

**DAVID AND
SAMUEL:
WITH OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649532841

David and Samuel: With Other Poems by John Robertson

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

JOHN ROBERTSON

**DAVID AND
SAMUEL:
WITH OTHER POEMS**

POEMS.

©

// DAVID ^g (AND) SAMUEL ; //

WITH

OTHER POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

By JOHN ROBERTSON.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, 54 FLEET STREET.
LONDON. MDCCCLIX.

11 1859 //

THE CANDID CRITIC TO THE BOOK.

ALAS! the world is broad and high,
And I have much to do,
Forgive me, miracle, if I
Am all unjust to you.
Your merits are so great, I ne'er
Of praising you should tire,
Were I, as much as you are fair,
At leisure to admire.

And miracle, although you be
A miracle indeed,
Yet in this wondrous world we see
So many of that breed ;

So all unnumbered are their names
Who claim acknowledgment,
We make no question of your claims,
But all our praise is spent.

We keep a welcome for his strain
Who sang Babe Christabel,
Let Glasgow's genius sing again,
Whom publishers love well ;
The sweetly sadly laboured song
From Oxford sent we mark,
And that "not smooth but clear and strong"
Of Eversley's warm clerk.

When he who wears the laurel crown
Long musing takes the lyre,
There runs a thrill across the town,
Some mock and some admire.
But with sweet qualms that burst in tears
Full many a breast is stirred,

As when by quaint King Richard's peers
The Knight's Tale first was heard.

If flowers must needs by millions spring,
Then some unseen must blush ;
Some birds must sing unheard that sing
A score in every bush.

But daisies blow and thrushes sing,
Contented though unknown,
Proud of the glory of the spring,
And careless of their own.

O Poet, build the idle rhyme,
If rhymes beset thy brain ;
We will not call it waste of time,
Nor rudely hush the strain.
Nature that cares not to exclude,
That lets things have their course,
Joins to the music of the wood
Untutored notes and hoarse.

Be thine the hoarse notes or the sweet,
Sing, poet, and God speed thee;
For we have leisure to maltreat
As little as to read thee.
Sing, poet, and account it fame
Some passer-by should say,
Not waiting to inquire thy name,
"How Grubstreet rings to day!"

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DAVID AND SAMUEL	1
PSALMS.	
JEHOVAH	27
LAW	31
THE KING	35
THE SHEPHERD	38
THE INHERITANCE OF THE JUST	39
THE CITY OF GOD	45
REPENTANCE	47
THE FATHER	50
THE COSMOS	54
THE TALISMAN	60
THE CHURCH	63