

Who had in glory sat on Egypt's throne,
Had all the honoured of the kingdom wide,
Assembled to attest the dignity
Of one so patriotic and divine.
The Royal House, all mournfully arrayed,
The Priests, adorned in sad habiliments,
Were marshalled with the host of every class,
That in a measured tread accompanied
The sacred bier unto the hallowed stream,
That flowed between the living and the dead.

IV.

When solemn tread and requiem had ceased,
Before the Judges at the river's brink,
Who sat above the throng with visage sad,
As was their wont, to hear if any charge
Could be preferred against the one deceased ;
To publicly refuse his spirit rest :
So righteous was the spirit of his rule,
That ne'er a voice was heard in strange appeal,
From any wronged, oppressed, or malcontent.
And then a joyful murmur broke the spell,
And loudest acclamations filled the air,
From all the throng, that one so much revered
Should mingle with the joys of future life.
And then the Sacred Barge, with Joseph's form,
Proceeded to the regions of the dead,
Where, silently within a royal tomb,
It found repose while all the world surged on.
Thus, like the Saviour of the world Himself,
Was Joseph by his own betrayed and sold
Into the hands of evil men, that he
Might be the saviour of his race, the means
Of stablishing them in a foreign land,