

SACRED POEMS

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Sacred poems by Mrs. Bruce & William Downing Bruce

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MRS. BRUCE & WILLIAM DOWNING BRUCE

SACRED POEMS

SACRED POEMS.

BY

MRS. BRUCE.

EDITED BY HER SON,

WILLIAM DOWNING BRUCE,

KNIGHT OF THE SOVEREIGN ORDER OF ST. JOHN; FELLOW OF THE
ROYAL SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON; VICE-PRESIDENT
OF THE LONDON GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY; MEMBER OF
THE COUNCIL OF THE BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL
ASSOCIATION, ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE.

THESE Sacred Poems, with many others of my Mother's, have now lain for upwards of twenty years unpublished, save occasionally some few have been printed, particularly in the works of my much respected and valued friend John Walker Ord, Esq., of Guisborough.

Mr. Holland, in a very interesting work, comprising sketches of the lives, and specimens of the writings of about two hundred and fifty of the Poets of Yorkshire, from about the year 700 to the present time, has given a memoir of my Mother, and an account of some of her writings.

Many of the Sacred Poems were suggested to the author by reading Miss O'Keefe's Patriarchal Times.

W. DOWNING BRUCE,
CADET DE KENNET.

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SACRED POEMS.

JOSEPH.

THE day returns, which once to Egypt gave
A mighty ruler, in a foreign slave ;
The grated doors unbar, the wretched see
A female form, who cries—" Prisoners, be free !"
'Tis Asenath, a daughter of the land,
Who to the Ruler gave her heart and hand ;
And on this day receives from Egypt's king
His power and mandate, in his signet ring :
And with an angel's smile delights to see
The form long chained, rush forth to liberty.
She stands within the entrance of the ward,
Surrounded by the mighty ruler's guard,
In either hand appears a blooming child,
Rosy as health, as summer breezes, mild.
A brilliant diadem her tresses bound,
The robe of purple floated on the ground ;

Each sparkling gem was clasped upon her waist,
And Pharoah's ring her snowy finger graced.

"Look! my loved children," to the boys she cried,
"Look! and behold how vain all human pride:
Never from Virtue's paths your footsteps turn,
Lest in such dungeons *you*, like these, may mourn.
Be God's great laws engraven on each heart,
And from His precepts may you ne'er depart."
The boys hung trembling on their mother's vest,
While she with tenderness the cherubs blest.
The prisoners freed,—she sought her favorite bowers,
Where, with her lord, she passed her happiest hours:
Released from pomp, together here they prove
The dearest charm of undivided love.
Oft would they sit in twilight's softened ray,
And watch with smiles their blooming boys at play:
Or wander by the Nile, destined to save
The infant Moses from an early grave.
Asenath to her favorite bower withdrew,
Where every shrub and fragrant floweret grew;
She called in haste a fair and gentle friend,
Who ever loved the princess to attend,—
"My Attila, thy footsteps quickly move,
Tell my loved lord I wait him in the grove."

"Vain is the mission, for these Hebrew men
In chains are brought to Egypt's land again;