

Till rose the King, with love kiss'd garland crown'd,  
Snapp'd ev'ry jewel'd knot, and cast it on the ground :

    "One hope—to prayer, to prayer !  
The God of Heaven may yet withstay his hand,  
If humble, fasting, weeping, all the land  
    Cry mightily to spare."

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Yes! God beheld repentant man with pity ;  
A day of grace He gave that humbl'd city,—  
    A mis-spent day of grace.

Ah, Nineveh ! amid thy ruins lone,  
Sits desolation on thy threshold stone,  
    And stares into thy face.

Amid thy cedar courts are wild beasts lying,  
And on thy broken walls the dry grass sighing  
    To days gone by :  
While in thy lintels, whence sweet lutes did swell,  
Now cormorants lodge and shriek, and bitterns dwell,  
    With their discordant cry.

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Oh, let us read the past with introspection,  
As illustrating the divine reflection  
    In warning given—  
That they who slight the Prophets and the law,  
Would not repent although the dead they saw  
    Beckon to Heaven.