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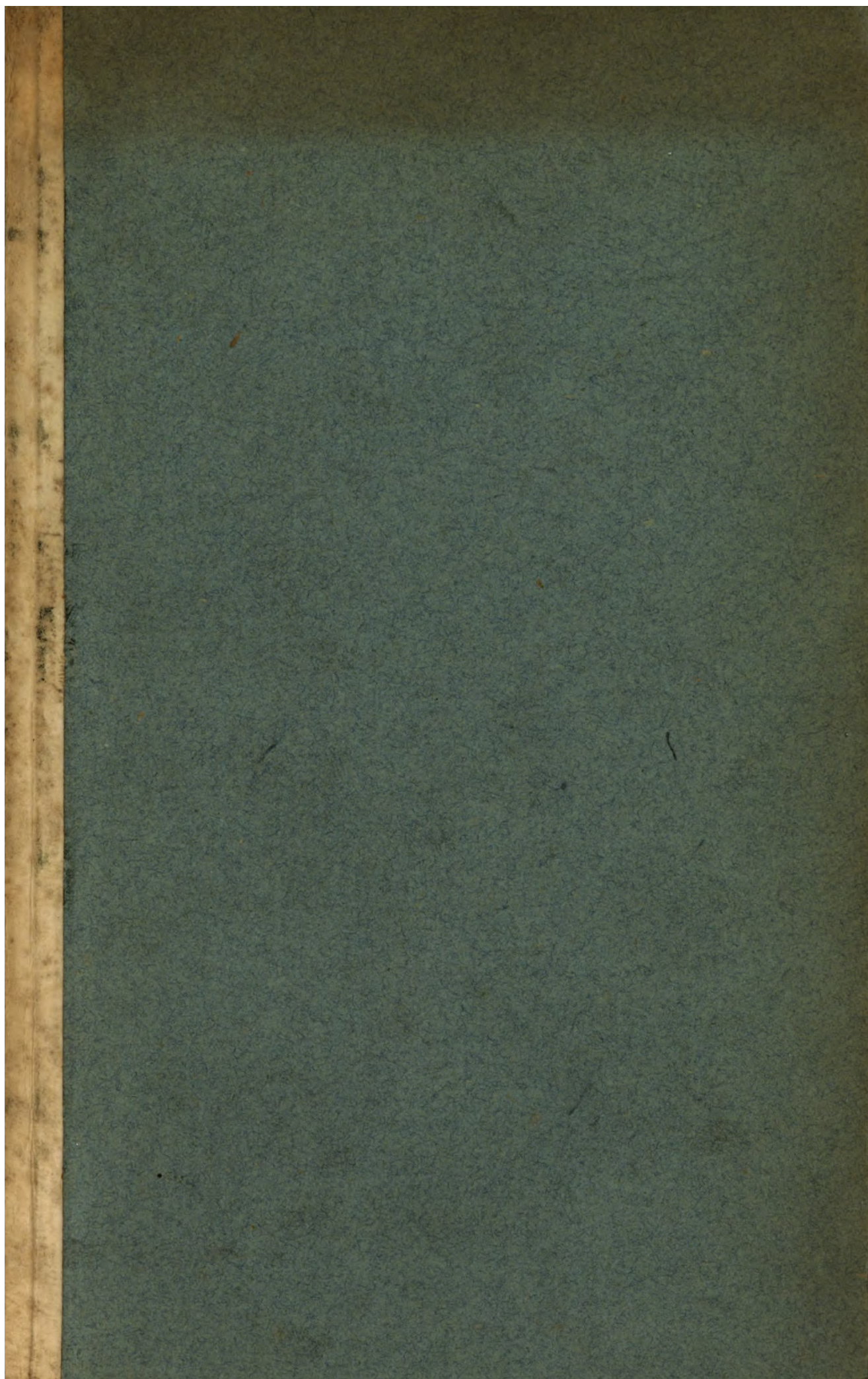
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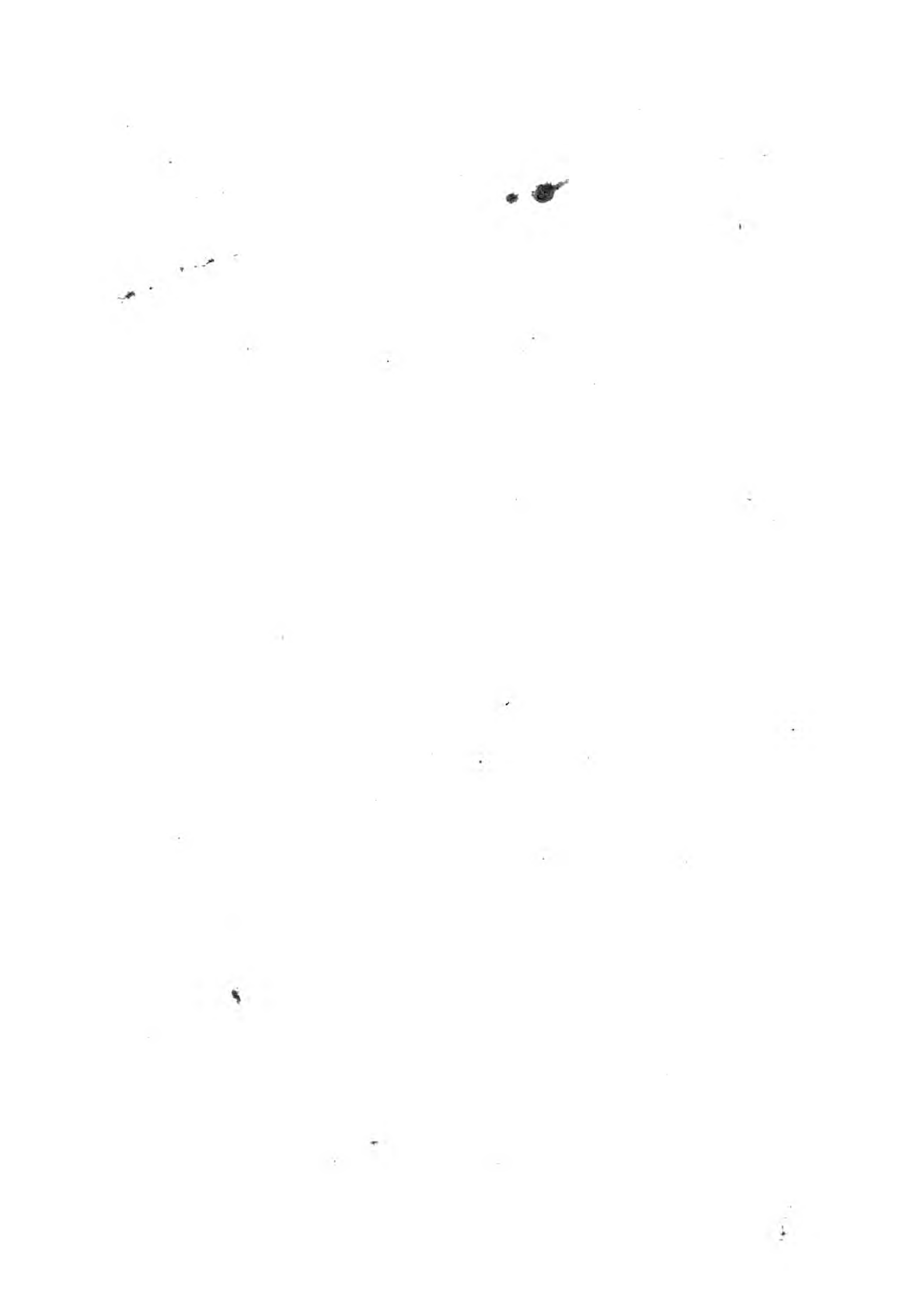


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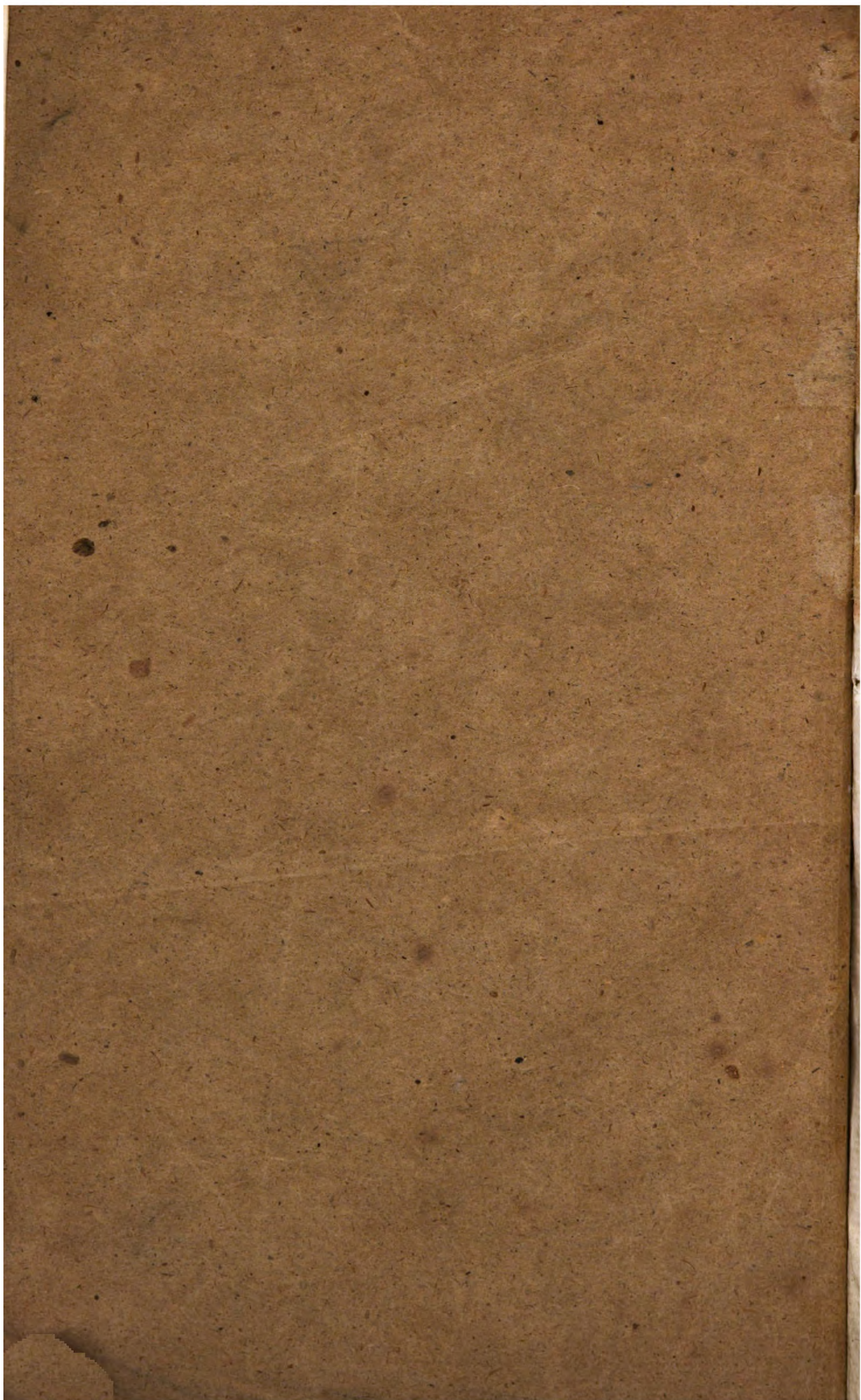






Publication of
Part IV.

Hymn to the Deity



330.

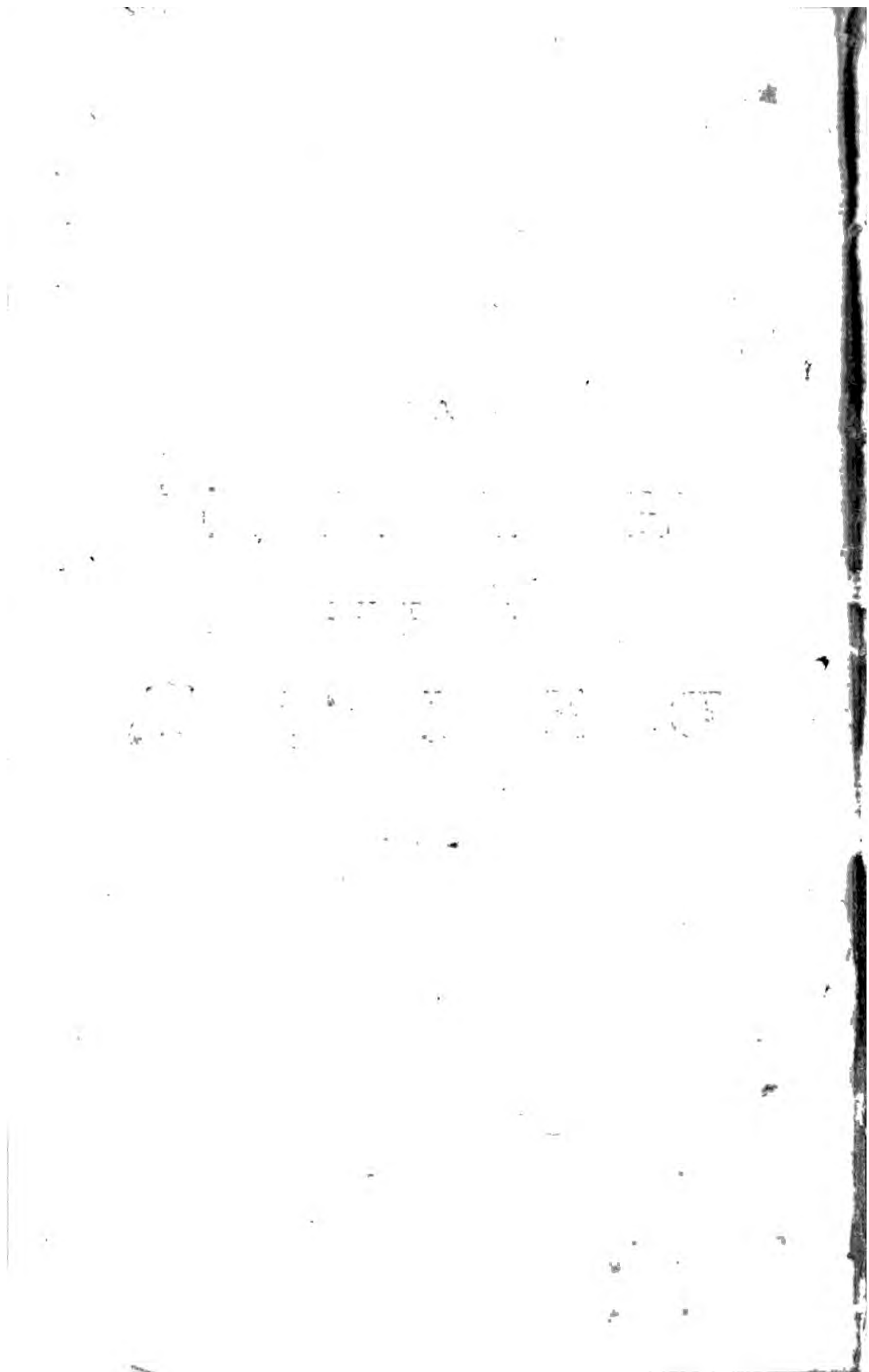
A N

H Y M N

T O T H E

D E I T Y,

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A N

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M O S T L Y I N

I M I T A T I O N

O F

The CIVth P S A L M.

BY WILLIAM STEVENSON, M. D.

Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

N E W A R K :

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T O T H E

Rev. W. GREEN, M. A.

R E C T O R O F

Hardingham, Norfolk.

THE 104th Psalm,* you are well aware, Rev. Sir, is, perhaps, one of the finest compositions of antiquity, and would only seem to want the appendage of some celebrated *Heathen's* name, to be universally admired. As a proof of its acknowledged eminence, it has honoured a variety of versions by some of the most distinguished scholars and wits; all of them inspired with the laudable ambition to preserve

or

* See it in Mr. GREEN's admirable new translation of the Psalms, in its *simplex mundities*.

or imitate the excellence of the sublime first copy. Ten of these are in a *learned language*, and, indeed, happily executed. No wonder, therefore, should little new occur in the present attempt to illustrate this delightful Ode. Yet, notwithstanding, I do confess an ambition to appear among my brethren of the *imitating tribe*. Their ambition was spotless and innocent. The observing reader, with you, Rev. Sir, will see that, though I have *endeavoured* to catch many of the Ode's finest thoughts, yet I have not adhered to it minutely. Indeed, it is impossible, (I *feel* it ; and, not improbable, every other writer in this line *may*) to adopt and uniformly sustain, in rhyme, the chaste and beautiful simplicity of the divine original.

I, however, inscribe my *attempt* to
you,

you, Rev. Sir, on a twofold account.—First, because your excellence as a *Hebrew* scholar, critic, translator and commentator, has not been excelled: and second, because I have the pleasure and satisfaction to set you down among my worthy and liberal friends.—To the last your honest and social heart will have no objection: from the first, I am well satisfied, your modesty and diffidence—the satellites of virtue and merit—will subtract what I *merely* think your just claim. At any rate, I have reason to be persuaded, you will not be displeased with the opportunity I now take of publicly subscribing myself,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your faithful and

Affectionate Friend.

The A U T H O R.

A N





A N

H Y M N

T O T H E

D E I T Y, &c.

ASCEND my muse, inferior scenes give o'er,
 On wing of fire celestial heights to soar.
 No common theme demands thy ardent lays,
 No theme below the great CREATOR's praise;
 Who systems calls to being when he wills,
 Whose glory space without circumf'rance fills;
 But which, tho' not immensity confines,
 In heaven (its galaxy) concenter'd shines.

HONOUR and awful majesty profound,
 Encircle him ineffably around.
 He clothes himself, unsufferably bright,
 In garments flaming with refulgent light;
 While seraphs, swelling the immortal strings,
 Veil their astonish'd faces with their wings:

B

But

But to blind mortals, with frail breath inspir'd,
Darkness is his pavilion dread retir'd.

BENEATH his feet he spreads ethereal space,
Void, yet fill'd up, expansion without place;
A gen'rous, life-inspiring fluid found,
On which subsist his glorious worlds around.
On the great deep the sapphire columns rise
That bear up the huge circle of the skies.
Above rais'd wondrous by paternal hands,
The mighty palace of J E H O V A H stands;
Surpassing splendor, grandeur, beauty, strength!
Amazing height, and depth, and breadth, and
length!

Eternity its basis, substance light,
Attendants seraphs, area infinite!

O N ev'ry cloud a vehicle he finds,
And walks upon the pinions of the winds.
Thro' stretch ubiquitous, measureless expanse,
Suns darken'd in their orbits at his glance,
Abroad he moves in majesty of state,
Sublimely vast, omnipotently great.

HIS angels, that with second glory shine,
First born of light, efflux of breath divine,

As

As ministers arraign'd before him stand,
To catch each signal of supreme command ;
Coruscant heralds borne on wings of fire,
To do the will of the ETERNAL SIRE.
Tempests themselves, impetuous as they blow,
Convulsing nature's inmost frame below ;
And light'nings, vivid fork'd and flash'd around,
His dreadful messengers of pow'r are found.

THE mighty pillars of the earth he laid,
And its foundations everlasting made.
In vain proud surges swell, storms furious rage,
It stands unmov'd while elements engage.
The bounding waters o'er the mountains rise,
The great abyss heaves tow'ring to the skies ;
At his rebuke the surging depths subside,
Restrain their fury, and contract their tide ;
With reflux tumult and tremendous roar,
Down o'er the vallies seek their destin'd shore ;
Where, circumscrib'd, immense barriers withstand
Their hostile inundations on the land.
—Within his dwelling man secure resides,
Hears ocean roar, nor dreads its angry tides.

HE bids the springs gush forth among the hills,
To wander thro' the vales in gurgling rills ;
Whither the shepherd's fatlings speed their way,
And

And asses wild their urgent thirst allay.
 Adown their wood-grown sides, retir'd from view,
 The feather'd race their warbling tasks renew ;
 His praise divine in choral members sing,
 Oft as his smile turns winter into spring :
 While echoes, waken'd by the general song,
 Springs tuneful bursts of gratitude prolong.

FROM his fraught clouds descend the timely
 rains,
 To fatten and refresh the thirsty plains ;
 Celestial fluid, of prolific pow'r,
 To give the vernal and autumnal hour.
 —Ye sons of men ! your ardent thanks declare,
 Bless'd with such proofs of the CREATOR's
 care ;
 Glowing with love for what his works produce,
 Charm'd with their beauty, harmony and use.

WITH flowery herbage he o'erspreads the
 field,
 A rich repast the milky kind to yield ;
 In lusty droves that low from hill to hill,
 While flocks beneath the bleating meadows fill.
 And see ! the village nymphs, high flush'd with
 health,

Exhaust

Exhaust each udder of its balmy wealth ;
 And homeward, guided by the twilight beam,
 In frothy goblets bear the luscious stream.

HERE, of fine movement and majestic size,
 With deep-arch'd neck, and light'ning-kindled
 eyes ;

Ears—beyond language fashion'd, nostrils wide,
 And mane that wantons in dishevell'd pride ;
 The courser, sprung from noble, gen'rous breed,
 Delights thro' nature's green retreats to feed ;
 Or plunges, heated by noon's fervid beam,
 Amid the gelid river's mantling stream ;
 To cool the glow that thro' his vitals reigns,
 And check the tide which shoots along his veins.

FOR man he bids the juicy herb arise,
 That health may roll and glitter in his eyes.
 Bids endless crops their turgid wealth unfold,
 Each valley waving in autumnal gold.
 Bids the flush'd vine its purple clusters fill,
 And balm from ev'ry unctuous shrub distil.
 —These wake to rapture man's expanded heart,
 And vigour to his well-brac'd limbs impart ;
 To dimpling cheek perpetual smiles bestow,
 To round, plump feature, health's fresh roseate
 glow. HE

HE calls the sap, detrued to the root,
 Among the boughs a living tide to shoot;
 When lo! a thousand forests stand display'd
 In all the verdant majesty of shade.
 The hill-propt cedar, of superior size,
 Lifts its capacious foliage to the skies;
 While zephyrs, thro' the wide spread, solemn
 gloom,
 With aromatic sweets their wings perfume.
 Hither the songful tenants of the air
 To snug, warm, hospitable homes repair.
 There mutual pair'd, and by fond duties prest,
 With care parental build the downy nest;
 On eager pinion waft the insect food,
 To feed with tender life the callow brood;
 Advent'rous teach the infant wing to rise,
 Anon to stretch undaunted thro' the skies.

ON yonder thick-cops'd hills, romantic sides,
 Whose brow sublime the blue wreath'd vapour
 hides,
 Where fancy's footsteps dread themselves to stray,
 Wild goats in troops press up their dauntless way.
 Self-taught to climb, beneath no shepherd's
 charge,
 On Nature's shrubby boon they feed at large:
 While

While in the rocks below, and tufted dells,
The nimble-footed cony silent dwells;
At each return of eve, or dewy morn,
Stol'n forth to nibble thro' the bladed corn.
—In the green bosom of a pine-tree plac'd,
The stork enjoys the mansion to her taste.

KINDLED from the effulgence of his eye,
The sun assum'd his center in the sky;
To earth unnumber'd progenies to give,
And bid ten thousand forms of being live;
Each season to enjoy its destin'd range,
And day and night observe alternate change.
—With what restrain'd, meek glory he ascends!
How to his advent nature's gaze attends!
How grand his noon's refulgency of light!
How soft his twilight glimm'rings on the sight?

AT his command the full orb'd moon arose,
And mounts her chariot at the twilight close.
Relieving earth from heat's meridian blaze,
Amid the languish of her softer rays.
—How ocean swells beneath the placid beam!
How vistas wave, streams twinkle, to the gleam!
Advancing slow, what galaxies of stars
Round night's mild empress whirl their silver
cars !

ADOWN

A D O W N heav'n's crystalline, with graceful
bend,

He bids the rainbow's dewy prisms extend.
From clime to clime the god-like sign is seen,
Radiant with orange, purple, or with green.
Behind a watery cloud disrupt, the sun
In one grand arch sees all his splendors run ;
Speaking *in colours* to the world below,
No *second* deluge shall that world o'erflow :
But that bland moisture and refreshing show'rs,
To give earth's womb new vegetative pow'rs,
Soon as the fulgid wonder bends o'er all,
Shall from the air's suspended conduits fall ;
To crumbly softness loose the kindly soil,
And half anticipate the farmer's toil.

—Men view, with grateful hearts and ravish'd
eyes,

The ample glory stretch'd across the skies ;
Meanly indulge alarms and doubts no more,
But heart-touch'd kneel, sing praises and adore.

DARKNESS from him its unseen being takes,
When only murder dire, or rapine wakes ;
When—more than half rejoic'd creation gone
To those chaste, blessed slumbers toil brings on,
Their aspects fierce the prowling race assume,

Quit

Quit their dark caves, and stalk the rueful gloom.
 Rapid and gaunt abruptly forth they pour,
 Adding fresh horrors to the midnight hour;
 While Luna only, with shy, sick'ning ray,
 Marks the ensanguin'd progress of their way.
 —How loud the repercussions of their roar!
 How dread their steps the trackless wilds explore!
 Hid deep in shade, or scamp'ring o'er the ground,
 How quake the world of animals around!

THE lion, in majestic terror proud,
 To awful silence ush'd the savage crowd;
 Steps forth, with slumber sullenly content,
 On slaughter and affray indignant bent.
 Enrag'd by want the shaggy monarch stands,
 And with redoubled roar his food demands;
 Shakes his thick mane, discloses wide his jaw,
 And tears the prey beneath his ruthless paw.
 —From the bright chambers of the East, at
 length,
 The sun arises glorious in his strength;
 Night's glutt'd tribe, each to his gloomy den,
 In drowsy, scatter'd troops retreat from men;
 Where stretch'd behind huge carnage-clotted
 stones,
 Mid sculls, torn joints, crush'd limbs, and frac-
 tur'd bones, C Grimly

Thy works august for admiration call ;
Till with big transport each full heart runs o'er,
And man's capacious wish can grasp no more.

THERE swells the ocean boundless to the view,
Whose amber depths conceal thy wonders too ;
Where, wafted pathless thro' the booming tide,
Millions of finn'd inhabitants reside ;
Subaquean monsters multiform in size,
Approach'd with sick'ning terror and surprise.—
What eye not more than mortal can extend
Where those tumultuous worlds of water end ?
Who e'er the gulph unfathomable plumb'd,
Its islands number'd, or its treasures summ'd ?

THERE huge Leviathans their dwellings keep,
Monarchs enormous of the billowy deep ;
O'er the swoln surge in clumsy grandeur rise,
And squirt the liquid columns to the skies ;
In awkward gambols and unwieldy play,
Like living mountains sweep their cumbrous
way.

When tempests gather in terrific form,
Light'nings and thunders aggravate the storm ;
The mighty potent of the scaly throng
Heaves unconcern'd his shapeless bulk along ;
Nature's

Nature's dread aspect all sedate he braves,
 Amid the uproar of conflicting waves ;
 Or sportive, while winds, waves and tides engage,
 Deepens their horrors and augments their rage.

THESE all promiscuous, happy with their state,
 Daily on thee, ALMIGHTY FATHER ! wait ;
 Obedient to thy first impress'd command,
 To catch the prompt allowance from thy hand :
 Receiv'd with instinct's grateful feel—they own
 To them exub'rant mercy's largesse shown.

THERE, with broad sheets unloosen'd to the
 gale,
 (Commerce on wing) ten thousand galleons sail ;
 Loaded with riches from remotest shores,
 What fancy longs for, as what want implores ;
 Nature's far distant *soils* to intermix,
 And bounds to home-bred prejudices fix :
 Whence general friendships wake the social heart,
 And interests join whom mighty oceans part.
 MAKER SUPREME ! these are thy works
 sublime,
 Man but thy instrument in ev'ry clime.

Man

Stretching his icy sceptre o'er the globe ;
 When winter steps abroad with fullen frown,
 And from huge rocks rolls his big torrents
 down ;

The rural world, its vegetation gone,
 Face rueful sad, and wither'd form puts on ;
 Gay beauty's soft diversities of hue
 Unfold no more, be-dropt with pearly dew ;
 Joyless the eye, round the bleak landskip thrown,
 Sees one vast scene with horror overgrown :
 But when, transported on a zephyr's wing,
 From Heav'n alights the rosy-featur'd spring ;
 To earth's cold deepnesses, unus'd to day,
 Shoots warm the season's vivifying ray ;
 Nature no more with mists invested glooms,
 But one jocund, persisting smile assumes ;
 To vegetable life each object wakes,
 And each big heart that rapture gives it takes.

THE glory of J E H O V A H shall endure,
 Vast as eternity itself and sure ;
 Shine bright, and incommunicably bright,
 When yonder orbs are set in endless night ;
 When worlds in myriads, thro' the mighty void,
 Shall be in turns created and destroy'd.
 In these grandific works (good still as vast,

By

By the great PROTOTYPE alone surpass'd)
 Where perfect fitness, beauty, use, unite,
 Shall be his pride, complacence and delight.
 His works—each plann'd for some distinguish'd
 race,

That crow'd the limitless extent of space!
 His works—to which compar'd our atom ball
 Is ev'n for microscopic eye too small!
 His works—howe'er unmeasurably great,
 That nothing seem if by a G O D we rate!
 His works—which but HIMSELF can com-
 prehend,
 Seraphic theme of wonder without end!

W H I L E salient life shoots thro' these con-
 scious veins,
 Joy's swimming eye roams Nature's beauteous
 scenes,
 To thee, all-gracious PARENT of the skies!
 My hymns on *Faith's* extatic wings shall rise.
 Each orient sun shall hear my song renew'd,
 He not pursuing, him by me pursu'd.
 Of thee, ESSENTIAL EXCELLENCE! of
 thee,
 Sweet shall each time-stol'n meditation be;
 Unutterably sweet, should pain or grief,
 Ev'n

Ev'n mock the impotence of man's relief.
—In whom but thee, my GOD should I re-
joice?

To whom raise gratitude's harmonic voice?
On whom for solace, aid, protection call?
At thy throne hope's touch'd needles tremble all.

LET those ingrate, and their own *willing* foes,
(All their own foes who HEAV'N's high will
oppose)

Who at thy DREAD PERFECTIONS fear-
less scoff,

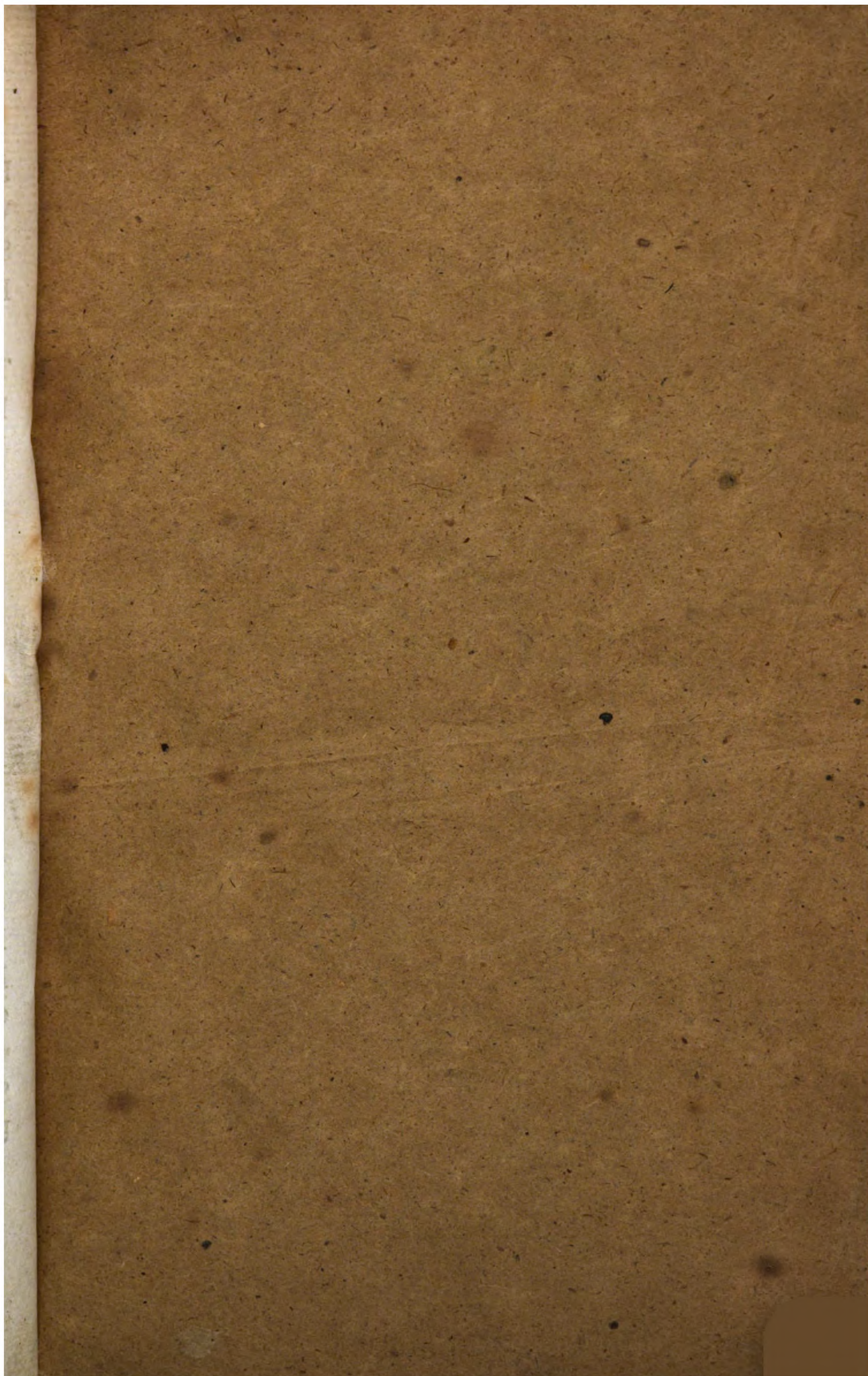
Be—funguses of life—from life cut off;
Lest their bold guilt to bolder heights should rise,
Astonish earth and irritate the skies.

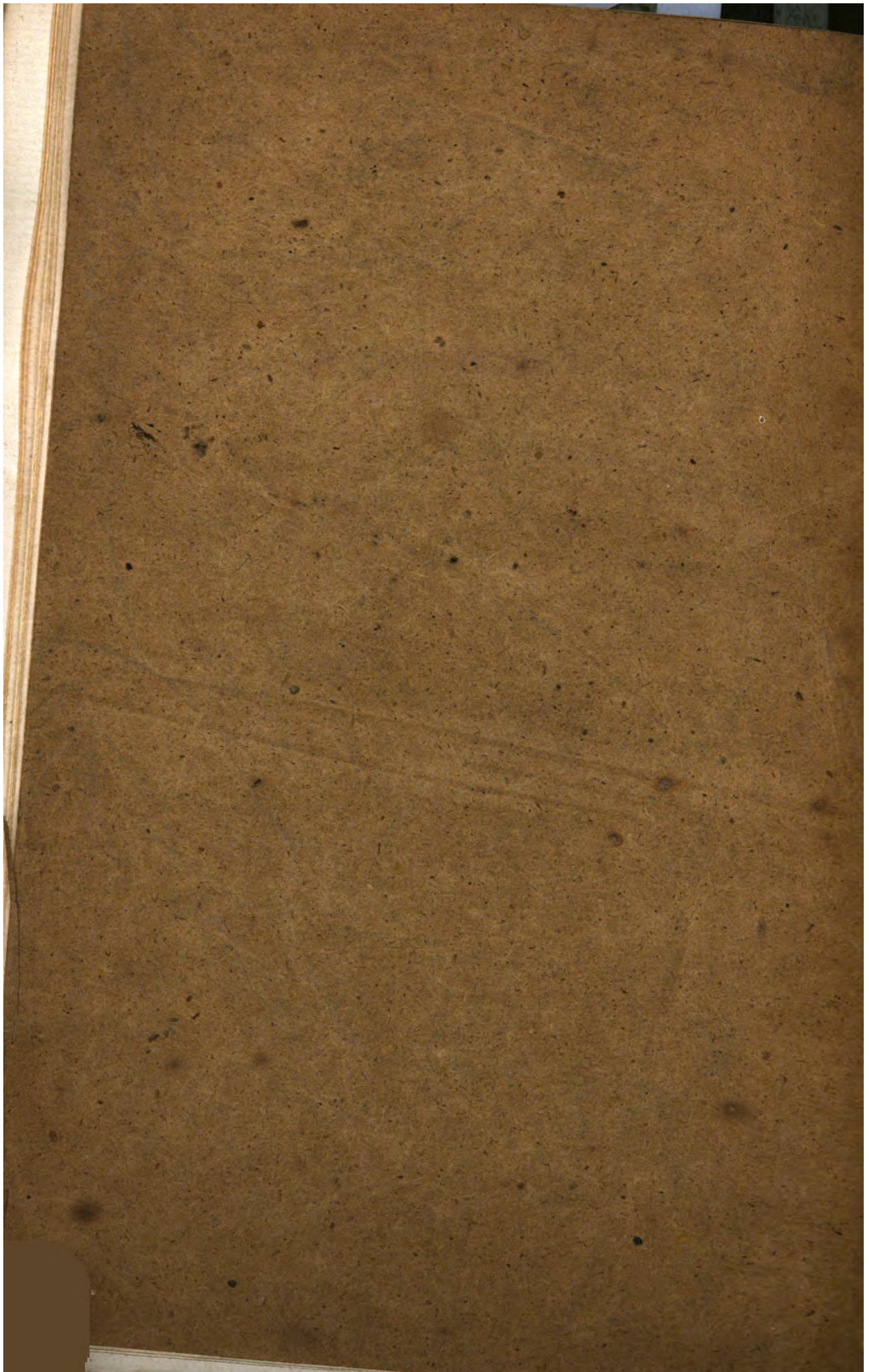
—But thou, my soul! call forth thy noblest
pow'rs,

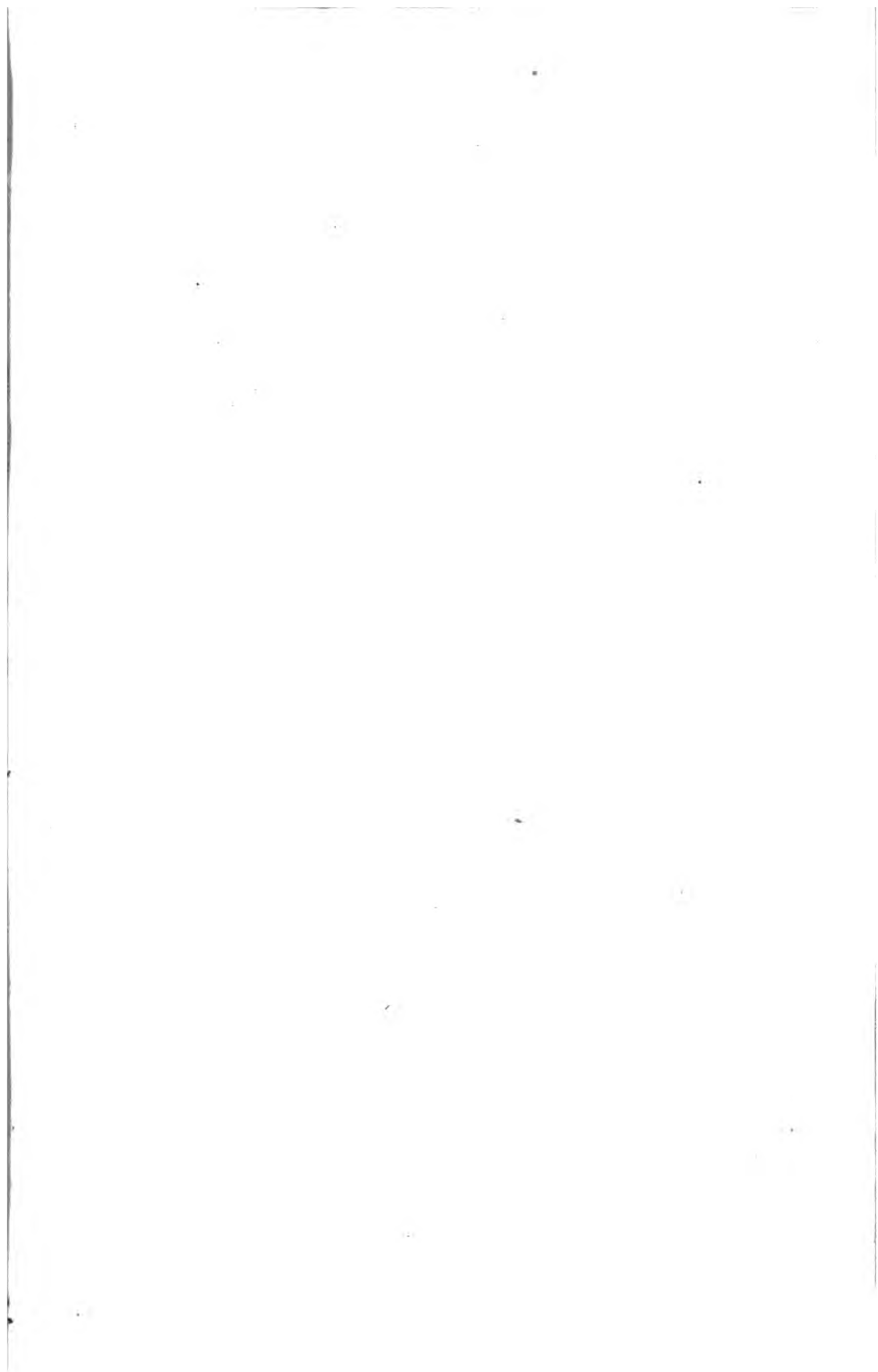
Taught by the sandglass of time's slippery hours;
To KNOW THYSELF—wisdom's sublimest
ken,

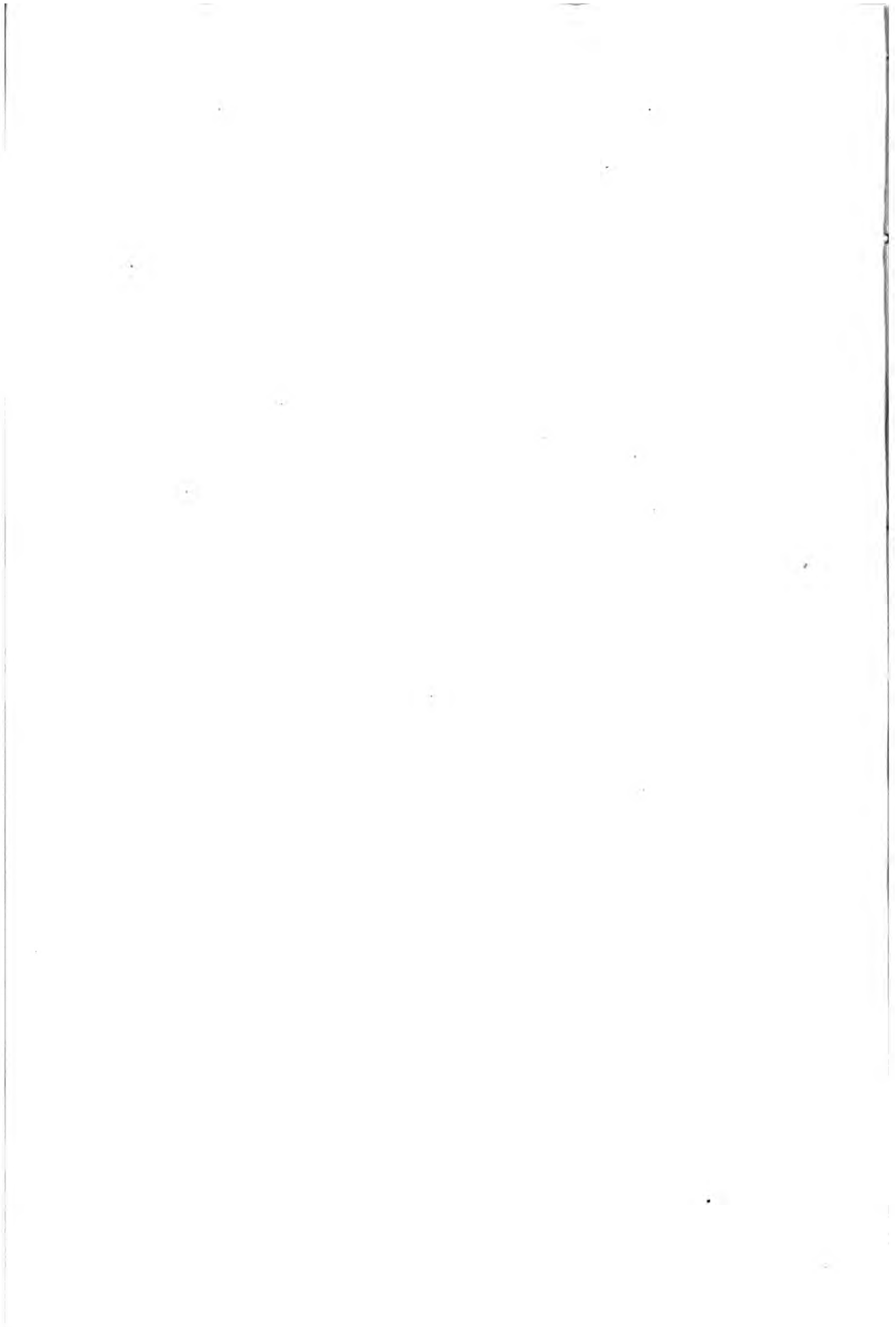
The boast of angels should be that of men.—
Still onward walk in VIRTUE's heav'nly ways,
Her self-entail'd reward—thy *only* praise.
Offer thy MAKER still an holy flame,
Worthy of *Truth's* and HIS transcendent name.

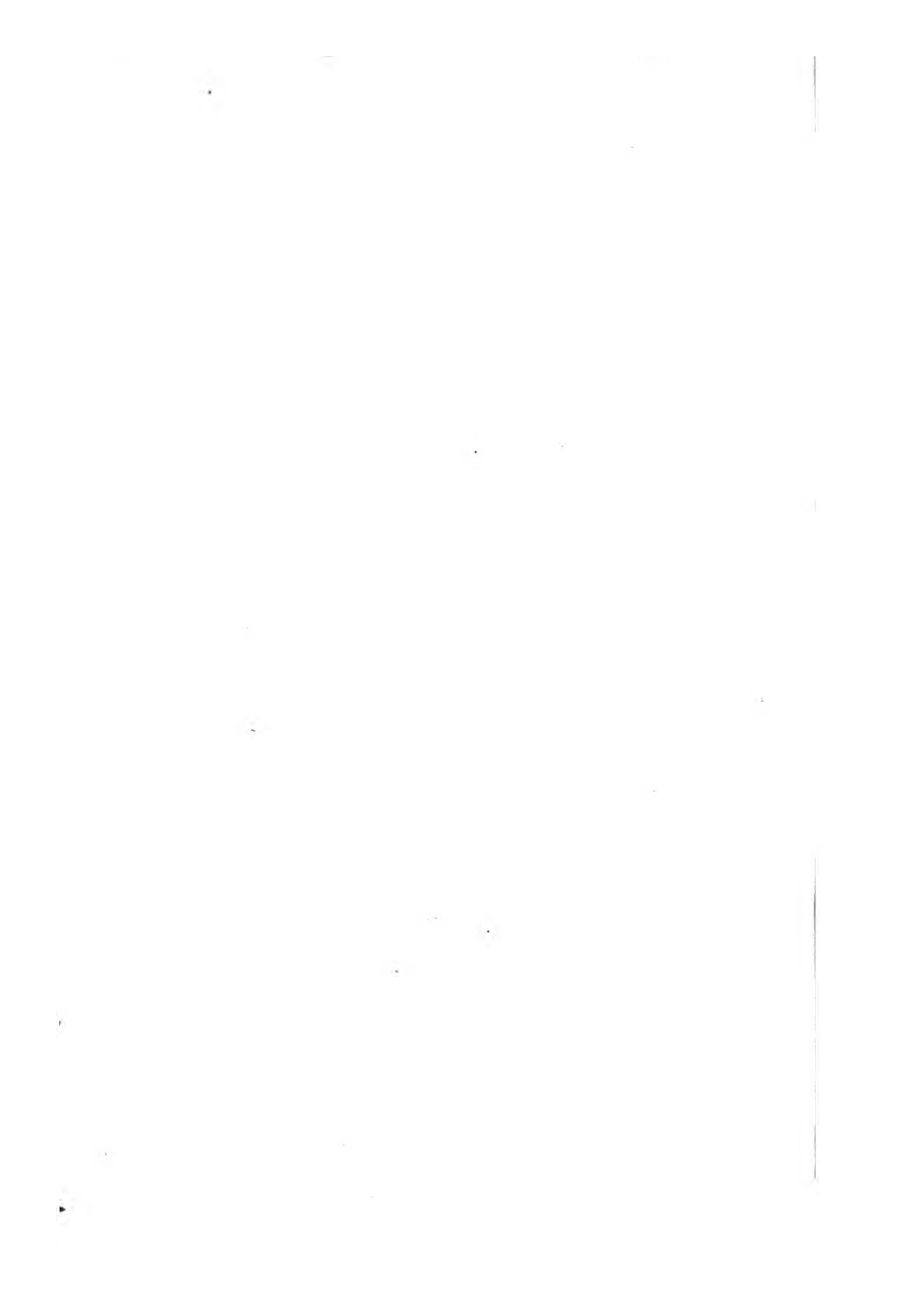
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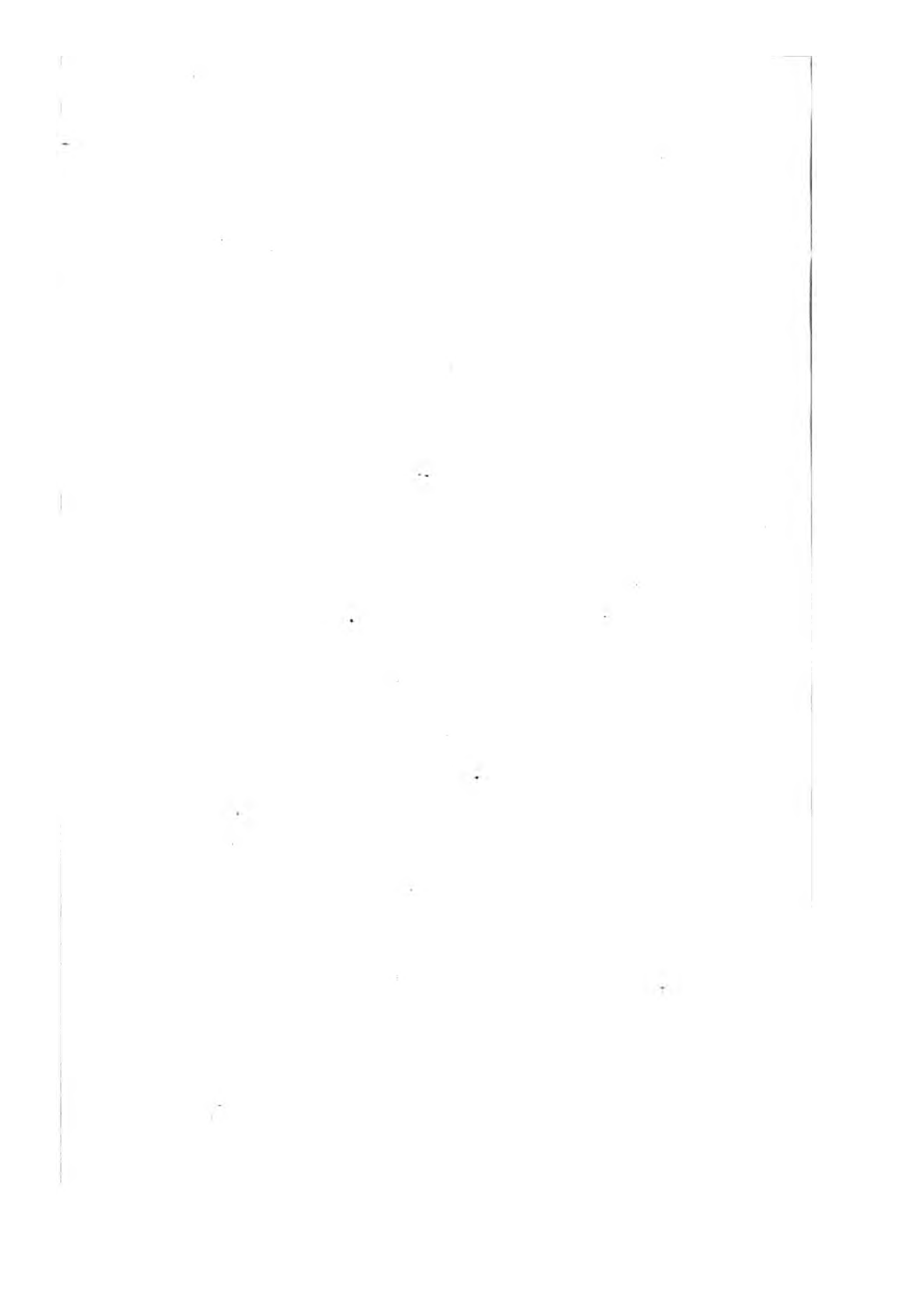


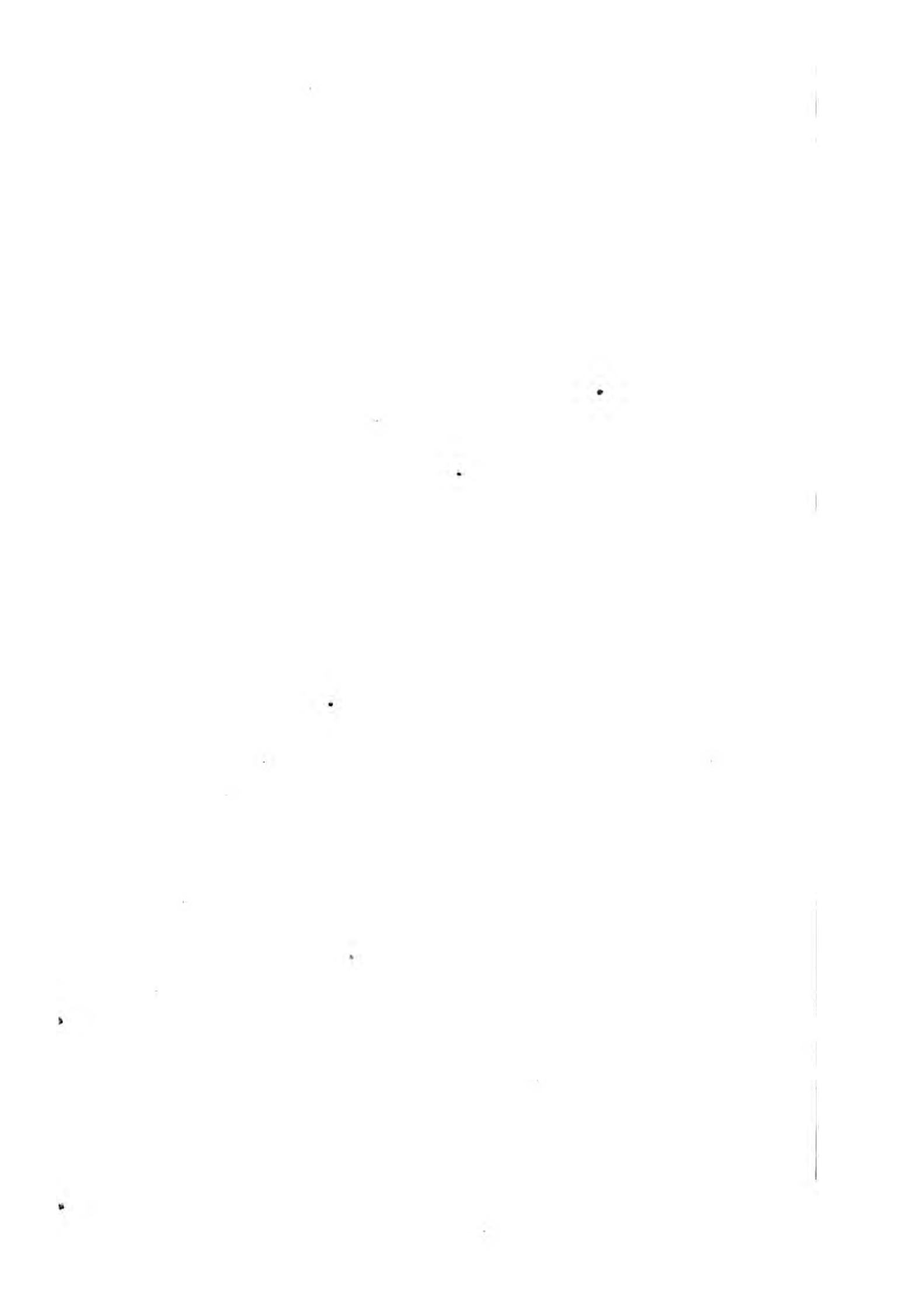


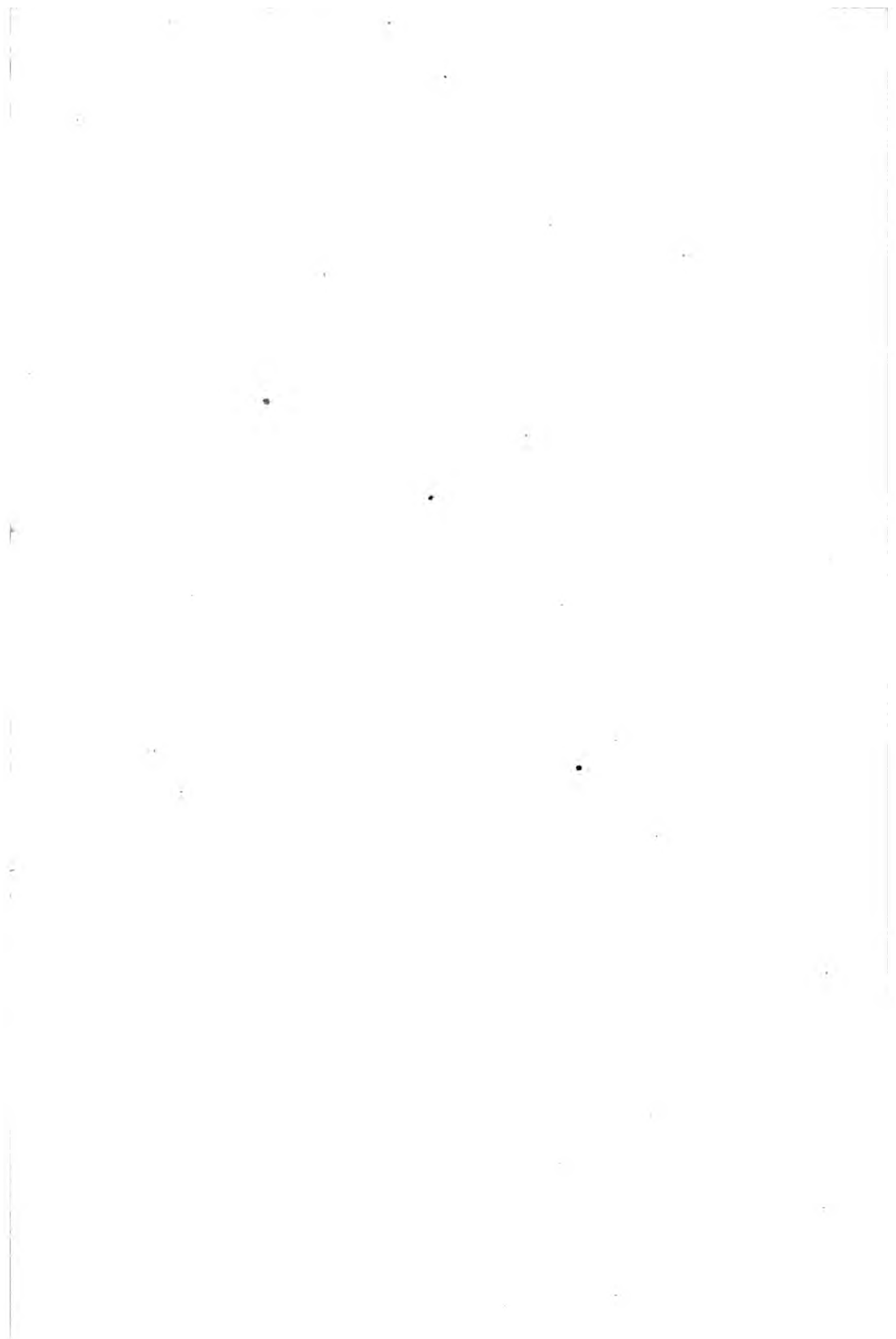


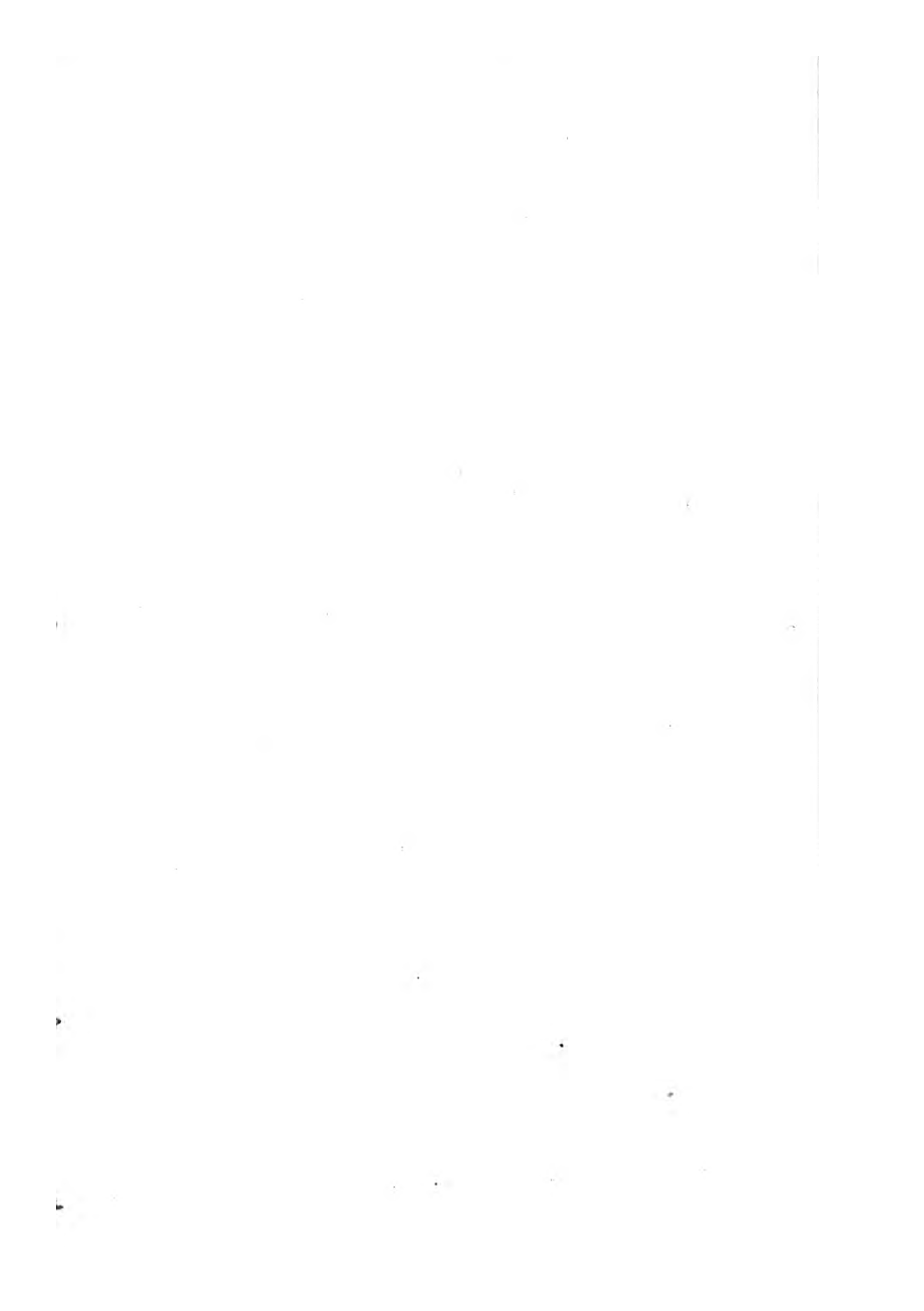




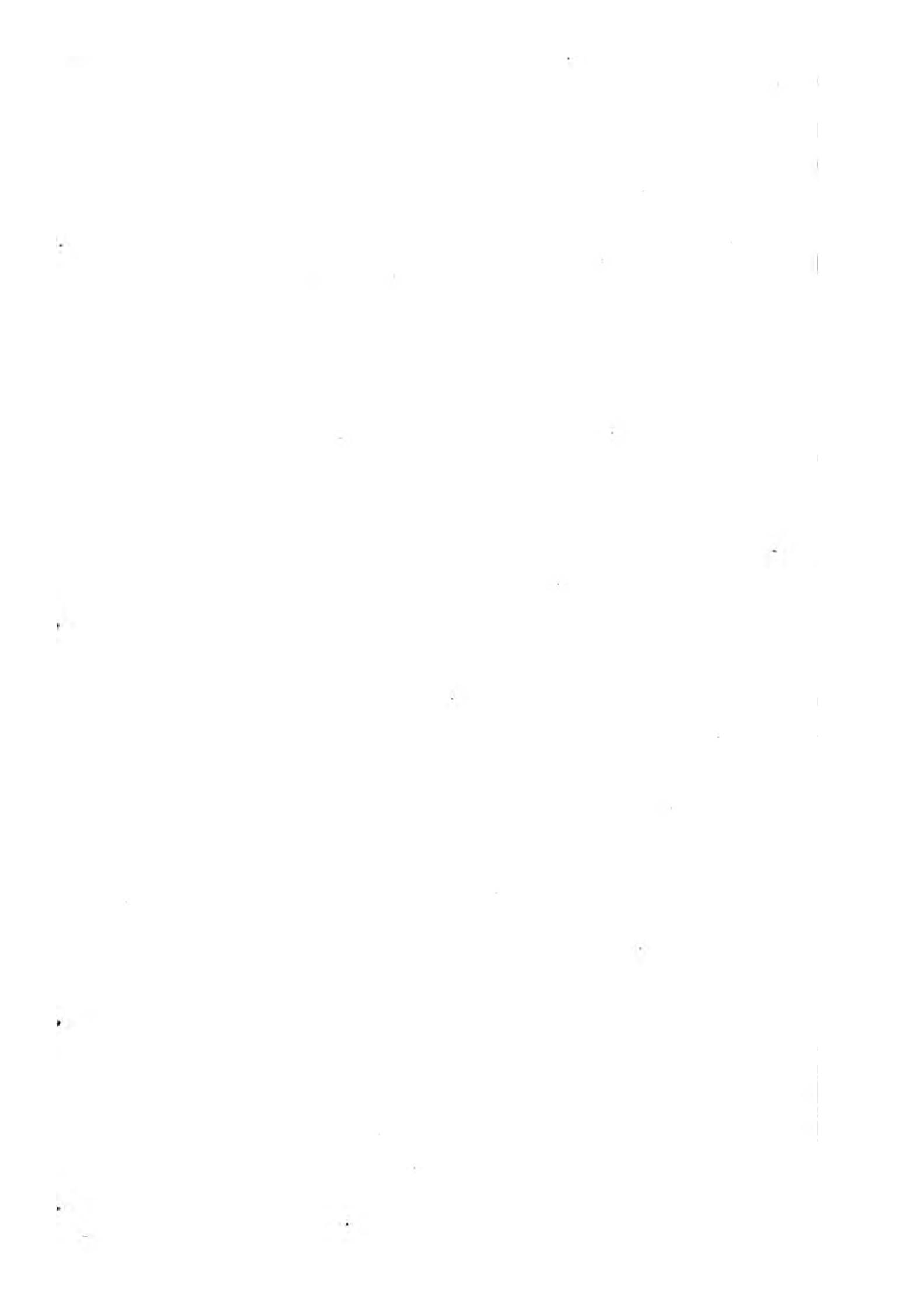


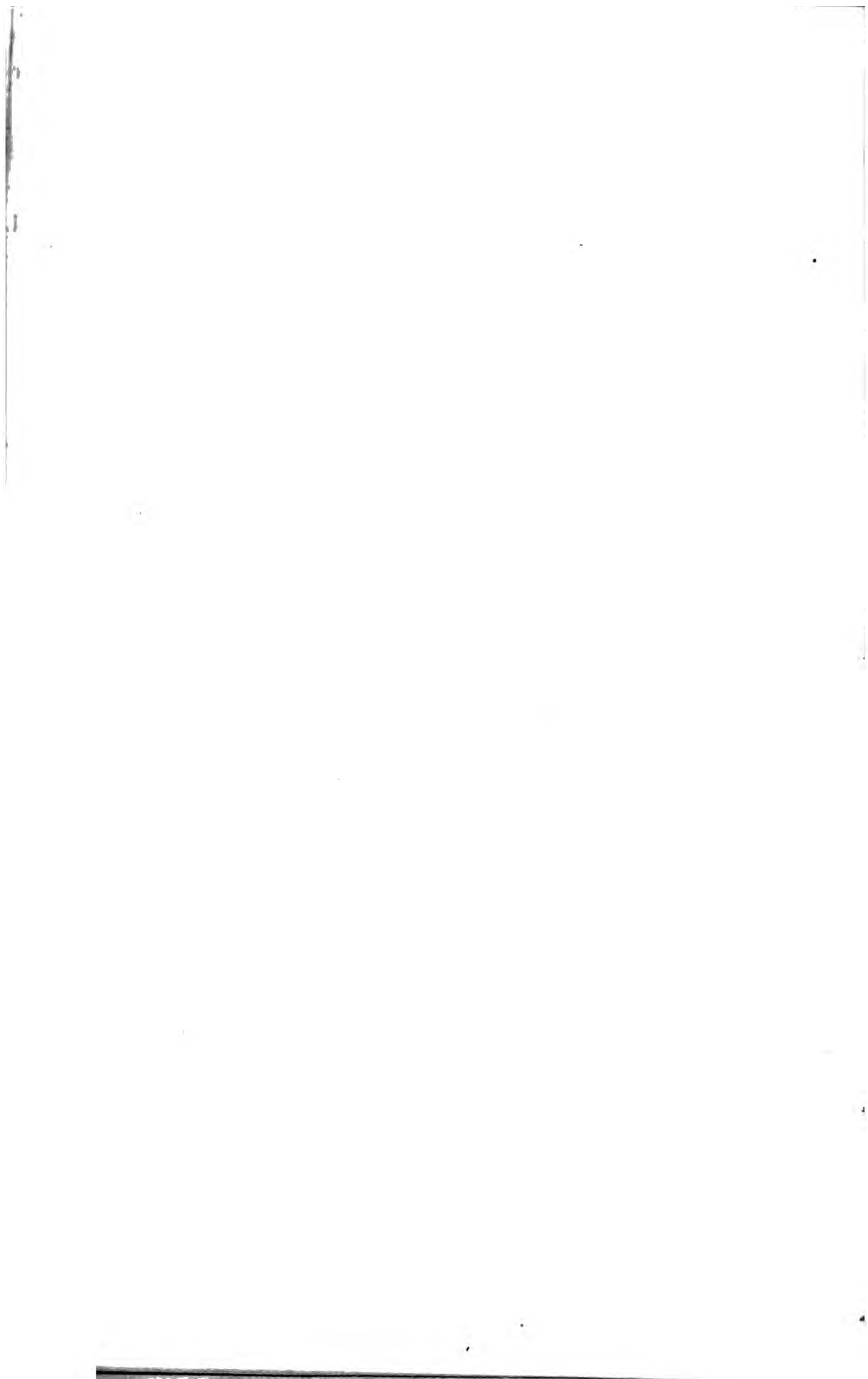




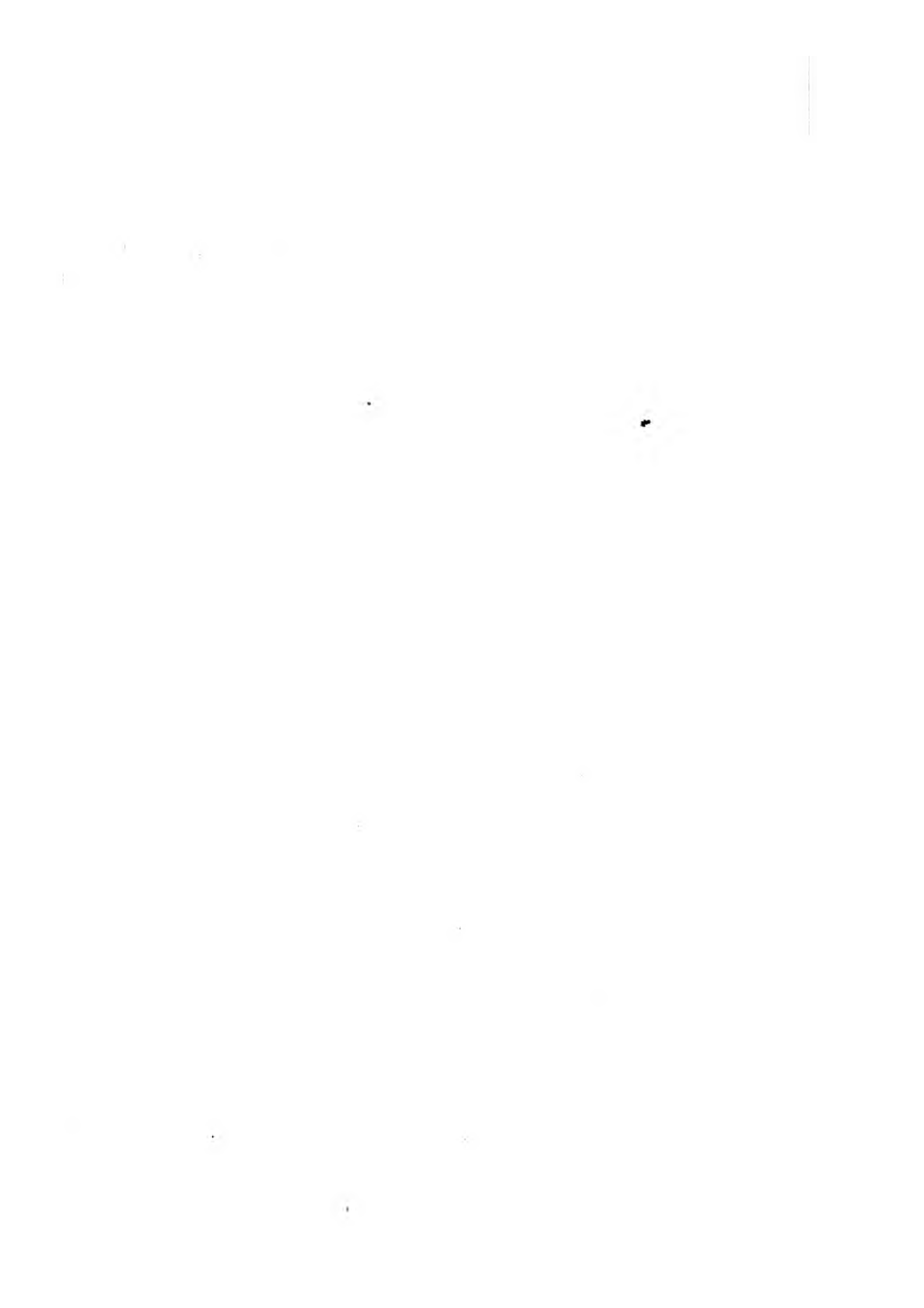




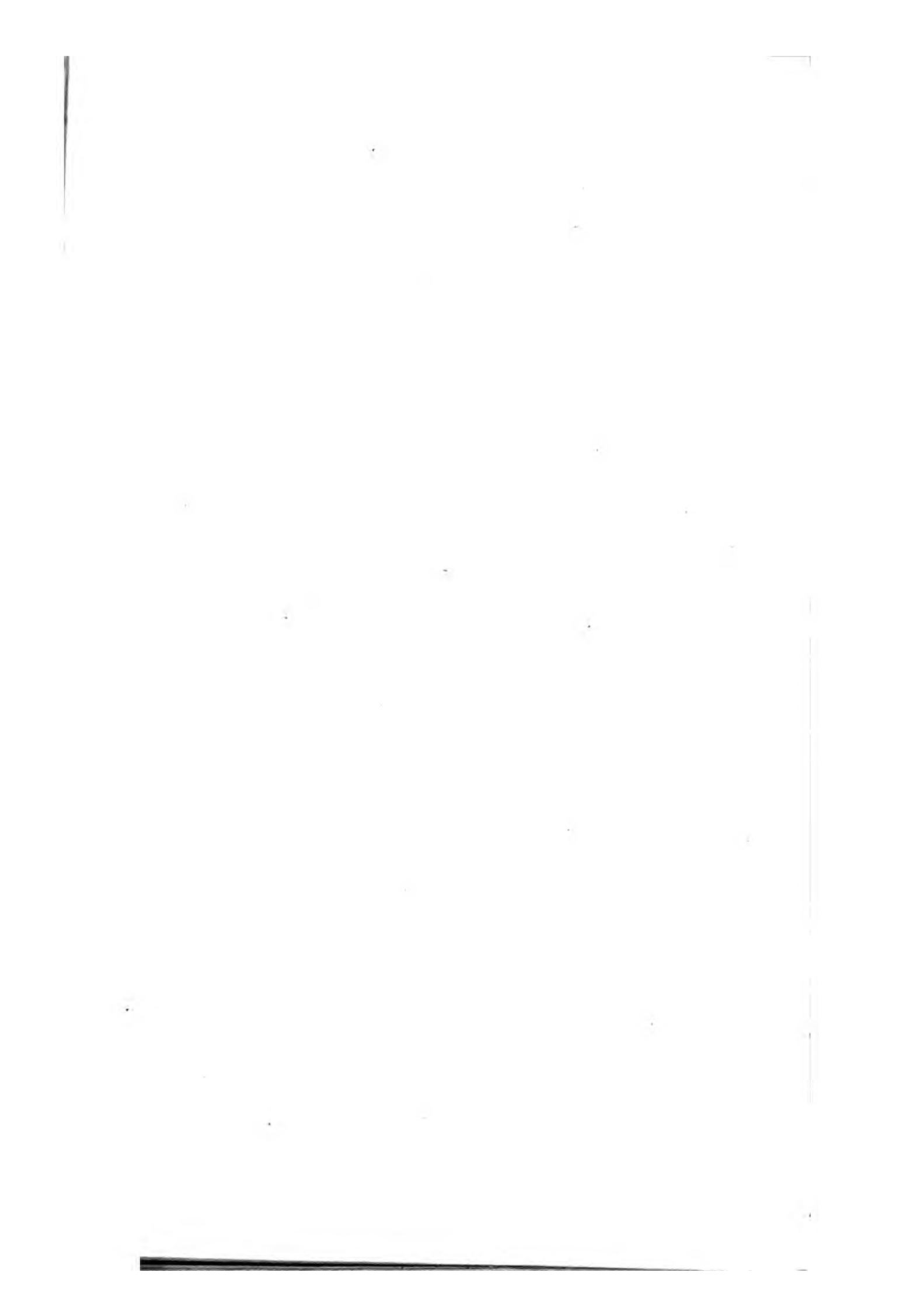






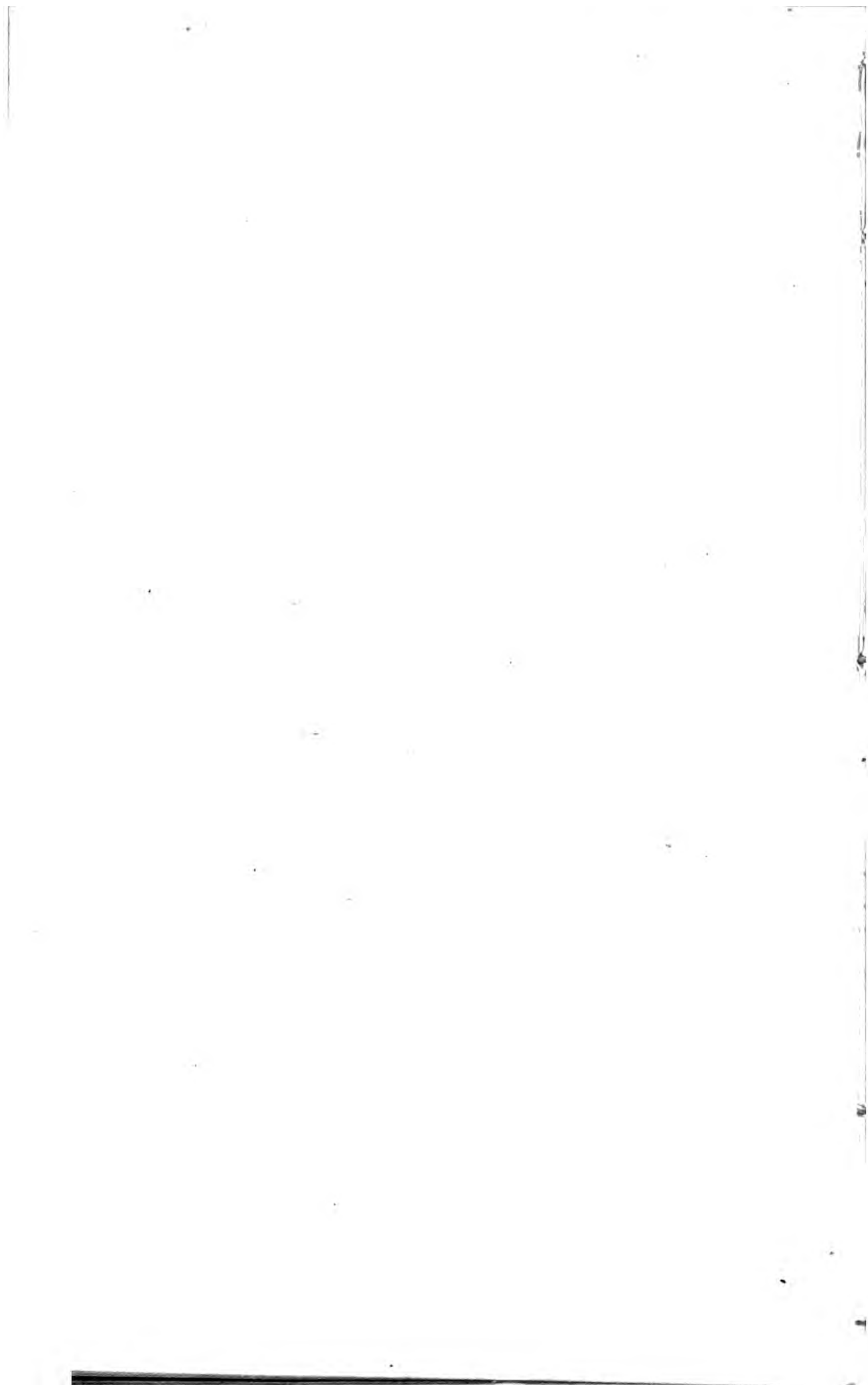


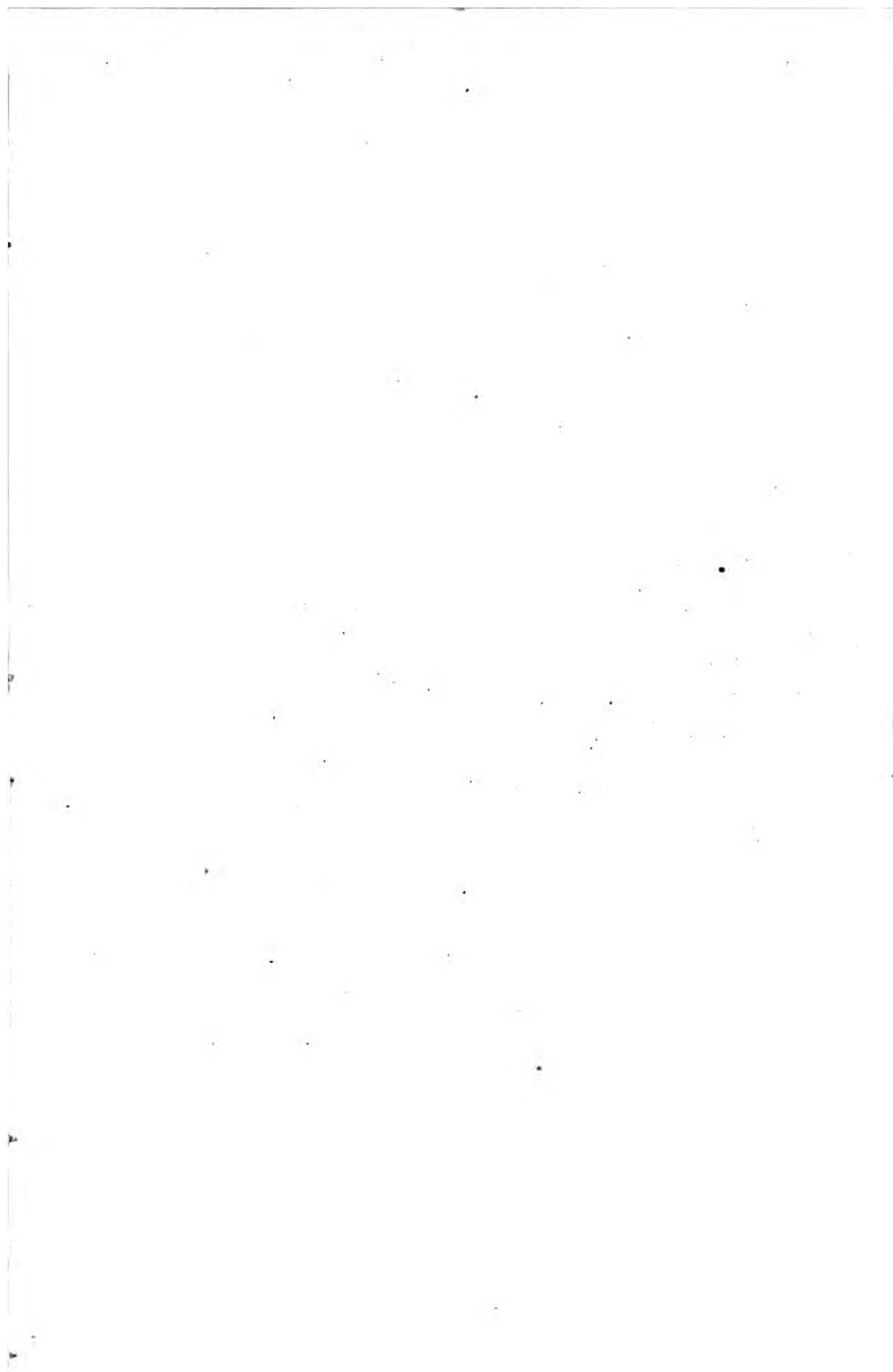


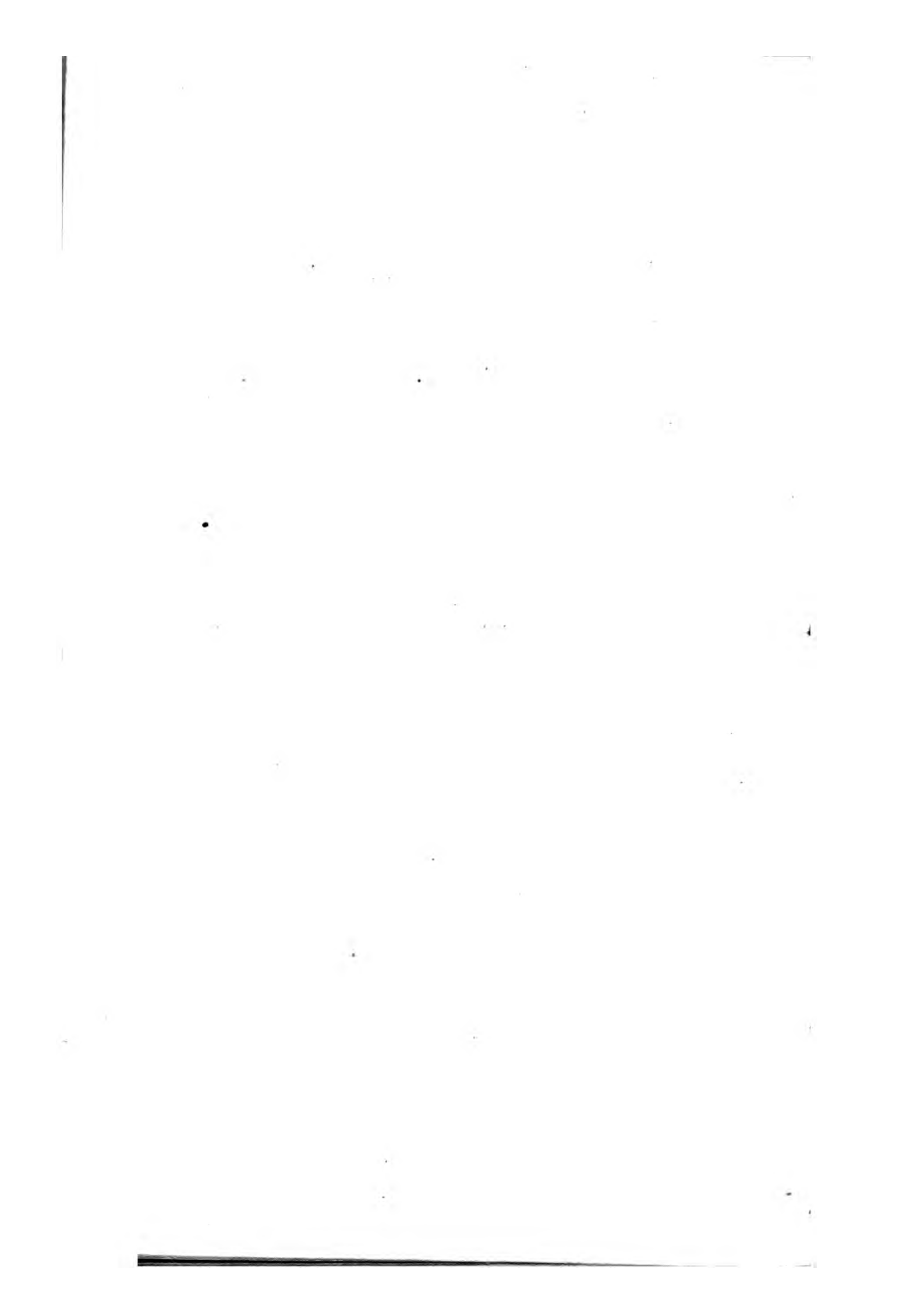


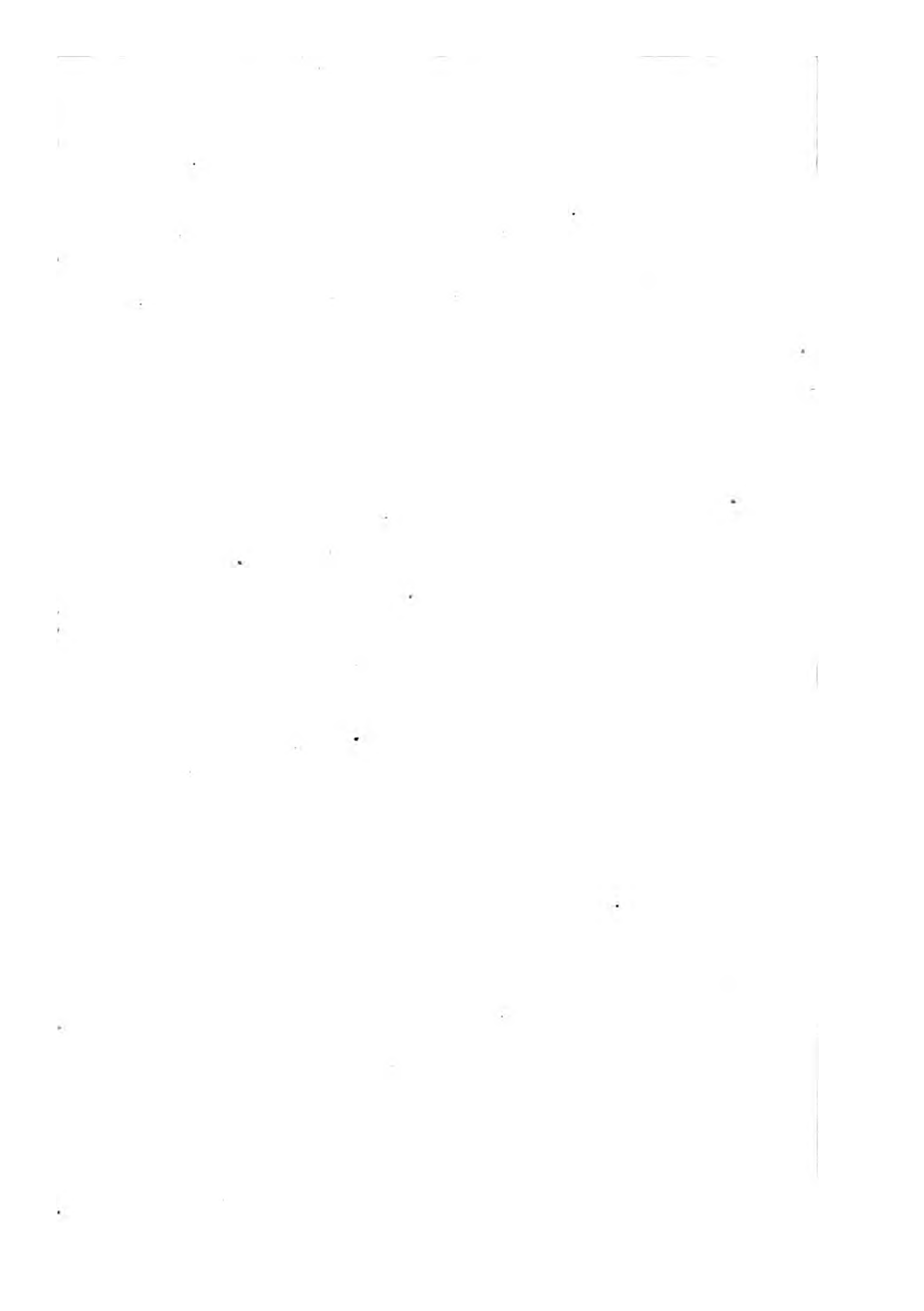


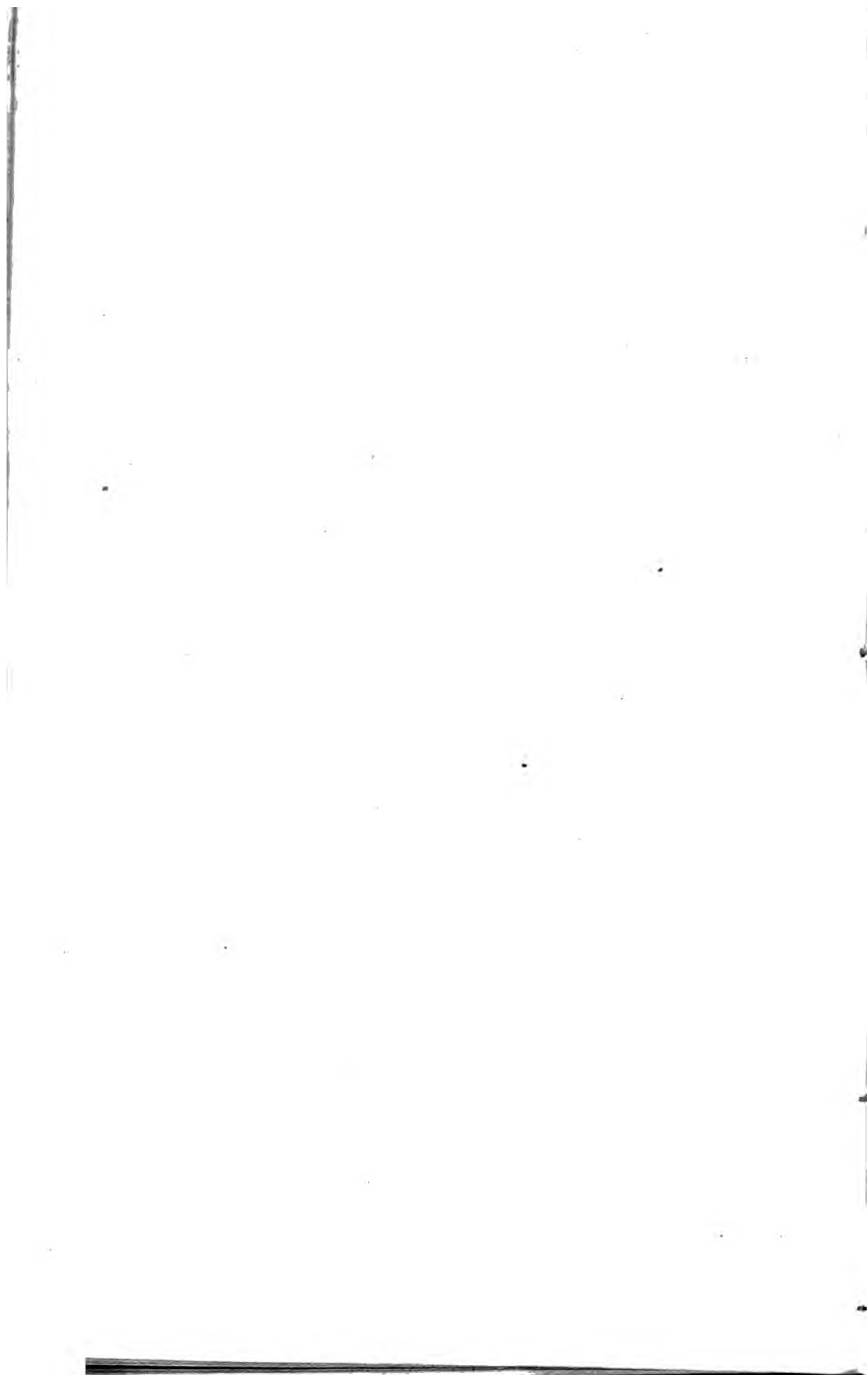


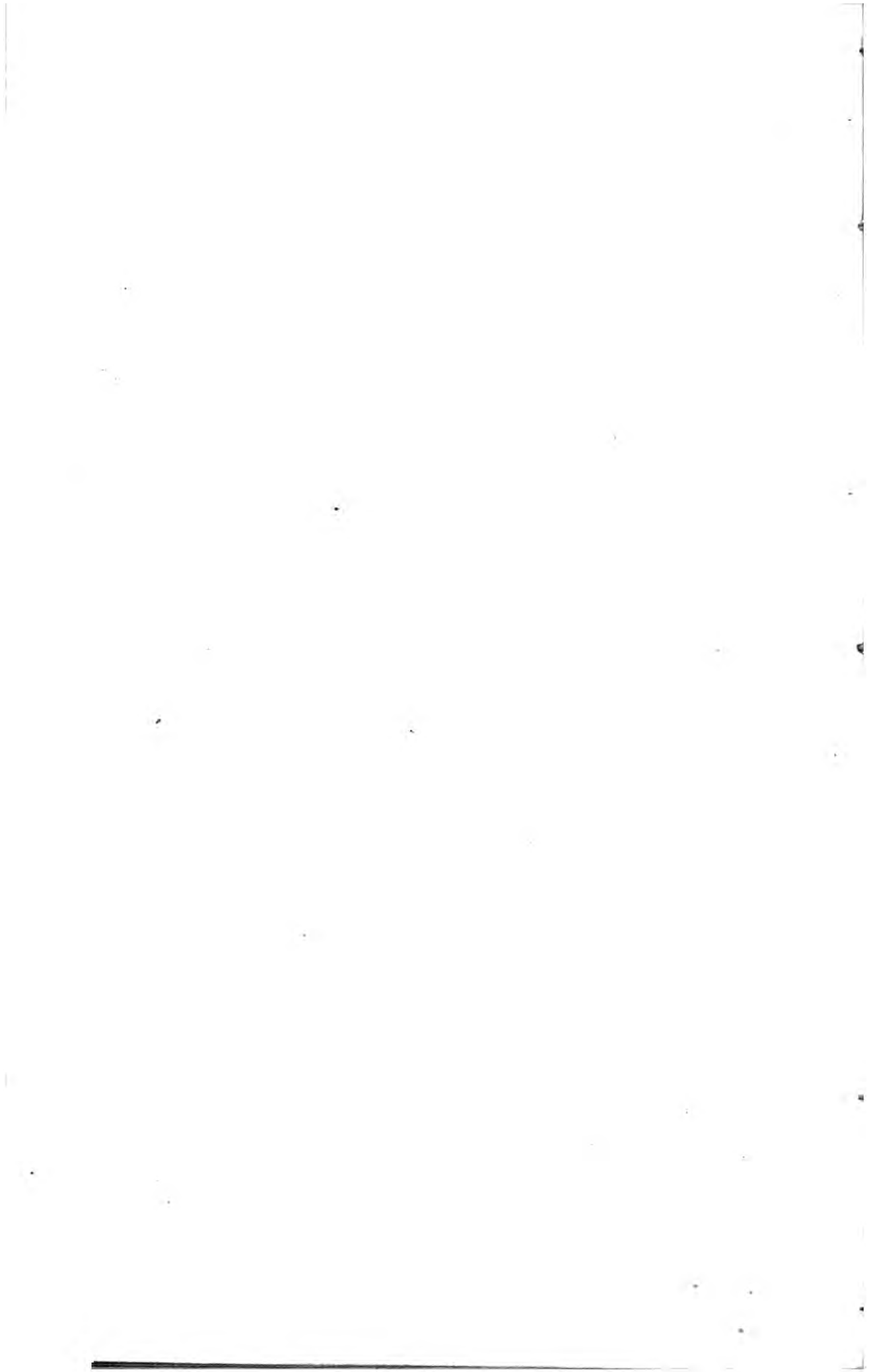


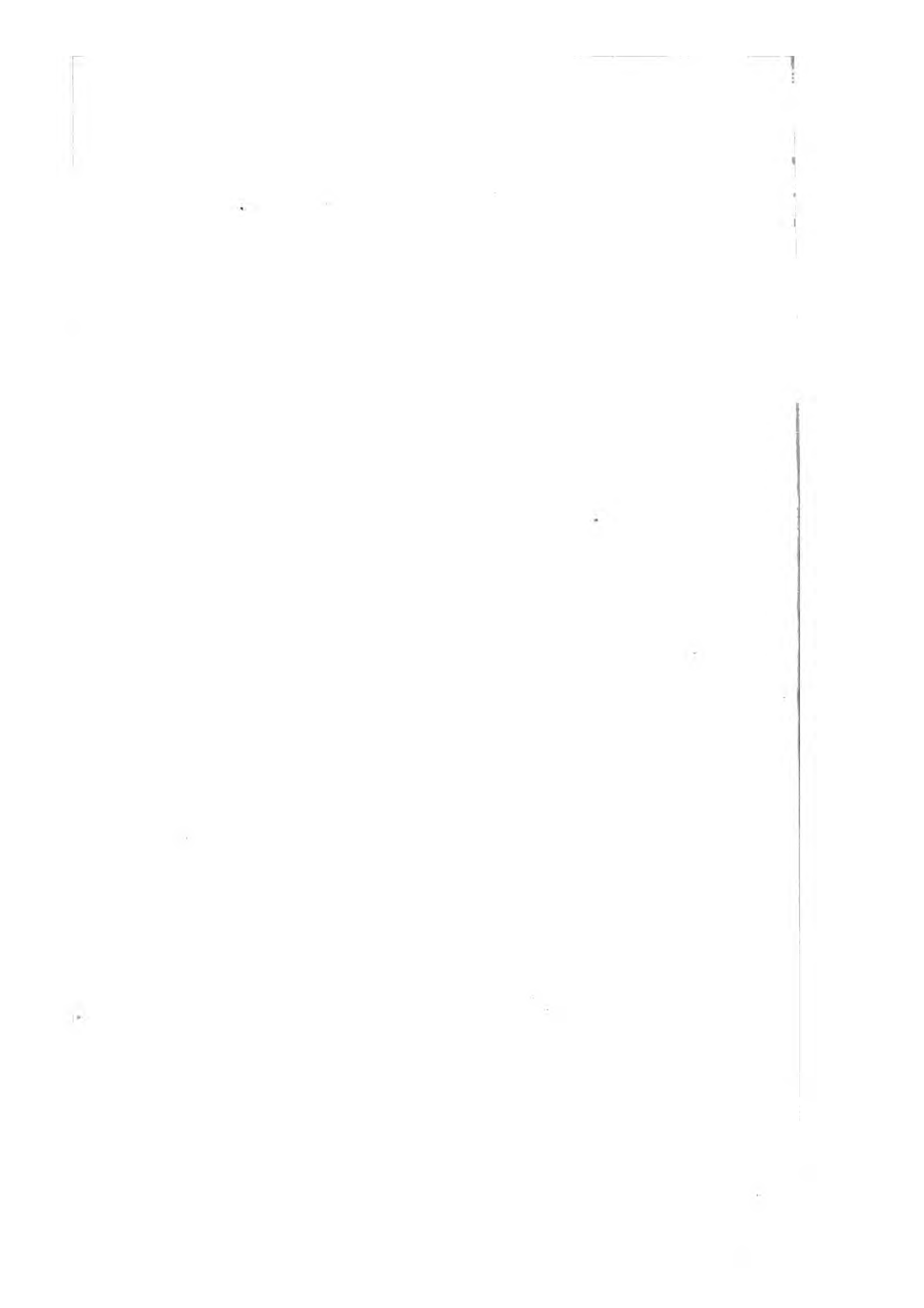


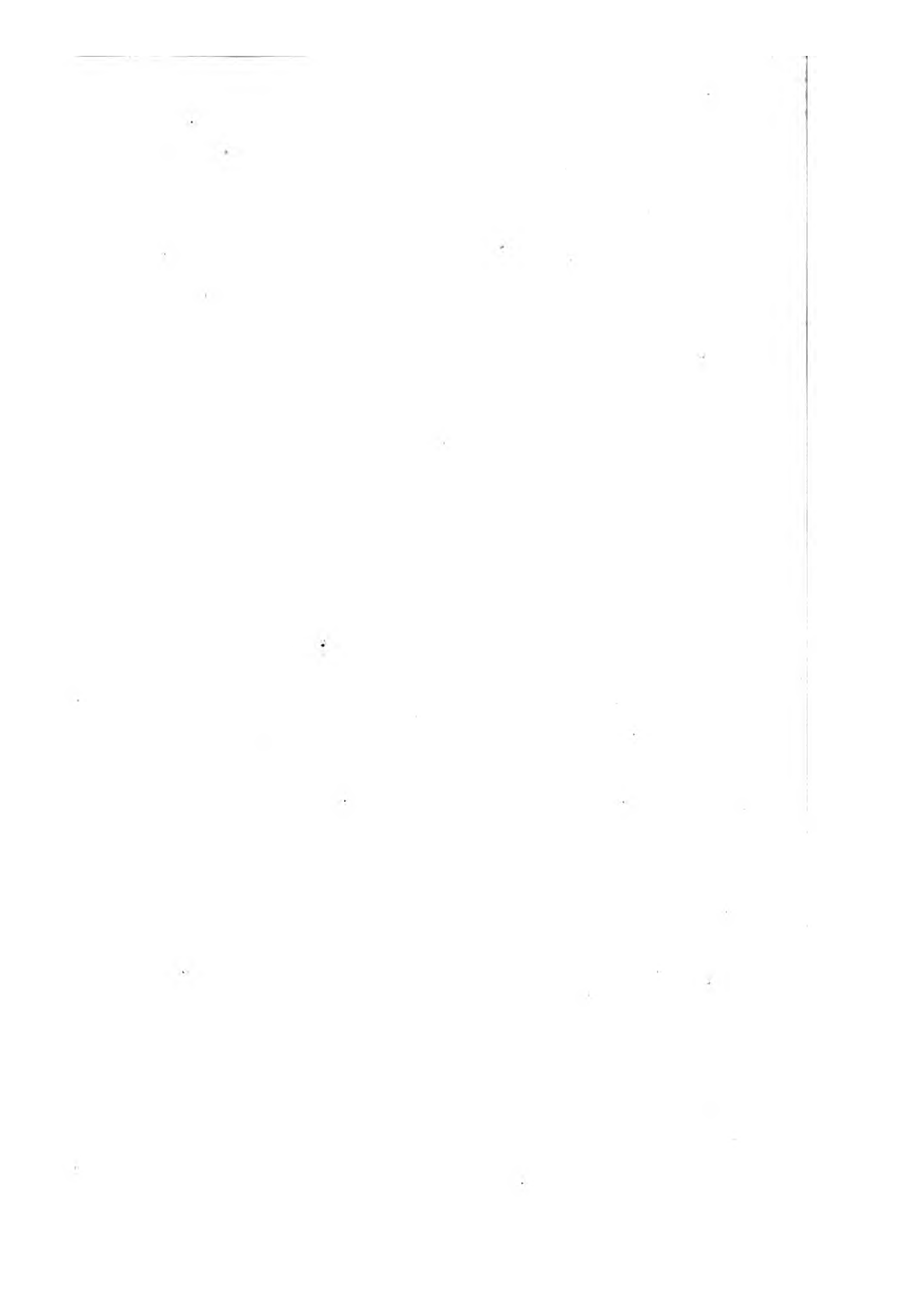












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