

The Lord your gracious Saviour e'er will be.  
 Bread in the arid desert He will give,  
 A banquet spread, and you shall happy live,  
 Whilst unbelievers for my Prophets slain,  
 Of want and famine shall endure the pain.  
 Judah repent, e'er pass the favoured time,  
 Dash from your contrite heart each damning crime,  
 Idols cast down, restore the sacred Fane,  
 And yet for mercy plead : 'tis not in vain.  
 You will not still your obstinacy show  
 Refusing ever your true Lord to know.  
 Will nought avail? Behold that dark'ning cloud  
 Of blood-stained dust ! Like a direful death shroud  
 'Gainst your walls it rolls, big with your sad fate ;  
 Resistance vain : it open throws each gate.  
 The sword with cruel famine now conspires  
 Your doom to seal ; no healing thought inspires.  
 In thousands fall your sons, your temple grand  
 Destruction's power unable to withstand,  
 A crashing ruin to the dust is thrown.  
 No power of ice could save, though nobly shown,  
 Not even a stone upon a stone is left,  
 Of heaven's aid the Temple all bereft.  
 Reigns desolation, and will ever reign  
 The ages through ; its restoration vain.  
 Now know'st how bad and bitter to forsake  
 The Lord of Heaven, and senseless idols make ?

## II.—THE NEW.

Jerusalem that was we sing no more,  
 Leaving it now to dark historic lore,  
 An epoch new must now be joyful told.  
 A splendid city we shall now behold,  
 The crowned metropolis of every land,  
 Both foes and time most powerful to withstand.  
 Not made with hands, mind only can descry  
 Its matchless beauty hid from mortal eye.  
 John, the beloved, from body rapt, to view  
 Appeared the city decked with glories new.  
 A vast square that city, (blest John our guide),