

Where hast thou blindly ranged ?  
Why art thou wrath—why is thy visage wan ?\*

15

What mean these marks of woe ?  
Thou art all foul—thy hands with blood are smeared—  
—Oh tell me not—not so  
This plant of God its early head upreared.

16

Some bane,—the signs are sure—  
Some root of bitterness too near has grown ;  
Some poisonous graft impure  
Ev'n with the vital sap has mixed it's own.

17

Fierce Want and bleated Pride,  
Here moody Hate, and flaunting Folly there, †  
Avarice, still gaping wide,  
Fraud, Rapine, Lust, deform this image fair.

18

Alas ! and is there none  
Can bring this heaven-born wanderer home once more ?  
—He looked and saw not one  
He saw no help that mortals could implore. ‡

19

He wondered none should spring  
Prompt to uphold a world which shook with fear §  
When lo ! th' eternal King  
Stretched his own arm and brought Salvation near. ¶

20

His fury bore him on  
His high-wrought zeal sustained him in the stroke ¶  
The cause of men was gone—  
Behold what love \*\* that danger could provoke !

21

O Saviour of mankind  
Saviour have mercy on a sinful race !  
—Guilt is to mercy blind  
And gold has power to kill the seeds of Grace.

22

Yet Heaven's blest balm can stay  
The bosom's plague.—the leprous soul refresh :  
And God can take away  
The heart of stone and give a heart of flesh. ††

23

A greater than our foe,  
(The serpent foe in this rank world who lurks,)  
A stronger Spirit we know ††  
Than in the children of rebellion works. §§

24

Shine out, thou blessed Light.  
Full in thy strength, with healing in thy wings : ¶¶  
And chase the brood of night  
Foul chamberers in the breast, whom darkness brings.

25

Awake ye band that sleep !  
Rise from the dead ¶¶¶—for it is sevenfold death

\* And the Lord said unto Cain, why art thou wroth and why is thy countenance fallen ?—Gen. iv. 6.

† See Gray's Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.

‡ And I looked and there was none to help....§ and I wondered that there was none to uphold....¶ Therefore mine own arm brought Salvation unto me....¶¶ and my fury it upheld me.—Isaiah lxiii. 5. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this.—Isaiah ix. 7.

\*\* 1 John iii. 1.

†† Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

‡‡ 1 John iv. 4.

§§ Ephes. ii. 2.

¶¶ Malachi. iv. 2.

¶¶¶ Ephes. v. 14.