

POETICAL PIECES

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Poetical Pieces by Major Crisp

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MAJOR CRISP

**POETICAL
PIECES**

Original Lyric Stanzas
AND
POETICAL PIECES

ON
Sacred and Miscellaneous Subjects;

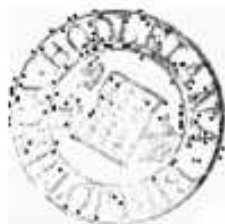
WITH
A FEW SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LATIN POET
HORACE, AND THE FERREAN POET JAMES.

BY
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Poetical Pieces

ON

SACRED SUBJECTS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."—LUKE xiii. 8-9.

CHOOSE you this day the Master ye will serve !
Choose you this day the God ye will adore ;
Is not the past of life a desert waste ?
The tree degenerate, cumbering the ground
From year to year, and unproductive still
Of fruits of righteousness—repaying ill
The care and culture of the Dresser's hand !
And thou hast spared it, Lord ! another year ;

Spared it! in Thy forbearing mercy spared!
If haply some probationary term
Of added life and superadded grace,
Might yet correct its vitiated sap,
And fructify its withering barren boughs.
Oh! may the past suffice to have in vain
Been hedg'd around—been water'd and refresh'd
By dropping show'rs and dripping dews from Heav'n,
To quicken and expand its stunted growth,
And keep it safe from all external harm,
Though many an adverse storm hath beaten on it.
Give me to live henceforth to Thee, who died'st
To save me from a grave of living death,
A life of sensuality and vice!
The lusting of the flesh and of the eye,
The pride, pomp, pleasure, vanity of the world,
The food and furniture of carnal minds.
If unallured by Wisdom's gentler calls,
If by her piteous pleadings unreclaim'd,
Let Sinai's thunder drive me to the Rock
Of shelter from the storm of penal woe;
Let me be awed and driven by Thy frown
To hear and heed Thy voice in threatening tones:
Bend me to bear Thy cross—and kiss the rod,
Submissive to my Father's chastening hand,
Correcting me in measure—not in wrath,

Discharged already on the sinless Lamb,
 The sinner's surety, substitute, and Friend.
 Hear Him, O man! whose voice once shook the earth;
 Hear Him, O man! whose voice shall once again
 Shake—not the Earth alone—but also Heaven.
 The Saviour and Redeemer speaks to thee;
 'Tis Wisdom's cry—to you, O man! she calls,
 Her voice is lifted to the sons of men;
 Hear, O ye careless simple ones, be wise!
 "My Son, give me thy Heart"—whole and entire
 Thy heart must give its undivided love,—
 Thou canst not serve two masters, God and mammon:
 Or Christ—or Belial—One will be prefer'd,
 Honoured, obeyed—exclusively adored!
 Choose you this day the Master ye will serve,
 Choose you this day the God ye will adore.
 Great is the mercy! Man, thou hast a choice,
 And art not left, like Lucifer, to bear
 Thy damnatory sentence unrepealed.
 Pause—ponder here the sov'raignty of Grace!
 Angels that sinned, and who abjured their faith,
 Who left their first estate, and bright abode,
 Lie prostrate in impenitence and guilt,
Helpless Apostates! irreclaimable:
 For ever doomed, unpardoned, unredeemed.
 No proclamation made of Grace divine