

**AN ADDRESS TO  
THE JEWISH  
NATION: IN VERSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649320110

An Address to the Jewish Nation: In Verse by Various

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**VARIOUS**

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NATION: IN VERSE**



**AN ADDRESS**

TO

**THE JEWISH NATION.**

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"For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king;  
he will save us."—Isaiah xxxiii. 22.

"Who are Israelites, to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory,  
and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the  
promises."—Romans ix. 4.

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**BELFAST:**

**PRINTED BY JAMES WILSON, 70, HIGH-STREET.**

**1834.**

23494.28

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AN  
EXPOSTULATORY ADDRESS  
TO THE  
JEWISH NATION.

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He 's coming! He 's coming! a voice from the throuse  
Says "prepare Him a way," make his love advent known;  
"The signs of the times" grow more vivid and bright,  
Say, "watchman of Israel," oh! what of the night?  
The watchmen reply, "we have stood on our tower,  
And watched our post through the dark midnight hour,  
Now far in the east an aureora we trace,  
The morning light cometh, it cometh apace!"

JOSHUA MARSHEN.

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Oh! who that reads the wondrous, oft-told history  
Of thy deep wrongs, thy wanderings, and thy tears,  
That does not breath a wish (yet often fears)  
Further to trace the dark and awful mystery  
That yet involves thy fate? Unhappy race,  
Oh! how I long that you may soon find grace  
To turn with weeping eyes,  
And deep repentant sighs,  
To Him who still averts his awful face,  
In his most just and righteous wrath, away;  
Oh! when shall dawn that long-expected day,

Destined to see thee shine more glorious far,  
More bright, more radiant, than the morning star :

How have I seen thee scoff'd, insulted, wrong'd,  
The butt of ignorance and mirth unholy;  
And then I thought of all thy former glory,  
When to thy temple countless numbers throng'd,  
To worship at that sacred, awful shrine—  
The holy presence—thy great Lord and mine.

Back to that distant holy land I look,  
Where Eden first in pristine glory lay,  
Bright as the visions of celestial day,  
Ere man, seduced by sin, his God forsook.  
From thence I trace thy pedigree, and hail  
Thee, first of families; whose holy stock  
Hath long withstood, firm and unmoved, the shock  
Of time, and shall endure when time itself shall fail.

Yes; to that sunny clime, where first began  
To be reveal'd the history of man,  
I turn, with reverence turn, and long  
To tread that holy soil, and hear the song  
Of joy and gladness sounding o'er the dales,  
The hills, the mountains, and the fertile vales  
Of that fair land,—that loved—that holy place,  
Where first to fallen man Jehovah promised grace.

Thou favour'd land of Palestine, where all  
The mighty wonders of this earthly ball



Were wrought; and heavenly mercy first  
 Reveal'd itself to man in human form,  
 And turn'd upon himself the deadly storm  
 Of wrath, which guilty man, accursed,  
 Upon his race had drawn by his own act  
 Of dire rebellion—reckless of his fate;  
 But soon, by fell remorse and terror rack'd,  
 He saw, he knew, and felt it all too late.

From Ur of Chaldee, lo! I hear a call  
 To one most highly favour'd, to depart  
 From his own kindred, family, and all  
 The ties that held dominion o'er his heart:  
 And with the call the power at once was given  
 The high behest with gladness to obey,  
 Triumphant faith forbade his longer stay,  
 Pointing, with steady hand, the road to heaven.

But far more high and glorious was the test  
 That his unwavering faith was called to bear.  
 Ah! who the anguish of his soul can share,  
 When God himself forbade that he should spare  
 The darling idol whom he loved the best?

Mysterious mandate! Wondrous are thy ways,  
 Thou mighty God, "antient of endless days"!  
 What mortal eye can penetrate the veil—  
 What mortal hand open the fearful seal—  
 That hides impenetrably deep from view  
 Of sinful man, and wondering angels too,

The awful secrets of thy mighty mind,  
 Which, from eternity, lay there confined?  
 But now, by types and shadows, first began  
 To be reveal'd to lost and guilty man.

How vain the thought to guess if angels knew  
 What mighty wonders should ere long ensue,  
 Which, dimly shadow'd, darkly now reveal'd,  
 When the dread book of fate was first unseal'd;  
 And fallen man was raised to honours great,—  
 More high, more glorious, than his first estate.

Bright are the records of thy sacred fame,  
 Greatest of types! for ever stands thy name  
 Foremost in worth, and firmest in the field,—  
 Always a conqueror,—never seen to yield.  
 When the dread sentence swept across thy soul,  
 And waves of darkest billows o'er thee roll;  
 When all a father's love—a father's fears—  
 A father's yearnings—and a father's tears,—  
 In one deep gasping effort were repress'd,  
 And he whom thy fond dotting heart loved best  
 By thine own hand was led to sacred ground,  
 While wondering angels gazed in silence round;—  
 Thy faith, unshrinking still and undismay'd,  
 Firmly Jehovah to the death obey'd.

Oh! who can paint the anguish of thy heart,  
 The weight of woe, the agonizing smart,

That on thee press'd in that dread solemn hour?  
 And would have crush'd thee soon, had not a power  
 Superior to thine own upheld thy frame,  
 And stamp'd thy character with deathless fame—  
 Fame lasting as eternity, and bright  
 As ever fell in radiance on our night,  
 From the high orbs of pure celestial light.  
 Never but once, since then, did angels see  
 A struggle so severe, but that, Gethsemane,  
 That dreadful conflict which took place in thee.

Thus is it ever—they who glory win  
 In this dark world of misery and sin,  
 Must pass through conflicts, deep, severe, and long—  
 Must bear un murmuring, shame, reproach, and wrong—  
 Take up the cross, ready to part with all—  
 To hear, and prompt obey, Jehovah's call—  
 To go where'er He points without delay,  
 Though torrents roar, and thorns obstruct the way;  
 Like Abraham, offer up the dearest tie;  
 Bow to his will, and at his bidding die;  
 Whate'er we loved most fondly to resign,  
 "And know no other will great God but thine."

The conflict o'er, an angel stays his hand;  
 And, oh! how sweetly sounds the new command,—  
 "Slay not thy son, nor do him any harm:"  
 And soon the welcome words arrest his arm  
 That now was just descending to bestow  
 On his loved one the final deadly blow.