

Poems, by Uriah Smith

BY MRS. REBEKAH SMITH.

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The Willing and Obedient

"If ye be willing and obedient,
ye shall eat the good of the land." Is.1:19.

Whose is a willing heart,
Whose is a ready hand;
Joyful in Jesus' cause to start,
Joyful for him to stand?
Whose breast with ardor glows,
The conflict to begin;
Warring, but not with carnal foes,
Wrestling with every sin?

Who when the cross appears,
Hasten its weight to bear;
Glad, though it be through thorns and tears,
The cross of Christ to share?
Who at stern duty's call,
Unbound by selfish will,
Meekly resign their earthly all,
Its bidding to fulfill?

Who with unyielding feet,
When storms around them roar,
Shrink not the scorn and hate to meet
Which Christ their Saviour bore:
Deeming of higher worth,
Their Lord's reproaches now,
Than all the cankered gold of earth,
To which the worldlings bow?

132

Whose is a willing heart?
And who obedient stand?
To them shall Heaven its joys impart,
To them the goodly land.
For them the City waits,
Unstained by woe or sin,
And as they come, the pearly gates
Shall ope to let them in.

Be Not Cast Down

Tempted, tried, desponding one,
Why does darkness shade thy brow?
Is there no all-beaming sun
In the heavens above thee now?

Is the cloud of radiant light,
Glowing round th' Eternal throne,
Shrouded in a pall of night,
Or in outer darkness gone?

Is the fount of glory dried?
Are the gates of mercy closed?
Went there ever unsupplied,
Any who in God reposed?

Has his arm grown short to save?
Heavy is his ear to hear?
Bids he any be a slave
To despair or doubt or fear?

Then may we refuse to move,
When his word and mighty arm,
Weak and impotent shall prove,
To deliver us from harm.

133

Then may we despondent be,
And in him refuse to trust,
When his throne and majesty
Both shall crumble to the dust.

Has not help on One been laid
Strong to save and set us free?
And is there no promise made,
In his name, of victory?

Then in Jesus let us trust;
On him stay our troubled mind:
Not presume; for God is just:
Nor despair; for he is kind.

Be Faithful

TUNE - "Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home."

O brother, be faithful! soon Jesus will come,
For whom we have waited so long;
Oh! soon we shall enter our glorious home,
And join in the conqueror's song.
O brother, be faithful! for why should we prove
Unfaithful to him who has shown
Such deep, such unbounded and infinite love--
Who died to redeem us his own.

O brother, be faithful! the city of gold,
Prepared for the good and the blest,
Is waiting its portals of pearl to unfold,
And welcome thee into thy rest;
Then brother, prove faithful! not long shall we stay,
In weariness here and forlorn;
Time's dark night of sorrow is wearing away,
We haste to the glorious morn.

O brother, be faithful! He soon will descend,
 Creation's Omnipotent King,
 While legions of angels his chariot attend,
 And palm-wreaths of victory bring.
 O brother, be faithful! and soon thou shalt hear
 Thy Saviour pronounce the glad word,
 Well done, faithful servant, thy title is clear
 To enter the joy of thy Lord.

O brother, be faithful! eternity's years
 Shall tell for thy faithfulness now,
 When bright smiles of gladness shall scatter thy tears,
 And a coronet gleam on thy brow.
 O brother, be faithful! the promise is sure,
 That waits for the faithful and tried;
 To reign with the ransomed, immortal and pure,
 And ever with Jesus abide.

**Lines To J.T. and M.T. Lane, on the death of their little Child, Francis
 M. Lane, July 25, 1858**

Still reigns the tyrant Death in sable power;
 Sorrow and mourning wait at his command;
 For tender bud as well as blooming flower,
 Fades 'neath the touch of his relentless hand.

And hath his summons to your hearts been spoken?
 Hath his dark shadow crossed your threshold o'er?
 Hath he links of fond affection broken,
 And borne a loved one from this mortal shore?

So hath a floweret from your pathway faded;
 A bright star shining o'er you set in gloom;
 Bright rays of hope are from your vision shaded
 By the dark curtain of the silent tomb.

'Tis well to weep: stay not the bitter tears
 If thus the burdened heart may find relief;
 For this dark earth hath been six thousand years
 A vale of woe, a charnel-house of grief.

Know then that here where dearest forms have perished,

There's nothing true on which our love to shed;
Not where death reigns can hopes of bliss be cherished,
Which may not wither 'neath his icy tread.

But ah! there is land whose shores are nearing;
The ills of earth its soil shall never bear;
Of that bright world there stands this promise cheering:
Death finds no entrance--pain no victims there.

To that fair land be now your footsteps tending;
Fix heart and treasure on that blissful shore,
Where friends shall re-unite in joy unending,
Nor taste the pangs of separation more.

Passed Away

Passed away from earth forever,
Free from all its cares and fears,
She again will join us never
While we tread this vale of tears;
For the turf is now her pillow,
And she sleeps among the dead;
While the cypress and the willow
Wave above her lowly bed.
There she slumbers, calmly slumbers,
With the silent, peaceful dead.

136

With what grief and anguish riven,
Should we see the loved depart,
If there were no promise given,
Which could soothe the wounded heart!
If the chains with which death binds them,
Ne'er again should broken be;
And his prison which confines them,
Ne'er be burst to set them free;
If forever there to leave them,
Were our hopeless destiny.

But a glorious day is nearing.
Earth's long-wished-for jubilee;
When creation's King appearing,
Shall proclaim his people free;
When upborne on Love's bright pinion,
They shall shout from land and sea,

Death! where is thy dark dominion!
Grave! where is thy victory!
Then we'll meet her, gladly meet her,
Where we'll never parted be.

Ode

Written for the anniversary exercises of the Golden Branch
Society of Phillips' Exeter Academy, June, 1850.

Borne on in the swift course of time,
The hour again is here,
Which calls from us a sad adieu,
And swells the parting tear.
We'd fain the golden hours prolong,
Which have so quickly past;
We'd fain delay the farewell song,
And bid our union last.

137

But tho' we grieve that some so soon
Must leave our social band,
We would not have you linger here,
'Gainst duty's high demand.
But, rather, we would bid you forth
Into the field of life,
To battle for immortal names,
Like heroes in the strife.

Advance, then, in the grand career,
So nobly here begun;
Aim to accomplish life's great end,
Until life's course is run.
May fortune smile upon your path,
And all your efforts bless;
And may her arm be ever near
To crown you with success.

And, as you tread your onward course,
May virtue guide your way;
And wreath of fame adorn your brow,
Which ne'er shall fade away,
"EXCELSIOR" will lead you on
To posts of honor high,
And call to mind our "holy bond,"

Of "Friendship's Sacred Tie."

And may you prove, while on you press
With banner wide unfurled,
An honor to your native land,
A blessing to the world.
And when at last, life's work is done,
This recompense you'll have,
The true and lasting fame that waits
The Great, the Good, the Brave.

Ode

Written for the anniversary exercises of the Golden Branch
Society of Phillips' Exeter Academy, June, 1851.

We've met again within these halls-
These halls to mem'ry dear,
Where scenes of harmony and peace
Have filled the by-gone year.
But e'en while recollections fond
Still cling around the heart,
One bitter thought disturbs our joy:
For we have met to part.

Full well we know, our path through life
Can ne'er be always bright;
The sweetest hours to mortals given
Are swiftest in their flight.
Then let us follow duty's call,
With calm, undaunted brow,
Nor weakly chide the stern behest,
Which separates us now.

Ye whom this consecrated spot
Still sheds its blessings o'er,
Use well the moments as they pass,
For they return no more.
Here you must gird your armor on,
Survey the field of life,
And then go forth to earn a name,
Or perish in the strife.

Great men have been before us here,
Whose fame the wide world knows;

Excelsior still shines for us-
The star by which they rose.

139

They're shedding now a mighty spell
On all the paths we tread;
On living brows bloom laurel wreaths,
While cypress mourns the dead.

Then let us form the high resolve
To make our lives sublime,
And mark a clear and noble track
Upon the sands of time,
And bring fresh honors to the list
Of men and heroes all,
Whose power is felt from pole to pole-
The sons of Phillips' Hall.

I'm Coming Home Again

The wheels of time roll ceaseless on,
The moments glide away;
The hours but tell us they are gone,
Nor lingers long the day.
So that from friends, and home, away
I shall not long remain,
For soon the flying wings of time
Will bear me home again.

I have a home--oh! blessed thought!-
Which oft I call to mind;
Which oft a healing balm has brought,
And left dull care behind.
From this dear home, though far away,
I cannot long remain,
The ties of friendship, sure and strong,
Will bring me home again.

140

In fancy's vision oft I see
Friendship's extended hand,
And for a moment seem to be,
One in your happy band;
But recollection suffers not
These visions to remain,

And so to see you face to face,
I'm coming home again.

The boisterous waves roll rough around
My thin and slender bark;
While clouds arise, and storms resound,
And all is drear and dark.
But out upon the swelling tide
I shall not long remain,
For I'm coming into harbor-
I'm coming home again.

Charity

There is a way more excellent, so traced the sacred pen,
Than e'en to share the precious gifts which God vouchsafes to
men;
It is to draw for every act our motive from above,
And make our whole of mortal life a holocaust of love.

For though the mind with all the wealth of human lore expand,
Though e'en an angel's glowing words we hold at our command,
If in each thought and word expressed, no charity abound,
'Twill but be like the tinkling brass, the cymbal's hollow sound.

141

And though all knowledge we possessed, all mysteries could prove,
Had faith to bid the rugged mount to yonder sea remove,
If charity dwell not within, the all-inspiring power,
We are but cyphers in the scale, the beings of an hour.

And though our goods we freely give to meet the sufferer's need,
And yield our bodies to the stake, the fiery flame to feed;
If charity prompt not these acts, so fair to human sight,
It profits nothing in His eyes who reads the heart aright.

For charity is but the name for every heavenly grace;
With human weakness long she bears, to anger ne'er gives place;
Her features fair with kindness glow, no envy stirs her breast,
Nor e'er by boastful acts or words is inward pride expressed.

She ever seeketh others' good, regardless of her own;
She thinks no evil, speaks no ill, by act, or look, or tone;
Not in iniquity, but truth, doth she her comfort take,
And bears, believes, endures, and hopes, all things, for Jesus'

sake.

Hail, holy Charity! bright daughter of the skies!
An angel from the ruins of our once fair paradise,
Still lingering with our fallen race to point our feet above,
And show us what a Heaven will be, where all is wrought in love.

142

In the dark places of the earth thy footsteps may we trace,
By fruitful fields and verdant plains where once were desert wastes.
The orphan rises up with joy thy coming steps to bless,
And widows, smiling through their tears, their grateful thanks
express.

To clothe the naked, feed the poor, bestowing joy for pain;
To bring relief to those who long in suffering have lain;
To cause the sad, despondent heart to sing aloud for joy-
These are thy works, sweet Charity, thy holy, blest employ.

We welcome thee, O Heavenly grace! be thou our constant guide;
Let thy sweet spirit in our hearts forevermore abide.
Help us to scatter deeds of love in all the paths we tread;
For blessing thus our fellow-men, we honor Christ our head.

Lines

On the death of William M. Smith.

Dark is the hour when Death prevails,
And triumphs o'er the just-
A painful void within the breast,
When dust goes back to dust;
And solemn is the pall, the bier,
That bears them from our presence here.

143

But there's a bright, a glorious hope,
That scatters death's dark gloom;
It cheers the saddened spirits up,
It gilds the Christian's tomb;
It brings the resurrection near,
When those we love shall re-appear.

Then mourn we not as those whose hopes
With fleeting life depart;

For we have heard a voice from Heaven,
To every stricken heart:
Blest are the dead, forever blest,
Who from henceforth in Jesus rest.

With kind regard the Lord beholds
His saints when called to die;
And precious in his holy sight
Their sacred dust shall lie,
Till all these storms of life are o'er,
And they shall rise to die no more.

A few more days and we shall meet
The loved, whose toil is o'er,
And plant with joy our bounding feet
On Canaan's radiant shore;
Where, free from all earth's cares and fears,
We'll part no more through endless years.

The New Year, 1871

Why hail we thus each new-born year,
With voice of joy and scenes of mirth?
What room for gay and festive cheer,
While woe and darkness span the earth?
While sin and suffering, pain and death, still throw,
Their baleful shadow over all below?

144

Earth trembles at the cannon's roar,
War's murderous visage scours the plain;
Its fairest spots are drenched with gore,
Its fruitful fields are piled with slain.
And what are all these slow-revolving years,
But funeral pageants of distress and tears?

Contagions spread their wings of pall,
Fierce tempests rage with blasting breath,
And earthquake throes, engulfing all,
Make short and sure the way to death.
No peace, no safety, no enduring cheer,
To him who builds his hopes and treasures here.

Yet glad we hail each New Year's morn;
For from the great high throne of Heaven
A royal fiat forth has gone,
A glorious word to earth is given:

Behold, says He who looks creation through,
Where sin has marred my works, I make anew.

New earth to smile before his face,
New heavens in crystal beauty dressed,
New years to run a guiltless race,
New joys for each immortal breast,
New flowers upspringing from the sinless sod,
New waters sparkling from the throne of God.

New bodies for these feeble forms,
New life from e'en the moldering tomb,
New skies unrent by raging storms,
New beauty, new unfading bloom,
New scenes the eternal era to begin,
Of peace for war, of righteousness for sin.

145

Speed then away, O tardy years!
Fly quickly, hours that intervene!
Groaning we wait the time when tears
Shall be but things that once have been.
Dawn, thou blest morn, so long in promise given,
The glorious glad New Year of God and Heaven.

Almost to the Beautiful Land

Almost to the beautiful land!
This be the watchword to cheer thee,
When o'er thee dark tempests expand,
And dangers and trials are near thee.
Then from this perilous way,
Look up to the glory before us,
Which with unglimmering ray,
Like a bright bow of promise bends o'er us.
Only a few more seasons
Of watching and weariness here,
Ere the day-star arises,
Ere the day-dawn appear.

Almost to the beautiful land!
Where the pilgrim may rest him forever,
And bask on the golden strand
Of the crystal and flowing river.
Where the fadeless crown awaiteth,

For the cross which here we bore;
And the glory ne'er abateth,
And sorrow is known no more.
Only a few more efforts
To toil up the rugged hight,
Ere we reach the glorious summit.
And faith is lost in sight.

146

Almost to the beautiful land!
Shall we grow weary then? Never!
Lift up the faltering hand,
Strengthen the feeble endeavor.
Only a few more mornings
Allotted to laboring here,
Only a few more warnings
To fall on the sinner's ear;
Only a few more conflicts
To wage in the struggle of life,
Then the sweet victory cometh,
That endeth the toilsome strife.

Almost to the beautiful land!
Shall we lose courage now? Never!
Bold in the conflict stand,
Faint not in spirit nor waver.
Woe now to him who shall suffer
Earth's tinsel to blind his eyes;
Woe unto him who fainteth,
In sight of the glorious prize.
Up! for the moments hasten,
And the King is himself at hand:
Nerve thee with this glad watchword-
Almost to the beautiful land!

"They Shall be Mine."

Mal.3:16,17.

They shall be mine in the coming day,
When I shall gather my chosen ones;
When the Lord shall rise to the spoil and prey,
And the year of Zion's redemption comes.
They shall be mine! the chosen few

Who dare to honor my holy name,
Who yield their hearts to their Maker, true,

147

And bear his cross nor heed the shame,
And turn not back for the scoffers' boasts-
They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts.

They shall be mine in the fearful hour
When heaven shall part as a shattered scroll;
And earth shall reel from Jehovah's power
And death shall seize on the sinner's soul;
Then will the Lord to his servants bring
A crown for the cross which here they bore;
And loud their shouts of joy will ring;
And then shall be heard and feared no more
The critic's sneer, and the scoffer's boasts,
When saints shall be owned by the Lord of hosts.

They shall be mine in whom alone
Is power to save and to destroy;
And as one spares his only son,
So will I spare my people's joy.
When the treach'rous hopes of the wicked flee,
And pestilence wastes the sons of men,
My servants true shall find, in me,
A refuge and a shelter then;
And skeptics all shall cease their boasts
In terror for the Lord of hosts.

Then who would shrink from the lowly band,
Who make their peace with the King of kings?
He holds the worlds in his mighty hand,
He rules o'er all created things;
His arm alone can bear us up
When earth is drinking her dregs of woe;
His mercy alone is ground for hope,
His chosen only will safety know-
Ah! then who cares for the scoffer's boasts,
If he may be owned by the Lord of hosts.

148

In that dread day, when the proud and great
For rocks and mountains shall vainly call,
And kings and nobles, in high estate,
Shall be robed alike in a funeral pall;

When the Judge appears in the parting sky,
And the angel-reapers from glory come
To bear the good to their realms on high,
And all thy saints are gathered home,
From the isles afar, and the distant coasts-
Let me be thine, O Lord of hosts!

The Marriage Supper of the Lamb

TUNE-Tyrolese Evening Hymn.

Come, come, come,
Come to the marriage feast
Prepared for saints above;
The Lord now bids his guests
To the banquet-room of love.
Oh! why should the tinsel toys
Of this earth allure us here,
While pure, immortal joys,
Wait us in a happier sphere.

CHORUS-Come, come, come,
Come to the marriage feast,
Prepared for saints above;
The Lord now bids his guests
To the banquet-room of love.

Come, come, come,
Soon will the day be o'er,
And hope's last hour be gone;
And mercy's voice no more
The day of grace prolong.

149

Life yet we may secure;
And the warning note is given,
Make now your title sure
To a lasting home in Heaven.

Come, come, come,
The weary pilgrim there
"Lays staff and sandals down"
A conqueror's palm to bear,
And an angel's glittering crown.
Then all the scoffs we've borne,

While this gloomy vale we've trod,
"To lasting joys shall turn,"
In the city of our God.

The Lord Will Come

Tell me the Lord will come,
That he will soon appear;
This world is not my home,
I have no treasure here.
The hope of joys that soon shall be
Is what alone can comfort me.

Tell me the Lord will come-
I love the cheering sound;
There's hope and joy and peace
In that sweet promise found;
For then our ills, whate'er our lot,
Will all be gone, and all forgot.

Tell me the Lord will come,
'Tis music in my ears;
I would not longer roam
In this dark vale of tears,

150

Where tempests gather o'er our way,
And darkness hides the light of day.

Tell me the Lord will come;
In that victorious hour,
The dark and silent tomb
Must yield its gloomy power;
For he shall call his slumbering dead,
Forever from their dusty bed.

Tell me the Lord will come,
He whom our souls do love,
To take his exiles home
To their own land above:
In those bright mansions of the blest,
Is where alone our souls can rest.

Ay, soon the Lord will come!
We are not left forlorn,

Without some cheering tone,
Some promise of the morn;
Some token from our absent Friend,
That soon our pilgrimage will end.

Ay, soon the Lord will come!
He will not suffer long
The triumph of our foes,
The reign of sin and wrong.
With courage then still breast the storm,
For God has spoken and will perform.

Yea, soon the Lord will come,
And glad deliverance bring,
And crown with lasting joy
All who have honored him.
When heaven and earth abashed shall flee
The glories of his majesty.

