

Or heaven-stamp'd royalty.
 The brutes no longer will caress
 But share with thee thy reign;
 For the sceptre of thy righteousness,
 Thy hands have snapped in twain.

Adam, where art thou ? monarch, where ?
 Thou wondrous thing of clay ;
 Ah ! let the earthworm now declare,
 Who claims thee as his prey ;
 Thy mother, oh thou mighty one,
 For thee re-opes her womb ;
 Thou to the narrow house art gone,
 Thy kingdom is thy tomb ;
 The truth from Godhead's lips that came,
 There in thy darkness learn ;
 Of dust was formed thy beauteous frame,
 And shall to dust return.

Adam, where art thou ? where ! ah where ?
 Behold him raised above,
 An everlasting life to share,
 In the bright world of love.
 The hand he once 'gainst heaven could raise,
 Another sceptre holds ;
 His brows where new-born glories blaze,
 Another crown enfolds.
 Another robe's flung over him,
 More fair than was his own ;
 And with the fire-tongued seraphim,
 He dwells before the throne.

But whence could such a change proceed ?
 What power could raise him there ?
 So late by God's own voice decreed
 Transgression's curse to bear.
 Hark ! hark ! he tells—a harp well strung,
 His grateful arms embrace ;
 Salvation is his deathless song,
 And grace, abounding grace ;
 And sounds through all the upper sky
 A strain with wonders rife,
 That Life hath given itself to die,
 And bring death back to life.
