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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

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Isaiah XXXV.

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Not one of these shall fail ; none want her mate ;
 But shall for ever, such the Lord's decree,
 In *Edom's* ruins wanton undisturb'd.
 This is the fate, ordain'd for *Zion's* foes.

I S A I A H XXXV.

WHEN *Idumea*, and the nations round,
 Th' inveterate foes of *Israel*, and of God,
 Lie vanquish'd, dormant on the dreary waste
 Of far extended ruin ; and involv'd
 In hideous woe, and desolation wide,
 Then shall *Judea* lift her chearful head ;
 Put forth the leaves of glad prosperity ;
 And, after all the gloomy scene of grief
 And sad affliction, flourish and revive
 In all the bright serenity of peace.

As the gay rose, when winter storms are past,
 Warm'd with the influ'nce of a kinder sun,
 Comes from the bud with a vermilion blush,
 Chearing the sight, and scattering all around
 A balmy odour, that perfumes the skies.
 She shall rejoice with joy unspeakable,
 And, fraught with richest blessings from above,
 Spring forth in all the pride of *Lebanon*,
 Whose lofty cedars, wond'rous to behold,
 In bodies huge, and to the skies erect
 Stand eminent, branch over branch out-spread

In reg'lar distances, and verdant shades,
 Emblem of happy state. Nor shall the hills
 Of fragrant *Carmel*, rich in fruitful soil;
 Nor *S Sharon's* flow'ry plain in all its bloom,
 Array'd in Nature's goodliest attire,
 And breathing fresh a gale of heav'nly sweets,
 Spring forth in greater glory. For the Lord
 His goodness will declare, that knows no bounds;
 And all the people shall behold his might,
 And see the wonders of omnipotence.

Strengthen the languid nerves, ye feers! and bid
 The trembling hand be strong. Call into life
 The dissipated spirits; and confirm
 The feeble knees; th' unactive joints support;
 And bid the lazy blood flow briskly on,
 And circulate with joy thro' every vein.
 Comfort th' oppress'd; and smooth the ruffled mind;
 Say to th' afflicted heart, devoid of hope,
 Behold! th' Almighty rushes from the skies,
 Ev'n *Israel's* God from his resplendent throne
 Of glory comes, but not with radiant blaze
 Of light, ev'n light invisible, as when
 To *Moses* on Mount *Horeb* he appear'd,
 And sent his faithful servant to redeem
 Ungrateful *Israel* from *Egyptian* bonds;
 Nor with the music of a still, soft voice,
 As when h' inform'd the prophet of his will;
 But in a black and dreadful hemisphere

Of darkness, arm'd with flaming thunderbolts,
 And flashes of red lightning to increase
 The woe, and make ev'n darkness visible.
 The hills shall tremble at his dire approach ;
 And fearful mountains, pil'd up to the clouds,
 Fall down precipitant with rapid force,
 And spread a plain immense. For God will come
 Full fraught with vengeance to consume your foes ;
 You in his bounteous mercy to protect.

Then shall the eyes long clos'd in blackest night,
 To whom no gladfome dawn of light appear'd,
 But comfortless, impenetrable shade,
 Shake off the film of darkness, and behold
 The long expected day. New scenes of joy
 Shall then appear, and various prospects rise
 To cheer the new-born fight. The deafen'd ear,
 On whose dull nerves sad-moping Silence dwelt,
 And lock'd from music's note, or voice of man,
 Shall open glad its labyrinths of sound,
 Again the stringed instrument shall feel,
 And the sweet words of social converse hear.

The lame, infirm, creeping with slow advance,
 Dragging with pain, reluctant feet along,
 And scarcely by the friendly crutch sustain'd,
 Shall throw th' unserviceable prop aside,
 And stand erect, exulting like a roe
 Upon Mount *Tabor*, frisking nimbly round,
 On the soft verdant turf, with wanton tread

Skimming



Skimming along the surface of the plain,
 Or lightly bounding o'er the rising ground.
 The dumb for melancholy silence fram'd,
 Cut off from friendly converse with mankind,
 Striving in vain the sad defect to mend
 With gabb'ring noise of broken syllables
 Confus'd, shall talk in dialects compleat ;
 And tongues, that knew not how to speak, shall sing,
 New scenes of joy shall gladden ev'ry face ;
 And universal peace o'erspread the land.

The glowing ground, gaping with burning thirst,
 Shall greedily suck in the humid tide,
 Pouring from caverns of the craggy hills
 In limpid streams, still warbling, as they fall,
 Melodious murmurs down the ample glade,
 And crystal springs refresh the thirsty land.
 Where heretofore the curling serpent lay
 In many a wily labyrinth self-roll'd,
 Or swept deceitful o'er the dusty plain
 In horrid spires, and many a tow'ring maze,
 The trembling reed shall wave his fringed top ;
 And the tall rush in slender spires up-rise.
 The swampy marsh shall its broad flag produce,
 With bending willow, sport of every wind ;
 And vegetable earth new bloom display
 Delightful, with prolific verdure cloth'd,
 A wasteful desert now, and barren soil.

A way shall be prepar'd, a path direct,
 Mark'd out by line with an unerring hand,
 Ev'n a freight path, which God himself shall make;
 It shall be call'd, THE WAY OF HOLINESS ;
 A way to sacred footsteps only known,
 Where the unhallow'd shall no entrance find,
 Nor impious feet profane the sacred ground.
 God shall attend the motions of the just,
 Watch o'er their steps, and guide them as they go ;
 And none shall wander from the obvious path,
 For who can err, when God directs the way ?

The rampant lion shall not wander there,
 Nor fiery tiger, roaring for his prey ;
 Nor prowling wolf, that howls along the plain,
 With the keen pangs of raging hunger stung ;
 Nor surly bear in *Nebo's* mountains bred,
 Or *Carmel's* forest ranging merciless ;
 Such as came furious from the neighb'ring groves
 Of ancient *Babel* with voracious speed,
 Grinning destruction as they roam'd along,
 And slew the mockers of the good old seer.
 But free, and unmolested shall they walk
 Whom heav'n protects, and God vouchsafes to guide.
 The ransom'd captives, weary of the yoke,
 The heavy yoke of long oppressive thrall,
 Shall chearfully return to happier climes,
 In melody break forth the gladden'd heart,
 That speaks deliverance, and the voice of joy.

Judab