

A Pindarick P O E M on
H A B B A K U K.

I.

When God from *Temas* came,
 And cloath'd in *Glory* from *Mount-*
Paran shone,
 Drest in th' unsufferable *Flame*
 That hides his *dazling Throne*,
 His *Glory* soon *eclips'd* the once bright *Titan's*
Rays,
 And fill'd the trembling *Earth* with *Terror* and
Amaze.
 Resplendent *Beams* did crown his *awful Head*,
 And shining *brightness* all around him spread;
Omnipotence he graspt in his strong *Hand*,
 And *listning Death* stood waiting on his *dread*
Command;
 Waiting 'till his *resistless Bolts* he'd throw;
Devouring Coals beneath his *Feet* did glow:

All

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All *Natures Frame* did *quake* beneath his *Feet*,
And with his *Hand* he the vast *Globe* did
mete ;

The frightened *Nations* scattered,
And at his sight the *basiful Mountains* fled,
The *everlasting Hills* their *Founder's Voice* obey,
And stoop their *lofty Heads* to make th' *Eternal*
way.

The distant *Ethiops* all *Confusion* are,
And *Midian's* trembling *Curtains* cannot *hide*
their *Fear*:

When thy swift *Chariots* pass'd the yielding
Sea,
The *blushing Waves* back in *amazement* flee,
Affrighted *Jordan* stops his *flowing Urn*,
And bids his forward *Streams* back to their *Foun-*
tain turn.

(2.)

Arm'd with thy *mighty Bow*,
Thou marchest out against thy *daring Foe* :
B 2 And

20 *Poems on several Occasions.*

And very *terrible* thou didst appear

To them, but thus thy *darling People* cheer.

“ Know, *Jacob's Sons*, I am the God of Truth,

“ Your Father *Jacob's God*, nor *can* I break my

Oath :

The *Mountains* *shook* as our dread Lord ad-

vanc'd,

And all the little *Hills* around 'em *danc'd* :

The neighb'ring *Streams* their verdant *Banks*

o'reflow,

The *Waters* saw and trembled at the *sight*,

Back to their *old Abyss* they go,

And bear the News to *everlasting Night* :

The *Mother Deep* within its hollow *Caverns*

roars,

And beats the *silent Shores*.

The *Sun* above no longer dares to strive,

Nor will his frightened *Steeds* their wonted *Jour-*

ney drive.

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The *Moon*, to see her *Brother* stop his *Car*,
Grew *pale*, and curb'd her *sable Reins* for *Fear*,
Thy *threatning Arrows* gild their *flaming way*,
And at the *glittering* of thy *Spear* the *Heathen* dare
not stay ;

The very *sight* of thee did them *subdue*,
And arm'd with *Fury* thou the *Vict'ry* didst pur-
sue.

So now, great *God*, wrapt in avenging *Thun-*
(der,
Meet thine and *William's Foes*, and tread them
groveling under.

The **ATHENIANS**
To the Compiler of the Pindarick
now Recited.

(1.)
WE yield ! we yield ! the *Palm*, bright
Maid ! be thine !

How *vast* a *Genius* sparkles in each
Line !

How *Noble* all ! how *Loyal* ! how *Di-*
vine ! B 3 Sure