A PARAPHRASE IN VERSE, ON THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CHAPTERS OF GENESIS. WITH A POEM TO THE MONSOON, IN INDIA, A DIALOGUE

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A paraphrase in verse, on the first, second, and third chapters of Genesis. With A Poem To The Monsoon, In India, A Dialogue by Scribbler Pseud

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A Hofne Maderwood

PARAPHRASE

IN VERSE,

ON THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CHAPTERS OF GENERALS;

WITH A PORM

TO THE MONSOON, IN INDIA,

A DIALOGUE.

BATTLE

PRINTED AND SOLD BY F. W. TICKHURST.

1844

TO MY BROTHER,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

Are Unneribeb,

AS A SMALL TOKEN OF AFFECTION AND ESTEEM,

AND A SLIGHT TRIBUTE

FOR HIS FORMER FAVORS AND KINDNESSES,

BY SCRIBBLER,

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PREFATORY ADDRESS

TO "THE MUSES."

HARP of the immortal "Ninc," if e'er—
A votary may claim,

To sweep thy chords—though he despair—

Of gaining "poct's name"-

If "one" may dare to touch that lyre,

Of "sunn'd Parnassus' height,"

Who venerates each golden wire,

Yet hath but feeble right!

If such a hand as mine may move along-

Those strings which oft have breath'd far sweeter lays,

Then will I try, though heavy be the touch and song,

My weaker powers obtain, as "one" who has no bays; As "one" who ne'er to Tempe's beauteous vale

Hath been transported on Apollo's wing;

Or heard that mystic noted nightingale,

Which taught first bards more blest than I to sing,

Then will I try! and may my love's excess,

For nymphs so oft adored as ye—"sweet nine!"

For nymphs so cloth'd in melting loveliness!

Plead my sole reason why! yea, even mine!

But should e'en then, while yet ye list,

Those countenances frown,

Let on my grave your condemnations hist,

Or fall, fall lightly down!



PARAPHRASE

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ON THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CHAPTERS OF GENESIS.

The earth was shapeless, and 'twas void;

No sculptor's hand had yet been there,

To mould to beauteous form; no art employ'd,

To harmonize the whole,

Or wake to life and soul;

But Chaos rul'd the loveless sphere.