

**A LAY FOR MY
COUNTRY; IN
THREE BOOKS**

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A Lay for My Country; In Three Books by Joseph Jones

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JOSEPH JONES

**A LAY FOR MY
COUNTRY; IN
THREE BOOKS**

A

LAY FOR MY COUNTRY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH JONES, M. A.

UNBLEST THE MAN WHOM PHILOSOPHIC RAGE
SHALL TEMPT TO LOSE THE CHRISTIAN IN THE SAGE-
JOHNSON.

CARI SUNT PARENTES, CARI LIBERI, PROPINQUI,
FAMILIARES; SED OMNES OMNIUM CARITATES PA-
TRIA UNA COMPLEXA EST.—CICERO.

OXFORD, D. A TALBOYS.

LONDON, SOLD BY HATCHARD AND SON, AND
HAMILTON AND ADAMS.

M DCC XXXIII.

280. n. 939.

TO HER

WHOM EVERY WISE AND GOOD MAN
ESTEEMS AND LOVES,
AND WHOSE HONOUR AND PROSPERITY
HE IS DEEPLY SOLICITOUS TO PROMOTE ;

THE MOTHER

OF SAINTS AND OF MARTYRS,
OF PHILOSOPHERS AND OF BARDS,
OF PATRIOTS, OF SENATORS, AND OF HEROES ;

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED
BY ONE OF HER AFFECTIONATE AND FAITHFUL SONS.

PREFACE.

It is not the proper business of an author to usurp the province of the critic. He who ventures to put a volume before the public must be satisfied to leave the decision of its literary character and worth, whatever they may be, to those whose office it is to deal out praise and censure; to raise a work into notice, or to consign it to oblivion.

But an author may be allowed to state the object or design of his performance. It is the purpose, then, of the first book of the *Lay* to maintain, that the true grandeur and the true happiness of Man depend on Religion; of the second book, to show the Influence of Religion; and of the third book, to exhibit its Necessity. These subjects are not treated in a formal and logical method, but with that freedom which such a sort of composition properly admits.

For the idea of the Refiner in the second book, the author is indebted to the Friendly Visitor, October 1831, page 112. The reference that is made in the same book to the Rothsay Castle, which was lost on the night of the seventeenth of August, 1831, is derived from the number for November in that year of the same work.

The author cannot dismiss his little work without distinctly observing, that he by no means considers any of its pages free from blemishes and defects. He is fully aware, that so long a piece would require much time and labour to give it that beauty and finish which might be desirable: but he has no time which he can conscientiously devote to the polishing of poetical lines. Imperfect as the Lay undoubtedly is in various respects, he is confident that the severest criticism, if the eye of criticism condescend to inspect his pages, will award him all the praise which he is anxious to obtain—that of having attempted to do good; of having written some lines and paragraphs which may be read with advantage.

The measure of our talents is not our concern: for the use which we make of them we are responsible.

The highest praise that is won by the exhibition of genius and taste, if mere praise be all, is but an empty sound, however pleasing it may be to the ear: but he who writes what is calculated to give men a right frame of mind and heart, though the page be humble in literary estimation, is a moral benefactor to his species.

The following pages have been written, not to gain commendation for the author, but to excite the reader of them to think, and, it is hoped, to think rightly.

“ I little court Parnassian fame,
“ There's yet a better than a Poet's name.”

*Newchurch, near Warrington,
Dec. 1832.*



A LAY FOR MY COUNTRY.

BOOK I.

WHERE'ER we look with keen exploring eye,
On earth's green fields, or on the azure sky,
What countless scenes of grandeur meet the sight!
What beauteous prospects furnish new delight!
If Contemplation here her power employ,
How bright the thought she wakes, how pure the joy,
As she surveys each object, great or small,
And views divine perfection in them all;
From radiant orbs that high in ether glow,
To feeblest plants that deck the vales below!

O'er hills and plains our roving feet may stray,
From thee, fair Albion, to remote Cathay :
From Zaara's burning sands to Hecla's snows,
From Ohio's spring to where Panara flows ;
In every realm fresh objects rise to view,
With pleasing form and captivating hue.