

**SULAMITH: A
METRICAL
ROMANCE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649131778

Sulamith: a metrical romance by Samuel McClurg Osmond

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SAMUEL MCCLURG OSMOND

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ROMANCE**

SULAMITH.

A METRICAL ROMANCE.

BY

SAMUEL MCCLURG OSMOND, D.D.

PHILADELPHIA :

THE JAS. B. RODGERS PRINTING COMPANY,

52 AND 54 NORTH SIXTH ST.

1892.



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2499
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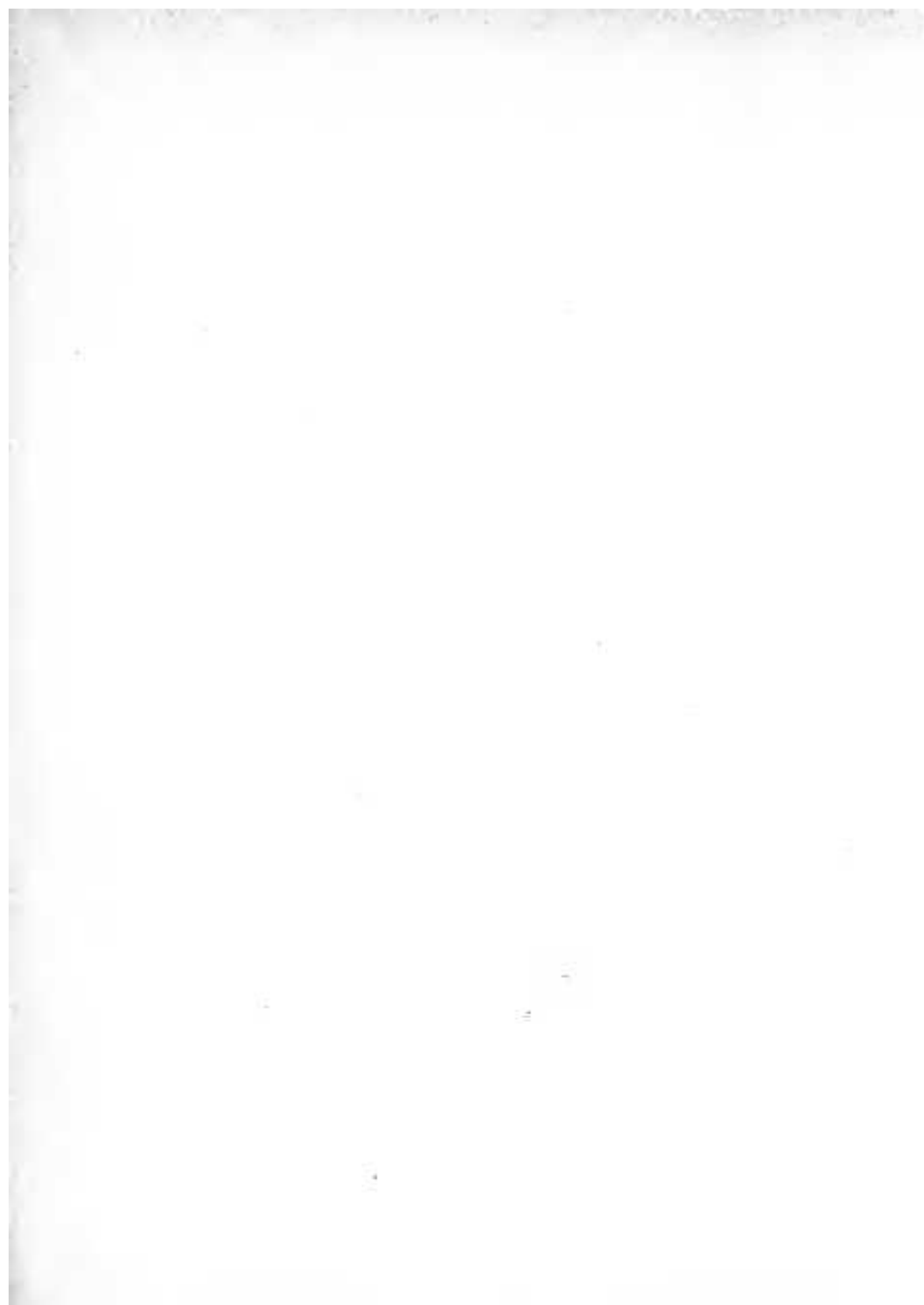
HONEY sweetness drops from thy lips,
My sister-bridè!

Honey and milk are on thy tongue,
The smell of thy robes is like that of Lebanon.
A garden enclosed is my sister-bridè,
A fenced well, a sealed-up spring.

---*Song of Songs.*

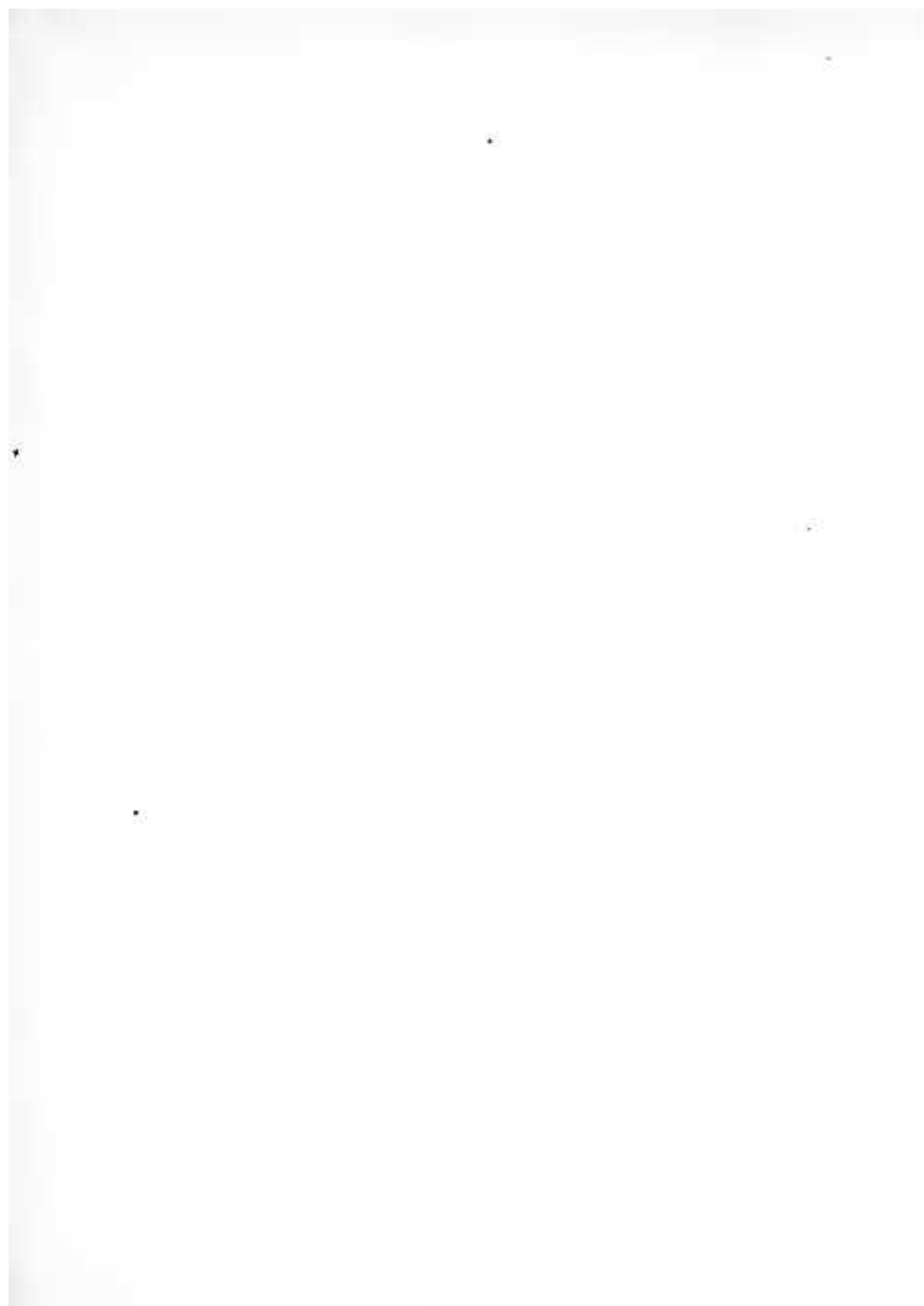


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PROEM.

IHAD been musing on that mystic song
Of love and longing, which—as some have
deemed—

Is in the sacred canon strangely found;
“Strangely,” say they, “because so much attuned
To key-notes given forth by human hearts
When but an earth-born passion sweeps their chords.”

But well I knew that its melodious strains,
So soft and low with yearning tenderness,
Or tremulous with thrills of passionate pain,
Or jubilant with a triumphal joy,
Were all as angels' wings to saintly souls,
On which they soared to heavenly ecstasies
And purest raptures of the love divine.

Yet even to me had doubt unbidden come,
That he who wove into his crown of crowns