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# EMMANUEL!

A Poem.

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BY THE REV. GEORGE HUGHES, A.B.  
OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD.

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“ Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.”

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

~~~~~  
*SECOND EDITION.*  
~~~~~



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1818.

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**TO HIS FATHER,**

**BY WHOSE EARLY PRECEPT AND UNIFORM EXAMPLE**

**Religion**

**WAS STRONGLY ENFORCED UPON HIS MIND,**

***THE FOLLOWING POEM***

**is,**

**With every affectionate Acknowledgement of his Paternal Kindness,**

**RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,**

**BY HIS DUTIFUL SON,**

**THE AUTHOR.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

MEMORANDUM

TO: [Name]

FROM: [Name]

SUBJECT: [Topic]

DATE: [Date]

[Faint body text]

## PREFACE.

IN committing the following little Poem to the Press, the Author does not deprecate the candour of criticism, as he is anxious to know how far he has been justified in trespassing upon the attention of the Public. There will be found too strong an internal evidence of its being a first production to need any avowal of it here. In withholding his name from the title-page, his cowardly conscience, perhaps, operated more powerfully than any wish to throw a mysterious interest over so trifling a Work, or any idea that the name of its Author would ever become a question among the few who may be induced to read it.

Those inspired passages which the Author has selected from the sacred volume, to adorn the Poem, will not, he hopes, suffer from having been transplanted; and he, also, trusts the occasional introduction of them will be deemed a pardonable plagiarism. His object has been to amuse the leisure hours of his clerical profession in as appropriate and harmless a manner as possible,—and, how much soever the public may think their good nature imposed upon, and their good sense abused, the attempt will gratify those friends of the Author, whose partiality will award that praise to the good intention to which the intrinsic merits of the Poem can advance no claim.

# PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.



**THE** kind and gratifying reception which the friends of the Author have given to the Poem of "Emmanuel," has verified the hope he ventured to indulge in his preceding Preface ; and the additional testimony of public approval has induced him to accede to the request that he would no longer withhold his name.

The several passages to which the notes refer will, to the generality of readers, be, perhaps, intelligible without the explanation ; but the Author does not wish to be obnoxious to the charge of obscurity, in a Poem designed to portray

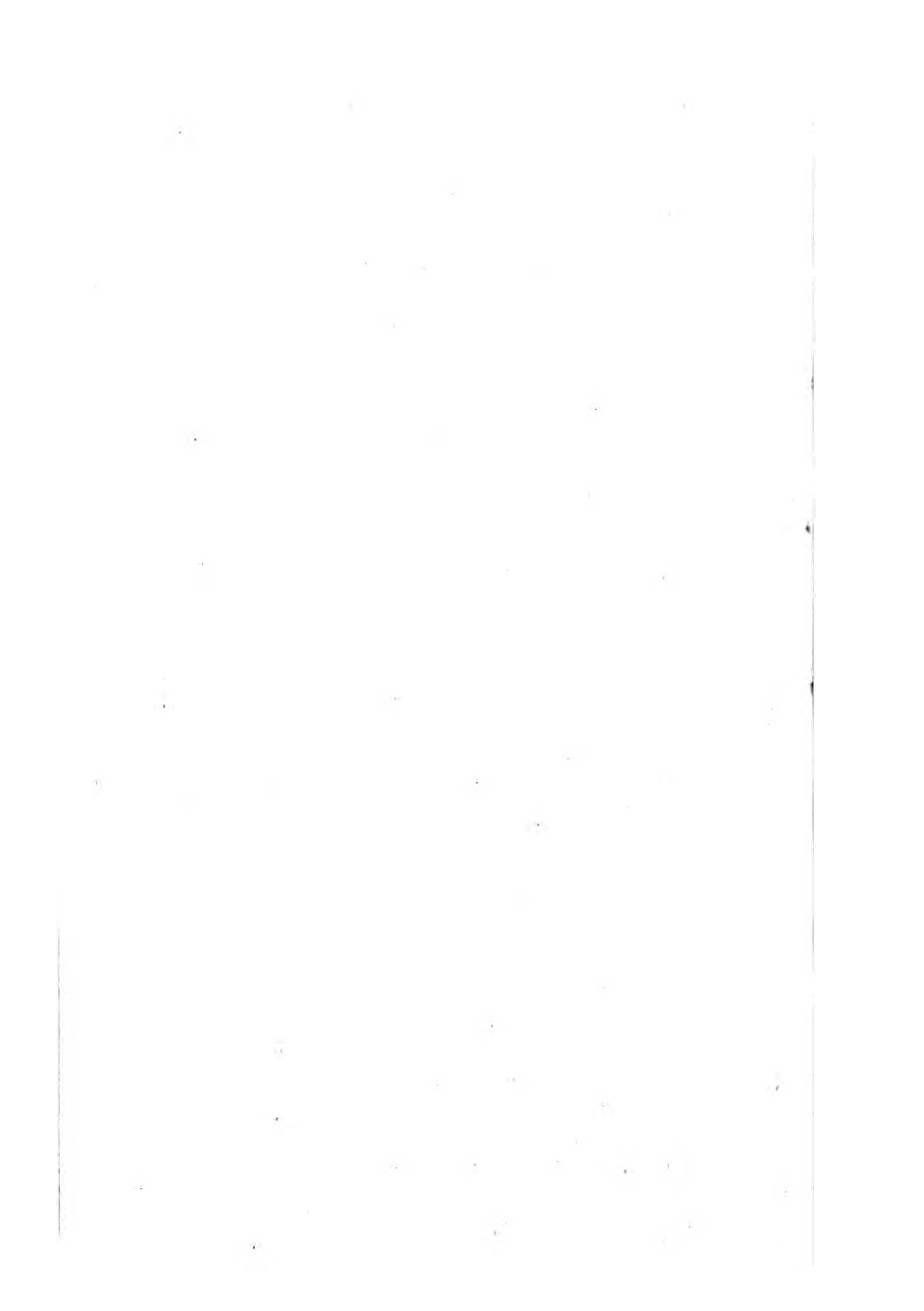


the most prominent features of his Saviour's Ministry.—It may, possibly, be suggested to him that he would have had a fairer chance of success in *plain* and *intelligible* prose, that, in verse, the sense is too often sacrificed to the sound, that the moral is not unfrequently lost in too close an attention to the laws of harmony, or so ambiguously couched as to be undiscernible to ordinary observation;—but, in an age of licentiousness, when some use their “liberty as a cloke of maliciousness,” the Divine must not be discouraged in his endeavours, how feeble soever they may be, to encourage *religious meditation*; and, while abler and more experienced theologians shun not severer compositions, let him clothe the “truth, as it is in Jesus,” in a garb the most agreeable to his own inclination, and not, he trusts, unbecoming the sacred subject.

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**EMMANUEL.**

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# **EMMANUEL.**



## **I.**

**IF, borne on venturous wing, the Muse should soar,  
And fearless riot in the blaze of day,  
'Mid hallow'd scenes, whence loftier bards of yore  
Have caught new spirit to adorn their lay ;  
Oh ! if regardless of her future fame  
She tempt a path by gifted Minstrels trod,  
And, in untutor'd numbers, dare proclaim  
The saving mercies of Incarnate God !  
Chide not the daring of her pious theme ;  
The hallow'd cause she pleads, her errors shall redeem.**

## II.

Yet she were blest, had such high pow'r been her's,  
 Her God in brighter colors to portray,  
 Fain would a sweeter cadence grace her verse  
 And softer measure harmonize her lay;  
 But, trembling, as she sips Castalia's spring,  
 That stream where happier lips have quaff'd so deep,  
 Seem gath'ring clouds their chast'ning storm to bring  
 And frown the Muse, with angry voice, to sleep.  
 Welcome! if he, who skims her lowly lay,  
 But pass uninjur'd by, rejoicing on his way.

---

## III.

'Ere Time began to flow,—or Heav'n was made,  
 When o'er the Earth and Ocean all was night,  
 God spake the word—Earth, Sea, and Heav'n, obey'd;  
 Worlds from Confusion sprang,—from Darkness, Light:  
 Last, in the image of his God, the best  
 And mightiest of his Maker's works, arose  
 Man innocent and pure,—and richly blest  
 In Heav'n's high love and Eden's calm repose,  
 Thrice happy in the sinless prospect giv'n  
 Of Peace on Earth, and everlasting Peace in Heav'n.

## IV.

But, ah! ere long these earthly joys pass'd o'er,  
 Man marr'd his High Original, and fell;  
 Temptation came, and Eden was no more;—  
 Eden, where whilom Virtue lov'd to dwell.  
 What time, the wily Fiend, in Serpent's guise,  
 A flattering falsehood fram'd:—in that dark day  
 Man drank the honied draught and deem'd him wise,  
 So much had Sin o'er human weakness sway.  
 Hence may we date Corruption's birth, and trace  
 The curse of Sin and Death entail'd on Man's lost race.

## V.

And is it thus God's last best work is lost?  
 Shall He thus fall, for whom the world was made?  
 And will not Heav'n, from all her Seraph host,  
 Some Angel send to chase Transgression's shade?  
 Alas! so Heav'n ordains,—not angels blood  
 The stain of man's offending can efface,  
 Man blest no more in God's similitude,  
 The erring Founder of a lawless race.  
 Known be the mighty Plan, by mercy schem'd,  
 That man by God created be by God redeem'd.

## VI.

Thus God, "in wrath remembering mercy," strove  
 The self-inflicted wounds of man to heal,  
 Faint through the promise of redeeming love, (1)  
 Its fulness future ages would reveal;  
 Still prone to error, from their Father's crime,  
 Spurn'd every age the high Jehovah's will,  
 Sin mov'd obedient to the march of Time,  
 And serv'd the measure of God's wrath to fill.  
 Vain were the warnings from that wrath to flee,  
 Man was the same in crime, though varying in degree.

## VII.

Lo, years revolve!—and God's avenging hand  
 Still rais'd,—but Israel, unforgiven,  
 Mocks the red bolt that's lifted o'er her land,  
 Nor heeds the vengeance of insulted Heav'n;  
 But not the crimes of each degenerate age,  
 Not the dark catalogue of guilt could blot  
 God's mutilated work from Mercy's page,  
 Man not forgetting, though by man forgot: (2)  
 Still mad Rebellion riots in the land,  
 Still Mercy intercedes and stays the lifted hand.

## VIII.

Oh ! Heav'n ! as now in dark succession rise  
     The Cross and all its tortures to thine eye,  
 That sorrowing scene where thine own sacrifice  
     Bleeds for rebellious man's apostacy ;  
 Hateful as meets the renegade thy sight  
     Too pure such dark corruption to behold,  
 'Twas mercy, Lord, thine anger in its might  
     Whelm'd not in one vast deluge, as of old,  
 All trace of man's remembrance—and the flood  
 Swept Sin again from Earth—and spar'd Emmanuel's blood.

## IX.

Deep in the purpose of th' Eternal mind  
     The scheme of mercy sleeps,—but Faith's keen eye  
 Kens yet untasted blessings for mankind  
     And scans the treasures of Futurity.—  
 Wild, Judah ! o'er thy head the storm shall rage,  
     'Ere long thy dreams of safety will be o'er,  
 Time fills his measure—and th' inspired page  
     Of Prophecy lends its clear light no more, (3)  
 Nor longer Seers and shadowing types foretel  
 The birth of God's Belov'd—Mankind's Emmanuel.



## X.

Hark ! on the gale what warning accents swell  
 And bid mankind repent ? 'tis he, the Seer,  
 The last and sternest messenger to tell  
 To Judah's guilty sons that fate is near,  
 But galling is the tale to Judah's ear ;  
 Thy preaching, Baptist, but foreruns thy death :  
 Lo ! Herod, the adult'rous chief, is here,  
 And Fate seems hov'ring on his angry breath.  
 Hark ! Judah ! hark ! the fatal oath is sworn,  
 And high o'er conscious guilt the bleeding head is borne.

## XI.

Apostate Judah ! child of angry Heav'n,  
 E'en now thy pow'r is hastening to its fall,  
 Forth from his throne thy tyrant king is driv'n  
 And Roman banners stream from Salem's wall ; (4)  
 Emmanuel comes,—the Prince of Peace foretold,  
 A Seraph train attests its heavenly King ;  
 Exulting shepherds wond'ring quit their fold,  
 And costly homage Eastern Magi bring :  
 Fix'd is the star o'er Bethle'em's blest abode,  
 And Adoration bends before the Promis'd God.

## XII.

Satan! thy pow'rs of darkness are no more,  
 Salvation pours abroad its choicest light,  
 The day-spring dawns on Judah's faithless shore,  
 And dissipates Idolatry's dark night;  
 In Bethle'em's manger sleeps th' Incarnate God,  
 Attending angels guard the Saviour's bed:  
 See captive Satan kiss the chastening rod,  
 And infant Shiloh bruise the Serpent's head. (5)  
 Through vaulted skies melodious accents ran,  
 " Glory to God on high—on earth, good will to man!"

## XIII.

Ripe are Heav'n's counsels, darkly sung of old,  
 By holy Seers, a rebel age to greet,  
 And all that type and sacrifice foretold,  
 Alike, in Christ, their hallow'd centre meet;  
 But sad the scene those oracles disclose,  
 And keen the torment holy Seers foretel,  
 Bitter beyond belief the host of woes,  
 And suffering scenes that wait Emmanuel—(6)  
 Yet man, unmov'd, could see his Saviour brave  
 The persecuting storm, and sorrowing meet his grave.

## XIV.

Not yet the Baptist his career of woe  
 Had clos'd, ere our Emmanuel's toils begin,  
 And where the sacred waves of Jordan flow,  
 Messiah's suffering reign is usher'd in ;  
 And, lo ! to consecrate that solemn hour.  
 The Dove descending hovers o'er his head  
 Her white wings, laden with almighty pow'r,  
 Seem some inspiring influence to shed ;  
 And, hark ! a voice, from all-approving Heaven,  
 Hails her Beloved Son—the Boon of Mercy given.

## XV.

The joyful tidings live on ev'ry gale,  
 And forth from far the eager numbers pour ;—  
 Faith speeds her small but zealous band to hail  
 The dawn of Glory's star on Jordan's shore !  
 Mark ye ! where, bending o'er the hallow'd deep,  
 Repenting converts wash their guilt away,  
 Wake to new birth, and, as from Sin's long sleep,  
 Imbibe, with eager draught, the light of Day.  
 Oh ! 'twas a grateful scene to pitying Heav'n ;  
 Her rebel child repents, and, contrite, is forgiv'n.

## XVI.

Chang'd is the scene ;—and Jordan's banks no more  
A God can boast to consecrate her flood,  
And Judah's sons have fled her naked shore,  
And all is stillness there, and solitude—  
Where, darkly frowning o'er the waste beneath,  
Rears Quarantania his impervious steep, (7)  
Temptation spreads her lure,—with honied breath,  
And glittering glories arm'd, and counsel deep ;  
But vain !—the Tempter flies the vanquish'd ground,  
And list'ning Seraphs speed and minister around.

## XVII.

'Tis done,—and Torture rests her rack awhile,  
The trial of the wilderness is past ;  
But, ah ! Misfortune heaps her gath'ring pile  
Of woes, and hoards the keenest for the last.  
Emmanuel ! thy prescient mind could scan  
Toil, torment, death, —alike reserv'd for thee ;  
But Heav'n's high will and boundless love for man  
Bear thee a martyr to the accurs'd tree.  
Ere long, thy parent God shall loose the chain,  
The glories thou hast left shall be thine own again.

## XVIII.

Still onward to his work he speeds,—a scene  
 Of happier aspect greets the patient Lord !  
 Cana ! thy festive pleasures intervene,  
 And hours of peace those festive joys afford ;  
 Say, favour'd queen, what more than mortal guest  
 To grace thy glad solemnity is sent,  
 Liv'd not Conviction in thy awe-struck breast,  
 When his high pow'r transform'd the element !  
 Rejoice ! 'tis God that lingers in thy hall,  
 To consecrate the deed, and bless the festival.

## XIX.

But where the pomp on Monarchs wont to wait,  
 Of earthly power, the pageantry and pride ?  
 Ill brook her angry sons the lowly state  
 And scanty train to Judah's King allied ;  
 Lone oft his path, and trainless his career,  
 Save the small band that haply Faith had giv'n,  
 Who, foes alike to Mammon and to fear,  
 Follow where points the rugged road to Heav'n,  
 More pleas'd the Winter's sturdiest storms to brave  
 Than share the happiest hours luxurious guilt e'er gave.

## XX.

Oft is Emmanuel seen to climb the steep,  
Or o'er the pathless wilderness to roam,  
Where Meditation cheats the hours of sleep,  
The rock his pillow, and the wild his home ;  
And oft have Morning's radiant beams arose,  
And smil'd upon their God, of food bereft,  
Save where perchance the waste its wild fruit grows,  
That locust or the cankerworm hath left ; (8)  
Yet not unpitied,—for Heav'n heeds his pray'r,  
And cheering strains are heard, and heav'nly food is there.

## XXI.

Still on the mount he lingers,—far around  
The miracle of Cana's feast is spread,  
And gath'ring numbers thron'g the desert ground,  
A various crowd, by varying motives led ;  
For Pride, with his distorted mien, is there,  
And Poverty, and Scorn, and lawless Might ;  
While Faith, reluctant, lingers in the rear,  
Her eye too feeble yet to bear the light ;  
The Pharisee, to meet reproof from Heav'n ;  
The Publican, to hear his many sins forgiv'n.

## XXII.

Press on, ye poor ! glad tidings meet your ear,  
     And sounds of unaccustom'd sweetness flow ;  
 Be not dismay'd, though mis'ry wait you here,  
     Let hope of glory ease your weight of woe ;  
 Speed, speed, ye pure, ye merciful and meek,  
     High are the hopes by heav'nly wisdom fed ;  
 What, though on you the world its fury wreak,  
     And burst th' unpitying tempest o'er your head,  
 Far brighter days succeed the scenes below,  
 When everlasting smiles shall chase the tears of woe !

## XXIII.

But hence, dissembling hypocrite ! these years  
     Of promise dare not to thyself assume,  
 Futurity far other prospect wears  
     For sin, and angry Heav'n has seal'd its doom ;  
 And fear ye not, blind leaders of the blind,  
     The wrath for unrepented guilt in store,  
 Nor deem ye a requital ye shall find,  
     When Earth and all her treasures are no more ?  
 Mark, ye of little faith, the lifted wand,  
 Life's glass will soon be run,—Heav'n's Kingdom is at hand !

## XXIV.

Repent ! and turn ye from the paths of pride,  
 Where Sin, in Pleasure's siren garb, is seen,  
 Emmanuel points, where, dimly is descried  
 A steep, untrodden by the haunts of men ; (9)  
 Haste to the vineyard ! the last hour is come,  
 And rich the harvest of your toil,—repent !  
 Pleas'd will the Shepherd guide his wand'rer home,  
 And Heav'n reclaim her weeping penitent ;  
 Haste to the vineyard,—ere the darkness fall,—  
 A father's fond embrace awaits his prodigal.

## XXV.

The Gospel speaks !—oh, list the high command,—  
 Trim the dull lamp,—the midnight hour is past ;—  
 Awake ! awake ! the bridegroom is at hand,  
 One moment more, and clos'd is the repast.  
 The Gospel speaks !—ye children of the world,  
 Mark the sad fate to Mammon's followers giv'n,—  
 Lo ! where the guilty child of wealth is hurl'd,  
 While Lazarus smiles in the repose of Heav'n.  
 Brave, then, the warfare of the world around ;  
 Christ pours his healing oil and binds the gaping wound. (10)



## XXVI.

Time speeds away,—and shades of ev'ning steal  
 O'er the drear surface of Bethsaida's plain,  
 Exhausted nature clam'rous cries reveal,  
 And fasting thousands lift their voice in vain:  
 Yet not in vain! for Nature's Lord is there,  
 That Lord who feels for suff'rings not his own,  
 Instant to Heav'n he speeds the pious pray'r,  
 Eyes the scant meal, and hears the famish'd moan.  
 Lo! magic fingers multiply the food,  
 And unseen Pow'rs supply the hungry multitude!

## XXVII.

Scarce is that hour of miracle o'erpast,  
 And silence settled o'er the waste again,  
 Scarce clos'd is that august and glad repast,  
 Ere Christ renews his pilgrimage of pain;  
 Still, circling their lov'd Lord, his chosen few,  
 Deem his high service but confirms them free;  
 Unaw'd, though rage and bigot zeal pursue  
 The faithful fishermen of Galilee!  
 Illustrious saints!—reward is stor'd for you,  
 Your treasure is in Heav'n, for there your hearts are too.

## XXVIII.

Lo ! where, the coast unwearied as they wind,  
 Misery, in various form, prefers her pray'r :  
 The deaf, the lame, the leper, and the blind,  
 Bare to their God the mangled limbs they wear :  
 Ye sons of sadness, learn, your woes are o'er,  
 That piteous plea has mov'd Compassion's Lord,  
 Rejoice, ye lepers, lepers now no more !  
 Walk whole ye lame, and hear, ye deaf, his word !  
 Welcome, desponding blind, the gift of sight,  
 And hail the broad blaze of intellectual light !

## XXIX.

Hark ! heard ye not those cries of wild despair,  
 And accents all unhallow'd, on the gale ;  
 Lo ! from the tombs a hellish host repair,  
 And impious strains the Saviour's ear assail.  
 Satan ! o'er-master'd in that awful hour,  
 Fell swift destruction on thy trait'rous head,  
 The conscious legion own'd Emmanuel's pow'r,  
 Burst its strong hold, and, mutt'ring curses, fled.  
 Christ then in spirit joy'd,—to him was giv'n  
 To see the captive fiend, as lightning, fall from Heav'n.

## XXX.

Capernaum ! ere the God can reach thy wall,  
 The fevers work of wasting will be done,  
 The scion of a noble plant shall fall,  
 And, withering, leave its parent stock alone.  
 Avaunt ! shall space the Lord of space control ?  
 Omnipotent alike his word or will !  
 Unseen, unheard, he stays the parting soul,  
 And bids the fever's wasting worm be still,—  
 The burning pulse their quicken'd beat restrain,  
 Re-colors the wan cheek—the suff'rer smiles again.

## XXXI.

Where, Bethany, thy tow'rs arise,—a tale  
 Of sadness sheds a desolating gloom  
 On all around ;—and Mis'ry, with loud wail,  
 Broods comfortless o'er Lazarus' dark tomb ;  
 Wild throbs the heart in either Sister's breast,  
 The Cave re-echoes to their anguish'd moan ;  
 But there be charms to hush their woes to rest,  
 And breasts that beat responsive to their own :  
 Then grieve no more,—though keen your sufferings be,  
 What Heav'n dercees, obey, and trust the Deity.

**XXXII.**

Yet, sad the task to watch the parting breath  
Of one we've known so long and lov'd so well,  
To mark the pale cold cheek, and hov'ring death  
Steal o'er the frame and ev'ry hope dispel ;  
And ere life's tranistory scene be past,  
And God's almighty will on earth is done,  
To catch those lab'ring accents and the last,  
And feel that more than half ourself is gone :  
Oh ! sad the truth, those parting scenes reveal,  
This is life's bitterest hour,—this, this it is to feel. (11)

**XXXIII.**

And it is thus the joyless sisters grieve,  
As weeping o'er their brother's grave they bend ;  
And lives there none those sorrows can relieve ?  
No friend his timely services to lend ?  
Yes! yes! He comes, and " healing's on his wing,"  
Girt with high pow'r and heav'nly arm to save,  
He comes, to rob the tyrant of his sting,  
And light, with hope, the darkness of the grave ;  
Weep, weep, no more,—your brother's friend is here,  
And heav'nly aid descends—and miracle is near.

## XXXIV.

And, oh ! 'tis rapture ! in a scene so drear,  
 A world, where such unfeeling hearts abound,  
 A friend to own, whose faithful voice can cheer  
 The heart, when Desolation sweeps around,  
 To know that, when or where the storm may break,  
 And all we deem'd the faithfulest are gone,  
 One fond and feeling breast is still awake,  
 To soothe our woes and deem them half his own !  
 Lazarus ! such friend was thine,—a friend that gave  
 New solace to thy life, and life beyond the grave.

## XXXV.

Round the dark tomb, what multitudes are met !  
 And Sympathy her thousands here has sent :  
 Oh, Judah ! never shall thy sons forget  
 The tale recorded on that monument !  
 Seems fix'd on Jesus every searching eye,  
 Impatient Silence bends her o'er the cave ;  
 But, hark ! that hour of silence is gone by,  
 One word has burst the barriers of the grave :  
 Lazarus come forth ;—the passive fetters fly !  
 “ Oh, death ! where now thy sting ? where, Grave, thy vict'ry ? ”

## XXXVI.

Glad Sisters ! say, in that mysterious hour,  
 When slept your cherish'd brother in the tomb,  
 And Death, asserting his unsparing pow'r,  
 Had seal'd, 'twas deem'd, his everlasting doom,  
 What were your feelings then of gratitude,  
 When Life's bright scene rekindled to your view,  
 Each hope reviving and each joy renew'd,  
 And your lov'd brother a partaker too?  
 Grew not your faith unitedly with bliss?  
 And knelt ye not to Heav'n for such an hour as this?

## XXXVII.

Lo ! yonder groupe, slow pacing o'er the land,  
 In answ'ring measure to the funeral bell,  
 A wretched widow heads that gloomy band,  
 And not unnotic'd by Emmanuel :  
 An only son, the comfort of her age,  
 Lies cold and breathless on that sable bier ;  
 No heart can soothe,—no solace can assuage  
 Her grief,—nor chase the frequent falling tear !  
 Ah ! little does she muse, what pitying eye  
 Is fasten'd on her son, and heeds her misery.

## XXXVIII.

But here no plea is urg'd,—no pleading look,  
 Not e'en the importunity of pray'r,  
 No tale that steals upon the heart, awoke  
 Emmanuel, the widow's woe to share !  
 No;—on the pleadings of his own pure breast,  
 Unask'd, he gave the word and touch'd the bier ;  
 The dead obedient quits his coffin'd rest,  
 And wild astonishment and godly fear  
 Join the glad widow in her grateful pray'r,  
 And Faith, that happy day, had many converts there.

## XXXIX.

Jairus ! all hope is fled,—thy daughter's gone,—  
 That eye, to its last moments, fix'd on thee,  
 Closes in death,—and wan that cheek is grown,—  
 The spirit, from its clay-cold mansion free,  
 To other climes escapes :—Oh ! 'twas a scene  
 Might touch the proudest heart !—a father, wild  
 With grief, and deeming this low world, I ween,  
 A desert, since another holds his child.  
 Steel'd is his breast to woe, and cold his heart,  
 Who, with the child he loves, unagonis'd can part.

## XL.

How blest the joys that cheer the wedded pair,  
Mutual the will and harmoniz'd the thought !  
How firm the chain that rivets the young heir  
To each lov'd parent's heart, with fondness fraught !  
But not chaste wedlock's interchange of joy,  
Not all her harmony of thought and will,  
Not ties that bind the father to his boy,  
The breast with such unsullied transports fill,  
As that pure daughter's love, whose filial fire  
Burns to impart its warmth of feeling to her sire.

## XLI.

And ye, who saw the widow's son restor'd,  
And Lazarus rescued from the grasp of death,  
Think ye, unpitying, will Compassion's Lord  
Infuse not here reanimating breath ?  
'Tis done:—in vain the unbelieving crowd  
Mock his high word and impious murmurs keep,  
Emmanuel bears her from the dark damp shroud,  
And terminates the stillness of her sleep :  
The father, by a two-fold impulse driv'n,  
Now clasps his living child, and now he kneels to Heav'n.



## XLII.

Haste, followers, haste, the solemn feast to share,  
 The latest rite, memorial of his death,  
 A new and Holier Passover is there,  
 The Banquet of the Soul—the Feast of Faith ;  
 E'en now, as breaks upon the Christian's ear  
 The warning voice, " *This do, rememb'ring me ;*"  
 He seems Emmanuel's last command to hear,  
 And mingles in the feast of piety :  
 The sacred scene rekindles to his view,  
 And Fancy feigns herself a glad partaker too.

## XLIII.

Still drinks his raptur'd ear the cheering sound,  
 Still to his view the imag'd scene awakes,  
 Still the good Shepherd feeds his flock around,  
 And Fancy still the hallow'd feast partakes ;  
 But, oh ! his heart recoils, his bosom bleeds,  
 As flash the morrow's torments on his eye,—  
 A storm, how dark ! that shadowing feast succeeds,  
 And pours abroad its sad reality ;  
 The body breaks upon the cross,—the blood  
 Flows from his mangled side—an all-atoning flood.

## XLIV.

Gethsemane ! thy bitter scenes are nigh,  
The storm that hovers long will burst at last !  
And heed ye not Emmanuel's agony,  
The fervent pray'r, that this sad hour were past ?  
Yet, " God," he cries, " thy heav'nly will be done,  
Be mine to drink the cup that thou hast giv'n !"  
Again he kneels in pray'r,—unheard, alone,  
Save the bright presence of the host from Heav'n.  
Soon, mighty suff'rer, will that hour be gone,  
But more must be endur'd ere Heav'n can claim her Son.

## XLV.

Unheard ! alone ! where then the circling band,  
Of late so firm in their fidelity,  
The faithful few attendant o'er the land  
With him to triumph, or for him to die ?  
Alas ! betray'd by one,—by one denied,  
By all forsaken, and by some forgot,  
Jesus, unaided, stems Oppression's tide,  
No friend to lighten or to soothe his lot ;  
Yet still resolv'd his fates dark day to meet,  
And borne for thankless Man, e'en Suff'ring's self seems sweet.

## XLVI.

And they are gone! a faithful train no more,  
     To lose in sleep all memory of their Lord;  
 But soon that sleep's delirium will be o'er,  
     The goodly fellowship of faith restor'd!  
 Sleep on,—recruit ye for the red crusade,  
     Too weak the yielding flesh its load to bear;  
 Ere long the strengthen'd Spirit, undismay'd,  
     Shall lead you martyrs to the creed ye wear,  
 And all (save that unfaithful one) renew  
 The toil that torment brings, but brings you glory too!

## XLVII.

His hour is come! and Judas is at hand,  
     Judas, the sole seceder from his train,  
 The faithless leader of a murd'rous band,  
     To close the suff'rings of Messiah's reign!—  
 Times yet unborn shall echo Pilate's word:  
     “ I find no fault! what evil hath he done?”  
 Yet trial's mock solemnity, unheard,  
     Decrees him to the cross, and there are none  
 Of that fierce crowd to heed Emmanuel's cry,  
 But impious jests prevail, and shouts of “ crucify.”

## XLVIII.

Apostate Judas!—say, when erst ye fled  
The world and all it gave,—was it for this,—  
To pour perdition on Emmanuel's head,  
And, feigning love, betray him with a kiss!  
Flush'd not your cheek with all a traitor's shame?  
And shrank ye not from that all-searching eye,  
When to the hallowed Feast of Faith ye came,  
Ordain'd to consecrate his memory?  
And dar'd ye, hypocrite, partake that food,  
And lift the eye to Heav'n,—yet grasp the price of blood?—

## XLIX.

What conscious terrors stay the trait'rous band,  
What coward scruples prompt that tim'rous cry?  
But half resolv'd,—they know not to withstand  
The glance that flashes lightning from his eye;  
That single glance, resistless in its beam,  
Has check'd the ruffian band in mid career!  
And, haply, might the prostrate traitors deem  
Some angel-hand of chast'ning Heav'n here,  
So bright the beaming of that eyeball's roll,  
So searching was the glance to Treach'ry's inmost soul!

## L.

E'en such a look, reproving as it fell,  
 Met, in full beam, the faithless Peter's eye,  
 When Fear abjur'd the Lord he lov'd so well,  
 And the shrill bird confirm'd the prophecy.  
 What pangs that silent monitor awoke,  
 As to his heart its chast'ning terrors flew,  
 What keen rebuke those searching glances spoke,  
 As rush'd the memory of his guilt to view :  
 From his warm heart, erewhile where Faith had slept,  
 Flow'd the full tide of grief, and—" bitterly he wept !"

## LI.

Well, coward Peter, may ye feel remorse,  
 In such dark hour, thy Master to deny,  
 When ruffian hands are leading to the cross,  
 To trust thy safety to a recreant lie !  
 Not such thy faith ! when round thee rag'd the wind,  
 And instant death seem'd hov'ring in the storm,  
 When, to o'erwhelm thee, wind and wave combin'd,  
 And heav'nly hands upheld thy sinking form ;—  
 Not such thy faith ! —when, fearless, as he trod  
 The wave, the elements obey'd the voice of God !

## LII.

Where now the zeal thy lips were wont to breathe,  
Of late so fierce in its avenging mood,  
When leapt thy thirsty weapon from its sheath,  
And the cold steel was bath'd in traitor's blood ?  
Not such thy faith ! when, as thy God survey'd  
The murd'rous scene and bade thee sheathe thy sword,  
His finger heal'd the wound thyself had made,  
And the maim'd ear recover'd at his word,—  
Ador'd ye not the Being that could save  
The ruffian-soldier sent to lead him to his grave ?

## LIII.

Array'd in mimic robes of royalty,  
And, crown'd,—but not with Judah's diadem,—  
Nail'd to the cross, Emmanuel bleeds on high,  
Whelm'd by the tide he meets, nor fears to stem :  
On either side, a suff'ring criminal  
Pays the sad forfeit of his sin's dark load ;  
The one,—not hov'ring torment can appal,  
In death, e'en daring, mocks his bleeding God ;  
The other,—by an inward impulse driv'n,  
Repentant owns his Lord, and prays to be forgiv'n.

## LIV.

What suff'ring speaks in that imploring eye !  
 What torture riots in that writhing form !  
 The wanton spear supplies new agony,  
 And Rage collects, and spends his fiercest storm !  
 Yet, in that hour of torment, when the pray'r  
 Ascends, importunate, to list'ning Heav'n,  
 Far lighter thoughts his anxious bosom share,  
 And not the keenest pang the cross had giv'n  
 Could chase the mem'ry from his feeling breast  
 Of those dear sorrowing friends on earth he lov'd the best.

## LV.

'Tis done,—and Nature can endure no more ;  
 That cry of anguish was Emmanuel's last !  
 All, all is finished !—the eventful hour  
 Of pain, and anarchy, and guilt, has pass'd !—  
 Oh, man ! as yet upon the cross he bleeds,  
 Each wound more deep by thy ingratitude,  
 Thy pardon is the latest pray'r he speeds !—  
 For thy salvation, his atoning blood  
 Flows fast !—yet Mock'ry goads him with her sting,  
 Pangs keener than the cross,—far fiercer suffering.

## LVI.

Mysterious God ! in such o'erwhelming hour,  
 When fell the frequent insult on his head,  
 Oh ! wherefore slumber'd thine Almighty Pow'r,  
 Nor crush'd the feeble thing thyself had made ?  
 'Twas thine, Omnipotent, with lifted wand,  
 If such thy will, to bid the thunder roll ;—  
 'Twas thine to pour destruction o'er the land,  
 And " heap conviction " on the trembling soul ;  
 What suff'ring had not then been spar'd !—the scene  
 Of Calvary and the Cross had, haply, never been.

## LVII.

Hold, curious man ! nor, idly, dare arraign  
 The ways inscrutable of wond'rous Heav'n !  
 A holiest off'ring must efface the stain  
 Of man's offence—the Lamb of God was giv'n ;—  
 And, not for Eden's guilt alone, the Cross  
 Its murd'rous, savage spectacle displays ;—  
 For sins of other years, the bleeding corse  
 Hangs pierc'd and bar'd to the unhallow'd gaze,  
 And man, of ev'ry age and clime, may read  
 His own Salvation seal'd in that atoning deed.



## LVIII.

But, lo! in awful signs of sympathy,  
 Nature bears witness to her martyr'd God,—  
 The sun withholds his splendour from on high,  
 The dead walk quicken'd, from their dark abode!  
 The Temple's vail is rent!—the rocks divide!  
 Earth's self, according, from her centre shakes!  
 E'en man half owns the faith he late denied,  
 Won by the terrors that the storm awakes!  
 And mark'd ye not, as darkness round him fell,  
 And Nature groan'd aloud, the awe-struck sentinel? (12)

## LIX.

The hate that persecutes through life will haunt  
 The ashes of the dead,—exulting Scorn  
 Points to the mangled corse with impious taunt,  
 And, in mock homage, hails the Monarch born,  
 O'er Judah's land to hold eternal sway!  
 The Lord of Glory, and the Prince of Peace!  
 Oh! 'twas an interval of dark dismay  
 To all who lov'd their Lord!—but soon shall cease,  
 Alike the plaint of woe and boast of sin,  
 And Christ to kindred climes his glorious way shall win.

## LX.

Fly, curious crowd, the consecrated ground !  
 Emmanuel, cold in death, lies buried here ;  
 Distrusting sentinels slow pace around,  
 And wakeful Caution guards his sepulchre :  
 And mark where Mary speeds, with pious zeal,  
 The grave's last mournful duties to fulfil,  
 Not the contagion that surrounds can steel  
 That grateful (13) breast, in misery faithful still.  
 Mary ! thy services are vain,—prepare !  
 A scene of glad surprise awaits thy visit there.

## LXI.

“ Destroy this temple—it shall rise again,”  
 Thus spake the crucified Emmanuel.  
 Pilate—thy warning mandate was in vain,  
 Vain thy parade of seal and sentinel ;— (14)  
 Lo ! viewless pow'rs the sepulchre unchain,  
 And bid the vanquish'd grave yield up her God !  
 Bright dawn the glories of Messiah's reign,  
 And trembling Judah fears the chast'ning rod !  
 Messiah lives !—the first fruits of the dead,  
 Again, the Virgin's seed has bruised the Serpent's head.

## LXII.

He lives—to “shame the Sadducees” dark faith,  
 His dread forebodings of eternal night,  
 Messiah, conquering Lord of sin and death,  
 Brings life and immortality to light;  
 He lives!—Esaias, hallow’d bard of old,  
 “The Mighty God! the Everlasting King!”  
 He lives!—thy hidden myst’ries to unfold, (15)  
 And nations, erst unblest, his glory sing:  
 Rejoice, ye Gentiles, lift the grateful voice!  
 Salvation dawns from far! thou, heathen world—rejoice!

## LXIII.

Pure are the joys Messiah’s reign shall wear!  
 Peaceful the days Emmanuel’s glories bring!  
 Discordant scenes harmonious mingle there,  
 And savage nature loses half its sting!  
 The Leopard with the Kid shall seek repose,  
 And the meek Lambs with lordly Lions herd!  
 Full well a reconciling Saviour knows  
 To tame the wild creation at his word!  
 Safe in its sheath, the sleeping sword shall rust,  
 And ev’ry Foe to Faith o’ermaster’d, “lick the dust.” (16)

## LXIV.

Exult, ye mourners, a serener doom  
 Awaits you, faithful, in a world to come,—  
 For this, Emmanuel triumphs o'er the tomb,  
 And leads, through suffering, to a lovelier home :  
 The fatherless shall meet his Parent there,  
 The widow'd mother her yet living lord,—(17)  
 The brother smile, a sister's joy to share,—  
 The friend to him he fondly lov'd, restor'd.  
 These are thy halcyon joys, benignant Heaven,  
 And these, by Christ secur'd, to virtuous faith are given.

## LXV.

Ah! little deem yon musing pilgrims there  
 What lov'd companion journeys in their train,  
 Nor trace, his hallow'd converse as they share,  
 In that veil'd form, their living lord again!  
 But, as his lips the sacred page expound,  
 What Inspiration taught, and Prophets penn'd,  
 Their hearts beat high at the awak'ning sound,  
 Around their well-remember'd Lord they bend,  
 And drink, as burning yet each bosom glows,  
 At yon celestial fount, the living stream that flows. (18)

## LXVI.

Their hopes made perfect, and more firm their faith,  
 On Olivet the glad disciples meet,  
 Alike resolv'd on danger as on death,  
 And Christ is there, his faithful train to greet,—  
 Then part to meet no more—in lowly guise,  
 As yet adoring silence round him bends,  
 A bright cloud bears him to congenial skies,  
 With hands uprais'd to bless, the God ascends ;—  
 His future advent, Seraph tongues foretel,  
 And Faith and Love resound their long and last Farewel.

## LXVII.

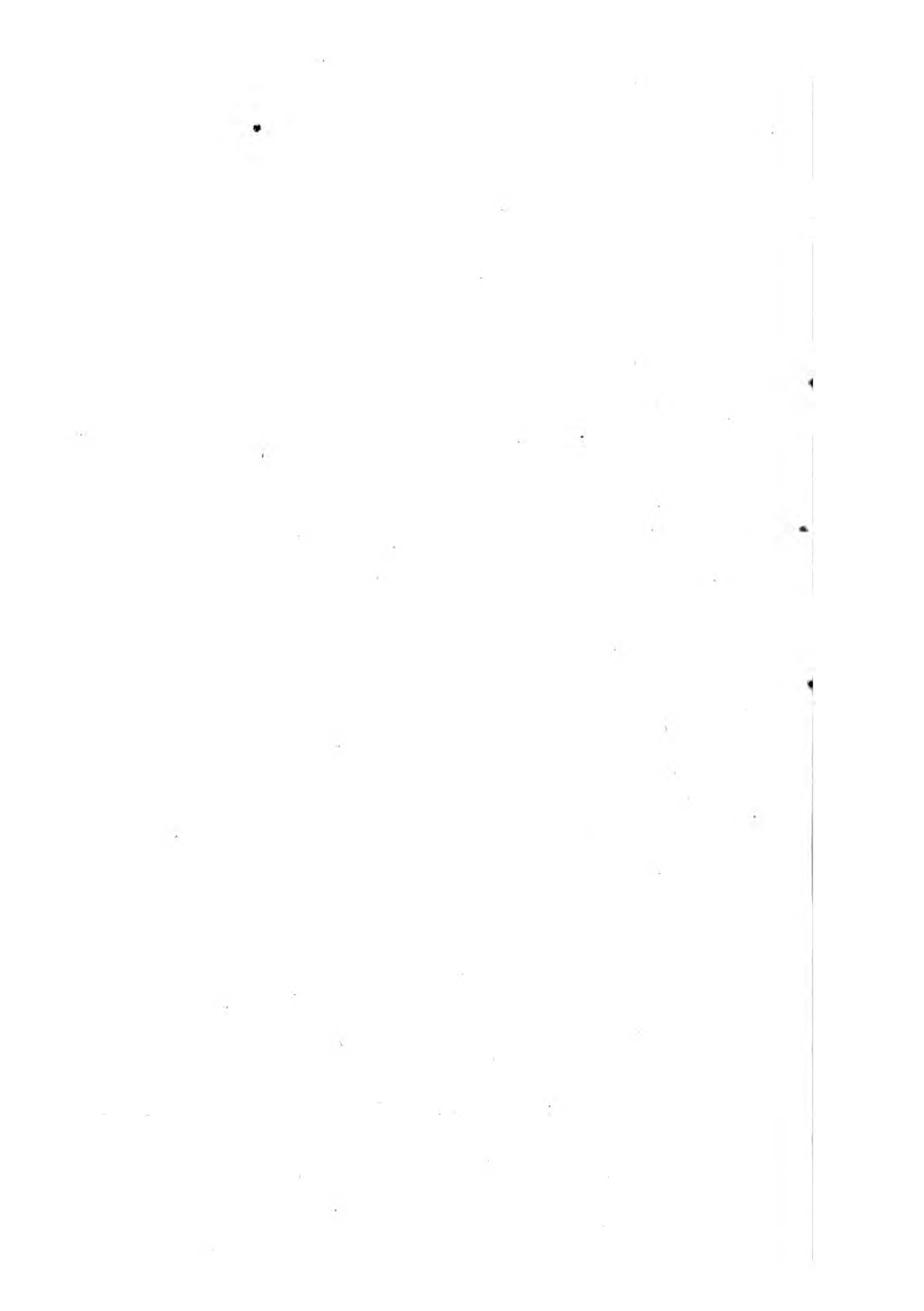
The shout re-echoing as the train retires,  
 To Salem's walls th' exulting few repair ;  
 Where Faith instimulates or Hope inspires,  
 Dawn the first labours of the Martyr there :  
 And, faithless Salem ! mark'd ye not the hour,  
 When, at the feast, thy busy courts among,  
 Fell o'er the crowd God's wonder-working pow'r,  
 The rushing Spirit and the cloven Tongue ;  
 When prostrate thousands bless'd the viewless God,  
 And accents, not their own, the hallow'd faith avow'd.

## LXVIII.

Ador'd Emmanuel! from thy glorious height,  
 The throne by unexampled sufferings won,  
 Behold thy Gospel shed its saving light  
 Where rolls the ocean or where beams the sun ;  
 O'er Afric's sands and farthest Asia's shore  
 Faith's banners, proudly waving, are unfurl'd,  
 And Salem, fated City, is no more! (19)  
 Her rebel children, wand'ring o'er the world!—  
 But Hope still points to happier days foretold,  
 And bids the erring Flock retrace its native Fold.

## LXIX.

To that blest land, unbar'd to mortal view,  
 To his own throne restor'd,—his native Heav'n,  
 Fain would th' unbidden Muse her Lord pursue,  
 By fearless zeal and pious ardour driv'n ;—  
 But heav'nward as she wings her eager flight,  
 And bursts the cloudless splendour on her eye,  
 Trembling she veils her from a scene so bright,  
 And, prostrate at the shrine of Deity,  
 Mourns the faint labours of her tuneless lyre,  
 Nor feeds so pure a flame with such " unhallow'd fire."

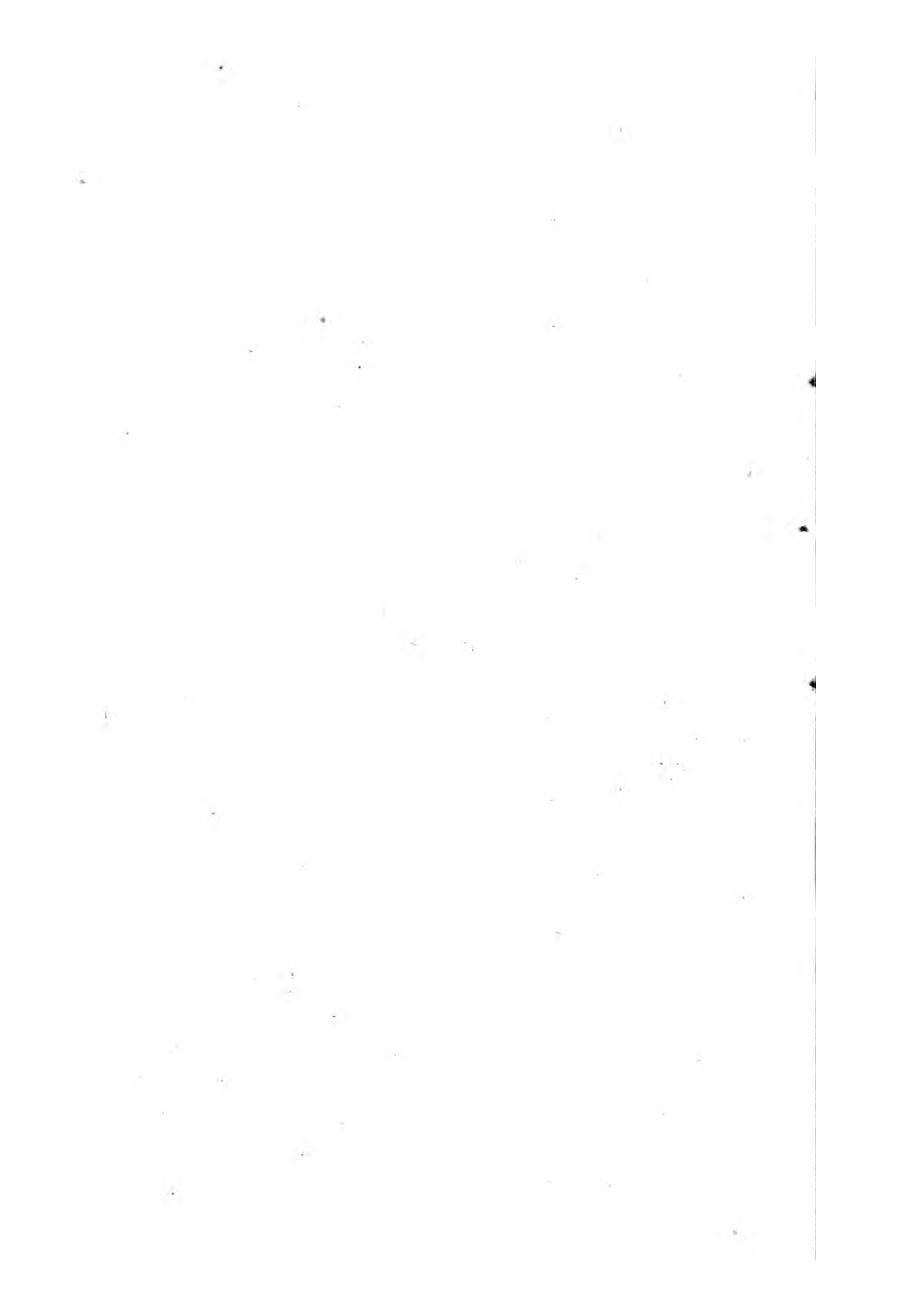


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**NOTES.**

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## NOTES.

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(1)

Stanza vi.—“ Faint through the promise of redeeming love.”

“ The intercourse which God had vouchsafed to hold with Adam, in his state of innocence, and the change which he experienced in himself on transgressing the command, enabled him to judge perfectly of the divine authority of that gracious promise of final redemption which began the wonderful scheme of prophecy, and founded the hope of immortality on the basis of revelation.” See Kett’s History, ‘ the Interpreter of Prophecy,’ vol. i. page 47,—and the whole of that interesting chapter.

(2)

Stanza vii.—“ Man not forgetting, though by man forgot :”

“ The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

*Eloisa to Abelard.*

(3)

Stanza ix.—“ —————Th' inspired page  
Of prophecy lends its clear light no more.”

Malachi was the last of the Prophets, and there was an interval of four hundred years between the last prophecy, under the old dispensation, and the coming of John the Baptist.—The Jews were, therefore, at this period, in anxious expectation of the Messiah, since Daniel's prophecy of the seventy weeks—(that is weeks of years, as clearly proved by Prideaux)—was completed.

(4)

Stanza xi.—“ And Roman banners,” &c. &c.

“ The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come.”—Gen. ch. xlix. v. 10. Our Saviour was ten or twelve years old when Archeläus was deposed and Judea reduced to the form of a Roman province.

(5)

Stanza xii.—“ And infant Shiloh bruise the serpent's head.”

See Gen. ch. iii. v. 14, 15.—“ And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise

thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." This was abundantly fulfilled in Christ, who was, in the most eminent sense, the seed of the woman,—who not only withstood all the temptations of Satan, but cast out his evil spirits, and saw him, as lightning, fall from Heaven.

(6)

Stanza xiii.—“ ——Suffering scenes that wait Emmanuel.”

For an exact description of our Lord's sufferings and death the reader is referred to the Prophet Isaiah, more particularly to ch. liii. where Christ's death, and the circumstances attending it, are exactly foretold.

(7)

Stanza xvi.—“ Rears Quarantania his impervious steep.”

The mountainous desert into which our Saviour was led by the Spirit is a miserable, dry, barren, place, consisting of high rocky mountains.—On descending from these hills of desolation into the plain, we come to the foot of Mount QUARANTANIA, which they say is the mountain from which the devil tempted our Saviour.—Vide MAUNDRELL, and the Notes to Mant and D'Oyley's Bible.

(8)

Stanza xx.—“ The locust or the cankerworm hath left.”

“ That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten ;  
and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten.”—  
Joel, ch. i. v. 4.

(9)

Stanza xxiv.—“ A steep, untrodden by the haunts of men.”

“ Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto  
life, and few there be that find it.”—Matt. ch. vii. v. 14.

(10)

Stanza xxv.—“ —————and binds the gaping wound.”

In this and the foregoing stanza allusion is made to several of our  
Saviour's parables,—the Labourers in the Vineyard, the Lost Sheep,  
the Repentant Sinner, and the Returning Prodigal, in the first;—  
the Foolish Virgins, Lazarus and Dives, and the Good Samaritan, in  
the second.

(11)

Stanza xxxii.—“ —————This, this it is to feel.”

It has been kindly suggested to the author, since the first publica-

tion of the Poem, that the expression, in the concluding line of the stanza to which the note refers is so evident an imitation of an illustrious Poet as to require an acknowledgement of it. It certainly bears some resemblance in its conclusion, but it was perfectly *unintentional*;—and an attempt to compare a stanza of “Childe Harold” with any one of the foregoing would be as disparaging to the high and established reputation of the noble Bard in question as it would be presumptuous in the author of “Emmanuel.”—See Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage, stanza xxvi. canto 2.

“ This is to be alone — this, this is solitude.”

(12)

Stanza lviii.—“ —————The awe-struck sentinel.”

“ Now, when the Centurion, and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying—‘ Truly this was the Son of God.’”  
—John, ch. xxvii. v. 54.

(13)

Stanza lx.—“ That GRATEFUL breast, in mis’ry faithful still.”

“ ————And certain women, which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary, called Magdalane, out of whom went seven devils ————.” St. Luke, ch. viii. v. 2.

(14)

Stanza lxi.—“ Vain thy parade of seal and sentinel.”

“ Pilate said unto them, ye have a watch ; go your way, make it as sure as ye can.”—“ So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, SEALING the stone and setting a WATCH.”

(15)

Stanza lxii.—“ He lives !—thy HIDDEN myst'ries to unfold.”

The prophecies of Isaiah are intelligible only in their reference to Christ, as God and Man ; nor will they appear mysterious to those who compare the passages in the Prophet, foretold of the Messiah, with the Gospel History of Jesus.

(16)

Stanza lxiii.—“ And ev'ry Foe to Faith o'ermaster'd, ' lick the dust.' ”

This prophetic description of Messiah's peaceful reign is taken from Isaiah, ch. ii. v. 4, and ch. xi. v. 6.—See, also, Psal. lxxii. v. 9.

(17)

Stanza lxiv.—“ The widow'd mother her yet living lord.”

It is not intended to be hence inferred that they will be re-united in the same relationship which subsisted between them on earth, for the scripture speaks expressly to this point.—St. Mark, ch. xii. v. 25.

(18)

Stanza lxv.—“ At yon celestial fount, the *living* stream that flows.”

This stanza alludes to our Saviour's appearance to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, and its conclusion to the sacrament he administered to them.—Luke, ch. xxiv. v. 13—31.

(19)

Stanza lxviii.—“ And Salem, fated city, is no more.”

For that full and detailed prophecy of our Saviour, relating to the destruction of Jerusalem.—See the xxiv. ch. of St. MATT.—the viii. ch. of St. MARK,—and the xxi. ch. of St. LUKE; and, for its literal accomplishment, see the account which is given by the Jewish historian, Josephus, De BELL. JUD. lib. v. c. ii.—BELL. JUD. lib. v. c. xii.

THE END.



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