

**LINES SACRED TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE REVEREND JAMES
GRAHAME**

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Lines sacred to the memory of the reverend James Grahame by John Wilson

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JOHN WILSON

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GRAHAME**

Ch: Kirkpatrick Sharpe

LINES

SACRED TO THE MEMORY'

OF THE

REVEREND JAMES GRAHAME,

AUTHOR OF THE "SABBATH," &c.

"A Man he was to all the Country dear."

GLASGOW:

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1811.



WITH tearless eyes and undisturbed heart,
O Bard! of sinless life and holiest song,
I muse upon thy death-bed and thy grave;
Tho' round that grave the trodden grass still lies
Besmeared with clay; for many feet were there,
Fast-rooted to the spot, when slowly sank
Thy coffin, GRAHAME! into the quiet cell.
Yet, well I loved thee, even as one might love
An elder Brother, imaged in the soul
With solemn features, half-creating awe,
But smiling still with gentleness and peace.
Tears have I shed when thy most mournful voice

Did tremblingly breathe forth that touching air,
By Scottish shepherd haply framed of old,
Amid the silence of his pastoral hills,
Weeping the Flowers on Flodden-field that died.
Wept, too, have I, when thou didst simply read
From thine own lays so simply beautiful
Some short pathetic tale of human grief,
Or orison or hymn of deeper love,
That might have won the sceptic's sullen heart
To gradual adoration, and belief
Of Him who died for us upon the cross.
Yea! oft when thou wert well, and in the calm
Of thy most Christian spirit blessing all
Who look'd upon thee, with those gentlest smiles
That never lay on human face but thine;
Even when thy serious eyes were lighted up
With kindling mirth, and from thy lips distill'd
Words soft as dew, and cheerful as the dawn,
Then, too, I could have wept, for on thy face,
Eye, voice, and smile, nor less thy bending frame
By other cause impair'd than length of years,
Lay something that still turn'd the thoughtful heart

To melancholy dreams, dreams of decay,
Of death and burial, and the silent tomb.

And of the tomb thou art an inmate now!
Methinks I see thy name upon the stone
Placed at thy head, and yet my cheeks are dry.
Tears could I give thee, when thou wert alive,
The mournful tears of deep foreboding love
That might not be restrain'd; but now they seem
Most idle all! thy worldly course is o'er,
And leaves such sweet remembrance in my soul
As some delightful music heard in youth,
Sad, but not painful, ev'n more spirit-like
Than when it murmur'd thro' the shades of earth.

Short time wert thou allow'd to guide thy flock
Thro' the green pastures, where in quiet glides
The Siloah of the soul! Scarce was thy voice
Familiar to their hearts, who felt that heaven
Did therein speak, when suddenly it fell
Mute, and for ever! Empty now and still
The holy house which thou didst meekly grace,

When with uplifted hand, and eye devout,
Thy soul was breathed to Jesus, or explained
The words that lead unto eternal life.
From infancy thy heart was vow'd to God:
And aye the hope that one day thou might'st keep
A little fold, from all the storms of sin
Safe-shelter'd, and by reason of thy prayers
Warm'd by the sunshine of approving Heaven,
Upheld thy spirit, destined for a while
To walk far other paths, and with the crowd
Of worldly men to mingle. Yet ev'n then,
Thy life was ever such as well became
One whose pure soul was fixed upon the cross!
And when with simple fervent eloquence,
GRAHAME pled the poor Man's cause, the listner oft
Thought how becoming would his visage smile
Across the house of God, how beauteously
That man would teach the saving words of Heaven!

How well he taught them, many a one will feel
Unto their dying day; and when they lie
On the grave's brink, unfearing and composed,

Their speechless souls will bless the holy man
Whose voice exhorted, and whose footsteps led
Unto the paths of life; nor sweeter hope,
Next to the gracious look of Christ have they
Than to behold his face who saved their souls.

But closed on earth thy blessed ministry!
And while thy native Scotland mourns her Son
Untimely reft from her maternal breast,
Weeps the fair sister-land, with whom ere while
The stranger sojourn'd, stranger but in birth,
For well she loved thee, as thou wert her own.

On a most clear and noiseless Sabbath-night
I heard that thou wert gone, from the soft voice
Of one who knew thee not, but deeply loved
Thy spirit meekly shining in thy song.
At such an hour the death of one like thee
Gave no rude shock, nor by a sudden grief
Destroy'd the visions from the starry sky
Then settling in my soul. The moonlight slept
With a diviner sadness on the air;