

LYRICS

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Lyrics by W. A. W.

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BY

W. A. W.



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JOSEPH G. TORREY, PRINTER.

1841.

MPS

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LYRICS.



THE GRAVE OF MARTYN.

He rests in the East — mid the Mussulmen's graves,
And proud Tocat's mount rises high o'er his head ;
They've hollow'd his bed far beyond the dark waves,
And none but the Persian* has gazed on the dead.

He rests in the East, and no lov'd one was nigh,
Life's last hours to quiet by kindness and love ;
The angels alone heard his last struggling sigh,
Then hasten'd to bear the freed spirit above.

* " There was something, also, deeply affecting in the consideration, that where he sunk into his grave, men were strangers to him and his God. No friendly hand was stretched out — no sympathizing voice heard at that time, when the tender offices of Christian affection are so soothing and delightful."—*Mem. of Martyn.*

He rests in the East, where from Bethlehem's star,
A light was once shining resplendent and bright ;
That light has now pass'd to the regions afar,
And left the lov'd land of our Saviour in night.

He rests in the East, but forever he lives
In fondest remembrance, by those he held dear ;
There Shiras his name immortality gives,
And heathen bend o'er his lone grave with a tear.

O BLEST ARE THEY WHOSE THROBING
HEARTS.

"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."

O BLEST are they whose throbbing hearts
Have felt the mourner's pain ;
Since God in mercy will return,
And give them joy again.

O blest are they who oft have shed
The contrite sinner's tears ;
For pardon thro' a Saviour's blood
Shall dissipate their fears,