The Grave.

1st

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie & sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

2nd

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose.
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

3rd

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

4th

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish;— O my Mother Earth!
Take home thy child.

5th

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee:
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling

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Resembling me.

6th

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear.
My pulse — my brain runs wild — I rave
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
I am the Grave.

7th

The Grave that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen! I will speak no more;
Be silent Pride!

8th

Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted bosom torn
By fell despair?

9th

Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

10th

Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengence wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not. Fool to find
A friend in me.

11th

By all the terrors of the tomb
Beyond the power of tongue to tell
By the dread secrets of my womb!
By Death & Hell!

12th

I charge thee Live! repent & pray
In dust thy infamy deplore
There yet is mercy; go thy way,
And sin no more.

13th

Art thou a Mourner? — Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days forever flown,
And tranquil nights.

14th

O Live! — and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heavens unchanging will
For peace at last.

15th

Art thou a Wanderer? Hast thou seen
Overwhelming tempests down thy back?
A shipwrecked mariner hast thou been
Misfortunes mark?

16th

Though long of winds & waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam.
Live! thou shalt find a sheltering port
A quiet home.

17th

To Friendship dost thou trust thy fame
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A sure blow?

Live & repine not o'er his loss
A loss unworthy to be told!
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For Friendships gold.

Go seek that treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosoms deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

In woman hast thou placed thy bliss
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betrayed thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love?

Live! – twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often Loves insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
But kills the heart.

A nobler flame shall warm thy breast
A brighter Maidens virtuous charms!
Blest shalt thou be supremely blest
In Beauty's arms.

Whate'er thy lot – Whoever thou be –
Confess thy folly – kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel:
He wounds them for his mercy's sake
He wounds to heal.

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore
'Tis done! – Arise! He bids the stand,
To fall no more!

Now, traveller in the vale of tears
To realms of everlasting light
Through Times dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground.

The soul of origin divine,
Gods glorious image, freed from clay
In heavens eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

The Sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never Die.

It shall be well with the righteous Isa iii. 10.

What cheering words are these!
There sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

[See every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endures;
And well when call'd to die.]

'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the sky;
And strong temptations blow.

[Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.]

'Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray;
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

'Tis well when Jesus calls:—
"From earth and sin arise;
Join with the host of virgin souls,
Made to salvation wise."

Prayer for the salvation of Youth

Bestow, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the sacred word of truth,
Enrich the rising race.

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes!
The voice of sovereign love;
Your youth is stained with many crimes:
But mercy reigns above.

For you, the public prayer is made,
Oh! join the public prayer!
For you, the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourself a tear.

[We pray that you may early prove,
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love,
That Jesus whom we preach.

Sainted maid,

My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,
Though the long wintry night, when wind & wave
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.
Yet hush, my fond heart, hush! there is a shore
Of better promise; and I know at last,
When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ to part no more.

In Heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to endure the splendors of the Deity

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield & hiding place.

When God's right arm is bar'd for wrath,
And thunders clothe his cloudy path,
Where, where, oh where shall man retire,
To escape the horror of his ire?

'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly;
While the dread tempest passes by,
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding place.

Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
To him, though guilty, still we run,
And God still spares us for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts overflow;
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,
We deeply need a hiding place.

Yet courage — days & years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside,
Shall be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father face to face,
And need no more a hiding place.

Solitude

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow:
It is not grief that bids me mean,
It is that I am all alone.

In woods & glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs & symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear & dead,
It floats upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrows sigh!

The woods & winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale:
I see none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me & loves me too:
I start, & when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

In Answer

But art thou thus indeed "alone?"
Quite unbefriended — all unknown?
And hast thou then his name forgot
Who form'd thy frame, & fix'd thy lot?

Is not his voice in evening's gale?
Beams not with him the "star" so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade & die,
Unnotic'd by his watchful eye?

Each fluttering hope — each anxious fear —
Each lonely sigh — each silent tear —
To thine Almighty Friend are known;
And say'st thou, thou art "all alone?"

Josiah Conder

WEEP NOT FOR THE CHILDREN DEAD

Weep not for the youthful dead,
Resting in their peaceful bed!
They are happier than we,
Howsoever blest we be.

They have left a doubtful scene
While their hearts were young & green,
Ere the stain of guilt was deep:—
Wherefore, wherefore do ye weep?

They have never known the stings,
Which disease & friendship brings;
Envy, Hatred, Passion, Pride,
All lie buried at their side.

Far aloof the shipwreck foam,
They have found a peaceful home,
Where the blessed spirits keep,
Wherefore, wherefore should ye weep?

'Tis ye say, a heavy pain,
Preying on the heart in vain,
Thus to see the green bud frozen,
When just opening to a rose.

Yet shall Consolation come,
Stooping from a starry home,
Bringing dew upon her wings,
Strom the deep eternal springs.

She hath just begun to climb
Up the very mount of Time;
Weep not her untimely end,
If he sunk, 'twas to ascend.

She was young & soft & fair;
So her sister seraphs are!
Wherefore, then, should Sorrow bow?
She is with the seraphs now.

Happy they who die in youth,
Ere the fountain springs of youth
Have been sullied by the rains,
Leaving dark & deadly stains.

Their renown is with the brave,
All their faults are in the grave
And the flowers, that round them bloom,
Chase the darkness,—hide the gloom.

1829

VIRTUE.

I saw the vicious man contend,
With life's unnumbered woes,
And he was poor, without a friend,
Prest by a thousand foes.

I saw the Sapiens pliant slave,
In gallant trim and gay:
His course was pleasure's placid wave,
His life a summer's day

And I was caught in folly's snare,
And joined the giddy train;
Vice found her doom the nurse of care,
And punishment and pain.

There surely is some guiding power,
Which rightly suffers wrong;
Gives vice to bloom her little hour,
But virtue late and long.