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A

Tribute of Affection

To the Memory of the

Late Rev. David Davies,

Baptist Minister,

Bethesda, Haverfordwest.

BY CLEDDY.



"This is Affection's Tribute, Friendship's Offering."

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Tribute of Affection.

“Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thine absence from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have chained thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the realms of bliss.”

Malignant Tyrant! King of Terrors! Thou,
Whose name beclouds alone the human brow!
Vast is thy power, despotic thy command,
As with gigantic strokes thou sweep'st the land;
Encircling all within thy cold embrace,
The godless sinner, and the “saved by grace.”
The crumbling temple, and the falling tree,
Yon vessel sinking on the distant sea,
The ivied ruins, and deserted cell,
Of thy ungenial sway too plainly tell.
Where shall we find a hiding-place from thee?
In eastern lands? or o'er the polar sea?
In western isles, where vernal lilies glow?
Or southern climes, where roses ever blow?
Alas! the earth from Indus to the pole,
From sea to sea, acknowledge thy control!
Thy sway extends o'er nature's wide domain,
And desolation marks thy fearful reign!

But ah! thy power shall not endure for aye,
 A breathing fire shall animate the clay,
 Of victims numerous as the sea-shore sand,
 The morning dew that fructifies the land,
 The forest leaves when autumn winds have blown,
 And winter's mantle o'er the scene is thrown,
 The stars above that glitter as they fly,
 O'er fields of ether in the midnight sky.

When the first blast of the last trump shall sound,
 Thy prostrate victims all shall leave the ground;
 Shall mount as though on lightning's wings above,
 To blest abodes of happiness and love.

The notes that waft thy victims to the sky,
 Shall ring thy knell—and Death himself shall die.

Thy sturdy stroke hath laid a Christian low,
 Prepared for heaven, he welcome bid the blow;
 The fair "inheritance of saints in light,"
 Burst at the moment on his wondering sight!
 The scenes of rapture which no tongue can tell,
 No fancy paint—where saints and seraphs swell
 Their songs of triumph round the flaming throne,
 Are now in full possession all his own!
 Though low in earth his clay-cold body lies,
 His spirit plumed her wings and reached the skies;
 Thy stroke was kindness to the Pastor dead,
 Though we lament his gentle spirit fled.

Can we forget the accents fraught with love,
 With which he sought to win the soul above

All unenduring, fading joys, and rise
 To joys celestial ever in the skies ?
 Can we forget the love-impassioned strain,
 In diction simple, and in language plain,
 With which he urged the sinner to obey
 The voice of God at once, nor dare delay ?
 Can we forget how warmly he implored
 Allegiance to the God whom he adored ?
 O, no ! remembrance fondly lingers yet,
 We would not ever if we could forget.
 His words of love are graven with the pen
 Of feeling pure upon the hearts of men.
 The scenes of bliss on which he loved to dwell,
 To allure the guilty from the gates of hell ;
 His 'voice of mercy pealing through the spheres,'
 So oft proclaimed, yet ring within our ears ;
 And Sinai's thunder with its deafening roll,
 To alarm in love the unconverted soul,
 Its lightnings flashing, and its scorching heat,
 Within the bosom with a tremor beat !
 And when the good man's knee in prayer was bent,
 What hallowed influence from above was sent !
 Invoking blood-bought mercies on the head,
 Of guilty rebels in transgressions dead,
 How meek the language, how sublime the tone,
 How deep the pathos as he neared the throne !
 Alas ! the voice so gentle and so mild,
 That soothed alike the parent and the child,

That sought to bind in love the broken heart,
 And from the bosom tear the festering dart,
 That voice is hushed, the quivering lip is sealed,
 On which an audience hung while he revealed
 The eternal truths of God to guilty man,
 And urged the adoption of Salvation's plan.
 Within Machpelah's consecrated walls,
 The tuneful tongue which now no more enthral,
 A raptured audience with its notes so sweet,
 In language chosen, and in phrases meet ;
 That tongue is mute, and closed the placid eye,
 Whose beams of kindness soothed the mourner's
 sigh.

Sustaining thought ! the Faith he loved to preach,
 Whose perfect doctrines he was wont to teach,
 Whose genial blessings he had timely sought,
 Sweet, tranquil comfort to his death-bed brought ;
 Religion cheered him in the hour of death,
 While angels kissed away the feeble breath !

Sublime Religion ! Thou alone canst soothe
 A dying man—his dying pillow smooth !
 'Tis thy prerogative to calm the soul,
 And storms and tempests hush at thy control ;
 'Tis thine to solace in affliction drear,
 To chase the darkness, and dispel each fear ;
 'Tis thine to pacify the raging breast,
 And point the weary to a place of rest ;

'Tis thine to gently lead by cords of love,
 The homeless wanderer to a home above!
 Thy gentle hands the dying saint composed,
 While on thy tender bosom he reposed;
 Thy amaranthine fingers closed his eyes,
 And wrote his passport to elysian skies!

When midnight tempests o'er the ocean sweep,
 And wild tornadoes agitate the deep;
 When billow rolls o'er billow, wave o'er wave,
 And gushing waters rugged rocks enlave;
 In wild confusion sea-birds hurry past,
 While Devastation breathes th' impetuous blast;
 The thunder rolls with awful boom between,
 And lightnings vivid flash illumines the scene.
 The laden ship distorts her gallant form,
 In vain encounter with the sweeping storm;
 Her stately masts that seemed to rake the sky,
 Have snapped like tendons 'neath its gentlest sigh;
 Her compass gone—no anchor left to hold—
 No helm to guide her o'er the depths untold!
 She sinks! and O! the wail of loud despair,
 The mingled curses, and the fervent prayer,
 Are borne upon the tempest's fitful roar,
 Above the waves to echo on the shore!—
 E'en then there's depths of waters far below,
 Whose tranquil breast the storm shall never know;
 Its depths profound are still and all serene,
 As though the winds had hushed, or never been!

E'en so the Pastor dead ! full many a storm
 Has swept in fury o'er his aged form ;
 Now waves of anguish curl around his head,
 Till sleep forsakes the precincts of his bed ;
 Upon his brow sits dark cimmerician gloom,
 Chaotic blackness—emblem of the tomb !
 Now is his bosom racked with blighting fears,
 His soul depressed, his eyes suffused with tears ;
 Around his heart the dark'ning tempest raves,
 While o'er his breast roll sorrow's turbid waves !
 But ah ! there is a depth of peace within,
 Untouched by sorrow, and unreached by din ;
 Though storms howl round the heart for evermore,
 They rage in vain, they cannot reach the core !
 A placid stillness reigns within the heart,
 Nor storms nor hurricanes can bid depart ;
 The lamp of life burns ever brightly there,
 And sheds a hallowed blaze on every care !

But all is o'er ! within Machpelah's close,
 The Christian warrior sleeps in sweet repose ;
 The body slumbers in its native clay,
 The soul to radiant scenes has passed away.
 Who shall describe those ever fragrant flowers,
 Distilling nectar o'er the verdant bowers ?
 The tree of life ? the loud resounding song,
 That vibrate e'er its healing leaves among ?
 The soft meandering river, smooth and slow,
 Upon whose banks in rich luxuriance grow,

The vine and myrtle, olive and the palm,
 Emitting sweets' elysium o'er the calm ?
 Who shall describe the saved in vestal white,
 In yon abode of sainted souls in light ?
 The emerald rainbow round the burning throne—
 The orient grandeur of the heavenly zone ?
 Who shall describe the scenes that far surpass
 The pens of angels—with their sea of glass,
 Whose crystal streams in rich abundance flow,
 And in the glories of the Godhead glow ?
 Their gates of pearl ? their walls of jasper bright ?
 —The golden city with its Living Light ?
 Effulgent thought ! these all and more are thine,
 Beloved and blest one, in the lands divine !
 Thine is the harp, and thine the crown of love,
 The song of triumph in the realms above.

