

THE DEATH OF THE FIRSTBORN.

"For there was not a house where there was not one dead."—Ex. xii. 30.

A CRY is heard in Egypt,
A sore and bitter cry;
'Tis not for brave men fallen,
As brave men long to die:
The sounds are those of wailing
And deepest agony.

'Tis not for country taken
By some relentless foe;
'Tis not for honour tarnished
'The nation mourneth so:
A wail so full of wildness,
The hopeless only know.

Sore plagues had swept o'er Egypt,
Thunder and fire and hail,
The land was seared and darkened
By locusts' blighted trail;
Yet Pharaoh's heart was hardened,
Nor did these plagues avail.

The fearful plague of darkness
They failed to understand,
Though dark were Egypt's dwellings,
And bright all Goshen's land,
They would not own these warnings
As wonders of God's hand.

To Pharaoh and to Egypt
But one more plague remains,
To monarch and to people
Sadder than former pains;
That stroke that slays their firstborn
Will break off Israel's chains.