

On the midnight rose the cry
Of a Nation's agony,
And the moan spread—wailing, wailing,
Till the stars in Dawn were paling.

Morn on Egypt's wailing coast,
Lo, the Nation's gathering host,
Lo, before their Vanguard gliding,
Heaven's cloud-column eastward guiding ;
Centuries of bondage past,
Israel's race is freed at last.

ABRAHAM.

Out of Heaven the deep Voice came—
“ Abraham ! ” — “ Abraham ! ”

Take thy Son—thine only Son
Isaac—the long promis'd One—
Get thee to the far off Land
Where Moriah's mountains stand
Offer there, thy household lamb
Abraham !—Abraham !

Thrice the stars have paled in Dawn,
Son and Father journey on,
One—with lightsome heart and eye,
One—in Faith's deep agony—
“ Father : fire and wood we bring,
“ Where the lamb for offering ?
“ Son—the Lord will find his lamb ; ”
Abraham !—O ! Abraham !

Lo ! Moriah's mountain height
Tremulous in noon's hot light—
O'er it in the purple air
Floats a snow cloud pure and fair
Such as later years could see
O'er the mount of Bethany
Whence the ascending Saviour pass'd
Earth's great offering, purest—last.