

Poetry.

PSALM CX.

Thus from His throne Jehovah spake
 Unto my Lord : Take Thou Thy seat
 At my right hand until I make
 Thy foes the footstool of Thy feet.

From Zion shall Jehovah send
 Thy sceptre forth, Thy rod of strength,
 And say : Thy rule do Thou extend
 Amid Thy foes at glorious length !

Thy people flock with willing feet,
 A free-will offering are they ;
 To Thee they give themselves, and greet
 With valor high Thy muster-day.

In spotless holiness arrayed
 Fresh from the morning's golden mine,
 Before Thee low in service laid
 The choicest of the youths are thine.

"Yea"—hath Jehovah sworn to Thee
 And from His oath will not depart,—
 "Thou of Melchizedek's degree
 A kingly priest forever art."

The Lord at Thy right hand shall smite
 Through princes in His day of wrath.
 Among the nations judging right
 Thy fallen foes shall mark His path.

Lo, He the heads o'er earth's wide lands
 Shall bruise ; and at the torrent's bed
 Pause but to quaff from out His hands ;
 So shall He lift with joy His head.