

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND
JONATHAN.

THE beauty of Isreal is slain on thy mountains,
The mighty are low, and how great is their fall,
But tell not our grief in Gath, by the fountains,
And publish it not within Askelon's wall,
Lest the Philistines' daughters shall mock at our sorrow,
And triumph in gladness o'er us in our pain,
And sound all their timbrels and harps on the morrow,
While here we are sore, in lamenting our slain.

Oh ! Gilboa's mountains, from now and forever,
Let moisture, which falleth as rain, or as dew,
Come down on thy parch'd, burning summits, oh, never,
For the shield of the mighty is cast upon you.
From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the highest,
The bow of fair Jonathan never did quail,
And the sword of his father, in danger the nighest,
Went forth to brave deeds, like the sweep of the gale.

O Saul, thou anointed ! and Jonathan, brother !
In life ye were pleasant and lovely to see ;
And still in your death ye are lovely together,
Tho' great is my grief, and my sorrow, for thee.
Ye were swifter than eagles, ye heaven-anointed,
And stronger than lions, thou glorious pair,
But sad was the day, that Jehovah appointed,
To humble your strength, and your bravery, there.

Oh, weep o'er the fallen, fair Isreal's daughters !
He cloth'd you in scarlet, and deck'd you with gold,
Then shed ye your tears, until their sad waters
Shall moisten the tomb, where now he is cold ;
I'm sad for thee, Jonathan, more than my brother,
So kindly and gentle, so faithful and free,
I lov'd thee, as never I shall love another,
And thou hadst a wonderful love unto me.