

Presumption, envy, and an insane ire  
Still urge him in the labyrinthine search,  
Where madness whispers, superstitions glide,  
Till wholly lost—despair and suicide—

Is this the youth who stood in Zuph's high gates  
With lofty form, and with ingenuous breast,  
Unconscious that the Seer to greet him waits,  
And eager only on his Father's quest ?  
Is this the man whose soul heroic woke,  
(Touch'd by the mystic oil and words of power)  
Who flinging off Philistia's cruel yoke,  
With one high effort seized on triumph's hour ;  
While mystic portents all his courage fired,  
And thoughts prophetic his whole soul inspired ?

Ah, luckless Saul ! how bright thy rising day,  
That set in trouble, frenzy, and despair !  
When self-reliance led thy heart astray,  
Black melancholy loaded thee with care ;  
An evil spirit vex'd thee, day and night,  
Scarce kept at bay by music's holy spell ;  
Not all the songs of Judah's sacred might  
Its fiendish promptings wholly could dispel ;  
Not Israel's sweetest singer's gentlest strain,  
Could charm thy spirit long to peace again.

A desperate, godless, God-forsaken one—  
Yet bent the future's very worst to know :  
In gloomy cave, with incantations done,  
He stood awaiting what the dead would show.—