
To his humble seat.

12 Commencing his labors  
Right early in spring,  
Through groves and through orchards,  
Enchantingly sing;  
Industrious and prudent  
In th' highest degree—  
No creature more active  
Than the nimble bee.

13 How instinct does vary  
In every grade!—  
The spiders—they seem  
To be weavers by trade.  
The mole, like a farmer,  
Does furrow the ground,  
And in his hard labor  
His meats *they* are found.

14 The ants on the mole hill,  
Their forts do erect,—  
The bug falls a victim—  
The worm they attack—  
And like a republic,  
They maintain their ground,  
And keep in good order,  
Wherever they're found.



15 How vast are thy works,  
Thou great parent of time!  
Each object was formed  
For some good design:  
There's nothing to add,  
There's nought to abate;  
In infinite wisdom,  
All things are complete.

16 Then let us leave folly,  
From madness depart,  
Forbid every murmur  
To enter the heart;  
And maintain good order  
Wherever we be,  
In time be prepared  
For an infinite sea.

---

POEM LXVI.

ON TIME.

How sweet are the moments of time!  
More precious than silver or gold!  
Impressing some noble design—  
Their value can never be told.

2 Time makes not a moment's delay  
To favor the king or the prince—  
How swiftly it passes away;  
Some good in its walk to dispense!

3 Time calls for the diligent hand,  
Bids *Prudence* be temperate and wise,

Sends favors to every land,  
And blesses them all as he flies.

4 Time never was maimed or halt;  
But constantly keeps on the wing—  
He taxes the idle *in* fault,  
Who view it a trifling thing.

5 Time in eternity dwells,  
Or wades in that infinite sea!  
Each subject in love he compels,  
Or bids them from folly to flee.

6 Time is the place to prepare  
For things of the highest degree:  
May each by *their* actions declare  
Those blessings *they* hope for to see.

7 The present can only be known—  
The future and past are not here—  
So let us draw near to His throne,  
Who bids us his name to revere.

8 Time in its travel will sweep  
Each creature that dwells on the earth,  
In silence for ever to sleep,  
Or actively seek a new path.

9 But let us not stop at the grave,  
Nor lay down our hope in the dust,  
Since Jesus is mighty to save,  
And promis'd our *caverns* to burst.

10 Then time let us learn to improve,  
And all its sweet favors to trace;  
While heaven's bestowing its love,  
May we be the sowers of grace;

11 Oppression be drove from the land,  
Benevolence light up the day;  
Pure righteousness get the command,  
And charity bear all away.

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POEM LXVII.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Now I am old, my locks are gray;  
My eyes grow dim, my teeth decay;  
My breath—it gives a poor *perfume*;  
My body bending to the tomb;  
And death, with his *emporean* sway,  
Will soon command my flesh away.

2 How strange the scene of life appears!  
Once I was young and free from cares;  
No anxious thought perplex'd my head;  
My sleep was quiet on my bed;  
Each prospect then was bright and fair,  
Like roses waving in the air.

3 How swift my moments stole away!  
Nor had I learn'd the least decay—  
My health was firm, my limbs were good,  
And I could well digest my food:  
The springs of life did all unite  
To fill the mind with sweet delight.

4 I did esteem young company;  
With them I ever chose to be;

They fill'd my mind with joy and mirth,  
Increased my pleasures then on earth;  
Nor from them could I e'er depart;  
But press'd them strongly to my heart.

5 But now my wintry state is come;  
My youthful pleasures—they are gone!  
The chilly winds of age do blow,  
Strewing my path with frost and snow;  
No wafting gales of sweet delight  
To cheer my day and grace my night.

6 The enchanting scenes of life are fled,  
While I draw near the sleeping dead:  
The lamp put out, or candle blown,  
Will leave my temple with a groan!  
The light of life no more will shine,  
This soul and body to combine.

7 But life will wing its wond'rous way  
To climes of everlasting day,  
And leave behind all anxious care,  
No mortal state or fiends to fear;  
There young and old may well unite  
In climes of everlasting light.

8 There parents (who have burst the tomb)  
May on their children shed perfume;  
Their jarring interests will be gone,  
And chang'd for some angelick song:  
There peace and love may e'er be found,  
In climes beyond this partial ground.

9 There trees immortal ever stand,  
Pure zephyrs wafting thro' the land;



There seraphs fly and tune their lays,  
And sing the highest notes of praise:  
There young and old will *each* agree  
To bathe in one eternal sea.

### POEM LXVIII.

#### CREATIVE WISDOM.

Creative Power, with his smiling charms,  
From east to west he spreads his arms:  
He holds the curtains of the north,  
And by his skill supports the south.

2 He sends the wind the circuits round;  
He bids it keep within its bound;  
The hail and rain ride on its wings,  
Till on the earth its force it flings.

3 The canopy above our heads  
He's tinged well with lights and shades;  
The stars, like clusters on the vine,  
Show forth his wisdom all divine.

4 The sun is like a golden lamp;  
Millions of stars surround his camp;  
Bids each to shine with borrow'd light;  
Like candles, lights them up by night.

5 Etherial world, thou lovely fair,  
What beauties can with thee compare?  
Or show such wonder or delight  
As thou *presents* both day and night?

6 There harmony and order *stands*,  
To grace the heavens and bless the lands;  
There wisdom shines in bright array,  
To grace the night and lead the day.

7 But not to climes of lofty height  
Has God confin'd his power and might;  
But still new wonders fair and free,  
Bestrew the earth and rolling sea.

8 The earth is strew'd with various flowers,  
From burning sands to northern bowers;  
They grace the pastures and the fields;  
Ten thousand sweets their fragrance yields.

9 The lily, dress'd in red and white,  
Meets our fond fancy with delight;  
The pink and rose, both red to view,  
Magnolia white, and violet blue.

10 There various hues of lovely dye,  
*Each* charm the sense and chant the eye:  
They spread sweet odours all around,  
In every clime where they are found.

11 In India and in Africa,  
Where Sol pours down his torrid ray,  
They crown the hills and grace the vales,  
Will stand the wind or poison gales.

12 Where Sol pours down his fervent heat,  
There lions seek a cool retreat:  
Tigers and leopards roam the wood,  
In various ways, to seek their food.

13 There elephants infest the groves,  
And camels pass along in droves;

There serpents dwell, whose length and size  
Would strike our senses with surprise.

14 Vast are thy works, mysterious God,  
Both on the earth and in the flood:  
While lions through the woods do roam,  
Great whales thro' deeps do spout & foam.

15 What different things *presents* to view,  
While we do walk creation through:  
They serve to keep our thoughts in play,  
Amuse our minds from day to day.

16 The stars in heaven, that freely shine,  
With flowers and beasts, do well combine  
To celebrate the name of God,  
Who wings the air and heaves the flood.

17 All hail! thou great creative Power!  
Who *paints* the field and shady bower:  
To thee I will my heart resign,  
Who *aids* my pen to grace my rhyme.

### POEM LXIX.

#### AFFLICTION.

O'erwhelm'd with grief, sunk down with wo,  
While sorrows strew the path I go,  
A veil is drawn around my head,  
And painted sackcloth on my bed.

2 Contempt is poured from every part,  
While foes abuse and friends desert,

And no Samaritan is found  
To rear me up and cure my wound.

3 While I lie cleaving to the dust,  
What vengeance o'er my head is burst!  
I hear the thundering of the law!  
While lions roar and tigers gnaw!

4 Gall has become my constant food,  
My daily grief is oft renew'd;  
My bones are dry, my heart is broke,  
My flesh dissolving like the smoke!

5 Where is that Arm that saves the just?  
That led the chosen tribes at first,  
Broke off their bands and set them free,  
And led them thro' the briny sea?

6 That Arm that's ever strong and free  
Surrounds the heaven, the earth and sea;  
It bids defiance to the knave,  
Supports the weak and guards the brave.

7 May that high Arm in triumph bring  
My soul where saints and angels sing;  
Where lovely sounds pour on the ear,  
And songs of beauty crown the year.

8 O may that Arm that gives support,  
Exceed the bulwarks of a fort,  
Preserve my soul from every sin,  
Let no uncleanness enter in.

9 I thank the Lord, he heard my cry,  
And cast on me a pitying eye,  
Gives me a savor of his grace,  
To join his sons, the human race.



10 My nature I'll resign to fate;  
 No more my sorrows I'll relate:  
 Though grief and sorrow (*each*) annoy,  
 I hope they'll end with perfect joy.

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POEM LXX.

GOD'S HOLY PROVIDENCE.

Great is the Lord, exalted high,  
 In him I'll ever trust;  
 On his commands I will rely,  
 Lest I should die accurs'd.

2 For his commands are clean and pure:  
 From them I'll never stray;  
 Through grief and sorrow I'll endure,  
 And keep my wond'rous way.

3 Tho' grief should break my bleeding heart,  
 And sorrows bear me down;  
 I hope to act a noble part,  
 And gain a princely crown.

4 Tho' storms arise and billows roar,  
 And beat upon my soul;  
 I'll lay my claim at mercy's door,  
 Where crystal waters roll.

5 I'll fly to God, my wonderful Chief,  
 He will his grace display,  
 Who sent salvation to the thief  
 On his expiring day,

6 Mercy and truth shall guide my feet,  
 Thro' this dark wilderness;  
 And lead me safe at Jesus' feet,  
 A throne of righteousness.

7 Though affliction rise and swell,  
 And mists surround my head;  
 May I escape the rage of hell,  
 And all its force evade.

8 Far from the land of noise and strife,  
 May I remove away,  
 And land at last in endless life,  
 Where Jesus lights the day.

9 With thrones and powers beneath his feet,  
 As small inferior things,  
 He'll call them all before his seat,  
 And well reprove their kings.

10 He'll guard the weak, support the strong  
 The timorous and the brave;  
 He'll give to each a noble song,  
 And well perfume *their* grave.

11 Then let us trust his promis'd grace,  
 And follow his command,  
 Until we meet him face to face,  
 In heaven's delightful land.

## POEM LXXI.

## PRODIGALS.

How brisk are the gallant and gay,  
 Their pockets when filled with cash!  
 Most idly they spend all the day,  
 And at night in lewd company dash.

2 How lofty and proud is their talk!  
 Their necks they refuse for to bend—  
 Quite often we find in their talk,  
 Some bitter expressions they send!

3 They pompously whiff the cigar,  
 And swell at the snap of the whip!—  
 Sweet parental feelings they mar,  
 And every endearment they nip.

4 The prodigal sons, to be sure,  
 Do ever give loose to their rein;  
 Despising all counsel that's pure,  
 Their filthy designs for to gain.

5 When parents are said to be rich,  
 Great treasures are laid up in store;  
 How this does their children bewitch,  
 When they do those treasures explore!

6 The gig, and the chaise, and the stage,  
 Consume what their parents do gain:—  
 Those prodigal sons do engage  
 In filth and corruption to reign.

7 While Jenney and Bridget and Sue  
 Are partners with them in the chase;  
 Their heart broken parents do rue,  
 And feel both the shame and disgrace.

8 Ye prodigal sons now be wise,  
 Lest you should your parents destroy:  
 Pursue not the forgers of lies,  
 But enlist in the Saviour's employ.

9 Come take a seat now with the wise,  
 Or stand by the muses's board;  
 Shoot folly wherever it flies,  
 And give up yourselves to the Lord.

10 Abolish your filthy pursuits,  
 To virtue *become* as your friend:  
 Tear up every vice by the roots,  
 Your life and your parents defend.

11 May wisdom now lead you in truth,  
 And prudence keep close by your side:  
 Let temperance give shine to your youth,  
 While you on life's ocean do glide.

## POEM LXXII.

CHILDREN REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR IN  
 THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

Come children, now in youthful bloom,  
 Think on the grave and yawning tomb:



Tho' now like roses you appear,  
Your life is at stake from year to year,

2 Your tender flesh will soon decay;  
In yonder grave you'll waste away,  
And all your beauty will be lost,  
Like roses nipped by the frost.

3 Death like a scythe will mow you down;  
It favors not the wit or clown:  
The king and beggar each must fall—  
Death is the lot and end of all.

4 Soon death will send his poison dart,  
And point his arrow at your heart:—  
He is a marksman, (each may know,)  
When he takes aim we all must go.

5 He takes the children from the breast,  
By fierce disease destroys their rest;  
Introduces pain within,  
While anguish seizes every limb.

6 Children and youth—you cannot stand  
When death presents his dread command:  
As Adam was your root at first,  
So you must die and turn to dust.

7 Then trust in him, who, (it is said,)  
Has power to raise the sleeping dead,  
Can satisfy your every wish,  
And clothe your spirits all afresh.

8 He'll burst the grave, unlock the tomb,  
Shed on your heads a rich perfume;  
Like lilies, make you fresh and fair,  
To breathe in sweet celestial air.

9 Come Holy Spirit from above,  
Give us a foretaste of thy love;  
Distil in us thy holy leaven,  
And land us safe with thee in heaven.

### POEM LXXIII.

#### THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR BEING IL- LITERATE, &c.

Tho' I am poor, my learning slim,  
A noble college I am in;  
Jesus, my tutor, priest, and king,  
He tunes my heart and lips to sing.

2 This college is great nature's frame:  
(It was its past and present name.)  
Four volumes, Jesus loans to me,  
The heavens, the earth, the air, and sea.

3 Those Books deserve the highest claim;  
Through them our knowledge chiefly came:  
David, a man of power and might,  
He studied them with much delight.

4 The heavens—what glory they declare!  
The earth with fruits is rich and rare!  
The air with fowls bequeaths its grace!  
The sea presents its finny race.

5 How rich and rare is nature's book,  
On every field we gaze and look!

We turn it over leaf by leaf,  
Praise and adore our wond'rous Chief,

6 Jesus for me does now engage;  
He points me on from page to page;  
He leads me on from west to east,  
Upon great nature's works to feast.

7 He shows me men of different casts,  
From burning zones to northern blasts;  
Kingdoms and parties brings to view—  
And makes me pass in *one review*.

8 See folly wisdom try to rule!  
'Twill always act the silly fool!  
Bluster and storm around the land,  
And oft assume the great command!

9 But empty heads and barren hearts  
Do often meet their just deserts;  
They plunge from their ascended height,  
And sink into a dismal night!

10 Lord grant that man in every clime,  
(While they are on the shores of time,)  
May all submit, receive thy grace,  
Enjoy the smiles of Jesus's face.

11 Come high and low, both rich and poor,  
See Jesus Christ the humble Door:  
Enter his courts by doing well,  
Then you'll escape the snares of hell.

## POEM LXXIV.

THE LORD, GREAT AND GOOD.

Eternal springs of Endless Life  
Support the general frame;  
Without confusion, noise or strife,  
Forever will remain.

2 God looks with unobscured eye  
O'er all his vast domain;  
While round him winged seraphs fly,  
And all approve his reign.

3 His eye surveys the vast extent  
Of the great universe:  
While wisdom to each clime is sent  
T' enrich the wondrous mass.

4 What *rapid strides* th' Eternal takes!  
He steps from clime to clime!  
His rule nor order ever breaks,  
Nor fails in one design!

5 The general frame of nature stands  
Complete before his face:  
All worlds do move at his commands,  
And each supplies its place.

6 Nothing to add or to abate:—  
All things are ballanced well;  
Are drawn by love or press'd by fate—  
The chain—it holds on still.

7 Let us adore the Eternal Name,  
And spread his fame abroad:—



All nature is his wondrous frame,  
Who walks the etherial road.

8 Yet he draws near to feeble men,  
And fills them with delight:  
He manages the poet's pen,  
And prompts him how to write.

9 Father, we bless thy wondrous name,  
May praise be our employ:  
We'll sound aloud thy deeds of fame,  
And tell the world our joy.

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POEM LXXV.

EVERY THING ANIMATE AND INANI-  
MATE UNITE TO SHEW FORTH THE  
PRAISES OF THE LORD.

Father we will thy name rehearse:  
Thy name demands exalted verse:  
Both rhyme and prose should *each* combine  
To praise thy name in every line.

2 May every line some praises bring,  
Some tuneful notes that all may sing;  
And every sentence on record,  
Unite to bless and praise the Lord.

3 May sun and moon unite to praise;  
While heated comets burn and blaze;  
With the broad space of airy blue,  
Where stars in millions heave in view.

4 May earth and sea (*each*) clap their  
hands,

With all the Adamical bands;  
May heaven and nature join and bring  
Some noble song, that all may sing.

5 Great Nature, with its numerous host,  
Should in Jehovah ever boast:  
And all its parts, with one accord,  
Should *each* unite to praise the Lord.

6 May elephants of hill-like size,  
With frogs and toads and shining flies,  
And storks and cranes, (whose legs are  
long,)  
*Each* sing or chant their different song.

7 While lions, tigers, wolves, and bears;  
Whales, sharks, and porpoise, each declares  
A praise to God, in different shapes—  
With eagles, swans, and cunning apes.

8 To praise the Lord, may creatures join;  
Both the rough goat, and fish that shine;  
With the meek dove, and timorous lamb;  
Each flying fish, and crawling clam.

9 With the ichneumen of the east,  
Each horned ox, and warlike beast;  
(While men and angels *onward* gaze,)  
With fire and storms, forever praise.

10 The nightingale, who tunes her lay,  
With lark and linnet on the spray—  
With tuneful notes they *each* declare,  
That God their maker's praise is there.

11 While pikes do glide the shallow stream,  
Broad deeps the dolphin *doth* convene;  
Each towering wave he passes through,  
Great ships and brigs, will oft pursue.

12 Those creatures, Lord, thy praise de-  
clare,

While bees do shout it through the air,  
With cheerful smiles, *salutes* the bloom,  
*Draws* sweet, and *gathers* rich perfume.

13 And while the bees improve the day,  
The lambs and larger cattle play:  
Around the pastures, see them rove,  
Or thro' the meadows and the grove.

14 The pastures and the shady grove,  
Where birds do sing, and flocks do rove,  
(Some generous blessings each does bring,)  
As parts of nature, join and sing.

15 May songs of joy and praise abound  
To God who walks a trackless round:—  
Through unknown wastes, or trackless void,  
May all agree to praise the Lord.

16 Where unknown seas like thunder roar,  
With dreadful surges, dash the shore,  
There hard-faced rocks maintain the bound,  
Lest hostile waves the earth should drown.

17 These rolling seas and flinty rocks,  
The grovelling swine, and timorous flocks,  
All worms and conies (*each*) declare  
That God their maker's praise is there.

18 Both monsoon winds and poisonous  
gales,

Each wafting breeze, where seaman sails,  
They all God's praises do declare:  
With men who breathe in softer air.

19 May fleets and armies, that appear  
On earth's broad face, or ocean steer—  
In arts and arms may they combine,  
To praise that God who is divine.

### POEM LXXVI.

#### A VIEW OF YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

How brilliant are the youth!

(Their faces shining,)

When they are fill'd with truth,  
And love combining!

They're like the lilies gay,

Or roses blooming,

Or pinks, that grace the day,

The air perfuming.

2 What pleasures strew their path

In which they are going;

If they are free from wrath;

And union flowing:

Their eyes with lustre shine,

Their cheeks are glowing;

Their hearts with love combine,

Sweet passions flowing.



- 3 Their locks in ringlets hang  
To adorn their faces:  
No Homer e'er could pen  
Or show their graces!  
Their lungs are like a harp  
When it is tuned;  
Will some sweet airs impart,  
If rightly pruned.
- 4 Their breasts are filled with milk,  
Their bones with marrow:  
Their hands are soft as silk  
Or downy sparrow!  
This beauty—it will fade  
Like yonder roses,  
Be laid in death's cold shade,  
Like pinks and poses.
- 5 This beauty will decay,  
It's not disputed;  
In age will fade away,  
Though strongly rooted.  
The chilly winds of age  
Spoil youthful glory,  
Give wrinkles to the sage,  
And head that's hoary.
- 6 When riper stages come  
To those advanced,  
They view a brighter sun,  
Or light enhanced:  
They tune their hearts to sing  
In the midst of trouble;  
Eternal offerings bring,  
For time's a bubble.

- 7 They tune their joyful lays  
On the shores of nature,  
In noble songs of praise  
To their creator.  
May young and old agree,  
(Ere time it closes,)  
To grace the land and sea,  
Like pinks and poses.
- 8 May heaven and nature join,  
In the bonds of pleasure,  
To praise the great Divine,  
Their life and treasure:  
To celebrate his praise,  
(Ere time it closes)  
And well unite our lays  
With "the song of Moses."

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POEMLXXVII.

CHILDREN'S REFLECTIONS ON THE LOSS  
OF PARENTS.

- Let us repair to yonder tomb,  
Amidst the horrors of the gloom;  
Where lie our parents once so kind—  
Within these walls they are consigned.
- 2 Those fostering hands that wip'd the  
tear,  
That comb'd the head with tender care—  
No more they'll pass around our head,  
Or place the pillow on the bed.

3 Those lovely hands our wants supply'd;  
Our food prepared, our clothing dried;  
They rear'd us up both night and day,  
And every want they chased away.

4 Those pleasing scenes—they now are o'er;  
Their active forms we see no more:  
But cold in death their bodies lay—  
Long may they wait the approach of day!

5 Once they were active full of care;  
Robust and hearty, fresh and fair,  
Their reason bright, their senses good,  
They *anxious* labour'd for our food.

6 But now their active forms are gone—  
No more with us they do belong—  
In the pale regions of the dead,  
The loathsome tomb is now their bed.

7 Their sleep or slumber we deplore—  
If sleep—*why do they never snore?*  
Or turn or stir within their cell,  
And prove to us that all is well?

8 But ah! 'Tis death! it's death indeed!  
A death, that was by heaven decreed!  
As Adam was our root at first,  
So we must die and turn to dust.

9 Within the tomb we all must lay,  
Or dusty graves to waste away—  
We each shall moulder back to dust,  
Join with that mass that claim'd us first.

10 But still, like vapors we may rise,  
And claim our friends below the skies.

And some sweet comforts to them bring,  
Join them in prayer, and help them sing!

11 May not our winged spirits fly  
Through airy blue or vaulted sky?—  
Or wing the ocean or the land—  
If rear'd by grace or God's command?—

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POEM LXXVIII.

"EVERY VALLEY SHALL BE FILLED, AND  
EVERY MOUNTAIN BROUGHT LOW."

All hail ye great powers,  
That spread the flowing deep,  
That meted out the ocean,  
And gave it bounds to keep;  
That rear'd the towering mountains,  
And bid them where to stand—  
And *each* like kings and monarchs,  
*Are* looking o'er the land—

2 Although they are reared  
To such a high degree,  
That many of their summits  
Are often seen at sea;  
With all their dread and majesty,  
They're shaken to their bound,  
When thunder storms and lightning  
Encompass them around.



- 3 Great torrents of water  
Are pour'd upon their head;  
Huge rocks are removed,  
And tossed from their bed,  
Are drove, with force and vengeance,  
Straight down the mountain sides:  
(And often it is called  
Or term'd the "mountain slides.")
- 4 Some mountains *they* tremble,  
By strange volcanick fires,  
Almost a real emblem  
Of cruel kings' desires:  
They vomit out hot lava,  
And throw it far around:  
And many a brave fellow  
Has trembled at the sound.
- 5 Tho' mountains are reared  
So eminently tall,  
There savage beasts are ranging,  
And deadly reptiles crawl!  
Those mountains are unfruitful;  
There nought but moss will grow:  
They constantly are covered  
With chilly frost and snow.
- 6 Tho' mountains are reared  
And standing *reefs* on *reefs*,  
They very much resemble  
Some haughty kings and chiefs.  
While pleasant hills and vallies  
Are standing far below,  
Where pleasant streams are gliding,  
Or liquid waters flow.

- 7 The hills and the vallies,  
Their humble stations keep:  
There oxen are *a* grazing,  
And sportive lambs do leap.  
There sheep and cows are ranging,  
While calves do skip and play—  
(Tho' oft in shady places,  
Amid the blaze of day.)
- 8 The hills and the vallies,  
What blessings each bestows!  
There lovely corn is reared,  
And wheat in plenty grows;  
And every loaded blessing  
Is found upon their race;  
(Presented by hard labor,)  
As tokens of their grace!
- 9 The hills and the vallies,  
The beauty of the earth—  
Beside the groves and orchards,  
We find the publick path;  
There splendid coaches *passes*  
And the teamsters gang along;  
And the merry farmers smiling,  
Repeats the shepherd's song.
- 10 While mountains and monarchs,  
Few blessings *each* bestow—  
Right from their lofty summits,  
Oppressive winds do blow,  
And threaten devastation  
On tender plants around;  
Both in the fertile vallies,  
Or hills where they abound.

11 May earth be renewed,  
 And show a smoother face,  
 And every part be strewed  
 With men of milder grace;  
 The vallies be exalted,  
 And mountains pass away,  
 Equality abounding,  
*And bring the welcome day.*

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POEM LXXIX.

HUMBLE REQUEST.

Come all ye sons of Adam  
 That strew the sea or land,  
 Subject yourselves to order,  
 And firmly by it stand:  
 Submit yourselves to heaven,  
 Now by a firm decree—  
 'Twill be your safe protection  
 By land and on the sea.

2 Submission and good order,  
 Is heaven's first decree:  
 May it pervade the ocean,  
 And harmonize the sea:  
 May all the sons of Adam  
 Now imitate the Son,  
 And lay aside all malice,  
 In love and union run.

3 Pure order regarded,  
 Embrac'd by old and young;

Confusion be discarded,  
 And right be said or sung;  
 And all the sons of Adam  
 Made happy, brisk and free,  
 To walk this earthly region,  
 Or sail the flowing sea.

4 Let madness and folly  
 Be banished far away,  
 And justice, peace, and union,  
 Restore a welcome day.  
 May glory, peace and honour  
 Be proclaimed free,  
 Bestrew this earthly region,  
 And crown the flowing sea.

5 May reverence be given  
 To him who built the sky,  
 Directs the flaming comet,  
 And bids it where to fly;  
 That well directs the ocean,  
 And manages the wave,  
 Gives blessings in devotion,  
 The sons of men to save.

6 To him, the sons of Adam  
 Should humbly bow the knee,  
 And not refuse his orders.  
 By land or on the sea:  
 He calls them all to order,  
 Lets his request be known;  
 And each, without exception,  
 Should bow before his throne.

7 May all the sons of Adam  
 As happy brothers stand,



And charity and union  
 Their spirits (*each*) command,  
 And bind them in one bundle,  
 By love, no more to part;  
 And friendship be their order  
 Till grace refines the heart.

8 And when the scenes of nature  
 Shall all be laid aside;  
 And earth with all its pleasures,  
 With the old rolling tide;  
 May higher scenes of glory  
 With wonder be unfurl'd,  
 Beyond a painted story,  
 In the eternal world.

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POEM LXXX.

SORROWS OF A HARD HEART.

1 I sink in sorrow and in woe,  
 In grief I spend the day;  
 Hard fortunes strew the path I go,  
 And pleasures flee away.

2 I cry for help, but all in vain,  
 No voice salutes my ear;  
 In bitterness endure the pain,  
 Throughout the rolling year.

3 Every effort proves in vain,  
 I sink beneath the load,

Subject myself to grief and pain,  
 And walk the tiresome road.

4 My heart is like a desert ground,  
 Where all the springs are dry;  
 In it no cheering fruit is found,  
 Nor flowers to charm the eye.

5 It's quite unlike that flinty rock  
 That Moses split in twain;  
 That well supplied the chosen flock,  
 Relieved their thirst and pain.

6 But mine is harder than the flint,  
 No waters from it flow;  
 Tho' in secret I relent,  
 The harder seems to grow!

7 While I lie cleaving to the dust,  
 I pant for life divine;  
 I call on God, my only trust,  
 And flesh and heart resign.

8 Come, Lord, and break my flinty heart,  
 And make the waters flow;  
 Some grace and truth to me impart,  
 Bid faith and love to grow.

9 The Lord *he* heard my bitter cry,  
 He soon inclined his ear,  
 He pitied every groan and sigh,  
 And chas'd away my fear.

10 He cheer'd this sinking heart of mine,  
 He shew'd me joys to come:  
 Great was the grace of the Divine,  
 And high his honours run.

11 Here now I'll sit beneath his wings,  
I'll spread his fame abroad,  
Approve the notes that angels *sings*,  
And march the heavenly road.

12 I'll walk the path of truth and grace,  
Which leads to joys above;  
There meet my Saviour face to face,  
In climes of boundless love.

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POEM LXXXI.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A PECULIAR FRIEND  
ON SACO RIVER.

Though I now am in a hurry,  
Yet to you I'll stop and write,  
For I'm never in a flurry—  
Patience is my chief delight.

2 I'll pursue this painted beauty,  
And will keep her close in view:  
Though denied of wealth and booty,  
Virtue's path I will pursue.

3 Virtue is a granted favour,  
Oil of grace, our cheering love;  
Grant it may be ours for ever,  
Flowing from the courts above.

4 Grace I've seen on Saco River—  
It was near a little Pond—  
May it there remain for ever,  
Preserved by a precious bond

5 Grace from you is often flowing,  
Marks of it is felt abroad;  
And you'll reap what you are sowing,  
Tho' it's from a dusty sod.

6 He that sows will find a harvest,  
Reap in fields of boundless love;  
And will ever shine the fairest  
In unauullied climes above.

7 This I write to you, my brother,  
To remind you of past time,  
When we eat and slept together;  
Friendship was the chief design.

8 And this bond has not been broken,  
Held by all the ties above—  
So I write, and thus have spoken,  
Shewing forth our mutual love.

9 Sir, your generous form and visage  
Serve to deck my inner skies!  
When I see your active image,  
Cheers my heart and charms my eyes.

10 You to me are like a jewel  
Bolted in a diamond rock;  
Never proving false or cruel,  
By your actions or your talk.

11 But your liberal acts and favours  
Serve to lead my heart along:  
Those to me have proved as savours,  
And increas'd "the shepherd's song."

12 Though you sit among the princes,  
While I act the beggar's part.



Yet, if we have common senses,  
We are surely one in heart.

13 Rich and poor will meet together  
In eternal worlds to come;  
(Far from storms or squally weather,)   
If they have the Christian Sun.

14 Far from plagues or eastern fever,  
After logs or townships run;  
Leave them each or all together,  
Where no eastern fevers come.

15 Friend, your toil will soon be over,  
Logs and mills be laid aside,  
And your wealth (so well defended)  
Will no more by you be eyed.

16 Active mortal, sprightly creature,  
Full of wisdom and good sense;  
You, *who* like a shining meteor,  
Shortly will remove from hence.

17 Sad the hour—O fatal moment!  
When my friend shall so depart—  
Business cease and mills lie dormant,  
Wife and children feel the smart!

18 Badges of grief and vails of mourning—  
Each will spread the flowery lawn:  
Sackcloth veil the rising morning;  
Bells proclaim, "my friend is gone."

19 Wife and children of the purest,  
Each behold their dearest dear,  
And acknowledge him the *chiefest*,  
While they drop the flowing tear.

20 Hundreds in the country region,  
Who have feasted round thy board,  
And have eat thy rich provisions—  
It would pierce them like a sword.

21 Some might think this verse romantick;  
But thy worth cannot be told,  
Exceeds the amber of the Baltick,  
And outweighs the India gold.

22 Ophir's golden wedge or masses,  
Ne'er to me could be so dear—  
(All convey'd by stupid asses,  
By king Solomon far or near.)

23 God direct this hidden stranger;  
May innocence possess his heart:  
Lead him safely to the manger,  
There, the shepherds' song impart.

24 There's innocence from guilt secluded,  
Songs of joy for ever sung:  
All the ways of God are studied,  
Sin to moles and bats is flung.

25 In that place is peace and glory;  
Revelation plain to see:  
No such names as Whig and Tory—  
Each *have names* more rich and free.

26 Th' wise are golden gifts bestowing,  
Joined with frankincense and myrrh;  
Shepherd's songs most sweetly flowing,  
'Songs that happy souls prefer.'

## POEM LXXXII.

SACO RIVER FRIENDS, &amp;c.

- Upon the shores of Saco River,  
I have friends as free as life:—  
Noble husbands, (pleasant children,)  
Each possess a charming wife.
- 2 Husband, firm as Gibraltar,  
And in business ne'er give o'er,  
Nor in labours ever faulter,  
While the Saco falls do roar.
- 3 When the logs, in tumbling motion,  
O'er the sluices swiftly pour,  
(Floods increasing high devotion,)  
Then the mill-man saves his store.
- 4 Linger by the post or pillar,  
Never saves the floating mass—  
Calls th' attention of the mill-man,  
Not to let his timber pass.
- 5 Those are men I much admire;—  
When among them I have been,  
Help'd to grace my noble lyre,  
And awakes my nimble pen.
- 6 They are like the orb of beauty  
Throwing cheering beams around,  
Every day consulting duty,  
While their generous acts abound.
- 7 House and table, flowing dishes,  
To relieve the stranger's wants.

Crown'd with love and generous wishes;  
No cross looks or hateful haunts!

8 Lent their names to aid my poem,  
Follow'd by a generous sum;  
Pleaded not that "they were oweing,"  
But their lively feelings run.

9 Noble men of different stations,  
Lent their names my book to rear,  
Which may flow to unborn nations,  
Through the trackless ages steer!

10 The mechanick and the mill-man,  
Both have lent their liberal aid,  
Acting each as real freemen,  
Though they were of different trade.

11 Lawyers (though a kin to Moses)  
Acted like a Christian free:—  
(Their names exceed the fairest roses,  
That in Sharon e'er could be.)

12 Doctors too are well designing,  
Look'd my little poem o'er,  
And, with other names combining,  
Offer'd freely of their store.

13 Merchants with their lawn and gauzes,  
Cast no scornful eyes on me;  
Beheld my book, inquired its causes;  
My remark was, "Come and see."

14 Mix'd with elegance and beauty,  
Each subscribed his flowing name;  
Sailed to think they'd done their duty  
Hope'd they ne'er should be to blame.



- 15 The tavern keepers (*they were pleasant*)  
 Call'd me round their flowing board,  
 (And in manners each were fluent,)  
 Their assistance did afford:
- 16 Placed me at their flowing table,  
 (Or supplied me with a seat,)  
 Gave me such as they were able,—  
 (Pleasant bread and generous meat.)
- 17 Farmers, and the lively teamster,  
 Led by some internal ray,  
 (Both the aged and the youngster,)  
 Help to grace my noble lay.
- 18 Bless my friends in other places,  
 Eaton, Porter, Conway too:  
 Fill them with the richest graces,  
 For the favours which they shew.
- 19 May all who've shown me grace or fa-  
 vour,  
 In the various towns around,  
 Shine in grace, and live for ever,  
 And in Jesus Christ be found.
- 20 Bless my friends who sooth'd my sorrow,  
 Partly chased my grief away:—  
 Tho' I have no cause to borrow—  
 I'm supplied from day to day.
- 1 Friends to me are fast increasing,  
 Where I do for favours call:  
 When bless them without ceasing,  
 Thy richest favours fall.
- 7 Ho  
 To 1

- 22 Crown their tables, fill their dishes,  
 Clothe their beds and persons too,  
 Answer all their needful wishes;—  
 House and stable richly strew.
- 23 Crown them with abundant harvest;  
 Oil and wine to each impart.  
 Sons and daughters of the fairest,  
 Smiling wives with cheerful heart.
- 24 And when time shall be no longer,  
 But refuse her favours here;  
 May their graceful wings be stronger,  
 Through unsullied climes to steer:
- 25 Leave behind the humble manger,  
 Where was heard the shepherd's song,  
 Join with him they thought a stranger,  
 'Midst a vast angelick throng.

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 POEM LXXXIII.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

May you be placed in those unsullied  
 climes,  
 Where pleasure strews the walks, and  
 supports the times;  
 Where pleasant streams in gentle mur-  
 run,  
 And light and life present a brillian-  
 Where zephyrs blow, with odours,  
 breeze, rms!

Most gently wafts and fans the golden  
trees.  
There vines unsull'd present their polish'd  
fruit,  
With peace and friendship working at the  
root;  
Immortal glory crowns the joyful place,  
And opes a door for all of Adam's race;  
Alluring charms spread forth *her* liberal  
feast,  
Inviting all to freely come and taste.  
The King immortal crowns the opening day;  
For rich and poor he wisely paves the way;  
He bids them taste the riches of his grace,  
And come and see the beauty of the place.  
Come now, my friend, let us pursue that  
road,  
That leads from folly to the throne of God;  
Where righteousness and peace and love  
combine!  
There —————

## POEM LXXXIV.

Tho:  
I'm

CHOLERA.

1/ Frigidolera comes with rapid strides,  
Where western Ocean glides:  
Even bl' favours of the sun,  
thy the dark his vapours run.  
7 Ho  
To

2 Over Europe spreads its gloom,  
Fills the grave and gluts the tomb;  
With new convicts every day:  
Sweeping old and young away.

3 None can stop its mad career;  
Round the country it will steer;  
Carrying vengeance in its shade—  
Millions by its force are laid.

4 Enters cities neat and gay,  
Pressing every rank away:  
Prince and beggar share a part,  
Feel the arrow or the dart.

5 Streets deserted where it falls!  
Houses left with silent walls!  
Fields deserted by the plough!  
Gardens have no culture now!

6 Death and mourning may be seen,  
Where its fatal fangs have been:  
Tears like orient pearls do run;  
Cheeks bedew'd, and joys are done.

7 But it leaves their *fatal* sod,  
Points its arrow o'er the flood—  
Marked with the *darkest* ray,  
Singles out America.

8 Comes with vengeance on its brow!  
States behold it and they bow;  
Dread the tyrant in his reign—  
Fills their hearts with grief and pain.

9 Comes with all its ghastly forms,  
Strikes the states with dread alarms!



Darts and arrows, all in view !

Winding sheets and mufflers too !

10 With glassy eye and falling cheek !  
(The cities see, and give a shriek !)

With haggard arms, and pointed chin !  
He looks around and gives a grin !

11 He opes the door without a knock,  
Seizes on the trembling flock ;  
He takes the young and old away,  
Bids them quickly turn to clay !

12 New-York city—I've been told,  
This contagion through it stroll'd,  
Let its deadly vengeance fall,  
Laid them lifeless by the wall.

13 Wit and beauty were defied ;  
Wealth and honour, push'd aside :  
No distinction could be *plead*  
To save them from a dying bed.

14 The doctors *each* began their drill,  
Tried the force of lance and pill ;  
Physick in profusion flow'd,  
Stomachs fill'd, and bowels stow'd.

15 Noble means were well applied,  
And the wisest skill was tried ;  
But abortive mostly proved :  
Cholera like a giant moved !

16 Repel'd the doctor's generous blows,  
Past along by streets or rows,  
Threw disorder in their face,  
Defied the skill of Adam's race !

17 But some survived this dire disease,  
Restored to vigorous health and ease :  
Tho' thousands vanished like the dew,  
And disappear'd from public view.

18 Fathers wept, and mothers sigh'd,  
While their children groan'd and died :  
And their friends both far and near,  
Pensive drop'd the flowing tear.

19 Sighs and sobs—they might be heard !  
Cries to heaven were highly rear'd !  
Lamentations, not a few,  
Walk'd the streets of New-York through !

20 Death and mourning, was their meat ;  
Sackcloths pass'd along the street :  
Hum was changed to profound :  
Bells were tolling all around.

21 Houses and their polish'd walls,  
Strip'd by death's repeated calls,  
Were once the haunts of busy life—  
Father, the children, and the wife.

22 What sad tidings to relate !  
Paris met a similar fate—  
There thousands by this monster fell—  
Rose to heaven, or sunk to hell.

23 May New-Yorkers yield to God,  
Humbly own, and kiss the rod :  
For correction it was sent :  
The call to them is, "Now Repent."

24 O may they leave each sinful load,  
Seek the "wiseman's" eastern road ;

Where they'll sacrifice their ram,  
Beneath the altar find the Lamb.

## POEM LXXXV.

## FATHER OF TIME.

Great Parent of the universe,  
Thou well *supports* that wond'rous mass;  
And, moving onward swift or slow,  
*Bids* seas to ebb and rivers flow.

2 Thou *bids* the wheels of nature roll,  
And well *supports* the steady pole;  
While airy seas and oceans join,  
And *each* *proclaim* thy power divine.

3 The orbit of the distant star,  
It's share of praise to thee *declare* :  
Some silent praise it does rehearse  
To him who rules the universe.

4 Thou glorious God, thou wonderful chief,  
Thy fame exceeds our best belief !  
The climes above or cells below,  
But some small parts of thee, can show !

5 The towering mount, the craggy hill,  
The liquids gurgling in the rill—  
Thou well *supports* them in thy reign,  
And *turns* them each to useful gain.

6 And the broad space of airy blue,  
With unknown worlds, *are* in thy view

And thou *supports* them as thou *please*,  
And *turns* them round with skill and ease.

7 As parts of thee, they *each* declare  
And shout thy praises through the air :  
And while those *myriad* worlds do roll,  
From thy commands they never stroll.

8 Great God, how wise thy works & ways !  
Thou art the ancient King of Days—  
Myriads of years are, in thy sight,  
Just like the watches of the night.

9 Thou *sees* the fleeting nations pass,  
When swept away like flowery grass !  
And while they pass the grand review,  
They vanish like the morning dew !

10 Awake ! my soul, and bless thy name,  
Whose endless years are all the same :  
And balanced worlds before thee stand,  
Subjected well by thy command.

11 Thro' all the etherial worlds, we see,  
Or earth's broad space, where'er we be,  
Thy numerous works in grandeur stand,  
*Bestrews* the heavens; & *spreads* the land.

12 Break out, my soul, in unknown strains !  
Nor shun reproaches, nor the pains;  
But celebrate that worthy Name,  
From whom the numerous nations came.

13 I'll praise him in the lofty heights,  
Amid the blaze of golden lights;  
Where darkness cannot stand alone,  
But flies before his burning throne.



14 What speech or language can I find  
In all the circuit of my mind,  
To lift on high this towering King,  
When worlds on worlds his praises sing?

15 Come down, my soul, to Bethlehem;  
There trace the lion by the lamb:  
For there supporting power is laid,  
Conceal'd in garments poorly made.

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POEM LXXXVI.

MAN.

O Lord, what feeble worms we are,  
When once compared with thee!  
Like motes that waft along the air,  
Or on the rolling sea.

2 Or like the leaves that strew the ground,  
Where chilly zephyrs blow;  
So we shall lie in death profound,  
Conceal'd by frost and snow.

3 No more to feel the chilly winds,  
Or hear the ocean's roar;  
But strong inclosed in turfy inns,  
Till time shall be no more:

4 No more to hear the raging wave,  
Or thunders of the deep:  
But lie concealed in the grave,  
By death's autumnal sleep.

5 Mortality will then be lost,  
With all its fancied dreams;  
Or nip'd by death's autumnal frost,  
Of all its favourite schemes.

6 But life may spring again and shoot  
From quarters yet unknown;  
Draw life from some celestial root,  
But not from nature's own!

7 For he that gave his life for man,  
Secures him in his own:  
Through grief and sorrow laid the plan,  
To bring him near his throne.

8 He calls the feeble and the strong  
To taste his richest grace;  
And well invites earth's numerous throng  
To see his smiling face.

---

POEM LXXXVII.

CONVENTION OF MAINE.

*"The tree is known by its fruit."*

Sages of Maine, who framed their statute  
laws,  
Gave right the reign, while wisdom plead  
the cause;  
As minor gods, they sought the good of all,  
True to their trust, let acts of freedom fall.



- 2 Their moral acts and pure religious  
views  
*Calls* forth the pen, and widely *wakes* the  
Muse,  
Who hopes in Maine, that wisdom ne'er  
will cease—  
It's rival'd not by ancient Rome or Greece.
- 3 Sages of Maine, when in convention met,  
Their brilliant minds gave lustre to their  
seat;  
Fair arguments were heard in each debate,  
Their moves matur'd, and acts were made  
complete.
- 4 Religious sects were in the sages sight,  
Pronounced the same, "with equal power  
and might":—  
These sages, mov'd with tenderness and  
love,  
All party names, *they* soared far above.
- 5 Each sect they view'd, as children of one  
God;  
Though different names, were passing to  
one good,  
Would find at last one common Father's  
inn,  
Where jars would cease, and union banish  
sin.
- 6 These sages, fill'd with philosophick art  
The purest reason freely did impart,

- Sever'd in twain the league of church and  
state,  
Secured Maine from priestly tax or rate.
- 7 Pure were their acts, and deep their coun-  
sel run,  
Their partial ills, by reason were outdone;  
One common good, those sages did desire,  
And he that *done* the most, they mostly did  
admire.
- 8 Their speech distill'd like dew upon the  
grass,  
In crystal drops *far* to enrich the mass;  
While virtue tuned the organs of the lungs,  
The rights of conscience dropped from their  
tongues.
- 9 There Thatcher's voice it *flew* in gen-  
tle streams;  
And Holmes stood by, and managed well  
his schemes;  
There Green, and Bridge, their liberal  
speeches strew'd;  
Herrick and Stevens each his voice renew'd:
- 10 Wilson and Lock, the flag of freedom  
waved,  
Thayer, Chandler, Usher, its preservance  
craved;  
And Holmes and Emery never slack'd the  
hand,  
Till rights of conscience waved o'er the land.



- 11 Both Hobbs and Bingham did man's  
rights approve;  
Parris stood by, with cautious steps did  
move :  
The whole convention led by reason's reign,  
*Done* honour to themselves, and raised the  
joys of Maine.
- 12 Each church may build *their* houses as  
*they* please,  
May stand and pray, or bend upon their  
knees :  
Each sect and party, tolerated free,  
May walk secure or sail the Christian sea.
- 13 Religious forms may flourish well in  
Maine;  
No racking wheels to fill the heart with  
pain :  
The garb of white or black, the skin or  
fleece,  
They each may wear, but not disturb the  
peace.
- 14 Worship is free, and not compel'd by  
law,  
But recommended free, the sons of Maine  
to draw  
To God, the real friend of cheerful and se-  
date,  
Who (if his favours *crave*) will crown their  
favoured state.

- 15 Sages of Maine, once in the hall of  
state,  
Soon in deathly gloom, will meet one com-  
mon fate,  
Leave all their acts, while they with dust  
combine,  
To proclaimate their fame, in rising worlds  
they'll shine.
- 16 Their frosty locks hang thinly on the  
poll,  
And *proclamates* to all, how swift their mo-  
ments roll :  
Their aged limbs will soon be rack'd with  
pain,  
And prove, they soon must leave the halls  
of Maine.
- 17 Their sons we hope will walk their fath-  
ers' road,  
Give liberal laws to men, and worship *to*  
their God :  
Nor bring on them, the smallest sull or  
stain,  
But ever well preserve the freest rights of  
Maine.



## POEM LXXXVIII.

## ON MADNESS.

Madness is a frenzy fit,  
The loss of sense and ready wit,  
Or puff of vain conceit;  
Where patience flies,  
And Friendship dies :  
Then jars and discord meet.

2 It does produce a horrid reign,  
It racks the head, and strains the brain,  
And fills the heart with pride;  
Repels the truth,  
With open mouth,  
Sets peace and love aside :

3 And kindling passion to a flame,  
On all but self it casts the rein,  
Who *does* its force resist :  
With angry eye  
Supports a lie,  
And gives the truth a twist.

4 Madness, like the raging tide,  
By frenzy fits in triumph *ride*.  
And *dash* the frightened shore;  
But sober reason,  
Cool and calm,  
Can change this fury to a lamb,  
And tides of passion lower.

5 Madness, in its strange career,  
Through dirty channels often *steer*,  
Like rips of tide *do* roar !  
Then love's denied,  
And patience tried,  
And passion plays the whore !

6 But let not madness fight and reign,  
Since patience is a grace to gain,  
Which has been often tried;  
And faith and hope  
Are constant friends,  
To patience every favour *lends* :  
What can she want beside ?

7 But Charity, a virgin lass,  
All heaven's mirror, (looking-glass,)  
Or bond of perfect peace;  
A perfect pattern  
Of the skies,  
Where harmony and union *lies*,  
And jars and discords cease.

8 Then may we follow her along,  
She'll grace our eve and morning song,  
And hush our minds to peace :  
She'll cure the malice  
Of the heart,  
The sweetest pleasures will impart,  
And make our joys increase.



## POEM LXXXIX.

*"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher,  
vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vex-  
ation of spirit."*—SOLOMON.

Vain men, who roll in luxury and pride,  
Have Cesar for their friend, and Pompey by  
their side,  
Refuse to stoop or look below their feet,  
But climb for thrones where kings and em-  
perors meet.

2 Their haughty spirit soar for honour  
wealth, and fame,  
They cast away restraint, to seek for some  
great name;  
The fears of God or future state, *to come*,  
They cast behind, and after bubbles run.

3 What mad career those sycophants pursue!  
Honour, wealth, and fame, they ever keep  
in view;  
Self love their aim, while social is denied,  
Bear down the weak to gratify their pride.

4 They never seek to bless or rear the hu-  
man kind;  
But plot and scheme, their fellow men to  
bind,  
Make each subservient to their stubborn  
will;

They beat them small like corn that *pass*  
the mill !

5 With flattering lips they oft seduce the  
weak,  
Intreat the brave and captivate the meek :  
Those ways they take to gratify their pride  
On man, (like mules or stupid asses) ride.

6 But their lives in bitterness will end,  
Who will not try this evil course to mend;  
They'll sink with guilt in everlasting night,  
Where darkness reigns without the rays of  
light !

7 Anguish and woe will pour upon their  
heart,  
And sorrow too her bitter dregs impart !  
Desponding hopes sit brooding on the brow,  
To sink that head that will refuse to bow.

8 But he, who learns to bow his lofty head,  
Gives succour to the meek, and lends them  
liberal aid,  
He will arise and shine in life to come,  
Like stars unclouded, or a brilliant sun.

9 Robes will be brought *for* to adorn his  
soul,  
And crowns of joy to beautify the whole;  
Unsullied streams of light and life be given  
To grace his path, & point him on to heaven.

10 His memories live, and pass from land  
to land;

Be scrutinized by kings and nobles, who  
command:

They will be seen in every state and clime,  
And well preserved in every stage of time:

11 Pure life's a pearl upon a golden stem,  
And none, but fools, will ever it condemn:  
Its real value never can be told—

More rich, more lovely, than the miser's  
gold.

12 But man, vain man, its beauty will de-  
spise,

Leave all its joys for vanity and lies,  
Pursue that path that gives him wealth and  
ease,

Till wreck'd like ships, he's found upon his  
lees!

13 His bubble-joys then each will flee away!  
His time run out—it only seems a day!  
His body rack'd! his mind is all confused!  
In viewing time, that he so much abused!

14 If man should live a thousand years or  
more,

'Twould seem a day, when all his time was  
o'er!

Or but an inch, compar'd with endless time!  
Or less by far than I can shew in rhyme!

15 Time is so short, that each its blessings  
crave—

A favour to the wise, if not the wit & knave.  
All ranks and ages may improve the day;  
May banish pride, and put it far away.

16 Come then, vain man, leave folly's drea-  
ry road,

Pursue that path that leads to social good:  
In it, yourself will ever be secure,  
When times and tides and seasons are no  
more.

### POEM XC.

ON THE DEATH OF ESTHER MERROW,  
DAUGHTER OF GEORGE MERROW,  
KATON N. H.

(Aged about eighteen years.)

The scythe of time, with its keen edge,  
It cuts down all, from child to sage:  
Some dire disease assumes command,  
With rapid force sweeps o'er the land.

2 The Cholera baffles human art—  
The throat-distemper acts its part,  
Attacks the aged and the youth;  
Its rage is felt from north to south.

3 The finest pictures soon are worn;  
Our handling rough, will soon be torn.



Their lively colours disappear;  
Are lost in time's revolving year.

4 The earliest flowers or soonest blows,  
That *clothes* the fields or pasture *strows*,  
Are oft the first that do decay;  
Lop'd off in haste and swept away.

5 The youth, whose sparkling eyes do glow,  
And rosy cheeks with health do flow,  
Are struck by death's cold chilly blast;  
Beneath the furrow'd ground are cast.

6 Young Esther Merrow once was here,  
Robust and hearty, fresh and fair :  
Health flow'd in streamlets round her head,  
Threw in her face both white and red.

7 Her eyes of ebony or jet,  
Completely form'd and fitly set;  
No diamonds could with them compare,  
Or shew that beauty half so rare.

8 Her form and visage served to cheer  
The hearts of all, both far and near;  
Their close attention did engage,  
Although but eighteen years of age.

9 She was the youngest female heir :  
Her sisters' joy, her parents' care,  
Her brothers' treasure and delight :  
She cheer'd their eyes, & bless'd their sight.

10 But Esther Merrow is no more;  
Her sportive days and nights are o'er :  
In the pale regions of the dead,  
There she reclines her youthful head.

11 She's met in youth her deathly fate,  
And pass'd in haste death's iron gate :  
She's fled and left the world behind,  
(To grasp at air or empty wind.)

12 Fair Esther, once with wit and sense,  
Whose flesh was soft, whose bones were  
dense,

Is gone to earth from whence she rose,  
Where all her frame will decompose.

13 Her lovely skin, with all its gloss,  
Will gather mould or deathly moss :  
Her crumbling dust will disappear,  
Be lost in time's revolving year.

14 But from lump to parts may go,  
And the great field of nature strow;  
Returning through ten thousand pores,  
May yet be seen upon these shores !

15 In unknown worlds beyond our sight,  
There she may dwell in perfect light;  
In garments, glittering like the sun,  
Through endless years her time to run.

16 This lovely girl, in deathly gloom,  
She left behind a sweet perfume;  
Impress'd on all to be prepar'd  
To meet that God, adored and fear'd.

17 She call'd her father, as her love,  
Her mother, as a mournful dove,—  
She wish'd them both not to defer—  
Prepare for death and follow her.

18 Her brothers and her sisters dear  
 Stood round her bed, and drop'd a tear,  
 Saw her dispense her latest breath—  
 While George *he* closed her eyes in death.

19 What grief and sorrow fill'd the room,  
 Amidst the horror and the gloom!  
 When death *he* spent his latest dart,  
 Grief was impress'd on every heart!

20 But Esther closed her short career  
 Without the smallest dread or fear,  
 Resign'd that life so freely given,  
 And pass'd from earthly climes to heaven.

21 Her body shortly was convey'd  
 To the cold grave where she was laid,  
 And there in silence to remain,  
 Where darkness will forever reign.

22 The spires of grass will crown her head,  
 While she lies slumbering in her bed,  
 And point the traveller to the place,  
 To see the end of Adam's race.

23 Her parents both may gather round,  
 Where Esther lies in deep profound,  
 Let tears in great profusion flow,  
 Her grave or turfy bed to strow.

24 Her brothers and her sisters too  
 May keep fair Esther's grave in view:  
 In memory it may long endure,  
 As it is just before their door.

## POEM XCI.

## GARDEN OF EDEN.

How fine was the eve, and how lovely the  
 dawn,  
 When Eden all glowing perfumed the morn;  
 No ambitious statesman was then to be  
 found,  
 But love, peace, and mercy, were strewing  
 the ground.

2 The hand of the Highest was guiding the  
 rill,  
 Directing in wisdom the rivers to fill;  
 In meandering courses they often did glide,  
 Till lost in the ocean or wake of the tide.

3 In Eden appeared the Parent of time;  
 He painted the rosy, he planted the vine:  
 This great Architector directing the ray;  
 He smil'd on the eve, and he blessed the  
 day:

4 Call'd liquids to glide, and fountains to  
 flow,  
 Rejected the frost, and repelled the snow;  
 The torches of heaven—he bid them to  
 shine,  
 Connecting *each planet* like grapes on the  
 vine.

5 The mountains he reared and clothed with  
 trees;



(While Eden in beauty, surrounded by seas,) The noble Euphrates most sweetly did glide, The zephyrs were blowing, the seas roll'd the tide.

6 This scene was enchanting and charming to view;  
The curtain of heaven well tinged with blue:  
The trees of the forest were waving in air,  
Their fruits, of a crimson, were lovely and fair.

7 There Adam appear'd on the verge of the green,  
Where fruits hung in plenty, his wants to convene;  
While Eve, a fair creature, confess'd as his bride,  
(Her lips of a cherry) was plac'd by his side.

8 This wonder appeared that never can be told!  
Here infantile nature began to unfold—  
And ages on ages have passed away;  
But still we are lost in so great a display!

9 Our sense and our reason is lost in profound,  
To think of those portions or parts of the ground,  
Ingeniously taken, compil'd all in one,  
With body majestic and spirit to run.

10 Tho' numerous ages have passed away,  
But still it continues to make a display;  
They flow like the ocean or swell of the tide,  
Bestrewing the earth, tho' extremely wide.

11 How high was the Counsel, how deep was the plan!  
That called the dust, for to fashion the man,  
By mysterious causes the whole to combine,  
Bid matter and spirit in friendship to join!

12 Like two loving brothers, o'erspreading the land,  
The flesh for to labour, the spirit command—  
Thro' scenes of affliction and conflicts of woe,  
And ages unnumber'd, continue to flow!

13 In the Garden of Eden their action began,  
That formed the woman, and fashion'd the man,  
And nations of nations, in them well conceal'd,  
Like oceans progressing, no time can reveal!

14 When oceans of matter shall cease for to roll,  
And infantile nature through windings to stroll,  
The time is uncertain, it cannot be known—  
This must be referred to God on his throne.

15 May strife and ambition be banish'd a-  
way,  
And hatred and malice be on the decay;  
May love, peace, and mercy, from heaven  
descend,  
With angelick beauty, our rights to defend.

16 The sweets of old Eden restored again,  
And despots & tyrants no more *for* to reign;  
But innocent nature be plac'd on the throne;  
When God and his angels will join it in one.

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POEM XCII.

THE OAK.

A sturdy oak grew on a plain,  
His boughs extended wide;  
On all the shrubs below he strained,  
That many flag'd and died.

2 Regardless of their feeble state,  
And careful of his own,  
That many met their dying fate,  
Expired without a groan.

3 His fangled roots spread o'er the plain,  
They drew the neighbouring juice:  
The feeble shrubs endur'd the pain,  
And felt the sore abuse.

4 The oak to raise his lofty top,  
And spread abroad his fame,

Let shatter'd arms upon them drop,  
With vengeance in his reign!

5 The oak then mounted high in air,  
He drew the fertile juice:  
The feeble shrubs he stripped bare,  
Without the least excuse.

6 High was his reign, and great his power,  
A king amidst the plain:  
But few could stand beneath his tower,  
And strength and life retain.

7 His flinty heart was hard as steel,  
His trunk was stubborn too;  
His neighbours' wants could never feel,  
But kept his own in view.

8 He said he was Republican,  
Would equal rights maintain:—  
But yet he was inured to sin,  
And all for selfish gain!

9 For every inch he climb'd in air,  
To maintain equal rights,  
He rob'd the shrubs (by foul or fair,)  
Of all their sweet delights.

10 A worn at length approach'd his trunk,  
And piered his very heart—  
He died, and all his grandeur sunk,  
And lost the freeman's part.



## POEM XCIII.

Ar

M

## HORROURS OF WAR.

W onqueror comes all clad in arms,  
 nstantly he spreads alarms;  
 16 th-paleness gathers round:  
 Ar mes with his unconquer'd host,  
 B uddenly invades the coast,  
 W idst the cannon's sound.

h fleets and armies at command,  
 kes the sea and scours the land,  
 h vengeance on his brow:  
 ves away all dread and fear,  
 s his foe in front and rear,  
 head or will to bow.

A st implements prepar'd for war,  
 H is the soldier and the tar,  
 O n grasped by the hand:  
 T words and muskets neat and clean,  
 2 mounted pistols to be seen,  
 A ll at their command.

Th oughs and forts are strongly made,  
 l warlike implements array'd,  
 3 ll placed in a row:  
 boms and cannons all in rane,  
 hhot and balls for ready chang,  
 /face their hated foe.

en all's prepared for the fight,  
 An deathly angel hov'rs the night,  
 the morning dawn!

## ON SHEPHERD'S SONG.

At the first dawn or opening ray,  
 Loud cannon's roar *announce* the  
 Or proclamate the morn.

6 The sun expels the shades of night  
 Presents two armies close in sight;  
 Contending for a crown:  
 Both shot and bombs are borne awa  
 On men and horses briskly play,  
 And each comes tumbling down.

7 The cannon's roar is heard afar,  
 It swells the horrors of the war,  
 Upon the field of Mars;  
 Where trunks of men are thrown a  
 And blood and filth bestrew the gre  
 While earth and sea it jars!

8 Man's limbs are tossed here and  
 Their bowels rent, their bodies bar  
 While heads are split in twain!  
 Their blood is sprinkled o'er the gre  
 In rivulets it may be seen,  
 To leave a lasting stain.

9 Here wives and husbands both m  
 And mothers mourn with bleeding he  
 While fathers weep and sigh:  
 The brothers and the sisters dear,  
 They *each* indulge the flowing tear,  
 And wipe the weeping eye.

10 The orphan children *each* do feel  
 That blood that does their comforts  
 And checks their daily store;

FARMER'S MEDITATIONS,

their fathers they will see no more,  
move upon life's busy shore,—  
No—never—never more.

When war is introduced by Pride,  
the Devil's counsel by his side,  
And guides the shallow brain!  
And men, who do obey his will,  
The publick *robs* their purse to fill,  
And still for more they strain.

A speculative war I hate!  
Is but flattery or deceit,  
Or but a publick fraud!  
And men, who do pretend to fight,  
To rob the publick of their right,  
Make their expenses broad.

But different motives lead to war;—  
Some nations love to fight and jar;  
This is their constant trait:  
While others are of different mind,  
Ever harmless, just, and kind,  
And all contentions hate.

What horrid wars we may review—  
There's Trafalgar and Waterloo,  
Where thousands bled and died:  
Those hardy sons *they* met their fate,  
They pass'd in haste death's iron gate,  
And death his curtains drew!

Once Copenhagen drench'd in blood  
Mark'd the land and stain'd the flood  
The Danes were sorely beat:

OR SHEPHERD'S SONGS.

21

Lord Nelson, with his man of war,  
Made heaven and earth, and nature jar,  
And swept the Danish fleet!!

16 Those aient wars we can't review,  
Among the *leathen*, Greek and Jew,  
Thro' the long range of time:  
"Were all the earth a parchment made,  
And every man a scribe by trade,"  
Their numbers *can't* define.

17 But let us now return again,  
Just where our subject first began,  
And view those armies there:  
There but *they* still it doth remain:  
Some sink in death, some shriek in pain,  
While goans are heard afar!

18 What dreadful carnage may be seen,  
Where mingled bodies strew the green!  
Blood gushing from their veins;  
While paleness *gathering* on the brow,  
And in the arms of death they bow,  
And lose life's cheerful reins.

19 Impetuous tempers grew severe,  
And lost to every dread and fear;  
They drove with sword in hand:  
Both men and horses play'd their part,  
Their wreaking vengeance did impart,  
Till all were at a stand.

20 An angel then *he* cried aloud,  
While mounted on a golden cloud,  
And call'd them all to peace—



He cried aloud, his veil he drew—  
And said, "all things *they* must be new,  
And wars and murders cease.

21 Let love and union *each* prevail,  
And wars no more the earth assail,  
To break its peaceful rest  
Give righteousness the full command,  
Pure right be done in every land,  
And all as one be bless'd.

22 Let stern oppression, force, and fraud,  
The enemies of man and God  
Be banish'd far away:  
Pure friendship be their constant guide,  
Bestrew the earth and grace be tide,  
And mercy bless the day.

23 Let every worship be sincere,  
Then grace and truth will crown the year,  
And fertilize the land;  
Adore that God, whose name is Love,  
Known by the image of a dove,  
Then nought but right will stand."

24 The angel spoke—and then he sung—  
All nature from its slumber sprung,  
Proclaim'd the loud Amen!  
Then every creature did begin  
To praise the Lord, give thanks, and sing,  
And after virtue ran.

25 The angel, in his golden hues,  
Then jog'd the Poet in his Muse,  
And bid him write with care—

Not write too much on politicks,  
Nor war—(they oft are knavish tricks,)  
But peace and truth revere.

26 But when he closed his short address,  
Whole armies rose his lips to bless,  
Apart from every jar:  
But instantly he left the crowd,  
And flew upon the golden cloud,  
Well pondering peace and war.

## POEM XCIV.

## FLOWERS AND BEES.

What lovely flowers adorn the spring!  
Where sportive bees do hum and sing,  
With cheerful smiles, salute the bloom,  
Draw sweet and gather rich perfume.

2 They strew the vales and crown the hills,  
The purling streams and gurgling rills;  
There bees in millions pay their court,  
And round their blooming faces sport.

3 Those lovely flowers bestow their juices:  
The bees convert it to their use,  
With diligence they tip the wing,  
From bud to bud they hum and sing.

4 Those various flowers delight the muse,  
Which the fair hand of nature strews;

They grace the pastures and the fields;  
Ten thousand sweets their fragrance yields!

5 They court the sight, they charm the eyes  
Meet every sense with sweet surprise,  
To see them standing neat and gay,  
Perfume the morn and grace the day.

6 Those lovely flowers, that nature strews,  
Are red or white, or golden hues,  
Blue, black, and purple, brown and gray,  
Completely painted, neat and gay.

7 The rose presents his blushing face,  
And the sweet pink of smaller race;  
They each extend their lovely bloom,  
And freely give a rich perfume.

8 The golden rod, from savage root  
Or natural seed, extends its shoot:  
In fertile vales he shews his face,  
The insects smile and bless his grace.

9 The annise is from natural seed,  
Uncultivated Indian weed;  
It crowns the hills, adorns the plains,  
Where sportive bees in triumph reigns.

10 The various flowers unnumber'd stand.  
Of different hues, bestrew the land;  
The sweetest odours each bestows,  
Through wafting breezes gently flows.

11 Each wafting breeze conveys perfume,  
Spreads forth the richness of the bloom.

(A natural pleasure to the nose,)  
Calls forth the smell to bless the rose.

12 Great God, what beauties round me  
shine!

And each bespeaks some great design;  
Shews forth a God, both just and true,  
Who paints the rose and violet too.

13 He spreads the flowers around the land,  
And their rich treasures does demand;  
He bids them yield their juices free,  
As a rich tribute to the bee.

### POEM XCV.

LINES FOR A FRIEND, BY REQUEST,  
WHEN ABOUT TO JOURNEY TO  
THE CITY OF BOSTON.

Farewell to the Etonian hills,  
I leave you all behind;  
The purling streams and gurgling rills,  
A distant home to find.

2 Farewell! farewell my loving friends,  
May peace attend you all,  
And keep me safe from vicious ends,  
Where'er my lot may fall.

3 My native home I leave behind,  
Thro' unknown scenes to go;



- Some future good I hope to find,  
Where fortune's favours flow.
- 4 I now am seated in the stage,  
The coachman rears his whip—  
His frantic horses, in a rage,  
O'er hills and vallies skip.
- 5 The wheels in quick succession turn  
To waft me on my way,  
Strange villages and names I learn,  
And changes end the day.
- 6 One object past, another gain,  
(My mountain home resign,)  
See villages adorn the plain,  
Where stood the lofty pine.
- 7 While other villages appear,  
And clothe the fertile plain;  
Where ships and brigs around them steer,  
And spread the opening sail.
- 8 Those new discovered things demand  
Attention as I go :  
See cities, that adorn the land;  
Where tides do ebb and flow.
- 9 Boston is my native place,  
It's there I'll seek employ,  
And keep my steps from all disgrace,  
That would my fame destroy.
- 10 May that Eternal Hand of Power,  
That paints the ethereal road,  
Keep me secure each fleeting hour,  
And well secure my good.

- 11 Now Boston City heaves in sight,  
With mounted domes and spires :  
Their various colours give delight,  
And kindle new desires.
- 12 Their sounding bells are heard afar,  
Sweet tuneful notes they play;  
A thrilling sound salutes the ear,  
And celebrates the day.
- 13 Fine coaches in succession pass,  
Are swiftly borne away,  
Their loading is a youthful mass,  
All clothed neat and gay.
- 14 Here taste and fashion never fight,  
In union they agree :  
Here wealth and splendour both unite,  
And walk in harmony.
- 15 Boston was once the torch of war,  
The dawn of liberty;  
Old Britain's Acts they did abhor,  
And salted well her tea.
- 16 They did declare, they would be free,  
And rose in dreadful haste,  
When they'd made a Dish of tea,  
So right about they fac'd.
- 17 And soon on Breed's or Bunker Hill,  
They fac'd their dreadful foe,  
To ar'd no teapots they would fill,  
While India tea should grow :
- 18 Not under Parliament'ry laws,  
Where duties must be paid—

For they were now in freedom's cause:—  
And blast the India trade.

## POEM XCVI.

## KING OF KINGS.

- God is a king of high degree,  
He built the earth, he form'd the sea,  
And gave to each his just command,  
And well secures them by his hand.
- 2 He guards the earth, he guides the sea,  
And bids them yield their blessings free;  
They each obey his gracious will,  
And every law they well fulfill.
- 3 They yield their blessings day and night,  
And keep his edicts with delight;  
They yield their favours full and free,  
Both on the earth or rolling sea.
- 4 He bids them fly thro' airy blue,  
Their wond'rous way he wisely drew;  
They never make the least delay,  
But march in order on their way.
- 5 One steady course they ever steer,  
And keep good time from year to year:  
No time with them e'er goes to waste,  
But all by them is well embrac'd.
- 6 They float along th' etherial world,  
While beauties are by them unfurl'd;

Like yonder moa they do appear  
From other systems, standing near.

How constantly they wing their way!  
And well producing night and day!  
Nor will they ever lawless steer,  
But keep their course from year to year.

Thus earth and sea are balanc'd well,  
And on God's own foundation dwell,  
Have stood the rack of wasting time,  
Will soar the universe sublime.

They ever will remain the same;  
No raging storms will blast their reign,  
All day and night shall flee away,  
God shall make some new display.

The earth and sea thro' ether wades,  
With their ten thousand different grades  
Men and beasts, both swift and slow,  
Earth, or else in floods below.

(Both man and beasts on earth do go,  
While fishes swim in floods below;  
In briny paths, within the deep,  
The fish in millions swim and creep.

There scaly monsters spout and play,  
While smaller fish become their prey;  
The smaller fish their wants supply—  
They spout the waters to the sky.)

O Lord, thy wonders are not few,  
Too much for mortals to review:  
This we frankly do declare,  
And own what feeble worms we are.



14 Here then we bow before thy seat,  
And humbly worship at thy feet,  
And freely own how weak we be,  
When once compared with earth and sea.

### POEM XCVII.

#### REMARKS ON THE DEATH OF MILES SHOREY.

Life is uncertain all must know,  
We plainly see it ebb and flow,  
Man springs to life, begins his reign,  
Then mingles with the dust again.

2 Man, like a bubble, does appear,  
On life's broad ocean, (*onward steen,*)  
But dash'd by some unlucky spray,  
It shortly vanishes away.

3 In infant flesh he's clothed at first,  
Subject to hunger, want, and thirst;  
He cries for what his nature craves,  
His growing wants his nurse relieves.

4 But notwithstanding all her care  
And diligence his frame to rear,  
Oft like a leaf, by tempests blown,  
Flies to eternal worlds unknown.

5 Instant death—it oft accrues—  
Swift heralds fly—and bear the news,

And spread the doleful tidings round—  
All ranks attend, and catch the sound.

6 When accidental death appears,  
'Tis doleful to the eyes and ears  
Of all who hear the solemn sound,  
And see processions forming round.

7 When accidental death takes place,  
Soft tears bedew the friendly face,  
Like crystal pearls, run trickling down,  
With sighs and sobs upon the ground.

8 Here sudden death in various ways,  
Is introduc'd to end our days :  
Sad accidents await us all,  
Both old and young, and large and small.

9 Miles Shorey, fifteen months of age,  
In haste has quit his favourite stage,  
By oil of vitriol, spill'd on him,  
And was consumed by the flame.

10 This child—who suffer'd by this fire,  
His father's name was Nehemiah,  
Who is a real friendly man,  
His loving mother's name was Ann.

11 Join'd in the bands of social life,  
This Nehemiah and his wife  
In Buxton liv'd, (their residence,)  
Possessing there the joys of sense.

12 They'd noble blessings at their call,  
(Just where they liv'd, at Salmon Fall,)

Both food and raiment flowing free,  
And neighbors kind as need to be.

13 They liv'd in this delightful place,  
Enjoy'd each favour mix'd with grace,  
Sweet blessings clothed their face with  
smiles,

To crown their joys was lovely Miles.

14 In Miles those parents took delight,  
And grieved when he was out of sight :  
He was their jewel, to be sure;  
They fear'd to trust him out of door.

15 His days were guarded with much care,  
And soothed at night with tender care;  
No lack was on the parents' part;  
Like strings he twin'd about their heart.

16 But in the midst of all their care,  
Death unto him was drawing near;  
It was conceal'd within a jar,  
His tender flesh and life to mar !

17 To gratify his childish wish,  
He spill'd the oil upon his flesh,  
Run o'er his frame in various ways,  
And swept him off within three days !

18 He groan'd—he died—he quit the stage—  
But only fifteen months of age—  
Sunk back to earth, from whence he came—  
Still on record we have his name.

19 Here mirth was dead and pleasure fled,  
And veils of mourning strew'd the bed :

The merry youth restrain'd their song,  
*And all*, proclaiming, 'Miles is gone.'

20 The rooms—where Miles his plays improv'd,  
Death's shadows often round them mov'd;  
There fearful haunts set up their claim !  
And oft repeated Miles by name !

21 But Miles—we hope, his spirit flies  
In purer climes, beyond the skies,  
Finds pleasure far beyond the jar,  
With vitriol fire his face to mar.

22 May father and the mother too,  
Who keep their lovely Miles in view,  
Consider Miles, "but just a limb,"  
Prepare for death and follow him.

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## POEM XCVIII.

### MONEY.

Money's extracted from the earth;  
The craggy hills first gave it birth :  
In raw materials it is found,  
Extracted from the hardest ground.

2 The miner takes his drill in hand,  
With sledge or hammer at command,  
He drills the hole both smooth and fair,  
And warlike powder places there.



- 3 The brick and clay he does combine,  
With iron temper both confine;  
In a sure blast he does confide,  
With match prepared by his side.
- 4 The match applies, with courage bold,  
The rocks that fly cannot be told!  
In nameless ways the rocks *they* fly,  
And shining minerals please the eye.
- 5 The lead and silver *lights* the shaft,  
The owner smiles, the workmen laugh,  
To see the shining minerals play,  
Fly round the shaft and thickly lay.
- 6 From thence they're taken from the earth,  
And drawn along the miner's path,  
Beaten or pounded from the rock,  
By hammering workmen knock by knock.
- 7 The mass then beaten into parts,  
Sifted and wash'd by men of arts;  
Then for the furnace 'tis prepared,  
Whose heat by coal is highly reared.
- 8 It passes on from stage to stage  
Till it's prepared for knave and sage;  
Coin'd into different shapes and forms,  
To rest in vaults, or wing the storms.
- 9 Money is thought the general good,  
Although it's neither clothes nor food;  
And yet it will procure them both—  
Support a lie, and baffle truth!
- 10 It answers every purpose here,  
Bears down the just, the scoundrel rear:

Its shining cast or brilliant hue,  
Oft pleases *Paul* and *Cesar* too.

11 Some men for it will fight and rage,  
Leap o'er a wall, a host engage,  
Encounter soldiers clad in arms;  
Meet death in its ten thousand forms.

12 But there's a prize more pure than gold;  
Its real worth cannot be told:  
And yet 'tis ever offer'd free:  
Its blessed name is *Charity*.

---

POEM XCIX.

THE YOUNG SEAMAN.

When I was young and free from cares,  
Sweet pleasures crown'd my growing years,  
Unconscious of the wrong;  
All nature seem'd hilarity;  
I roam'd the earth, and sail'd the sea—  
There learn'd the seaman's song.

2 I've sail'd across the briny deep,  
Where towering waves refuse to sleep,  
In lawless courses stroll:  
There lofty billows rage and roar,  
And dash with vengeance on the shore,  
In quick succession roll.

3 The sea presents a tumbling wave,  
And opes to man a yawning grave,

The bed of many a tar :  
 Although they have been fierce and brave,  
 They've sunk beneath the foaming wave,  
 Oft by the god of war.

4 Great ships upon the ocean ride,  
 And o'er its surface swiftly glide,  
 By winds are borne away :  
 The sailors catch the wafting gales,  
 And briskly spread the flowing sails,  
 Without the least delay.

5 The dangers of the sea they brave,  
 They plough the deep, and split the wave,  
 Far from their native sound;  
 While storms infest them as they ride,  
 And bear them swiftly o'er the tide;  
 While seas on seas abound.

6 The frantick winds do rage and roar,  
 The hail and rain in torrents pour,  
 And lightnings with them meet :  
 While rolling thunders burst the cloud,  
 And with the ocean sounding loud—  
 It shocks the warlike fleet.

7 But when the storms do fair away,  
 And Phebus comes to bless the day,  
 Right from his eastern hall;  
 Old ocean lays his vengeance by,  
 And Phebus shows a painted sky,  
 Well clear'd from every squall.

8 The sailors now renew their mirth;  
 They smile and sing, they talk and laugh,  
 Are jovial brisk and free :

Their distant port they keep in view,  
 And bravely plough the ocean through,  
 In hopes their homes to see.

9 They pass the glimmering of the night,  
 At length their homes appear in sight,  
 With mounted domes and spires;  
 Where flying flags salute the air,  
 With painted colours, fine and fair,  
 To meet their long desires.

10 They spread the sails to gain the port,  
 And shortly pass the warlike fort,  
 Amidst the shouts and cheers :  
 A general joy lights up the day,  
 And bears their sorrows all away,  
 And soon expels their fears.

11 The sailors land upon the shore;  
 And all their dangers ponder o'er,  
 Upon the hostile sea :  
 And with their partners and their mates,  
 Their different voyages, then *relates*,  
 In friendship frank and free.

12 God bless the sailor's generous hand;  
 Keep all his passions, by command,  
 Secure within due bounds :  
 Preserve him safe from noise and strife,  
 To sail the sea of Endless Life,  
 Or walk eternal rounds.

13 May sailors leave all ill behind,  
 And choose that good, that saves the mind,  
 And well refines the heart :  
 And when they're on the raging main,



Think on the Saviour's grief and pain :  
Some virtue he'll impart.

14 He'll be their Captain and their head,  
Through the dark gulf or in the trade,  
Or in the most despair :  
He'll land them in Salvation's Port,  
Well anchor'd near to Hopeful Fort,  
To ride securely there.

15 When all the scenes of life are past,  
And Death's cold winds have blown their last,  
And laid their vengeance by;  
Some whispering angel then may sing—  
They'll catch the sound, and tip the wing;  
With love and pleasure fly.

### POEM C.

#### FURIOUS WINDS.

The furious winds sweep o'er the plain,  
In rapid torrents pour :  
The sturdy trees endure the pain,  
Till the sad blast is o'er.

2 They wing the mountains and the hills,  
Visit the vales below,  
And streams, made up of gurgling rills,  
Where reeds and rushes grow.

3 A dreadful gloom o'er all is cast,  
When they awake from sleep :

Old ocean feels the horrid blast,  
Where fishes swim the deep.

4 They toss on high the towering wave,  
While seas on seas do pour;  
Present to man a yawning grave,  
Where thundering billows roar.

5 They drive the seamen o'er the main,  
While lightnings flash around;  
Amidst the clattering hail or rain,  
Far from their distant sound.

6 Great ships do fly before the storm,  
And plough the ocean through;  
While sailors every art perform,  
To keep them straight and true.

7 They thro' the trackless ocean fly;  
By force of winds, are driven;  
And often tossed to the sky,  
Far from their native haven.

8 The dauntless tar—he mounts the shrouds,  
To furl the opening sails :  
He sees aloft the flashing clouds,  
And feels the rugged gales !

9 He hears the thunders of the deep,  
While watery mountains fall,  
And sees the floods refuse to sleep  
Before the driving squall.

10 But still, in God he puts his trust,  
Who spreads the flowing sea,  
Well meted out its bounds at first,  
And gave it a decree :

11 Who calls the raging winds to peace,  
Can introduce a calm;  
Bids all its rage and fury cease,  
To imitate the Lamb.

12 He saves the seaman in his gloom,  
By some sweet prospects given:  
The dauntless tar escapes the tomb,  
And finds a happy haven.

13 Where wives and husbands meet again,  
With children; *each agree*  
To praise that God who rules the main,  
And manages the sea.

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POEM CI.

JUSTICE AND PEACE.

When Justice, like a husbandman,  
Took Peace to be his bride,  
Fair Honesty approv'd the plan,  
And Grace her help apply'd.

2 When Justice left his lovely bride,  
By beating Peace away;  
Honesty fled, and Grace—*she died*—  
And Justice run away!

3 But Justice found himself alone—  
He sent for Peace again—  
But Truth declar'd, the fault his own—  
That he was all to blame.

4 Then Honesty, (a volunteer,)  
Did lay his hands on both,  
And bid them ever keep him near—  
'Twould be the highest oath.

5 Then Grace—*she soon revived again*—  
When seated by their side,  
Said, that if they would her retain,  
No evil should betide.

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POEM CII.

*A short and comprehensive view of the  
Plymouth Company, or the first set-  
tlers of New England—Their progress  
in farming, milling, and navigation.*

When we survey that little band,  
That left Great Britain's isle;  
Sore persecution pressed them hard  
To leave their native soil.

2 From Albion's course they took their way,  
To cross the briny flood;  
They hoped in future for to rest  
Secure with Israel's God.

3 In confidence they wind the storm,  
Where raging billows roar;  
But still they cheerfully did hope  
To reach their distant shore.



- 4 Columbia's soil they hoped to reach,  
Where beasts of midnight howl;  
Where savages set up their yell,  
And where the screaming owl.
- 5 They patiently did wing their way,  
And ploughed the ocean through,  
America they kept in sight,  
And hoped her shores to view.
- 6 Through perilous winds, and boisterous seas,  
They sailed both night and day;  
At length they saw those savage shores  
In North America.
- 7 On Plymouth rock they landed all,  
Their thanks to heaven they sent;  
And after they devoutly sung,  
Into the woods they went.
- 8 Late in the Fall, as we've been told,  
The weather quite severe,  
They had no house to shelter them,  
Nor food their hearts to cheer.
- 9 Ground nuts and clams were their repast,  
They sought them too with care;  
The savage knife and tomahawk,  
They constantly did fear.
- 10 Their huts were covered with thatch,  
To shield them from the cold;  
Surrounded by a wilderness,  
As we have oft been told.
- 11 Those fathers of this savage clime,  
As we do understand,

- They lived to see a dismal time,  
In this rude savage land.
- 12 Those Puritans did soon attack  
The sturdy oak and pine;  
The forest fell before their axe,  
And made a quick resign.
- 13 Ground nuts and clams were done away,  
And lost in richer food;  
Good hams of bacon now they had,  
And beef as e'er was chewed.
- 14 Provision in abundance grew  
In vallies and on hills;  
Those colonies did much improve  
In farming and in mills.
- 15 Town after town was then laid out,  
They spread from east to west;  
Ten thousand sheep and cattle grew,  
To make each member blessed.
- 16 The savages they did attack,  
They drove with fire and sword;  
And when each mighty deed was done  
They did adore the Lord.
- 17 What mighty acts those people did!  
They multiplied apace!  
And in a very little time  
Became a numerous race!
- 18 In numbers have this people grew,  
Were powerful in wealth,  
A steady course they did pursue,  
And that preserved their health.



- 19 Splendid cities now were built,  
To beautify the land;  
A thousand flags did wave in air,  
And noble ships were manned.
- 20 Their navigation did extend,  
(Each member to convene,)  
From Europe's course to India's shore—  
Their flags they might be seen.
- 21 Commercial stuffs were now exchanged  
In every foreign port;  
And all the nations of the earth  
Their friendship they did court.
- 22 Moscow, with her hundred spires,  
And Canton, it is true,  
Were often ravished for to see  
Their Merchant ships in view.
- 23 London and Paris when they saw  
Their whited sails appear,  
Their lofty masts and flying flags,  
They bid them welcome there.
- 24 Commercial stuffs were then exchanged  
In Holland and in Spain;  
India and China each engage  
To praise the American name.
- 25 Here now I'll drop these feeble lines,  
I'll make a simple pause—  
What will preserve this happy land?  
Good government and laws.
- 26 Governors and Governed,  
Keep constantly in sight

- That lovely Star of Bethlehem,  
Which always shines so bright.
- 27 O, may they keep a steady course  
In harmony and love,  
And meet with the angelic hosts  
In nobler climes above.

---

 POEM CIII.

## SOME REMARKS ON GEORGE WASHINGTON.

- George Washington, that man of might,  
That man of high degree,  
With majesty he reared his head,  
Surveyed the land and sea.
- 2 What nobleness possessed his heart!  
Light from his eye-balls streamed;  
Each thought did act a generous part,  
Through various ages teemed.
- 3 Surveyed the numerous ages o'er,  
Their government and laws;  
What lights did on his eye-balls pour  
To open freedom's cause!
- 4 He saw his kindred were oppressed  
Then by a foreign yoke;  
He sought their wrongs for to redress,  
In their behalf he spoke.



- 5 His mighty arm he stretched out,  
He grasped the glittering sword;  
His countrymen then gave a shout,  
And round his standard poured.
- 6 He led them forth with shouts and cheers,  
To face their dreadful foe;  
He bid them banish all their fears,  
In strength and spirits go.
- 7 Each did obey his great command,  
They briskly took the field;  
With sword and musket then in hand  
They made their foes to yield.
- 8 Their drums did beat their roar,  
Their glittering swords did clash;  
The ground was dressed in purple gore,  
While cannon fire did flash.
- 9 The Brittons then line the shore,  
All ready to engage;  
Into our cities they did pour,  
And burnt them in a rage.
- 10 But Washington he bravely stood,  
His movements were complete;  
He bid defiance to the flood,  
And kings fell at his feet.
- 11 His officers and men were brave,  
They would not yield to fear;  
Their stars and eagles they did wave,  
Those flags they loved to rear.
- 12 George Washington was truly meek,  
He learned to bow his head

He oft gave succour to the weak,  
And lent them liberal aid.

13 He was a man of dignity,  
Of confidence and trust;  
His countrymen he set them free,  
And all their bands he burst.

14 'Twas by his wisdom and his skill,  
And God's majestic power;  
Sweet dews of freedom now distil  
On Eden's peaceful bower.

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POEM CIV.

THE SHEPHERD HUMBLY REQUESTS  
THAT HIS SONGS MAY BE EXTEND-  
ED FOR THE GOOD OF ALL MEN IN  
COMMON.

Triumphant God, we yield to thy commands;  
Grant that our songs may reach to healthy  
lands,  
While on our knees thy grace we do im-  
plore,  
Send forth our songs to reach the distant  
shore.

2 God grant our songs may walk eternal  
rounds,  
And be received wherever men are found;  
That they with us may tune their joyful lays,  
And all unite in noble songs of praise.

3 May earth rejoice, the heavenly world be glad;  
The saints unite, in glittering robes be clad;  
The numerous hosts of Adam's feeble race,  
With one accord, receive the Saviour's grace.

4 High in the heavens, the Saviour sets enthroned,  
But bows to men, who have his footsteps owned;

Lights up in them a bright celestial ray,  
And leads them on to climes of endless day.

5 He brings past things and present to their view,

Fills them with songs that're ever rare and new;

Calls them to rise and search the worlds above,

Pours forth on earth the treasures of his love.

6 Come sun and moon, and men of every clime,

Bow down your ears, and listen to my rhyme;

Unite with us, and as we pass along,

Learn from the Saviour's grace, should be our song.

7 With songs of joy we'll climb the airy road

And sing God's praise, let saints pronounce them good

While angel bands in radiant splendour fly,  
Join in our songs and shout them through the sky.

# POEM CV.

## CONCLUDING SONG.

Here now I close my cheerful song,  
And lay my pen aside;  
While subjects thick around me throng,  
The field still opening wide.

2 New glories bursting on my eyes,  
While Seraphs fly around;  
To courts above my spirit flies,  
Where woes and cares are drowned.

3 The courts of everlasting joy  
Are opened night and day,  
No caviller there finds employ,  
But each is cast away.

4 Pure are the courts of heavenly bliss,  
No amber can compare;  
O, may we not their favors miss,  
But find acceptance there.

5 May we ascend the lofty heights  
Of Zion's sacred hill;  
There find new pleasures and delights,  
Our thirsty souls to fill.



- 6 Descend, thou pure celestial dove,  
Our every sense bedew,  
Distil on us thy richest love,  
Our hearts and souls renew.
- 7 Give vigor to each active thought,  
And bear them swift away,  
Where solid joys are nobly wrought,  
And pleasures lead the day.
- 8 Give energy to every spring,  
While we do pass along;  
With saints and angels may we sing,  
And join their sacred song.
- 9 Here, Lord, we give ourselves away,  
Resign our last remains;  
Lead us to climes of endless day,  
Where Christ in glory reigns.
- 10 Descend from heaven, Effulgent Light,  
O'er all the nations shine,  
May darkness flee, in dreadful flight,  
And heaven and nature join.

## POEM CVI.

- Father, send thy favours round  
To every state and clime;  
Make every blessing to abound  
Upon the shores of time.
- 2 Thy favours each are large and free;  
Thy mercies have no bound;

- Extending to the utmost sea,  
And walks an endless round.
- 3 Bless all the nations far and near  
With every needed good;  
O may they learn thy name to fear  
Beyond the swelling flood.
- 4 Thy counsel's deep, thy rule is high,  
In one they do agree;  
Thou beautifi'st the orbs that fly  
And polishest the sea.
- 5 Great blessings thou hast sent to man,  
Too numerous each to name,  
Thy love to former ages ran,  
It's still to us the same.
- 6 Thy favours have been showered down  
On Gentile, Greek, and Jew;  
But each have acted like the clown,  
Unnoticed, passed them through.
- 7 Thy mercies may be seen the best  
Long after they are past;  
When good by evil is impressed,  
The longer it will last.
- 8 But favoured Goodness, now descend,  
And make us all agree;  
Our life and practice each to mend,  
And live in harmony.
- 9 That when our time shall be no more,  
And we be called from hence;  
May we thy mercies ponder o'er,  
And trust thy providence.

- 10 Like seamen who attempt the sea,  
Oft in the worst of times;  
And often find the wind is free,  
And sails to distant climes.
- 11 So may we leave life's busy shore,  
Amidst the storms of death:  
And distant worlds and climes,  
And breathe in softer breath.
- 12 Where hail and heat will all be dead,  
Through fearless climes we'll steer,  
Where Jesus shows his spotless head,  
And pleasures crown the year.

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POEM CVII.

- Prince of peace and Lord of all,  
Father of every clime,  
Let thy rich favors on us fall,  
Here on the shores of time.
- 2 Thou friend of savage and of sage,  
Of Christian and of Jew;  
Thou blessest all in every age,  
And lookest creation through.
- 3 The Hotentot, though poor arrayed,  
Upon the India shore;  
Thou givest to him the spicy bed,  
And loans the golden ore.
- 4 The African, whose frizzled locks,  
We think for crime was curs'd;

- Thou blessest him with various flocks,  
And givest him golden dust.
- 5 The dark Egyptian on the Nile,  
The scourge of thy first born,  
Thou givest to him the richest soil,  
And clothest the same with corn.
- 6 Thou blessest England, France, & Spain,  
With every needful thing;  
Russia and Prussia loves thy reign;  
There saints and poets sing.
- 7 The States of North America,  
How high they stand in view!  
Great blessings on them thickly lay,  
And favors not a few.
- 8 Here every needful blessing flows,  
Or in profusion springs;  
And while the wheat and barley grows,  
The farmer hums and sings.
- 9 There's every needed blessing here;  
Fair fruits in plenty grow;  
The peach, the pear, and apple fair,  
And purple plums do grow.
- 10 The various fruits, and meats, & drinks,  
That so adorn the land,  
They should allow us all, methinks,  
To follow God's commands.
- 11 May his rich bounty, freely given,  
Awake us to adore,  
And point us to that humble heaven,  
Where Jesus is the door.



- 12 Bless all the sons of Adam's race,  
A vast and numerous throng;  
May all behold the Saviour's face  
With a triumphant song.
- 13 Humility, his constant trait—  
Was harmless, meek, and mild;  
And, stripped from pride and vain deceit,  
In all was reconciled.
- 14 Kneeling was his constant form;  
He bowed before his God;  
And, in this way, he braved the storm,  
And bore the oppressor's load.
- 15 He had no house to shelter him,  
Nor pillow for his head;  
Though racked with pain in every limb,  
The earth became his bed.
- 16 Was mocked & scoffed by fools & blind,  
And termed a sinner too,  
The powers of hell were all combined  
To drive him from their view.
- 17 But, like a rock, the Saviour stood,  
While waves of sorrow rolled;  
And introduced a lasting good,  
By prophets long foretold.
- 18 Fair Prince of Peace, thy name we sing,  
Our Father and our Sun;  
Our feeble off'rings here we bring,  
And to thine altar run.

## POEM CVIII.

- Now to my heavenly Father,  
Here I dedicate my book;  
Keep it safe, through squally weather,  
Free from every sour look.
- 2 Hand it down to future ages;  
Let it pass the numerous throng,  
And delight both saints and sages,  
To repeat the shepherd's song.
- 3 May it suit both prince and beggar,  
While they look its pages o'er;  
And delight the sons of Hagar,  
Now upon the India shore.
- 4 Suiting white, and men of colour,  
In the north or torrid zone;  
But the critic, who's annuller,  
Best to let my book alone.
- 5 In my book are various beauties,  
Painted fairly to the eye;  
And a score of real duties,  
On which the public may rely.
- 6 Though my writings are not handsome,  
Yet some beauties may be seen;  
And if never termed handsome,  
Every rank they may convene.
- 7 Fit for prince, and fit for beggar,  
Fit for King, and Parliament;  
Fit for all the sons of Hagar,  
Where'er its pages may be sent.



- 8 Fit for saint, and fit for sinner;  
Fit for all the world at large;  
Giving each or all a dinner,  
If from it do not emerge.
- 9 None may now refuse from eating;  
God will this provision bless;  
And there need be no defeating,  
If we eat in righteousness.
- 10 What I've wrote and what I've spoken,  
Much of it is rare and new;  
And it is a real token,  
Lifted up to public view.
- 11 It's a sign to every party,  
That is round earth's mole-hill;  
This I write both pure and hearty,  
It's designed for one and all.
- 12 Heavenly Father, bless the people,  
That surround this little earth;  
Let them see, below the steeple,  
Wisdom shows a narrow path.
- 13 Pomp and show are but a bubble,  
Yet may ride on angel's wings;  
And, when filled with grief and trouble,  
Swell their lofty notes and sing.
- 14 Justice, like the purest mineral,  
Often lies concealed deep;  
Not confined to priest or general,  
But where shepherds feed their sheep.

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Julia F. Scribner  
Book II

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