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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

The Benedicite Paraphrased. By the Rev. Mr. Merrick.

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## III.

The Venus whose statue delights all mankind  
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,  
 And kindly shou'd seem by the artist design'd  
 To serve as a model for you.  
 Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,  
 Nor venture too much to reveal ;  
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,  
 And double each charm you conceal.

## IV.

The blushes of Morn, and the mildness of May,  
 Are charms which no art can procure ;  
 Oh ! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,  
 And your empire is solid and sure.  
 But if Amazon-like you attack your gallants,  
 And put us in fear of our lives,  
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts,  
 But believe me you'll never be wives.

## The B E N E D I C I T E Paraphrased.

By the Rev. Mr. MERRICK.

**Y**E works of God, on him alone,  
 In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,  
 Be all your praise bestow'd ;  
 Whose hand the beauteous fabrick made,  
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,  
 And saw that all was good.

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II. Ye

## II.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim  
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,  
 And hail'd th' eternal King ;  
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise,  
 Again your thankful voices raise,  
 And touch the tuneful string.

## III.

Praise him, ye blest'd ætherial plains,  
 Where, in full majesty, he deigns  
 To fix his awful throne :  
 Ye waters, that above him roll,  
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,  
 Oh ! make his praises known !

## IV.

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,  
 Join ye your joyful songs with ours,  
 With us your voices raise ;  
 From age to age extend the lay,  
 To heav'n's eternal Monarch pay  
 Hymns of eternal praise.

## V.

Cælestial orb !—whose pow'rful ray  
 Ope the glad eyelids of the day,  
 Whose influence all things own ;  
 Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine  
 With light, as far excelling thine,  
 As thine the paler moon.

VI. Ye

## VI.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,  
 Whose lamps the absent sun supply,  
 With him the song pursue ;  
 And let himself submissive own,  
 He borrows from a brighter Sun,  
 The light he lends to you.

## VII.

Ye show'rs, and dews, whose moisture shed,  
 Calls into life the op'ning seed,  
 To him your praises yield ;  
 Whose influence wakes the genial birth,  
 Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,  
 And crowns the laughing field.

## VIII.

Ye winds, that oft' tempestuous sweep  
 The ruffled surface of the deep,  
 With us confess your God ;  
 See, through the heav'ns, the King of kings,  
 Up-borne on your expanded wings,  
 Come flying all abroad.

## IX.

Ye floods of fire, where-e'er ye flow,  
 With just submission humbly bow  
 To his superior pow'r ;  
 Who stops the tempest on its way,  
 Or bids the flaming deluge stray,  
 And gives it strength to roar.

X. Ye

## X.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
 By turns in long succession roll'd,  
 The drooping world to chear;  
 Praise him, who gave the sun and moon,  
 To lead the various seasons on,  
 And guide the circling year.

## XI.

Ye frosts, that bind the wat'ry plain,  
 Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,  
 Pursue the heav'nly theme:  
 Praise him who sheds the driving snow,  
 Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,  
 And stops the rapid stream.

## XII.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly born,  
 From morn to eve, from eve to morn,  
 Alternate glide away;  
 Praise him, whose never-varying light,  
 Absent, adds horror to the night,  
 But present gives the day.

## XIII.

Light,——from whose rays all beauty springs,  
 Darkness,——whose wide-expanded wings  
 Involve the dusky globe:  
 Praise him, who, when the heav'n's he spread,  
 Darkness his thick pavillion made,  
 And light his regal robe.

XIV. Praise

## XIV.

Praise him, ye light'nings, as ye fly,  
 Wing'd with his vengeance through the sky,  
 And red with wrath divine ;  
 Praise him, ye clouds, that wand'ring stray,  
 Or fix'd by him in close array,  
 Surround his awful shrine.

## XV.

Exalt, O earth! thy heav'nly King,  
 Who bids the plants, that form the spring,  
 With annual verdure bloom ;  
 Whose frequent drops of kindly rain,  
 Prolifick swell the rip'ning grain,  
 And blefs thy fertile womb.

## XVI.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,  
 And heave your summits to the skies,  
 Revere his awful nod ;  
 Think how you once affrighted fled,  
 When Jordan sought his fountain-head,  
 And own'd th' approaching God.

## XVII.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene,  
 Ye flowers, that o'er th' enamel'd green  
 In native beauty reign,  
 O! praise the Ruler of the skies,  
 Whose hand the genial sap supplies,  
 And clothes the smiling plain.



## XVIII.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,  
 That murmur rise among the hills,  
 Or fill the humble vale ;  
 Praise him, at whose almighty nod  
 The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,  
 And form'd a springing well.

## XIX.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,  
 Whose waves the spacious earth surround,  
 And roll from shore to shore ;  
 Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside,  
 Ye floods, within your channels glide,  
 And tremble and adore.

## XX

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,  
 Or in its dark recesses sleep,  
 Remote from human eye ;  
 Praise him, by whom ye all are fed,  
 Praise him, without whose heavenly aid  
 Ye languish, faint, and die.

## XXI.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name,  
 Begin, and with th' important theme  
 Your artless lays improve ;  
 Wake with your songs the rising day,  
 Let musick sound on ev'ry spray,  
 And fill the vocal grove.

XXII. Praise

## XXII.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam  
Amid the solitary gloom,

Th' expected prey to seize;  
Ye slaves of the laborious plough,  
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,  
And bend your weary'd knees.

## XXIII.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,  
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,  
And gave it pow'r to move;  
Ye, that in Judah's confines dwell,  
From age to age successive tell  
The wonders of his love.

## XXIV.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,  
'Till angels listen to the song,  
And bend attentive down;  
Let wonder seize the heav'nly train,  
Pleas'd, while they hear a mortal strain,  
So sweet, so like their own.

## XXV.

And you, your thankful voices join,  
That oft at Salem's sacred shrine  
Before his altars kneel;  
Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,  
And from the mystick cloud reveals  
The dictates of his will.





## XXVI.

Ye spirits of the just and good,  
That, eager for the blest abode,

To heav'nly mansions soar ;  
O! let your songs his praise display,  
Till heav'n itself shall melt away,

And time shall be no more.

## XXVII.

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,  
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain

The boundless blifs to share ;  
O! praise him, till ye take your way  
To regions of eternal day,  
And reign for ever there.

## XXVIII.

Let us, who now impassive stand,  
Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,  
Amid the fiery blaze ;

While thus we triumph in the flame,  
Rife, and our Maker's love proclaim,  
In hymns of endless praise.