

The past is always deck'd with pensive grace,
But woe to him who sees it through remorse !
Then melancholy adds a darker phase ;
Then mem'ry is of keenest pain the source.

Thus ardent Peter, mingling with the crowd
That, in the high priest's palace, wait the morn,
Surrounded by their threats and language loud,
Their mocking questions, and the maid's light scorn.

To present fears he yields his shiv'ring heart,
As at the fire he warms himself in vain ;
While through the night he plays the recreant's part,
All unregardful of his Master's pain.

But, hark ! the morning bird's exultant cheer
(Unconscious herald of the fatal day)
Falls, like a death-bell, on his startled ear.—
The silent Saviour turns himself away

And look'd on Peter—with that look divine—
Back rush'd the thought of many a holy day,—
The olive walk beneath the clear moonshine,
Tiberia's waters, where his light boat lay,

The prayers upon the lonely mountain side,
The faithless walk upon the midnight sea,
The tempest calmed upon the tossing tide,
The last sad ev'ning in Gethsemane.