

**TRUTH'S TRIUMPH,
A POEM ON THE
REFORMATION**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649265534

Truth's triumph, a poem on the reformation by C. R. Bond

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

C. R. BOND

**TRUTH'S TRIUMPH,
A POEM ON THE
REFORMATION**

TRUTH'S TRIUMPH.

TRUTH'S TRIUMPH.

A Poem

ON THE REFORMATION.

BY C. R. BOND.

LONDON:
J. HATCHARD & SON, 187, PICCADILLY.
1834.

34.



LONDON :

ROBSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

ERRATA.

- Page 7, last line, *for* bride's *read* brides
12, line 10, *for* om *read* from
34, line 13, *for* worship *read* worships

Resembling Heaven! that breath'd her hallow'd airs,
And saw the wondrous light of Truth Divine,
Meridian in its morn,—when time and course,
The revolution of a million suns
Dividing, gave to sight a Christendom,
Fall'n from its name!—one desert vast it spread,

* The Christian Church, as described Acts iv. Rev. xii.

Waste, horrid, wild, beneath an angry heaven :
 A dismal tract of darksome clouds, shut out
 From blessing's wonted smile, where noon walk'd by
 In veil of low'ring night, and seem'd to shun
 Th' unvoyageable skies : the pilgrim sad,
 That track'd these hapless borders, yet to catch
 The sacred beam celestial, cheer'd at once,
 And shudder'd at the glance that wide disclos'd
 A world undone ! The millions vast immerg'd
 Beneath the blackness of Cimmerian shades,
 Denied, abhorr'd the gaze, and madly dream'd
 In falsehood, folly, sin,—truth, wisdom, grace.

Apostate ! Fallacy to fallacy
 Still adding ;—changing, minishing, perverting
 The Faith Divine, they strove to rear anew
 The temples Truth had triumph'd to confound :
 With what long-suffering mercy Judgment view'd !
 Oft claiming, oft entreating their return ;

Unheeded still ;—another voice enslav'd,
That round another throne with scroery lur'd,
Where Babylon had built a mighty name,
Wide over earth enormous stretch'd ;—her crest
Still towering with interminable toil,
To reach high Heaven, though fathom'd from th' Abyss.

The pomp, the power of that moon-mother'd race
Rise silvery o'er my soul, what time the trump
Of mortal Judgment dar'd proclaim Heav'n's peace
To unrepented guilt ; at lucre's feet
Proferring profuse the treasures of her grace.
Name Faith and Holiness ; lo ! where they point,
To sworn obedience sacred :—what are these,
Bare-footed walking earth, and cilice-bound ;
Abject in discipline, austere in spirit,
That mutter mattins, and assume perfection ?
And these who angel innocence affecting,
With Brahma's frantic bride's self-sacrifice :

These that in desert caves, their penance drear,
And wasting fast abide, and these that roam
In beggar'd brotherhood,—a ghastly train?
Form and formality,—Devotion's face,
With all th' unconsecrated pride of life,
That like a stubborn bullock, kicks the goad,
As sullen at the yoke.—Of fiercer fame,
The barb'd and turban'd captive at their wheels,
Bursts from the east a furious band, their hoofs
Afflicting earth, their looks assume the heavens;
Then Slaughter, Famine, Fire, take names of grace,
And forms that seem divine; with palmy state
Flattering the brows whose very dreams are deathful:
So prancing haughty on, they to the fanes,
Illum'd, mid mitres ministrant, their spoils
Heap red! and with the ruffian pomp of war,
The mysteries of that hallow'd sign profane,
That purchas'd peace for man.—The exemplars such;
That with the garb of sanctity would grace