



JOB'S CURSE, and his APPEAL.

Taken out of Job, Chap. i, and xxxi.

LET not that Day in circling Moments run,
 When first these Eyes beheld th' odious Sun:
 Let his gay Beams forsake the mourning Fields,
 And starting backward roll his flaming Wheels;
 Let sulphurous Hail descend in baneful Show'rs,
 And horrid Darknefs mix the jumbling Hours;
 Let trembling Mortals gaze in vain for Light,
 Curs'd be the Day and doubly curs'd the Night:
 Thou my great Judge these Imprecations hear,
 And rend her Minutes from the rolling Year;
 To the sad Skies be every Star deny'd;
 While scorching Plagues on quivering Meteors ride,
 Let the black Air no melting Musick know,
 But ring with Horror and Complaints of Woe:
 Through the grim Shade let grisly Terrors run,
 And weeping Sorrows that abhor the Sun:

Let

Let pale-ey'd Spectres burst their yawning Tombs,
 And dreadful Echos shake th' hideous Gloom ;
 The low'ring East pour down a lashing Storm ;
 Nor through her Gates admit th' struggling Morn :
 Let the dark Hours no lively breaking see,
 Because they gave these ceaseless Tears to me.

As others have, alas ! why could not I
 Yield my short Being, and an Infant die ?
 Why was a Mother's Care indulg'd to me ?
 And why supported on her friendly Knee ?
 Why did I in her tender Bosom grow,
 A foster'd Subject of impending Woe ?
 Did friendly Death my marble Limbs enchain,
 This bleeding Heart would know no smarting Pain ;
 Then lasting Sleep would seal my shaded Eyes,
 Where frozen Pride and conquer'd Vengeance lies ;
 There weary Slaves forgotten Rest may find,
 And injur'd Orphans leave their Tears behind ;
 Tyrannick Rage must in the Grave subside,
 Where starving Wretches find their Wants supplyd,
 Thrice happy Rest, O why to me deny'd !

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 Life

Life still will hover round despairing Slaves,
 Who flight her Favours, and would court their
 Graves ;

Death gliding by us, shews his grizly Charms ;
 But the coy Phantom mocks our reaching Arms :
 He flies the Dungeons of intreating Woe,
 And strikes the Prosp'rous with unwelcome Blow :
 To blooming Youth his partial Arrows fly,
 O'er wither'd Mendicants, that vainly try
 To meet the fatal Shaft, and only wish to die.

When Darknes fits as Regent of the Skies,
 And round my Bed redoubled Horrors rise,
 Till Night grows hideous with my constant Cries :
 My tortur'd Limbs with ceaseless Pangs are torn,
 But yet I live to see returning Morn :
 The piercing Sun thrusts in a spiteful Ray,
 To wound my Eyelids with unwelcome Day.

Tyrannick Death, whom trembling Mortals flee,
 The Prince of Ills to ev'ry Wretch but me,

Plays with the Torments of my struggling Heart,
 And o'er my Bosom shakes his ling'ring Dart.
 O ! sacred Judge, when will thy Wrath be done ?
 Why do I live to scare the wond'ring Sun ?
 Let not thy Mercy spare my wounded Clay,
 But strike and sweep me from offensive Day.
 My Heart is vexed with consuming Fears,
 And nourish'd only with continual Tears ;
 Close at my Heels pursue a meagre Train
 Of pining Sicknefs and distorting Pain,
 Pale-ey'd Confusion with dishivel'd Hair,
 And wild Impatience leading on Despair.

Did I with Crimes profane my Days of Rest ?
 Did e'er Presumption swell my rising Breast ?
 Did guilty Flame my tainted Soul surprise ?
 Or Snares of Beauty catch my wand'ring Eyes ?
 If e'er Injustice swell'd my spreading Lands,
 If e'er Oppression stain'd my guiltless Hands ;
 Then let my God his flaming Vengeance throw,
 Renew my Plagues, and double every Woe.

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Did e'er my Servants of their Lord complain?
 Did humble Rhetorick ever plead in vain?
 In vain to me did helpless Widows cry?
 Or at my Gate neglected Orphans lie?
 No; their glad Eyes my plenteous Table knew,
 And with my own the foster'd Infants grew.
 Was e'er my Portals barr'd against the Poor?
 Did not the Stranger bless my friendly Door?
 Tho' cold and hungry in my Courts he mourn'd,
 Joyful and full the smiling Wretch return'd.

When every Good obey'd my lordly Will,
 Did I by Fraud my glitt'ring Coffers fill?
 Did I by Fraud increase the tempting Store?
 Or dote too fondly on the shining Ore?
 Did restless Envy in my Bosom roll?
 Or lurking Malice blot my tainted Soul?
 No — this fond Heart has bled for distant Woe,
 And learn'd Compassion for a sinking Foe.
 Did e'er my Soul from its Creator run
 To painted Idols, or the beaming Sun?

Or to the Moon my wav'ring Senses yield,
When her pale Rays adorn'd the glist'ring Field?

Yet stay, presumptuous Wretch, nor urge too far
Thy doubtful Sentence at the dreadful Bar:
What melting Rhet'rick, or what potent Friend,
At Heav'n's Tribunal shall thy Cause defend?
Where smother'd Evils, hid from mortal Eye,
Mature and open to Omniscience lie.



The T A L E of C U S H I.

From II. Samuel, *Chap.* xviii.

HOW fares my Son? the trembling Monarch
cry'd,
Why wouldst thou ask? afflicted *Cush* reply'd;
A Fate like his may all that hate thee feel,
Whose Blood, alas! has stain'd the guilty Steel.
He fell beneath the Hand of *David's* Friend,
But to my Story let my Lord attend.