

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.

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