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A

# METRICAL VERSION OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

THE ISRAELITES' SONG: JEPHTHA'S VOW,  
AND  
Other Scripture Passages,

BY D. WEMYSS JOBSON,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION," &c.

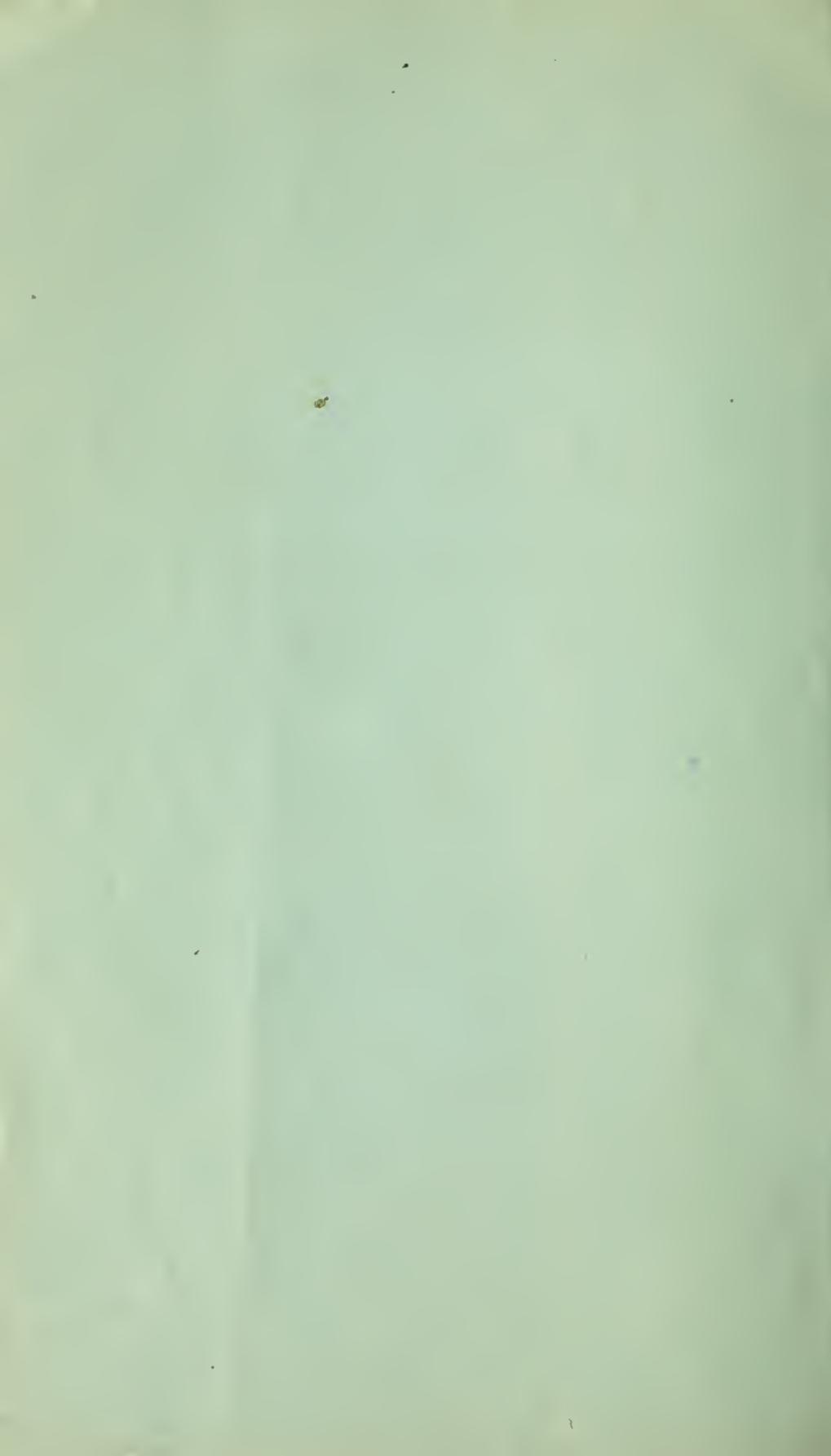


NEW YORK:

W. H. HOGAN & CO., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,  
151 FULTON STREET.

1870.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



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## NOTICE.

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IT may excite surprise in this division of the world that a writer, whose life for upwards of a quarter of a century has been devoted entirely to secular pursuits, and the stormiest scenes of politics, should now, for a moment, devote himself to tranquil religious themes ; but it is matter of notoriety in the Northern Hemisphere, in the West as well as the East, that having—merely for writing a few verses (construed as libellous) of the publication of which he was totally innocent, on a Scottish Baronet, who chanced to be a grand-nephew of the late Duke of Wellington as well as the present author's by marriage—been sentenced to the atrocious punishment of two year's imprisonment with *hard labor*, and silent or solitary confinement, he had during the whole of that long interval, little other means of mental employment than a Metrical Version of the Scriptures. About a third of the Old Testament books, as well as the New, were thus translated by him ; and these, with a few other volumes enumerated in the appended advertisement, he is now ready to publish here, should the inhabitants of the United States feel inclined to encourage such a literary enterprise.

Were it not for the sanctity of the subject he might be disposed to gratify public curiosity, by explaining that he was subjected to this unprecedented punishment, mainly through the perjury of a renegade Jew, named, “The Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli,” whose contempt for truth is proverbial in the new world not less than in the old, and

who attempted to swear the honor of a gallant East India officer, Colonel Rathborne, and more recently the safety of the Italian patriot Mazzini, as he swore two years of the life of the present writer away ; and that he was in the instance of the author enabled to do this with entire impunity, inasmuch as the writer was obnoxious to the existing Government of England, for having, as a member of the Queen's household, in the melancholy affair of Lady Flora Hastings, refused to assist in hurrying to the grave a lady who had no protection but her innocence. All these matters will necessarily be one day be developed, though they need not be further alluded to now, than only to remark that their perpetrators revel in present impunity; although, as the late Prince Metternich remarked, that "the British Aristocracy have yet an account to settle with the People of England," it may be inferred that such conduct will accelerate the approach of the reckoning day.\*

\* Lest it should be surmised that the writer is indulging in undue asperity he subjoins two extracts—one from an Australian journal named the *Melbourne Argus*, another from a speech of the great Irish orator, O'CONNELL, whom this Apostate, after attempting to enter Parliament as a "radical" or republican member under his auspices, also deceived, and afterwards vituperated, as he has deceived and vituperated every man who ever trusted him—in proof that the Political Hermaphrodite's baseness is known in that distant region, as it was known in Europe thirty-five years ago.

"The famous revolutionary epic of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's youthful and radical age has," says the *Argus*, "shared the fashionable honours of the day, in a republication. Readers unacquainted with that work will, however, hardly be able to gather a full notion of the original effort of the Conservative Statesman's revolutionary muse, for Mr. Disraeli has made not a few of what he calls 'purely literary corrections,' but which the *London Review* magnifies into substantial alterations, justifying the charge of dishonesty by illustrations. In 1864 he writes—

"Hallowed be  
The regicidal steel that shall redeem  
A nation's woe."

On which the *Review* remarks :—' Instead of the sentence above

The author may add, that such a version of the Scripture as that specimen he now presents—and he will engage to complete the whole in two years, if consistent with the public desire—might supersede a desideratum or general wish which has long existed extensively for a new translation of the Bible. In the existing version of this, many passages occur which are deemed objectionable by Protestants, as well as Catholics; but they cannot be rendered in modern language without being made still more offensive, nor omitted without incurring the charge of ‘mutilating the Scriptures.’ In a poetical version,

quoted, hallowing the regicidal steel which simply redeems a nation’s woe, that passage of the original poem ran thus:—

‘And blessed be the hand that dares to wave  
The regicidal steel that shall redeem  
A nation’s sorrow with a tyrant’s blood.’

This cannot be understood of the judicial execution of a criminal king. There is another passage which Mr. Disraeli has chosen to alter in the present edition, whilst he declares that his corrections are ‘purely literary,’ and that they do not affect the evidence regarding his former advocacy of political assassination. In the original poem he said, when speaking of Rome—

‘The bold Brutus but propelled the blow  
Her own and nature’s laws alike approved.’

Very good; that was what Mr. Disraeli wrote in 1834. In 1864, Mr. Disraeli has changed it into this—still speaking of Rome—

‘The blow bold Brutus struck, her fate.’

And these, he assures us, are ‘purely literary corrections.’”

DANIEL O’CONNELL is—and justly—far more severe on the regicidal hypocrite:

“At Taunton,” he says, in the course of a public speech, “this miscreant had the audacity to style me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary in 1831 than I am at present, if ever I were one—(laughter)—and if I am, he is doubly so for having employed me. (Cheers and laughter.) Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is, he is a liar. (Cheers.) He is a liar in actions and in words. His life is a living lie. He is a disgrace to his species. What state of society must that be that can tolerate such a creature—having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time, and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and at

however, they might be modified by what is termed the “license” allowed to verse ; and the author points to those parts of the “Sermon on the Mount,” alluding to infringements of the seventh commandment as evidence of the mode in which he purposes to accomplish this. A few shorter passages, from the Old Testament as well as the New, are added as proof of the manner in which the whole will be accomplished.

The author will only in conclusion state that he shall by no means regret the brutal imprisonment and homicidal tortures to which he was subjected,

another to profess diametrically the reverse ? His life, I say again, is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and kind ; and England is degraded in tolerating, or having upon the face of her society, a miscreant of his abominable, foul, and atrocious nature. (Cheers.) My language is harsh, and I owe an apology for it, but I will tell you why I owe that apology. It is for this reason, that if there be harsher words in the British language, I should use them, because it is the harshest of all terms that would be descriptive of a wretch of this species. (Cheers and laughter.) He is just the fellow for the Conservative Club. I suppose if Sir Robert Peel had been out of the way when he was called upon to take office, this fellow would have undertaken to supply his place. He has falsehood enough, depravity and selfishness enough to become the fitting leader of the Conservatives. He is Conservatism personified. His name shows him by descent a Jew. His father became a convert. He is better for that in this world ; I hope, of course, he will be the better for it in the next. There is a habit of underrating that great and oppressed nation—the Jews. They are cruelly persecuted by persons calling themselves Christians ; but no person ever yet was a Christian who persecuted. The cruellest persecution they suffer is upon their character, by the foul names which their calumniators bestowed upon them before they carried their atrocities into effect. They feel the persecution of calumny severer upon them than the persecution of actual force, and the tyranny of actual torture. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some Jewish families in London and amongst them more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded or better educated gentlemen, I have never met. (Hear, hear.) It will not be supposed, therefore, when I speak of Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants amongst them also, and it must have certainly been from one of those that Disraeli descended. (Roars of laughter.) He possesses just the qualities of the impudent thief who died upon the cross,

if he be thus instrumental in the further extension of a Book which, though virtually denounced by a late Lord Chancellor of England as uninspired, must be admitted, even by such scoffers as the British House of Lords, and especially the present truckling Archbishop of Canterbury thus proved themselves to be, to contain so much of human wisdom and so little of human folly.

NEW YORK, MAY. 1870.

whose name, I verily believe must have been Disraeli. (Roars of laughter.) For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross." (Loud cheers, mingled with laughter.)—*Disraeli the Author, Orator, and Statesman*, by John Mill; Darton and Hodge, London, 1864.



A METRICAL VERSION  
OF THE  
SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

I.

ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER V.

---

Then Jesus, opening his mouth, to them said—  
    Blessed are those that are poor,  
For abundance in heaven shall round them be shed,  
    And it shall for ever endure.

Blessed are they who now sorrow and mourn,  
    For they shall at last be consol'd;  
Blessed are those who are meek, though forlorn,  
    For they here dominion shall hold.

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst  
    For the great cause that's upright;  
Blessed are those who show mercy first,  
    For mercy on them shall alight.

Blessed are those who pure are in heart,  
    For they the Lord God shall see;  
Blessed are those who from peace ne'er depart,  
    For they His children shall be.

Blessed are those whom men now pursue,  
    And harrass for righteousness' sake;  
For the kingdom of heaven their strength shall renew,  
    Of its blessings and glory they shall partake.

Blessed are ye when men you revile,  
And persecute too for my sake;  
When they say you are evil and that you are vile,  
The Almighty will not you forsake.

Rejoice—let your hearts then leap for joy,  
A rich reward to you shall be given;  
For so did the wicked the prophets annoy,  
And you shall be rewarded in heaven.

You are the savour and salt of the earth;  
If that salt or savour be lost,  
How shall its vigour receive again birth ?  
Shall it not be contemptuously toss'd  
Under the feet, from the presence of men,  
Never to show that vigour again ?

You are the light exalted on high :  
A city which rears its head to the sky  
Cannot be hid : when built on a hill,  
Proudly its turrets it raises up still.

When a candle is lit 'mid the darkness of night,  
Men do not then extinguish its light  
By placing a bushel or shade on the wall,  
But provide that its brightness be seen shall by all.

Then let your light so shine before men,  
That they may witness its splendour again ;  
And that thanks from the heart by them may be given  
To our Omnipotent Father in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy  
The law or the prophets, or with vain thoughts annoy

Those that are here ; I am come to fulfil  
My Father's behests and accomplish his will.

For verily I say now unto you,  
Till chaos again its reign shall renew,  
Till heaven and earth shall both pass away,  
Not a tittle shall pass of what I now say :

All shall be done ; whoever shall break  
The smallest commandment that I now make,  
Or what I have taught, what I have proclaimed,  
Shall least in the kingdom of heaven be named.

But whoso shall teach, or do what I do,  
On his head I will pour out blessings anew ;  
And he shall be hailed in heaven as great,  
When on earth he has accomplished his fate.

For I say unto you, that unless ye surpass  
The righteousness Scribes and Pharisees show,  
To the kingdom of heaven you never shall pass,  
But on earth and in hell shall be laid low.

Of old it was said, “Thou shalt not kill,  
For that is a breach of our great Father's will ;  
Whoso shall kill shall before men be led,  
And death will then imperil his head.”

But I say to you, whoever has ire  
Against his brother 's in danger of fire ;  
Whoe'er without cause shall his brother detest  
Shall not in safety from danger now rest.

Whoever shall say to him “raca,” again,

For this shall be cited to answer to men ;  
And whoe'er that he's "fool" a brother shall tell,  
In peril shall be of the fierce flames of hell.

If thou to the altar bringest thy gift,  
And remember thy brother is angry with thee,  
Do not from it your offering uplift  
Until with him you reconciled be :  
Then come and offer your gift to the Lord,  
And pleasure to Him it thus will afford.

Agree with thine enemy while in the way,  
Lest with force o'erwhelming he thee waylay,  
And cause thee before a judge to be led,  
Who disasters anew shall heap on thy head;  
And force thee in prison straightway to be cast,  
When, I tell you, that till the last  
Farthing that's due to thy foe thou shalt pay  
Thou shalt not have leave to pass thence away.

You have heard, and of old your fathers said it,  
"Thou shalt not in act adultery commit ;"  
But, I tell you, whoever shall look  
On woman with lewdness, God will not brook ;  
But will reckon that man adulterer in heart,  
And from His wrath he shall not depart.

If thy right eye offend thee, at once pluck it out,  
And far from thy presence cast it without ;  
For 'tis better that one of thy organs expire  
Than that all be consigned to hell's burning fire.

If thy right hand offend thee, then cut it off,  
For that which is left will serve thee enough :

That one member perish—is it not well,  
Rather than all be yielded to hell ?

It is said, “whoe'er his wife puts away,  
Let him give her a bill, that aloof she may stay ;”  
But I say, “whoever from her shall part  
Without cause, already hath sinned in his heart :

And sinning, he causeth her also to sin,  
For thus it is that evils begin ;  
And he who weds her that is put away  
From the precept of God alike goes astray.

Again, ye have heard it was said of old,  
“Thou shalt not thyself forswear,  
But submissive to God thy lips thou shalt hold,  
And in all to Him reverence bear :”

But I say to you, swear not at all ;  
Neither by heaven, for God’s throne it is ;  
Nor by earth, for His footsteps on it now fall ;  
Nor by Sion, for His city ’tis ;

He is its King ; nor swear by thy head,  
Because not a hair can’t thou make  
Of all that there in profusion are spread,  
A dark or a light hue to take.

Let your oath be ‘yea, yea,’ or, as may be, ‘nay, nay,’  
For whatsoe’er more is, is evil;  
False oaths from God do not find their way,  
They emanate but from the devil.

You likewise have heard that it hath been said,  
“A tooth for a tooth, and an eye for an eye ;”

But I say, when smote on one side of the head,  
To be smote on the other also, draw nigh.

If any man shall pursue you at law,  
And your coat away take from you,  
Do you of that man and his law stand in awe,  
And your cloak let him have too.

If a man shall a mile compel you to go,  
Do not omit to go twain ;  
Give or lend to the poor, the needy, and low,  
And ask not from them again.

You have heard it is said, “ Thy neighbour love,  
Thine enemies thou shalt detest ; ”  
But I say, in His name who reigneth above,  
Let not such evil enter your breast.

Your enemies love, bless them that curse you,  
Do good to them who you hate ;  
Pray for those who reproaches renew,  
And to do you evil await :

That ye may be the children of God,  
Of Him who reigns in the skies,  
Of Him who in heaven hath His abode,  
And guardeth alike the simple and wise :

Of Him who causeth the sun and the rain  
To rise and to fall on the just and unjust ;  
On Him who has ruled and will rule them again,  
Let the good and the evil alike put their trust.

For if ye love them that only love you,

What reward can ye claim ?  
Do not sinners their love thus renew ?  
Do not publicans, too, do the same ?

If ye only your brethren salute,  
What do ye that others don't do ?  
Why from such deeds expect to reap fruit,  
Do not sinners do them so too ?

But be ye perfect, and perfect remain,  
While on earth it is your lot to endure ;  
Be ye pure, and your pureness retain,  
As your Father in heaven is perfect and pure.

## II.

## ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER VI.

---

Let not your alms be seen before men,  
That they may redound to your profit again;  
Otherwise you shall obtain no reward  
From your Father in heav'n who o'er them keeps guard.

When you the wants of the poor would relieve,  
Do not, as hypocrites do,  
Your alms so bestow that you may receive  
Praises from men heaped upon you :  
Against such parade be on your guard,  
For truly, I say, it shall have its reward.

But, when you give alms, let not your left hand

Know what is done by your right :  
Your Father in heaven will this understand,  
    And you shall find grace in His sight :  
An open reward He will then heap upon  
Your head, for what you in secret have done.

When you pray, do not, as hypocrites, pray  
    In the streets, that they by men may be seen ;  
Do not your prayers in synagogues say,  
    Let a wide difference be you between :  
Against such parade be on your guard,  
    For truly, I say, it shall have its reward.

Do ye, when ye pray, to your own chamber go,  
    And, when fast shut is the door,  
Cause your Father in secret your wishes to know,  
    And he will give heed to you more  
Than if you in public had openly prayed,  
    Or your vows, in presence of men, to Him paid.

And, when you pray, repeat not in vain,  
    As heathens do, when their wants they express,  
For they think they'll be heard if they loudly complain,  
    And thus before men proclaim their distress :

Be not like them ; for your Father takes heed,  
Before you ask Him, of what you have need :  
Let this be your prayer, when you raise your thoughts  
    high  
To the Great Being who reigns in the sky :—

“ To Thee, our Father who rulest in heaven,  
Eternal praise and glory be given ;  
May Thy kingdom come, may we find it at home,

May we find it abroad, and wherever we roam :

“ May Thy will by mankind be done upon earth,  
As it is in those regions where angels have birth ;  
Give us each day our adequate food,  
And let Thy blessings to us be renewed :

“ Forgive us our debts, as we those forgive  
With whom, as foes, it is our lot to live ;  
And let not temptation around us be spread,  
But ward off the evil that threatens our head :  
For Thine are the kingdom, the glory, and pow’r,  
For ever and ever, till time’s dying hour.”

For if ye to men the evils forgive  
Which they have done unto you,  
In peace with your Father in heaven you’ll live,  
And He will you pardon anew.

But if to forgive those sins you refuse  
Which mankind to you have done,  
How much more will He, whose love you abuse  
By the evil career you have run ?

Moreover, when, to fast you’re inclin’d,  
Be not, as hypocrites, sad,  
And disfigure your faces, men to remind  
That some dire woe you have had :  
Against such deceit be on your guard,  
For again I say it shall have its reward.

Do ye, when you fast, put oil on your head,  
And to men appear not to fast ;  
Wash your face, and God around you will shed

Joy which always shall last ;  
Seeing in secret, your fervour He'll see,  
And openly you rewarded shall be.

Lay not your treasures up upon earth,  
Where moth and rust will destroy ;  
Where men who are thieves, or evil from birth,  
Can break through, steal, and annoy :

But lay for yourselves up treasures in heaven,  
Where all you desire by God shall be given ;  
Where neither moth nor rust can corrupt,  
Nor thieves approach with footsteps abrupt ;  
For, where is your treasure, your heart too will be.  
And you from its cares will never be free.

The light of the body dwells in the eye ;  
If this be pure, all you see in the sky,  
Or around you, will be resplendent with light ;  
If impure, you'll be plunged in the darkness of night :  
And when abysmal darkness you see,  
How great and profound that darkness will be !

No man on earth two masters can serve,  
For one he will hate, the other he'll love ;  
The one may be prudent, the other unwise,  
The one he may value, the other despise :  
For Ma'nmon, therefore, you cannot reserve  
Your love, and for Him who reigneth above.

Therefore I now say, and declare,  
Do not for life retain any care ;  
Of things that are carnal heed not ; nor think  
What ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink :

Neither for body raiment provide,  
But in faith of the Lord God abide :  
Is not life more than raiment, the body than food ?  
Then trust in the Lord amid evil and good.

The fowls of the air—how brightly they go !  
They reap not, they plant not, they hoard not, nor sow ;  
Yet your Father above feeds them as they stray ;  
And are you not more precious than they ?

Which of you, though he long calculate,  
Can a cubit or span add to his height ?  
Why think of raiment ? the lillies survey ;  
And are you not much better than they ?

They toil not, they spin not, yet grow in the field,  
And still beauty show, still beauty yield ;  
And I tell you that Solomon, 'mid all his power,  
Was not so resplendent as that humble flower.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass,  
Which to day is, to-morrow is not ;  
Why will He not His goodness amass  
Around you, though small faith you have got.

Therefore say not, “ What shall we eat,  
Or how shall we drink, or our raiment complete ; ”  
For after these things the Gentiles aspire,  
And they thus the Lord arouse in His ire :  
Your Father knoweth all you can need,  
And He of your wants will not fail to take heed.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God,  
And the righteousness there that hath its abode :

And all these things shall be added to you :  
He will guide, He will guard, He will cherish you too.

Take no thought what a day may bring forth,  
What it may yield, or what it be worth ;  
Heed not to-morrow : mind but to-day ;  
Sufficient's the evil that's found in its way.

### III.

#### ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER VII.

---

Condemn not, lest by men ye're condemned ;  
Let not justice by you be contemned ;  
For, whatever judgement to others ye mete,  
You from your Heavenly Father shall meet.

Why wilt thou see in thy brother's eye  
A mote, and heed not thine own,  
Where a beam may be seen, obscuring the sky  
Till vision from thee completely has flown ?

And why wilt thou to thy brother say,  
" Let me pluck the mote from thine eye :"  
Why thy conceit not rather allay,  
By pulling the beam there standing high ?

Hypocrite ! first cast out the beam  
Which must thy vision obscure ;

And the light on thine own may so chance to gleam  
That thou may'st remove it secure.

Give not that which is holy to dogs ,  
Neither your pearls cast before hogs ;  
Lest, turning, they trample you under their feet,  
And rend you for the kindness they meet.

Ask, and what you ask shall be given ;  
Seek, and you will get it from heaven :  
Knock, and the door to you shall be ope,d ;  
It is not in vain you have worked or have hop'd.

Where is the man whose son asking bread,  
A stone would attempt to give him instead ?  
Or, asking a fish, that he may live,  
Where is he who a serpent would give ?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give  
Gifts to your children, or their wants relieve,  
How much more shall He who reigneth above  
Give good things to those who ask Him in love ?

Whatsoe'er you would have men do to you,  
Do ye even so unto men ;  
For such is the law, and the old prophets too  
Have proclaimed it again and again.

Enter ye at the gate which is straight,  
For wide is the gate and broad is the way  
Of those who on destruction await,  
And many are they that there go astray.

But straight is the gate, and narrow the way,

That leadeth to life ; and few there will lay  
Their head or their steps, when heaven they'd find :  
Let those who hear Me bear this in mind.

Beware of false prophets, and those who may come  
Clad in sheep's clothes to entice you from home ;  
For ravenous wolves they inwardly are,  
Though outwardly mild and meek they appear :

By their fruits ye shall know them ; men do not gather  
Figs from a thistle, or grapes from a thorn ;  
Good fruit and evil can not grow together,  
And good fruit can not by a bad tree be borne.

A good tree can not bad fruit produce,  
And a bad yieldeth what you should refuse :  
Every bad tree must be cut down,  
Splintered, and then into fire thrown :

By their fruits ye shall know them all, everywhere :  
Not to all who to Me may declare  
Their zeal, or "Lord" cry, shall it be given  
To enter my Father's kingdom of heaven :  
But he who the will of My Father shall do  
Shall there find My love burning anew.

In that day, many to Me will exclaim,  
" Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name ?"  
Have we not by Thee devils out cast ?  
Have not we done what, as wonders, will last ?

But unheeded, I tell you, they all shall remain ;  
I will not workers of evil retain :  
" Quit Me," I'll say, " from Me depart ;

Ye're strangers to Me, but I know your heart."

Whoso shall hear these sayings of Mine,  
And also to do them his heart shall incline,  
I'll compare to a wise man who built on a rock  
A house that should stand the tempest's fierce shoc',

And the rains came, and the winds blew,  
The floods too descended with fury anew ;  
And all on it beat ; but it stood well the shock,  
For it was firmly based on a rock.

Who heareth My words and doeth them not,  
Or who, when he's heard, them hath forgot,  
I'll compare to that foolish man in the land  
Who attempted to found his house upon sand :

The torrents descended, the floods fiercely came ;  
And all might then his folly proclaim :  
For, soon as the tempest blew on the wall,  
His house straightway fell, and great was its fall.

---

THE ISRAELITES' SONG.\*

---

Now will I raise my voice to the Lord,  
For glorious in triumph has been His sword ;  
Triumphant and glorious, powerful is He,  
The horse and his rider are cast in the sea.

The Lord is our strength, and the source of our song ;  
He is our safety ; our days He'll prolong :  
He is our God ; we will raise Him a house ;  
The God of our sires, who our praise shall arouse.

The Lord is His name, a warrior is He ;  
The chariots of Pharaoh are cast in the sea :  
His hosts and his captains are both overthrown,  
To the depths of the sea by Him they're cast down.

The depths have them covered ; they sank as a stone ;  
Glorious in power is our God alone :  
His foes have been dashed down by His hand,  
The strength of His arm none can withstand :

By that strength His foes struck down He hath ;  
Like stubble, they've been consumed by His wrath :  
The blast of His nostrils made water leap.  
And the floods of the sea congeal in the deep.

His foe then exclaimed, "I will pursue,  
With my swift-flying chariots I'll capture you ;  
My lust shall be sated ; the spoils I'll divide,  
By the strength of my sword you shall be destroyed."

But He smote them with the blast of His wind,  
And not one of all was then left behind :  
The sea dashed upon them ; beneath it they sleep ;  
Engulphed there, they sank like lead in the deep.

Who is like Thee the nations among,  
Are other Gods so resplendent in song ?  
Who, like Thee, is holy and fearful in praise,  
Who, like Thee, in power great works can raise ?

Thou stretched'st Thy right hand, and waves swallowed all  
Who vauntingly threatened on us to fall ;  
Thou led'st forth the people whom Thou hast redeem'd  
And Thou hast them guided as good to Thee seemed.

To Thy house Thou brought'st them ; the nations shall hear  
Of Thy holy name, and stand too in fear ;  
Sorrow on Palestine's sons shall seize hold,  
And the Edomite dukes shall tremble, though bold.

The great men of Moab shall quake too with fear,  
The people of Canaan shall all disappear;  
Fear and dismay upon them shall fall,  
Beneath Thy arm sink shall they all.

Let them remain, still as a stone,  
Till Thy people pass in safety alone—  
That people who by Thee have been bought—  
That people who here by Thee have been brought :

That people whom Thou shalt lead on, and plant  
In the midst of the mountains, where they shall not want,  
To that place which for them Thou hast design'd,  
To that place which holy is made by Thy mind.

For ever and ever the Lord God shall reign,  
Who the horses of Pharoah o'erthrew on the Plain ;  
Who sank his chariots too in the sea :  
A mighty, puissant, Lord God is He :

For the children of Israel stood on the sand,

And safely beheld Him Pharaoh thus strand ;  
In the midst of the land they stood safe and free,  
While the forces of Egypt sank in the sea.

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### JEPHTHA'S VOW. \*

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The spirit of God on Jephtha then came,  
As over Gilead he strode ;  
Determined there to establish his fame,  
And the Ammonites smite with his rod.

And he said, in a vow offered up to the Lord,  
“ If Thou wilt cause, without fail,  
The children of Ammon to yield to my sword,  
And that I shall o'er them prevail,

Then it shall be, whoever me meets  
First, when to my house I return,  
Whoever first as victor me greets,  
On thy altar I vow I will burn.”

So Jephtha passed to the Ammonite land,  
Their forces in battle to fight ;  
And the Lord deliver'd them into his hand,  
And caused him their armies to smite.

Twenty cities by him were laid waste,

\* Judges, Chapter xi., Verse 29—40.

And he slew all he found on the plain ;  
And this, having done, the warrior in haste,  
    Returned homeward again

But as he approached his house at Mizpay,  
    His only daughter came out  
To meet him with songs and joy by the way,  
    And in rapture she caroled about.

She was his dear and sole beloved child,  
    Besides her, he others had **none** ;  
And, when he beheld her, **with** grief he grew wild,  
    To think that for ever his **pleasure** had flown.

Rending his clothes, he cried out, “ Alas !  
    My daughter, why com’st thou now ?  
For from what I have said I cannot pass,  
    As to the Lord I’ve recorded my vow.”

His daughter, when told, said “ Father if thou  
    Thus have pledged thyself to the Lord ;  
Do as thou hast said in thy vow,  
    Though I myself should fall by thy sword ;

And as by His favour thou hast prevailed  
    Over the Ammonite land,  
Let me too by thy brand be assailed,  
    Let me also fall by thy hand :

Yet give me two brief months to go up  
    And on the hills wander alone ;  
And then to the last I’ll drink of the cup,  
    When those two months have over me gone.”

Jephtha said, " Go ; " and he sent her away,  
And for two months she wandered o'er  
Mountain and glade, but during her stay  
Never her fate was heard to deplore.

And when that period o'er her had flowed,  
The virgin to her Father returned,  
Who sacrificed her as he had vowed,  
Her body on the altar being burned.

The daughters of Israel in grief forth then went  
The virgin's fate to deplore;  
And, four days a year, still loudly lament  
That Jephtha's daughter now is no more.

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#### THE MATRON'S SONG.\*

---

The Lord in His mercy hath looked down on me,  
He has given me proof of His grace;  
A reproach among men no longer I'll be,  
His love will the stigma efface.

Hail, Mary, now ! Hail, Mary, Hail !  
Blessed art thou upon earth;  
Blessed art thou among all who travail,  
And He who from thee shall draw birth !

Blessed art thou beyond all below,

\*St. Luke, Chapter 1., Verses 25, 40—45.

Blessed's the fruit of Thy womb :  
 Blessings from thee on mankind shall flow ;  
 He them shall save from their doom.

How is it now that you to me come,  
 You, the source of my Lord ?  
 I know it—I feel that my joy you've become,  
 For, soon as I heard thy lov'd word—

Soon as thy sweet voice fell on my ear,  
 The infant leapt in my womb :  
 With joy he again leaps, now you are here  
 To bless and to beam o'er my home.

For blessed is she who humbly believes  
 The words which are told her from heaven :  
 Blessed is she who with faith receives  
 The promise its angel has given.

## THE VIRGIN'S SONG.\*

Then Mary exclaimed : Oh, great is the Lord !  
 My soul extolleth His name :  
 My mind is ravish'd with joy by His word ;  
 My Saviour puts me in flame,  
 Because He has kindly looked on my lot,  
 My lot so poor and oppress'd :  
 But henceforth, forever, on earth there is not  
 A nation but shall call me Bless'd.

For the Lord God on high has done much for me,  
 And Holy is named by us here :  
 From age unto age His mercy shall be  
 Extended to those who Him fear.

He shown has the force that exists in His arm,  
 And dispersed the designs of the proud :  
 The mighty has struck from their thrones in alarm,  
 And the humble raised from the crowd ;

With his bounty hath nourished the breasts of the poor,  
And the rich sent empty away :  
On Israel He now all blessings will pour,  
And in pity its griefs too allay.

Then praised be the Lord, who to Abram has shown  
This glowing proof of His love ;  
Nor to Abram and his descendants alone,  
But to all who revere Him above.

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### THE MISSION.\*

---

I come, I come in the name of the Lord,  
I have come, I have come as a fiercee flashing sword ;  
I am come to scatter flames upon earth,  
And to disasters dire to give birth.

I have come to baptize you with wrath and with fire ;  
What woe shall I find when I've had my desire !  
Doye think that on earth I have come to give peace ?  
No ! discord with Me never shall cease.

I have come to raise fiercee strife in each house,  
And the fiercest of passions in men to arouse ;  
In each home I will raise two against three,  
And three against two wherever they be.

I'll raise up the sire in strife with the son,  
And the son with the sire, ere his race shall be run ;  
The daughter I'll arm against her sire's wife,  
And the mother make seek her own daughter's life.

The stepdame I'll raise against daughter-in-law,  
And she of the other shall stand too in awe ;  
I'll scatter around hate, vengeance, and woe.  
And death to mankind, wherever I go.

\* St Luke, Chapter xii., Verse 49—52

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