

**CALVARY, OR, THE DEATH
OF CHRIST: A POEM IN
EIGHT BOOKS. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649286485

Calvary, or, The death of Christ: a poem in eight books. Vol. II by Richard Cumberland

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

RICHARD CUMBERLAND

**CALVARY, OR, THE DEATH
OF CHRIST: A POEM IN
EIGHT BOOKS. VOL. II**

J. Hemmiker Nov 2 1811
J. D. Willis

CALVARY;
OR,
THE DEATH OF CHRIST.
A POEM,
IN EIGHT BOOKS.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

SEVENTH EDITION.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.
TEMPLE OF THE MUSES,
FINSBURY-SQUARE.

1810.

Harding and Wright, Printers, St. John's Square, London.



CALVARY;
OR,
THE DEATH OF CHRIST.



BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

This Book, proposing to treat of the trial and condemnation of CHRIST, opens with an invocation to the Evangelists, the sacred historians of that event....CHRIST, brought before the priests and elders in council, accused by the witnesses, interrogated by CAIAPHAS, persists in keeping silence, till being solemnly called upon to declare himself, he answers by an affirmation of the truth....Instantly all voices are let loose upon him, accusing him of blasphemy and pronouncing him worthy of death :....He is delivered over to mockery and insult....The Jews resolve to arraign him before PILATE on the following morning....He turns and looks upon PETER, who according to prediction had three several times denied him....The sorrow and contrition of that Disciple is described ; he retires apart to bewail his crime and supplicate forgiveness....His prayer and confession in the temple-porch....The council of the Jews resort to PILATE next morning and appeal against CHRIST :....He informs them that by the Roman law no judgment can be given till the accused is confronted with his accusers, and heard in his defence....Now commences the trial of CHRIST before PILATE, who, finding nothing worthy of death in that just Person, refers him to HEROD as belonging to his jurisdiction....HEROD, after mocking him, arrays him in a gorgeous robe, and in that apparel sends him back to PILATE....He again appears in the judgment-hall before PILATE, who after many fruitless efforts to save him, the Jews still urging him by their clamorous importunity to crucify him, finding no other way to prevent a tumult of the people, after declaring himself innocent of the blood of JESUS by the ceremony of washing his hands before the multitude, delivers him to be crucified.

CALVARY.

BOOK V.

THE CONDEMNATION OF CHRIST.

YE sacred Guides, whose plain unvarnish'd page,
Penn'd by the hand of Truth, records the scene,
Where CHRIST before the bar of impious men,
Patient of all their scorn, arraign'd, betray'd
And of his own abandon'd, silent stands, 5
You I invoke ; so from the same pure source,
Whence my faith flows, shall also flow my song,
Not idly babbling, like that shallow rill
Trickling at foot of the Parnassian Mount,
But deep, serene, to hallow'd airs attun'd : 10
Aid me from Heav'n, where now before God's throne
In evangelic attributes ye stand

Six-wing'd and thick bespangled o'er with eyes,
 Ranging all points before you and behind,
 Seraphic minstrels, chanting day and night 15
 Your ceaseless hallelujahs to the name
 Of Him, who was and is and is to come,
 Led by your hand with trembling step I press
 The sacred ground, which my Redeemer trode,
 Now like a lamb to slaughter led, and now 20
 Pendent, Oh horror! on the bloody tree;
 And whilst to tell his sacrifice of love,
 His soul-dissolving agonies I strive,
 My heart melts into sorrows deep as those,
 When the sad daughters of Jerusalem 25
 Water'd his passage to the cross with tears.

Musing my pious theme, as fits a bard
 Far onward in the wint'ry track of age,
 I shun the Muses haunts, nor dalliance hold
 With fancy by the way, but travel on 30
 My mournful road, a pilgrim grey with years;

One

One that finds little favor with the world,
Yet thankful for its least benevolence
And patient of its taunts; for never yet
Lur'd I the popu'lar ear with gibing tales, 35
Or sacrific'd the modesty of song,
Harping lewd madrigals at drunken feasts
To make the vulgar sport and win their shout.
Me rather the still voice delights, the praise
Whisper'd, not publish'd by fame's braying trump:
Be thou my herald, Nature! Let me please 41
The sacred few, let my remembrance live
Embosom'd by the virtuous and the wise;
Make me, O Heav'n! by those, who love thee, lov'd:
So when the widow's and the children's tears 45
Shall sprinkle the cold dust, in which I sleep
Pompless and from a scornful world withdrawn,
The laurel, which its malice rent, shall shoot
So water'd into life, and mantling throw
Its verdant honors o'er my grassy tomb. 50