

And toss in air thy head all gashed with wounds.

Dav. Ha! say'st thou so? Come on, then! Mark us well.

Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, and shield!
In the dread name of Israel's God, I come;
The living Lord of Hosts, whom thou defi'st!
Yet though no shield I bring; no arms, except
These five smooth stones I gathered from the brook,
With such a simple sling as shepherds use;
Yet all exposed, defenceless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey
To my victorious arm. This day I mean
To make the uncircumcised tribes confess
There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,
To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone;
The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts
Shall spread the plains of Elah; till Philistia,
Through all her trembling tents and flying bands,
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
I dare thee to the trial!

Gol. Follow me.

In this good spear I trust.

Dav. I trust in Heaven!

The God of battles stimulates my arm,
And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

H. More.

THE END.