

THE PRAYER OF DAVID.

—
FOR THE CRAFTSMAN.
—

“ Oh! spare me, that I may recover strength.”

It was night upon Jerusalem,
Through the palace of the king
There came no sound of armed men,
No songs the minstrels sing;
The incense lamps burnt faintly,
And the moon's soft light was laid
Upon the tessellated floor,
As the suffering monarch prayed.

“ Spare me,” the earth is lovely,
For all green things are smiling, and the rose
Sends up its fragrance through my lattice bars;
The streamlet from the distant mountain flows,
Making sweet music to the twinkling stars,
As night is coming.

Oh! “ spare me,” I have suffered,
This form that never sank in weakness down,
For lion, bear, or Philistine, can now
Scarce turn its weary eyes to sword or crown,
Or raise its fingers to this throbbing brow;
Pity my weakness.

Oh! “ spare me,” men of battle
Wait for my voice upon the blood stained field;
And I have been so strong for Israel's right,
It cannot be that I have now to yield
Helmet and spear; no, I have yet to fight
For thee, Jehovah.

Oh! “ spare me” I am wanting
In the assembly of the choral host;
Asaph has stayed the rapt chords of his lyre,
And Abiezer's army halts on Jordan's coast;
Nathan the prophet weeps', Hiram of Tyre
Waiteth my coming.

Oh! “ spare me,” my sweet children
Traverse the marble halls with noiseless feet;
I once again must twine the golden hair
Of lovely Absalom, and hear the sweet
Full tones of loved Bathsheba's heir,
My thoughtful Solomon.

Oh! “ spare me,” gentle voices
That have a charm for me, so calm and low,
Have whispered to me loving words to-day;
And I have felt soft lips upon my brow,
That scared the fever's burning glow away,
Calming my spirit.

Oh! “ spare me.” Well I know
That in thy presence dwells unbroken peace,
And I shall rest by thy right hand at length;
And yet I ask life's pulse may not yet cease,
Oh! “ spare me” that I may recover strength
Ere the grave claims me.

HARRIETT ANNIE.