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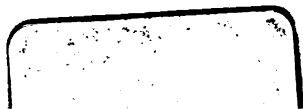
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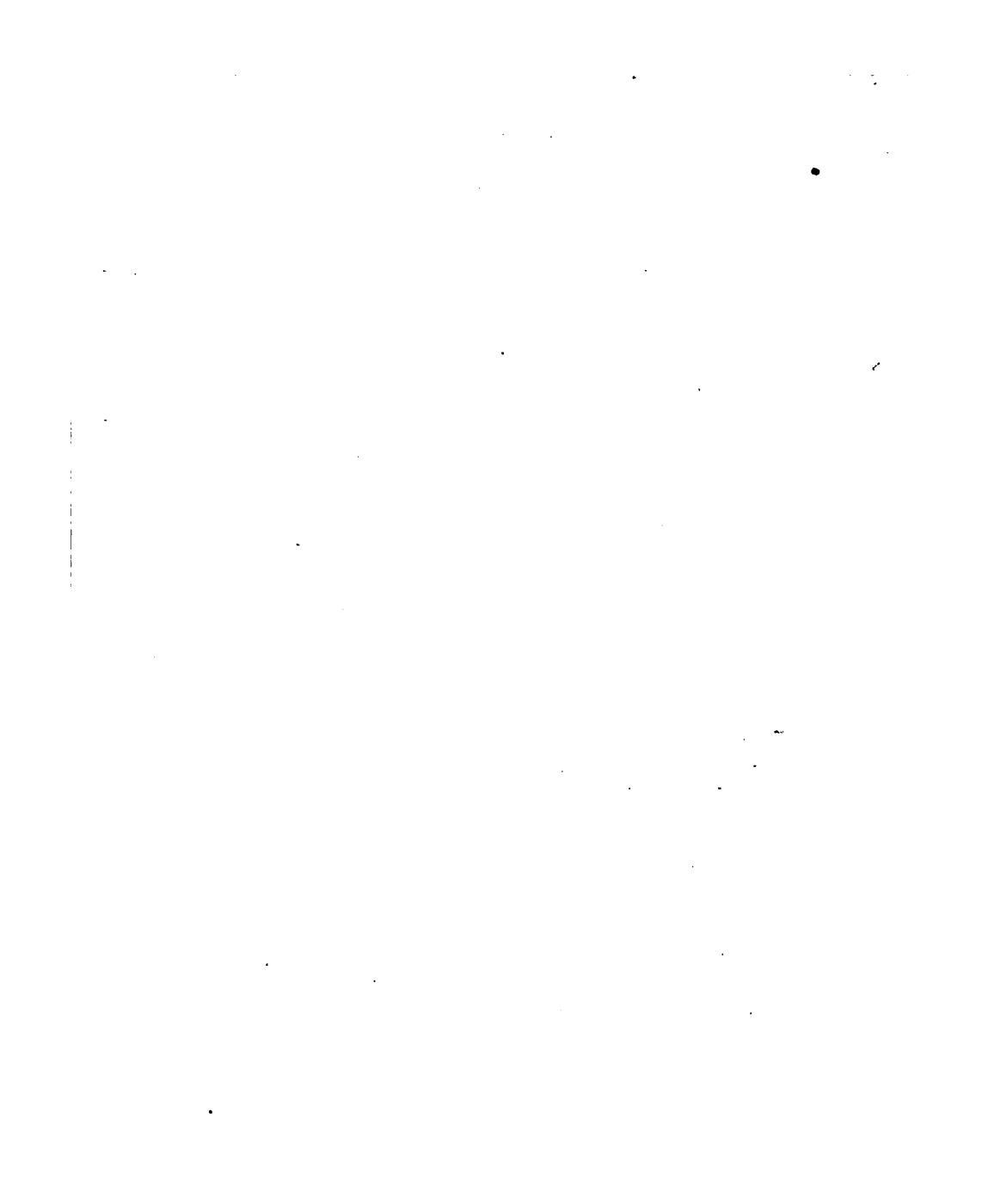
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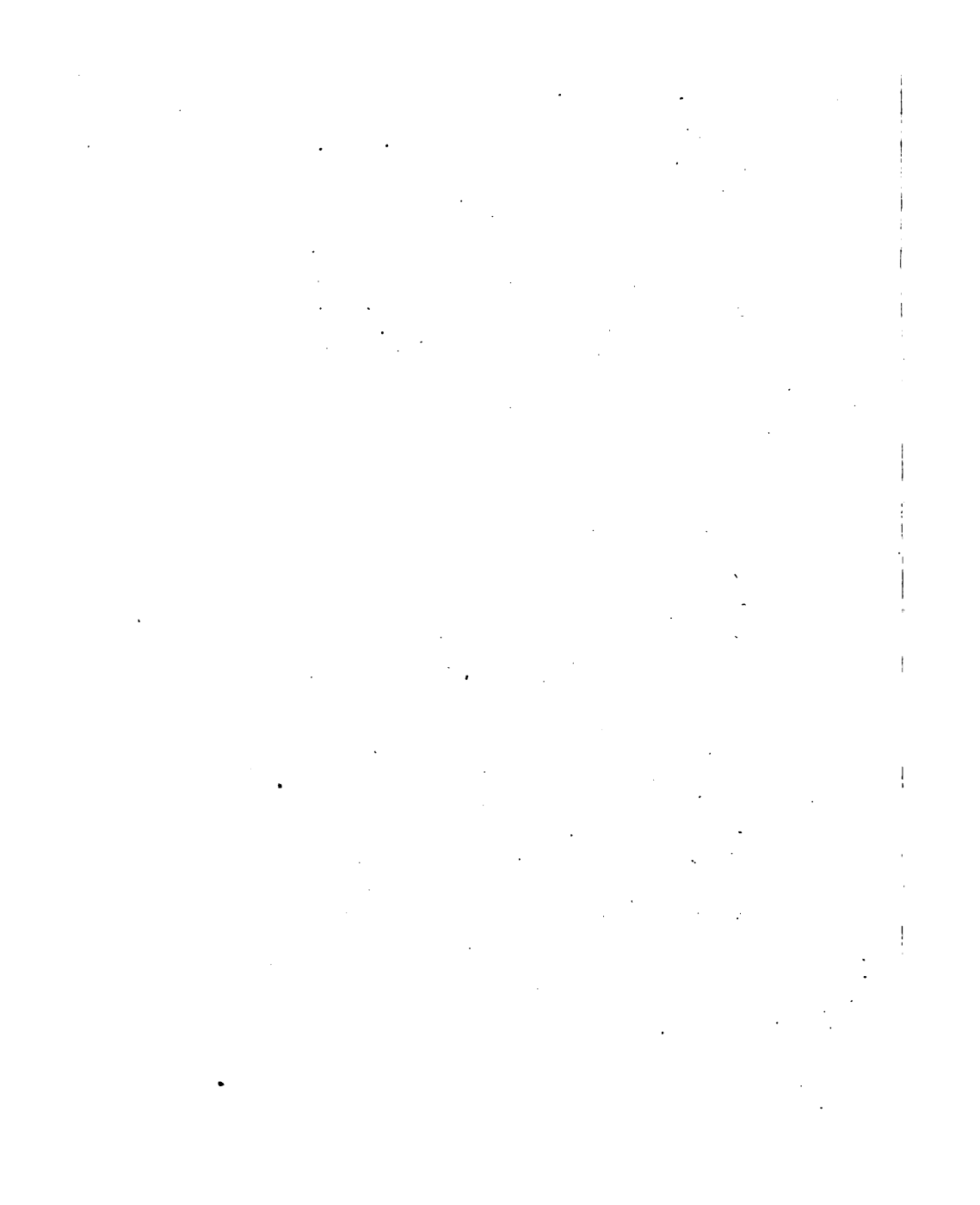
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POEMS
ON
Various Subjects
BY
THE REV. W. M. HETHERINGTON
L. L. D.



FREE ST. PAUL'S DISTRICT SCHOOLS.

1831.

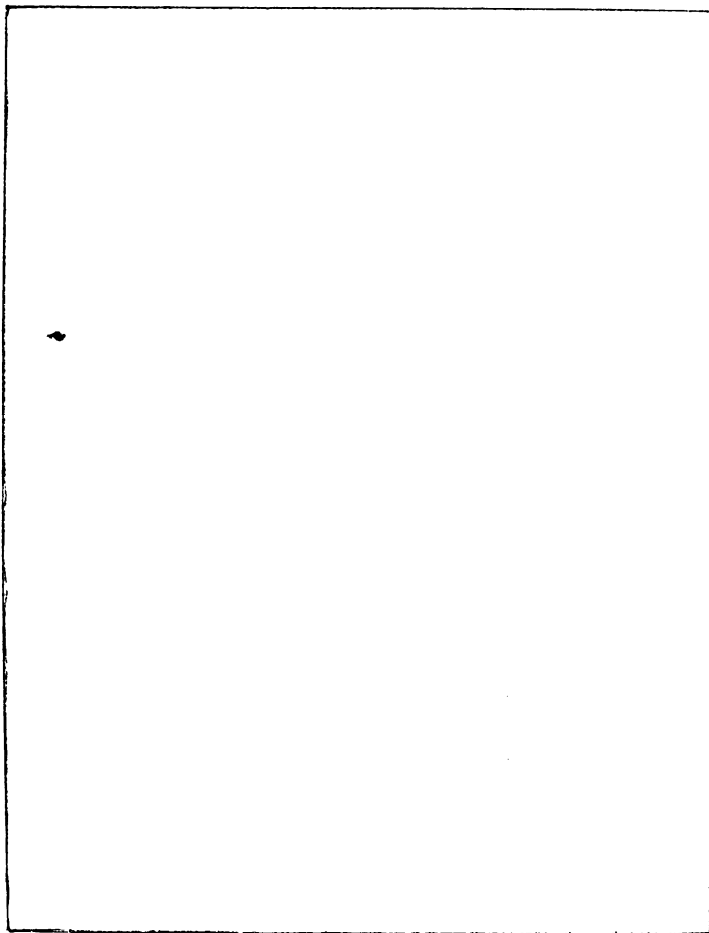


THIS little volume is affectionately Inscribed to the LADIES connected with the CONGREGATION OF FREE ST PAUL'S, to whose urgent request alone it owes its present appearance, as a CONTRIBUTION TO THEIR BAZAAR in aid of the recently erected DISTRICT SCHOOLS.

Several of the Poems which it contains have formerly been printed in different literary and religious Journals; and the rest have been selected from the manuscript productions of other years, where they might have continued to rest in quiet oblivion, but for that occasion which prompted the request, with which their Author could not refuse to comply.

W. M. HETHERINGTON.

EDINBURGH, 1851.



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P O E M S, &c.



On a Beautiful Infant.

I've leant me oft at dewy even,
By some lone wizard stream,
And, gazing on the glorious heaven,
Yielded to Fancy's dream ;
Till tripping elves would seem to pass,
Fair, glancing o'er the pearly grass,
So sweetly, delicately bright,
Like bodied joys, all robed in light.

And while the spell me gently bound,
In its sweet witching thrall;
The beauteous visions flitting round,
To me were real all :
And thro' mild twilight's veily screen,
Full many an angel face I've seen—
Their radiant smile, their pure, meek eyes,
Lapped my tranced soul in heavenly joys.

But, even in Fancy's glowing hour,—
When her wild fervent hand
Waved, in its fullest sweep of power,
O'er me her airy wand,—
In all my brightest visions, ne'er
Aught have I seen or dreamt, so fair,
So beautiful, so pure, so mild,
As thou art, sweetest, loveliest child !

Art thou, indeed, of mortal birth ?
Dwells human life in thee ?
And can a being formed of earth
So like an angel be ?
Has ever mortal mother pressed
Thee to her fondly heaving breast ?
Has earth-born father's raptured eye
Gazed on thee, melting in its joy ?

Well could I deem, if guilt had ne'er
Darkened man's lofty brow,
His young race might have been as fair
And beautiful as thou :—
Clad in mild innocence like thee,
Sported around life's genial tree,
And gathered everlasting joys
Among the bowers of Paradise.

Scarce can I think but thou hast come,
Like phantom of delight,
Gliding from thy far Eden-home
To bless our wondering sight,—
Lost records o'er the soul to bring,
To wake the heart's long silent spring,
To win our wayward minds to love,
And fix their wandering thoughts above.

That brow of radiant sunny hue,
Those locks of Even's mild ray,
Those speaking eyes, of softest blue,
That cheek of early May ;
Those features, like a veil of light,
Giving the mind's least change to sight,—
The harmonized and beauteous whole
Fills with a sacred awe the soul.

Yes! thoughts that wear a pensive shade,
Roll o'er me heavily ;
Fair creature ! earth was never made
Thy home of years to be !
Wilt thou, too soon, exhale away,
As skiey dews flee garish day,
And, leaving this dark world of ours,
Rejoin thy native heavenly bowers ?

Thou mayest : but our hearts the while
Will brood in fondness o'er thee ;
And when no more life warms thy smile,
We may not dare deplore thee !
Thou camest, in light and love divine,
Our hearts to soften and refine ;
Thou speedest hence, thy mission done,
To point our path, and lure us on !

Bright gem of human loveliness,
Unsoiled by human crime!
Thy stay, with gushing hearts, we bless,
Whate'er may be its time:
We gaze on thee,—a being born
From the pure, dewy flush of morn;
Our deep love owns a thrill of fear,—
We dare not hope to keep thee here!

1825.



To the Spirit of Health.

SWEET spirit of the sunny brow
And smiling eye! where wanderest thou,
Like spring-cloud softly gliding?

Dost thou among the mountains stray ;
Or, in some lone glen far away,
'Mong cottage-elves light sporting play,
From thy sad votary hiding ?

I've sought thee in the youthful hour
Of Spring, when every little flower
Its timid eye was closing ;
I've traced thee to the streamy dell,
Where living waves clear-gushing well,
And calmly in its mossy cell
The violet lies reposing.

The clifty steep I've climbed for thee,
And skimmed the dew-drop from the lea,
When, through the clouds upspringing,

Light caroling his gladsome lay,
To hail the virgin-blush of day,
Soaring aloft, away—away—
The lark his song was singing.

When Summer suns wheeled sultry by,
And glittering heat flamed o'er the sky,
To shady groves slow wending,
Full oft amid the quiet bowers
I've traced thy steps o'er fragrant flowers,
Or felt, in gentle balmy showers,
Thy influence descending.

In bounteous Autumn's reign, with thee
I've roamed to mark plain, dell, and tree,
With golden treasures glowing ;

And even when Winter's storms blew chill,
And billowy snows wreathed vale and hill,
A keen, invigorating thrill
 I've felt thy breath bestowing,

Canst thou behold the feeble streak
Lessening on that pale, beauteous cheek—
 A rose-bud cropp'd and fading?
And canst thou hear the sick, long sigh,
Heaving that lovely bosom high;
Or see faint dimness cloud that eye,
 Its living light o'er shading?

Thou canst not! Come, then, spirit mild!
Come from the far, the breezy wild!
 Come from the heathy mountain!

Come from the leafy glen, and bring
With thee gales sweet as breathing spring,
When Zephyr stirs, with airy wing,
 Young flowers that kiss the fountain!

Bright spirit, come! and spread once more
Thine own fresh bloom that pale cheek o'er,
 In all its native beauty!
And I shall weave thee garlands fair,
Of every flower that scents the air—
Speed to thy shrine, and hang them there,
 In glad and grateful duty.

The Home-Star.

FAR o'er broad ocean's tide,
Wild, dark, and dreary,
The wanderer's bark may ride,
Storm-tost and weary;
Winds and mad waves may war,
Black skies bend o'er him,
Through storm and gloom one star
Beams still before him.

His fatherland's heathy hill,
Lake, glen, or wild wood,
Broad stream, or mountain rill—
Haunts of his childhood—

Over his soul will come,
Soothingly telling,
That fond hearts there still are some,
There for him swelling.

Still shines that star to him,
Far though he wander ;
Clouds rushing dark and grim
Melt from its splendour ;
Its smile, waking musings deep,
Spell-like has bound him,
Till wild wave and tempest's sweep
Brighten around him.

The Torwood Oak.

THE TORWOOD OAK! How like a spell
By mighty wizard breathed, that name
Bids every Scottish bosom swell,
And burn with all a patriot's flame!
The past before the rapt eye brings—
Forth march the phantom forms of kings,
And loud the warrior's bugle rings,
O'er crimson fields of fame.

I see the Roman eagle whet
His hungry beak—I see him soar—
He stoops—I see his pinions wet,—
Ruffled and wet with his own gore :

I see the Danish raven sweep
O'er the dark bosom of the deep—
His scattered plumage strews the steep
Of rugged Albion's shore!

Lo! England's Edward comes! the plain
Groans where his marshalled thousands wheel;
Grim Terror stalks o'er heaps of slain—
Gaunt Famine, prowling, dogs his heel.
Ah! woe for Scotland! blood and woe!
Fierce and relentless is the foe,
And treason points the murderous blow,
Edges the ruthless steel!

But who is he, with dauntless brow,
And dragon-crest, and eagle eye,
Whose proud form never knew to bow
Its stately port, and bearing high?

Around him close a generous band—
Few, but the chosen of the land—
Beneath the Torwood Tree they stand,
Freedom to gain,—or die!

'Tis he, the bravest of the brave!—
'Tis he, the freest of the free!—
Whose mighty arm and dreadful glaive
Thrice won fair Scotland's liberty!
That hero-patriot, whose great name
Justly the foremost rank may claim,
Of all that grace the rolls of fame,—
WALLACE OF ELDERSLIE!

What though he fell, where is the Scot
That ever can his name forget?
Trace Scotland o'er, where is the spot
Unhallowed by his memory yet?

On every mountain, heath, and dell,
Stream, cavern, cliff, and upland fell,
And hoary tower, his glories dwell,
In brightest lustre met!

Oak of a thousand years! no more
Towering sublime to sun and sky,
Thou fling'st thy welcome shelter o'er
The homeless brave, where low they lie;
Yet to Imagination's sight
Thou risest, broad-boughed, green, and bright,
Still fresh and radiant in that light
Which cannot fade or die!

On Visiting the Field of Bannockburn.

AND here they stood, the brave, the true,
The glorious patriot band ;
Hearts that fear's quailings never knew,
Live bulwarks of the land.
Here, by the free, the proud gale raised,
Aloft old Scotia's banner blazed ;
With glance of high command,
Daring in deed, in council grave,
Here moved the BRUCE, serenely brave.

They come—England's high chivalry—
Couched every thirsty spear ;
Like frost-work on the wintry lea,
They sink,—they disappear !

Forward the Scottish warriors sweep—
 The claymore's gash is wide and deep—
 Wild swells the charging cheer.
 "Long, maids of England, may ye mourn
 Your lovers slain at Bannockburn!"*

The vision fades! No serried ranks
 Gleam o'er the peaceful plain;
 No war-steeds shake the sedgy banks,
 No war-shout rings amain;
 No bannered lion paws the air;
 Where is the rooted *bore-stone*,† where!
 I gaze around in vain;
 For even what Time's rude touch had left,
 Man's ruder hand away has left.

* The two lines which conclude the second stanza, formed the chorus of a song composed at the period, but now lost, except that couplet.

† The *bore-stone*, as it is called, was a considerably large mass of rock, in which a deep hole had been cut for the insertion of Bruce's standard. The spot is still pointed out, and inclosed with a wall to preserve the almost imperceptible remains of the rock, which had been chipped and carried away by innumerable visitors, who were eager to possess fragments of so memorable a stone.

No! 'twas no rude nor hostile grasp
Which reft that sacred stone!
Thousands with wild love burned to clasp
Its fragments as their own.
I blame, but cannot ban, their zeal;
For here on this proud spot I feel,
That though each trace were gone,
A glory lightens o'er this place,
Man cannot stain, nor time efface.

Yes, Time! thou hast thy limits too!
Thy touch, thou wasteful power,
Pride, strength, and beauty may subdue—
May crumble hall and tower;
All perishable things, the sway
Of thy broad wing may sweep away,
As winter does the flower;
Yet short-lived Man, on earth thy realm,
Can rear what thou canst ne'er o'erwhelm.

Men perish ; but immortal Man
The shock of death defies ;—
The laurels snatched in life's brief span
Flourish beyond the skies.
Where'er the Patriot's foot has trod,
The hoary Patriarch sought his God,
Where Worth, where Genius lies,
There mind-built trophies tower sublime,
Impassive to chance, change, or time.

In days of old the thunder's stroke
Hallowed where'er it came ;
Here Freedom's vengeful lightnings broke,
In fierce and living flame :
Then sacred be this field for aye,
And hallowed be the glorious day
When Bannockburn became
The chosen watch-word of the Free—
The proud war-cry of Liberty!

On Visiting the Graves of Two Martyrs in an Old
Churchyard.

'Tis hallowed ground ! hushed be my breath,
Uncovered be my head !
Let me the shadowy court of death
With softest footstep tread !
The spirit of the place I feel,
And on its sacred dust I kneel,
For here, all lowly laid,
As old traditions soothly say,
Rest faithful martyrs in the clay.

Scotia's brown pines, in silent gloom,
Commingle broad and tall,
As Nature's self had o'er their tomb
Hung her own sable pall ;

A few faint, straggling beams of day
Amid the blent boughs shifting stray,
 And on their low homes fall;
The river, rushing down the vale,
Pours round their graves its solemn wail.

Where are the mounds, that, like twin waves,
 Young children of the deep,
With gentle swell should mark the graves
 Where side by side they sleep?
They, too, have melted quite away,
As snow-wreaths vanish day by day;
 Time's wasting touch can sweep
Even Death's sad records from earth's face,
Leaving of man no lingering trace.

And be it so! Their mouldered clay—
 Like dew-drops in the stream,
Like leaves in the wan year's decay,
 Like the sky-meteor's gleam—

Though with its mother-element
Now undistinguishably blent
That human dust may seem,
Restored and purified shall rise,
To shine immortal in the skies !

How vain the pompous tomb appears,
Piled o'er the haughty dead,
When viewing, through the mist of tears,
Where the true and good are laid !
Yes, in the gales that round me moan,
The stream, the grave, the lettered stone,
Even in the dust I tread,
I feel the presence of a Power,
Living and mighty to this hour !

Can Scotland e'er forget that cause,
So dear in times long fled,
When for CHRIST'S COVENANT, CROWN, AND LAWS,
Her children's blood was shed ?

No! buried memories shall arise,
From out each hallowed spot, where lies,
 'Neath turf or heath-bell red,
Her martyred Worthies! And again
Her COVENANTED KING shall reign!

1827.



Dirge of a Broken Heart.

I WAKE not thus at midnight's hour,
 Resting my head in mournful mood
Upon my hand, to muse on power
 Begirt by all her battle brood;
Nor do I frame the lay to tell
How heroes crowned with victory fell,
When war-fiends pealed their frantic yell
 Upon the fields of blood.

No! midnight's smouldering passions urge
The wailings that I wake to pour,
An unheard, melancholy dirge
A broken heart's sad relics o'er.
Poor sport of many a bitterest ill—
Of misery's pang, and rapture's thrill,
Soon may'st thou, must thou, slumber still,
Nor wish to waken more!

What wert thou when young life was thine?
Did Hope, the angel, round thee cast
Her glorious forms of joy divine,
To tempt—then sweep in mockery past?
Did Passion, like the siroc-wind,
That leaves no living thing behind,
Speed thy career, impetuous, blind,
To leave thee thus at last?

Say, wert thou one whose pulses rose
As the clear war-note swelled the gale?
Joyedst thou amid encountering foes,
Grimly to bid Destruction hail!
When Victory her pæan rung,
Responsive to the cannon's tongue,
Hast thou in fiery triumph sprung,
As rout roared down the vale?

Or did thy lone aspirings pant
For that immortal, brightest fame
The Bard's high lays alone can grant—
A stainless and a star-like name?
Had Nature in her bounty smiled
On thee, her desert-wandering child,
While each oasis in the wild
Showed groves of verdant flame?

Or had Love's wondrous magic wrought
 Around thy core a fatal spell,
Till at a word—a look—a thought,
 On thee shone joy, or darkness fell?
And still, whatever doom was thine,
Wert thou for aye a hallowed shrine,
Where one, an image all divine,
 In sanctity might dwell?

Aloft the Warrior's war-brand rusts
 In peace, when age has tamed his fire;
The Bard to future time intrusts
 His fame—his soul's one strong desire.
The Lover—ah, he ne'er may rest!
No balm, no solace to his breast—
Till, even in despairing blest,
 His broken heart expire!

Yes! thine has been the Lover's doom—
The lore that kills well hast thou known!
Behind the darkness of the tomb
Thy star of life is set and gone!
Did she, for whom thy pulse beat high,
Turn from thy disregarded sigh
Her proud ear and imperious eye,
And let thee break alone?

Warrior, or Bard, or Lover true,
Whate'er thou wert, or mightst have been,
Rest thee! while o'er thy wreck I strew
Pale flowers, and leaves of darkest green;
Primroses, snow-drops, lilies fair,
Spring's firstlings—Autumn-blossoms rare,
That, trembling in the wintry air,
Shrink from its breathings keen!

The Cypress let me gather too—
The willow boughs that ever weep,
And blend them with the sable yew,
To shade thy last, cold, dreamless sleep!
Rest thee, sad heart! thy dirge is sung,
The wreath funeral o'er thee hung,
The pall of silence round thee flung:
Long be thy rest, and deep!

1827.

Grief's Philosophy.

“ THIS world is but a dream,
Peopled with forms ideal—
Dark gloom, or sunny gleam,
Fear's night-cloud, Hope's day-beam,
Are all alike unreal.

“ We love, we hate in vain—
 Joys, sorrows, all deceive us ;
The gust of bliss or pain,—
Hope's rainbow, Misery's chain,
 Flatter, torment, and leave us.

“ Life ! 'tis an aimless path,
 Harsh, pleasureless, and dreary ;
A contest waged with death,—
A fitful, anxious breath,—
 Troubled, oppressed, and weary !”

But who, dark one ! art thou,
 At the world and life thus railing ?
Go, hide thy gloomy brow,
Where spray-mists shroud the bough,
 And caverned winds are wailing !

“ Yes, I may hide my head,
Where life-scenes ne'er shall wake me ;
Loves, friends, are lost, are dead,
Joys, hopes, afar are fled,
Wishes, even fears, forsake me !”

Yet raise thy head on high,
Thou timid, weak immortal !
Thy home's beyond the sky—
The woes that cloud thine eye,
Mere shadows in life's portal !

Though thine alone could be
Whole earth, with all its treasures,
Heir of Eternity !
Oh, what is Time to thee !
Its fleeting pains and pleasures !

Take all—take every wish—
 Joy's sparkling nectar draining,
Swift to thy longings rush!
Thy grasp the rose will crush,
 But leave the thorn remaining!

Then bless thine agonies,
 Life's pleasure-snares dispelling—
Teaching thy soul to rise
To its own native skies,
 Of peace, joy, love the dwelling!

1829.

Mourn Not.

MOURN not for those who die!
They but escape this scene of strife—
They pass in rapid voyage o'er
The stormy ocean-wilds of life;
Secure they reach that happy shore,
Where holy peace and rest shall be
Theirs through all vast eternity;—
Mourn not for them!

Mourn not for those who die!
The many pangs the heart that wring—
Fled joys, lost hopes, and wasting woes,
No more to them can anguish bring,
Soundly they sleep in calm repose;

They sleep—till time shall pass away;
They sleep—till dawns eternal day;—
Mourn not for them!

Mourn not for those who die!
Died they in early youth? oh! blest,
Thrice blest are those who die in youth!
While yet the tender, guileless breast,
Is thy pure home, bright seraph, Truth!
Ere vice has lured their steps astray
From virtue's onward heavenly way.
Mourn not for them!

Mourn not for those who die!
Died they even in that sunny hour,
When manhood's morn shone bright and free—
When Hope, exulting, dreamt of power,
And visioned glories yet to be?

Oh! they have never learned to know
A hopeless bosom's sickening woe!
Mourn not for them!

Mourn not for those who die!
Had age the furrowed brow impressed,
And thickly veiled the sunken eye?
Had life's tide, ebbing in the breast,
Left gradual its cold channels dry?
Death, like a pitying friend, has come
To call the weary pilgrims home.
Mourn not for them!

Mourn not for those who die!
If suffering Nature, sad and weak,
Must shed the tear and heave the sigh,
Would'st thou the wells of comfort seek?
Mourner, thy lost ones live on high!

The Father has but called His own ;—
Bend thee, and say, " THY WILL BE DONE !"
Mourn not for them !

Mourn not ! they are not dead !
No ! they have burst the galling chain,
That bound them to this dungeon-world ;
Their souls with their Redeemer reign,—
Love's banner o'er them floats unfurled !
For ever, and for ever bless'd
Are those who in their Saviour rest !
Mourn not for them !

Mourn not ! they live for aye !
Death's stingless shafts in vain are cast ;
And vainly yawns the grave's deep gloom ;
The tyrant's shadowy reign is past,—
Burst the dark barriers of the tomb !

Sin dies in death—all sorrow dies !
To endless bliss the ransomed rise !
Rejoice for them !

1829.



The Resting-Place of the Dead, Waiting for the Living.

INSCRIPTION AT THE ENTRANCE OF A CEMETERY NEAR ROTTERDAM.

HERE rest the Dead ! in silence rest,
Waiting the Living ! Mortal, come !
Gaze on the many-heaving breast
Of this lone spot, thy final home !
Whatever thou art *now*, they *were*,
While vain life's busy dream swept past ;
They wait thee here, for thou must share
With them the grave at last !

Art thou a Chief of daring breast,
Of lofty brow, and kindling eye?
Is thine the flaring meteor-crest
That bursts thro' battle's lurid sky?
O Warrior! doff thine eagle plume,
Resign thy war-steed, brand, and spear!
Disarmed, imprisoned in the tomb,
Thy comrades wait thee here.

Art thou a King? a Hero? one
At the dread bidding of whose word
The grizzly war-fiend buckles on
His panoply, and bares his sword?
Halt, mighty Conqueror! blench thy cheek,
Quell the red terrors of thine eye!
Here earth's proud thunderers, silent, weak,
To wait thy coming lie.

Art thou a man of loftiest mind,
Statesman, Philosopher, or Bard?
One whose great soul can only find
In native worth its high reward?
Oh, pluck the bright wreath from thy brow,
And leave it in the hall of fame!
Here wait the glorious Dead, each now
The shadow of a name!

Art thou a Youth of gentle breast?
A roamer by romantic streams,
With love's delicious woes opprest,
And haunted with fantastic dreams?
Shake the soft fetters from thy heart,
Dreamer! the partners of thy fate,
Subdued by no bland Cupid's dart,
Thy coming here await.

Woman! young Mother! tender Wife!
Ye dearest forms of mortal birth!
Sweet soothers of poor human life!
Fair angels of the happy hearth!
Maiden—grave Matron—Widow drear—
Whate'er thou art; cherished or lone,
The Dead beloved await thee here,—
The grave *will* have its own!

Thou too, bright, blooming Beauty! thou,
The load-star of a thousand eyes,
That liquid eye, that marble brow,
That cheek of spring-dawn's loveliest dyes,—
Oh, veil those charms! they too must share,
Alas! the universal doom;
The beauteous Dead, where are they? where?—
They wait thee in the tomb.

Here rest the Dead ! waiting the hour
When the last sob of living breath
Shall have expired beneath the power
Of that grim phantom, dreaded Death :
They rest in hope, waiting till He,
Who died, and lives for aye, shall come,
To give them immortality,
And call them to His home.

1830.

*The Young Mother's Dream on the Death of her
First-born.*

SHE slept ;—for sorrow wanes away
Before the might of sleep ;
The pain, the sighs, the tears of day,
Lay hushed in silence deep.

She slept :—and o'er her slumbering mind
The murmurs of a dream
Swept, like the rustling summer-wind,
The rippling summer-stream.

The music of a little tongue
Went thrilling through her breast,
Sweet as the lays by angels sung,
That lull the good to rest.

Soft kisses fanned her cheek and eyes,
Like melting dews of May ;
Light touches gently stilled her sighs,
And stole their pain away.

Again that little voice's swell
Woke its sweet melody ;
And on her ear those accents fell—
“ Weep not, weep not for me !

“ If from thine earthly coronet
Is fallen its earliest gem ;
Look up, look up, behold it set
In Heaven’s own diadem !

“ Thine earthly harp has lost a string,
Unjarred by one false tone !
O, list ! new-strung its full notes ring
For aye before the throne !

“ The rose-bud from thy topmost bough
Is cropped, unblown, away ;
In Paradise its beauties now
Expand through endless day.

“ One life-germ from thy heart is wrung—
And keen the pang may be ;
Rejoice ! in heaven that germ has sprung
To immortality !”

Peace to the Mother's yearning breast,
 And chastened joys were given ;
 Then back returned the vision blest
 To its own home in heaven !

1830.



Epitaph on an Infant.

PURE is the dew-drop on the thorn,—
 It melts in light away ;
 Bright is the star of early morn,—
 It dieth into day :
 Purer than dews, my little one !
 Brighter than stars wert thou ;—
 The day that ends not round thee shone—
 Heaven's glories hide thee now !

1830.

Life-Likenesses.

I STOOD and eyed a rushing stream
Speeding, like some uncertain dream,
 Away, we know not where ;
I marked gay foam-bells start in pride,
And glitteringly across it glide—
 Light things of prisoned air :
A breath played o'er the streamlet's face,
They perished in their whirling race.

Deep in a shaded mossy dell
A fountain rose, with gentle swell,

Translucent and serene ;
Silent o'er its tranquillity
I bent, a face smiled back on me,
Where care had seldom been :
Peace smoothed its open brow—its eye
Beamed calmly with untroubled joy.

I thought on my own days of youth,
When mine were Peace, and Love, and Truth,
And Hopes around me smiled ;
I sighed—the fountain-mirror shook,
And changed was that bright vision's look,
Its features writhed and wild ;
While rippling wavelets o'er it cross'd,
It seemed grief-struck and passion-toss'd.

I stood upon the ocean's shore,
Waveless it lay, hushed was its roar,—

As some fair child may be,
When the faint feeling of a dream
Spreads o'er its cheek a smiling gleam—
So slept that silent sea :
The storm-voice on its slumbers broke—
The wild, the terrible awoke !

'Twas midnight ; on the deep blue sky
I gazed : no cloud-speck met mine eye,
Veiling the feeblest star ;
Queen-like amid her radiant train
The bright moon o'er her wide domain
Was journeying afar :
But tempest-gloom came rolling forth,
Black-bursting from the turbid North.

Even such is life's strange fitful dream :
A foam-bell on a rushing stream ;—

A fountain's placid form ;—
The calm smile of the treacherous sea ;—
The night-heaven's still solemnity,
 Ere wakes the blackening storm ;—
Hope's meteor lures, bursts, leaves our path
Beset with fears, and woes, and death!

Yet, Moralizer ! gaze again
On stream, on fountain, on the main,
 On the deep midnight sky ;
Look not alone on Nature's face
Outward Life-likenesses to trace ;
 Let sacred Truth's clear eye
To thee reveal eternal life
Untroubled by Time's feeble strife.

On the Death of the Rev. Dr A. Thomson.

WHERE is the arm that wont to wield,
In Zion's cause, the two-edged sword ?
That bore aloft Faith's blazing shield—
That fought the battles of the Lord—
That waved the Red-cross armies on,
And shook the Dragon-foe's dark throne ?

The eye that never knew to quail
Beneath the glance of proudest foe ;
The breast that bade the contest hail,
Untaught the pulse of fear to know ;
That dreadless eye lies quenched in death—
That breast has heaved its latest breath !

The voice that woke the cry of war
Against sin's black embattled line,
As if tongued-thunders pealed afar
Denouncements dread of wrath divine—
Yet joyed to tell, in milder tone,
Of peace and love—that voice is gone

Oh ye, on whom that eagle eye
Dwelt with the fondness of a dove !
Oh ye, for whom that heart beat high,
With the strong throbs of manly love !
To whom that voice was ever kind,
May God your broken hearts upbind !

And, O my country, where is he ?
Whose bosom glowed with all the fires
Of God's great gift, true liberty,
That burned within our martyr sires,

Who persecution's rage defied,
And glorious in their tortures died!

For him no column need we rear,
His worth oblivion can defy;
While *freedom* to man's soul is dear,
While *error* shrinks from *truth's* clear eye,
While God's *pure Word*, from fables free,
Men trust, his name revered shall be!

1831.



To Absent Christian Friends.

DEAR Friends! true Christian Friends! tho' now no more,
With joyful heart and eager step I haste
The social hearth's kind circle to explore,
And all its warm and home-like bliss to taste;

Yet, oft I sadly muse on days gone by,
Loved scenes on Memory's record traced I see—
Then murmur, in the heaving of a sigh—
“Do they, oh! do they still remember me?”

Yes, yes, they do, they will! yet one request
Thus let me breathe—not haply all in vain:
When morn bends smiling o'er the mountain's crest,
Gilding the fleecy vapours of the plain—
While even insensate nature homage pays
To Him who bids day dawn and darkness flee,
And Christians raise the voice of thanks and praise,
In grateful worship, then, Remember me!

When evening locks the golden gates of day,
And night, still night, with all her stars comes forth,
While busy fancies cease abroad to stray,
And silent hours to serious thoughts give birth;

When tender Memory speaks of things that *were*,
But *are* not—and again may never be ;—
Then, while the chastened soul seeks God in prayer,
Meekly resigned, oh, then, Remember me !

But chiefly on the Day of rest and peace,
Which God has hallowed to Himself for aye,
When from their worldly toils worn mortals cease,
And meet to hear of heaven, and learn the way ;
Then, while your solemn vows to God arise,
And Faith, and Hope, and Love, celestial three,
Waft the rapt spirit up the opening skies,
Then, Christian friends, oh, then, Remember me !

Stanzas.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF DEEP AFFLICTION.

My soul is dark! the gathered night
Of doubt and sorrow round me lowers;
Oh! for one straggling ray of light,
To cheer me thro' these gloomy hours!
My heart is sick! the dreary chill
Of pining anguish clasps its core;
Oh! that its throbbing pulse were still
To wake at Misery's touch no more!

Mine eye is dim! the bitter tears
Have quenched the spark that in it shone!
My brow is wan! desponding fears
A pallid blight have o'er it thrown!

My step is slow ! grief's withering spell
Has smitten its elastic spring !
My bosom ! from that joyless cell
Hope flits away on weary wing !

No human comforter have I !
Then let me look to Thee alone,
O God, my God ! hear Thou my cry,—
In mercy hear my suppliant moan !
Shed from Thy heavenly throne above
On my faint soul Thy healing balm ;
Give me my Saviour's peace and love,
To keep my heart resigned and calm !

Patient I wait on Thee, O Lord,
For Thou art good and gracious still ;
Thou wilt to me thine aid afford,
And mould my spirit to Thy will ;

Then, whatsoever griefs may come,
I'll bless Thee, while I kiss the rod ;
Its chastenings shall but guide me home
To Thee, my Father and my God !

1833.

I Would go Home !

“HOME, home, I would go home ! for all around
Is cold and strange to me—hand, heart, and eye !”
Where is thy home ? Can one bright spot be found
Where yet the sunshine dwells of days gone by ?
“My birth-place !” That remains ; but where is now
Boyhood’s light heart, and step, and glance ? ah, where ?
“Departed !”—Where the hopes that flushed youth’s brow ?
“Gone too ! alas, home is no longer there !

“Still home, I would go home! My native land,
Oh! for thy mountains, glens, and clear free streams!
Home of the fervent heart and ready hand,
Where each bold eye with soul, worth, candour beams!”
Alas! death, absence, time, neglect, and all
That crush whate’er the home-sick bosom craves,
Have cast o’er hill and dale their gloomy pall;
Dwell home-joys there?—they moulder in their graves!

“Have I no home!—none, but the silent tomb!—
I would go home! Let me go home to thee,
My Mother-earth! O, let thy friendly gloom
Curtain fall soon, that last sole rest for me!”
Not even the grave awaits thee!—tho’ thy form
May blend with dust, as with the stream its foam,
Defrauding of its prey the hungry worm,
Bethink thee! has thy soul gone to its home?

“Where is that home? And what the hopes and joys
That are its home-affections?”—Treacherous earth!
Thou but allurest man from his native skies,—
Heaven is the spirit’s home,—thence sprung its birth;—
Its home-affections are the love, the peace,
The holiness of God, by Jesus given
To all who trust on Him. Cease, mourner, cease!—
Would’st thou go home? thou hast no home but heaven!

Then turn thy pining heart from its vain quest;
Earth and its joys alike must pass away;
Even the full swell of friendship’s manly breast,
And love’s ethereal glow must both decay!
But list that voice! “Come, weary mourner, come;
Take up my yoke, follow, and learn of Me;
And in my Father’s house shall be thy home,
And peace and rest throughout eternity!”
1833.

All is Well !

O SPRING, and Youth, and Hope ! how bright
The glories that ye pour around
Life's early path ! illusions light,
Fluttering above enchanted ground !
But when Spring fades, and Youth's clear eye
Grows dim, and Hope's bewitching spell
Breaks, hard the task to check the sigh,
And own that *All is well !*

The Spring-buds of my life are dead,—
My heart of Youth, even in its prime,
Is crushed,—my cherished Hopes are fled,
Gone, vanished all, before their time !

Yet let not stubborn pride in vain
Against Heaven's high behests rebel,
Nor self-love sullenly complain,—
For doubtless *All is well!*

Yes! all *is well!* for I have learned
That Spring, Youth, Hope, alike deceive;
Tho' for their joys my warm heart yearned,
Their loss why should I weakly grieve!
The snake may lurk beneath the flower,—
Smite tho' both perish! Guile may dwell
With beckoning Hope,—uproot their bower!—
Even so! still *All is well!*

Farewell, the bright but fleeting dreams
Of earthly Hope! no more they shine
To me. Welcome the purer beams
Shed from the land of bliss divine!

Immortal as my soul be all
Its aims ;—let deathless objects swell
Its powers ;—then whatsoe'er befall
I know that *All is well !*

Tho' mustered-sorrows may surround
My path, and many a barbed dart
May win its deep-driven way to wound
My friendless and unguarded heart ;
Still shall I boldly front the fight,—
No dangers shall my spirit quell ;
Bleeding, yet conquering, in Thy might,
My Saviour ! *All is well !*

Take then this heart, O God, which Thou
Hast weaned from earth ! make it Thine own ;
And let my soul's full worship bow
In faith, hope, love, to Thee alone !

Whate'er Thou wilt to *be, do, bear,*—
The wonders of Thy grace to tell;—
Hear, Lord, and grant this fervent prayer,
And all is more than well!

1833.



Eddy's Birth-Day.*

My Eddy! 'tis thy Birth-Day, Child,
That day which first in mercy smiled
On thee, when to thy Mother given,
The newest boon of gracious Heaven!
O precious boon! O blessed day!
Well may my grateful spirit say,

* The idea was suggested by a beautiful drawing with the above title, presented by an eminent painter to a noble lady on the birth-day of her youngest son, Edmund.

When first light from its native skies
Dawned on a Young Immortal's eyes!
The boon, the day, the mercy Thine,
O God, then let me seek Thy shrine,
And, humbly bending at Thy throne,
Devote, in prayer, to Thee thine own!

Come, then, my Boy, and bend with me
Before thy God thy little knee!
Oh! seek Him, seek Him early, Child,—
Him, who on little children smiled,
And bade them to His bosom come—
Their first, best, and eternal home!
Uplift thy young untroubled eye
To heaven—there dwells thy Saviour, Boy!
Thy lisped prayer He will not scorn,—
To Him I dedicate thy morn;

Thy day of life He will defend,
And in thy last hour be thy Friend ;
And we shall meet in heaven, my Boy,
And share its everlasting joy !

1833.

Spirit of the Seasons.

Oh! beautiful is God's green earth !
When in the gentle Spring
Its flowery beauties leap to birth,
And wild-wood echoes ring
Instinctive with melodious joy,
Glad Nature's anthem, pure and high,
To Him whose goodness gave them birth ;—
Oh! beautiful is God's green earth !

Oh! beautiful is God's bright earth!—
In Summer's golden prime,
When tides of light and life roll forth
Round every kindling clime ;
Till the full bloom of gracious love,
O'er earth below, and heaven above,
Beams in majestic splendour forth ;—
Oh, beautiful is God's bright earth !

Oh! beautiful is God's rich earth !
'Neath Autumn's gorgeous skies,
When the deep robe of ripened worth
O'er Nature's bosom lies ;
Benignant dignity and grace
Adorning her maternal face,
With heavenly smiles of conscious worth :—
Oh! beautiful is God's rich earth !

Oh! beautiful is God's grand earth!
When Winter's mighty spell
Bids tempests in their savage mirth
O'er land and ocean yell;
Locks up pool, lake, and stream, or throws
O'er hill and dale soft veiling snows;
Pours thro' each vein health's glowing mirth:—
Oh! beautiful is God's grand earth!

Oh! beautiful is God's green earth!
The changing seasons all
But give its varied glories birth,
And on man's spirit call
For grateful praise: O God above,
While life is mine still shall I love
Thy works, still show their beauties forth,
Still praise Thee in thine own green earth!

To a Friend,

ON HIS DEPARTURE TO A CHARGE IN THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTRY.

FAREWELL! thou noble heart!
Heaven-gifted mind, farewell!
Thou Soldier of the Lord! depart;
Go, for His trumpet calls, with solemn swell!

Go, the good combat wage!
Hold on thy high emprise;
Baffle the Adversary's rage;
Be thine the victor's crown beyond the skies!

Go forth! and with thee bear,
To cheer thee on thy path,
Full many a strong and fervent prayer,
From warm hearts breathed for thee, with sobbing breath!

Forgive the parting sigh
That sadly swells my breast,—
The dew-cloud that *will* dim mine eye;—
Too deep their troubled fount to be repress.

And should it be our lot
Seldom on earth to meet,
Oh, can this bond be e'er forgot? —
One Faith, one Hope, one Lord, communion sweet!

Farewell, thou chosen one!
Again farewell to thee!
Thro' Time life's streams divergent run,
But in that ocean blend—Eternity!

True Greatness.

'Tis not in all the splendours bright
That wealth can o'er her votaries fling;—
It is not in the round of might
That binds the forehead of a King;—
'Tis in the heart with feeling fraught,
'Tis in the head with wisdom crowned,
'Tis in the soul sublime in thought,
That man's true dignity is found.

There is a lofty thrilling joy,
The bounded power of speech it spurns,
Which lightens in the raptured eye,
And in the swelling bosom burns;

'Tis that ineffable delight,
When, like the glorious lord of day,
The soul, exulting in its might,
Speeds thro' the realms of thought away !

When soaring, limitless, afar,
Wide thro' the universe it strays,
Till not the feeblest twinkling star
On Night's swart brow escapes its gaze :—
When that wild world, the human heart,
Before its glance unveiled appears,
And at its potent call upstart
Joys, sorrows, passions, hopes, and fears !

When its high magic blends in one
The soul of millions—wields their might—
Hurls tyrant Wrong from his red throne—
Upholds the rule of Truth and Right ;—

O'er life's calm vale sheds softly forth
Peace, Virtue, Charity, and Love,
Till mortal lips partake on earth
The very fruits of heaven above!

But greater far the might that wakes
Those prostrate powers which sin o'erthrew,
When off the soul its thralldom shakes,
Created in the Lord anew!
And higher far its strong wing soars
In loftier and sublimer flight,
When in rapt trances it adores
The very God of life and light!

Bend thy haught brow, O lordly Pride!
While moves the lowly Christian past;
Thy well-won laurel wreath aside,
Thou man of many talents, cast!

Great Monarch ! lay thy sceptre down,
A greater than thyself is there,
The heir of an unfading crown,—
The heir of God, with Christ joint-heir !

To meet life's ills with soul serene,
Treading the path our Saviour trod ;
To live as seeing things unseen,
To walk and commune with our God !
This is true Greatness ! Worth divine !
Given by the Spirit and the Word
To man ! Thus grows that living shrine,
Formed, hallowed, dwelt in by THE LORD !

To the Rev. Alexander Duff, D.D.,

ON HIS DEPARTURE TO RESUME HIS POSITION AT THE HEAD OF THE
SCOTTISH INDIA MISSION IN CALCUTTA.

THOU chosen servant of the Lord,
Thy Master calls thee ; and thy heart,
Responding, kindles at His word,
And pants, yet trembles, to depart :
It pants, His message on to bear
Far as winds blow and waters swell ;
It trembles, while it breathes in prayer,
With those it loves, a deep farewell !

Our bosoms heave and throb with thine,
Tho' weak our souls to match thy race ;
Thrilling, we own the call divine,
And half its mandate we embrace :

To thee, and to thy great emprise,
Our warm admiring love is given ;
Our fervent supplications rise,
In earnest faith, for thee to Heaven.

Whether o'er ocean's pathless waste
Thou glidest on thy destined way,
Or thro' wide India's regions vast
Thy heaven-commissioned footsteps stray ;
Whether thou train'st the youthful mind,
Or meltest the rebellious will,
Or dost the sophist's wiles unwind,—
Our hearts, our prayers, are with thee still.

Shrink not, tho' thou must mark the wild,
The bloody rites of idols foul,—
The writhing victim—murdered child—
Doomed widow—and swart Brahman's scowl !

Faint not!—the Dragon's wrath is vain,
 Though fierce; the conflict cannot last;
Soon shall the mighty Angel's chain
 Around the conquered foe be cast.

The "seals" are bursting one by one,
 Loud, long, and near the "trumpets" sound;
The "vials" on the earth are thrown,—
 He comes, whom judgments dark surround!
Hell's vanquished powers before Him flee,
 The nations hail His righteous sway;
Blessed shall that faithful servant be,
 Found in his Master's work "that day!"

And thou hast "chosen that good part,"
 And girt thee to that holiest toil;
The shield of faith shall guard thy heart,
 And Satan's fiery darts shall foil:

Unsheathe the Spirit's two-edged sword,
Free on the winds Love's banner fling,—
Go, honoured soldier of the Lord!
And fight the battles of thy King.

Go, man of Apostolic mould!
Go, in thy singleness of aim,
The Saviour's glory to unfold,
And man's lost millions to reclaim!
Thy God hath touched thy lips with fire,
Hath filled thy mind with heavenly light;
Faith, hope, and love thy soul inspire,—
Go, then, in this thy God-given might!

To an Infant.

WHY, little trembler! weepest thou?

And why that feeble cry?

Why circles sorrow round thy brow,

And darkens in thine eye?

Oh! scarcely has life's dawning day

Flung forth its warm and purpling ray

Across thy morning sky,

And yet thou seem'st to mourn thy lot,

Cast in a world thou lovest not!

But hush thee, gentle babe, 'tis yet

Too soon for thee to know

The ills, the cares, that oft beset

The path of life below;

Let Heaven's kind hand, stretched o'er thy face,
Far from thy infant being chase
 Each shade of pain or woe,
And shed around thee peace and love,
Fresh from the bowers of bliss above.

Had not our Father's gracious smile
 Kindled Hope's gladdening ray,
To light this vale of gloom and toil,
 And cheer the wanderer's way ;—
To tell the heart, with grief opprest,
Of future sinless peace and rest,
 And an eternal day,
Who could in this dark world remain,
Nor break at once life's galling chain !

Sleep'st thou? O peaceful be thy rest !
 Sweet may thy visions be !

Thy pillow is thy mother's breast,
Her heart is filled with thee !
And as thou slumberest gently there,
For thee to God a fervent prayer
Her soul lifts silently !
While from her eye, that o'er thee bends
Fixed in far thought, the tear descends.

The mother-lily, bending low,
Thus droops her heavy head,
Moistening her young bud's opening glow
With dews all freshly shed ;
Her lovely bud, in quiet rest,
Dwells in the foldings of her breast,
And on her life is fed ;
So meekly, softly, purely fair,
Love and young Life are blending there.

How still, fair baby! dost thou lie,
 How soon thy griefs are o'er!
How placidly thy little eye
 Has sealed its watery store!
Thus speed the clouds, all swiftly driven,
Across the blue serene of Heaven,
 Now dark, and now no more,
While in calm beauty, far on high,
The moon unmoved beholds them fly.

Life will advance on rapid wing,
 And joys may round thee play;
But sorrows too thy heart may wring,
 For grief *will* have its day!
Oh, may they be the summer showers,
That gently bend the little flowers,
 And lightly pass away!

And may no rude and wintry storm
Descending, crush thy tender form !

Thy brow I could not coldly view
 Furrowed with pain's keen throe ;
Nor see thy lovely eye of blue
 Sunk its pale lids below ;
No ! rather let thy troubles be
Mine only,—mine to weep for thee,—
 Mine to bear all thy woe—
Guard thee, till close mine eyes in death,
And bless thee with my parting breath !

1843.

Scotland's Covenants.

I.

HEARD ye the tidings dire,
Ye Scottish Christians true ?
That Rome's remorseless ire
Is forging chains for you ?

That Spain's Armada vast
Sweeps o'er the groaning waves,
On you those chains to cast,
And make you crouching slaves !

Unconquered land ! awake !
In Covenant-strength combine !
To God your great vow make
For liberty divine !

'Tis done! Her soul is free!
Spain's Jesuit hordes are fled!
Scotland, on grateful knee,
Adores her KING and HEAD!

II.

By king-craft and dark guile
Has Scotland been betrayed;
Proud prelates scornful smile
On her all prostrate laid.

Her spirit is not dead,—
Her Covenant not disowned;—
Yet shall her KING and HEAD
In His pledged land be throned.

Faith lives, and prayers arise,—
God hears her solemn vow;

That banner o'er the skies
Again is floating now !

Free is the Covenant-land,—
Yes, free! tho' despots rage,
And with red ruthless hand
Fierce persecution wage.

To Heaven the martyr-cries
Ascend, " O Lord, how long !"
The crownless tyrant flies,—
For God, our Judge, is strong !

III.

Again dark clouds sunk o'er
The land ; faith silent grew ;
No hand aloft upbore
The Covenant-banner blue.

Unhallowed scorn grew bold,—
Proud strength to rend it tried :—
Not yet is Scotland cold,—
The assailant is defied !

Let the war-cry be given !
Let the loud trumpet ring !
Free to the winds of heaven
Our ancient banner fling !

Bold in Emmanuel's cause,
Faith's glorious fight we wage ;
For CHRIST—His CROWN—and LAWS,
We dare the foe's wild rage !

Where stood our martyred sires
We stand—the cause is one !
Not persecution's fires
We fear—but God alone !

What tho' for conscience' sake
Homeless we journey forth,
Let us one temple make
Of God's own heaven and earth!

All sufferings, Lord, we hail,
Rejoicing—when for Thee!—
Hark! shouts rise on the gale!—
And SCOTLAND'S CHURCH IS FREE!

1843.

Scotland's Mightiest Three.

GREAT men have been among us! Mighty men
Have breathed the air of Scottish liberty
Civil and sacred, leaving to the land
That heritage for which they lived and died.
But who the mightiest of those mighty men?

I.

Wild wars had raged o'er Scotland : England's craft
And strength had both been foil'd. Since Bannockburn
Her native freedom feared no hostile power ;
While strife and faction trained her fiery sons
To fierce and dauntless energy of mind.

A different foe arose : Rome's subtle guile
Ensnared the soul, darkened the mind, and hid
Even God's own light from Scotland's earnest eye.
A man was sent, gifted with wondrous powers,
Marking his high commission. Forth he came
Intrepid, zealous, prompt, impetuous,
Full of high faith in God, and love to man,
And man's best interests ; independent, stern,
And indefatigable, on he rushed
Kindling with burning eloquence the hearts
-Of his awakening countrymen. The power
Of Papal superstition to the ground
He dashed ; from Scotland's soul the chains

Of ignorance and error wrench'd ;—bade her
Be free from spiritual bondage !—free
To serve THE LORD alone, ZION'S SOLE KING.

First of the mighty men, thus KNOX arose,
Toiled, conquered, sunk to rest ; and o'er his grave
The last stern Douglas bent, exclaiming, “ There
He lies who never feared the face of man ! ”

II.

There came another age : and other ills
Oppress'd sad Scotland. Treachery in the State,
And avarice and ambition in the Church,—
A crafty tyrant, and “ black Prelacy,”—
Combining strove to bind her struggling soul
In thralldom dark and deep,—till even no prayer
Might her crush'd heart send up to God, but such
As they had fashioned. Then again appeared
A mighty man,—a Champion in the hour

Of utmost need. Serenely calm he raised
His thoughtful eye to God ; glanced round the land,
Marking the very pulses of its heart,
That he might wisely guide the gathering storm.
Sage and sedate in council, grave in speech
And aspect, watchful, wary, and profound
In comprehensive and far-reaching thought.
Swayed by his ruling mind, Scotland arose,
Shook off the yoke of Prelacy ; with heart
Of deepest earnestness and holiest faith
Gave all her being to her God and King,
By her great NATIONAL COVENANT. In the hour
Of England's need, forgetting former wrongs,
Framed with that ancient foe a SOLEMN LEAGUE,
Defensive of their mutual liberties,
Civil and sacred. Marvellous was the deed,
And marvellously it wrought ! For a brief time
Truth reigned supreme ; majestic Freedom waved
Her glorious banner high ; while despots crouched
And trembled as it lightened o'er the world !

The second mightiest this,—grave HENDERSON !
A man of kingly mind, yet gentle heart !

III.

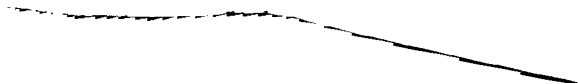
A third dark period ran its round : begun
By falsehood and deceit ; traced by the fires
Of persecution, and the dauntless faith
Of noble martyrs ; followed by a time
Of cold formality, lacking all heart,
All soul, and all true faith. Self and the world
Were all in all to that cold earthly age
Of smooth-tongued sophistry and sceptic pride.
Once more advanced a man of wond'rous mould,
God-sent, with powers gigantic, multiform,
And rare. Thro' science all his keen eye pierced,
Splitting the sophistries that strove to bind
Man in the chains of dead material laws.
His large heart glowed with universal love
To man ; his vast mind bent unceasingly

All its strong energies to the huge task
Of rescuing Scotland's toil-worn poverty
From degradation and despair; his faith
In God's great remedy for man, the power
Of Gospel truth and Gospel love, upheld
His mighty spirit amid all his cares
And labours superhuman. Cautious men
Look'd on incredulous and scornful; scoff'd
At thoughts too great for their small minds to scan,—
At toils with which they sympathised not; then
Grew bitter, and opposed—hinted of harm
To Church and State—with withe-like human laws
Essayed to bind the Samson. Forth he burst
Snapping their feeble fetters, raised his voice
In thund'rous melody magnificent,
And shook the startled land. Scotland awoke!
Roused by his vehement eloquence, caught the fire
Of his heaven-kindled ardour—felt the glow
Of spiritual independence warm
Within her inner being—cast away

All bonds Erastian—on the joyful wind
Spread the third time her Covenant-banner blue,—
Marshall'd and led by her third mightiest man
Great CHALMERS—re-assumed her ancient faith—
Revived her ancient watchword, CHRIST'S CROWN-RIGHTS,
And won her spiritual freedom—never more
To brook Egyptian bondage—never more
To place her liberties in peril, till
His coming, whose sole right it is to reign
Over His own Free Kingdom and Free Church !

KNOX, HENDERSON, and CHALMERS ! Mightiest Three
Of Scotland's Mighty Men ! May God still give
To Scotland, in her need, such mighty men,
Strong in the Lord, and powerful in His might !

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