

The day of judgment: a poetical essay / [Robert Glynn].

Contributors

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GLYNN, R.

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THE

1.

DAY of JUDGMENT:

POETICAL ESSAY.

THE SECOND EDITION.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by J. BENTHAM Printer to the UNIVERSITY.

Sold by Mess^{rs} THURLBOURN & WOODYER, and T. & J. MERRILL in Cambridge;

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and J. POTE at Eton. Price 1s.

M.DCC.LVII.

A Clause of Mr. SEATON's Will,

Dated Oct. 8. 1738.

I Give my Kissingbury Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first Year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-Hall, and Greek Professor to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate to that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be best approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

WE the underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward to R. GLYNN, M. D. for his Poem on *The Day of Judgment*, and direct the said Poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the Will.

September 4, 1757.

J. Sumner, Vice-Chancellor.

J. Wilcox, Master of Clare-Hall.

THE DAY of JUDGMENT.

THY Justice, heavenly King, and that great Day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
Rang'd unrepov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
I sing advent'rous. — But what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of Space,
O'er which Messiah drives His flaming car
To that bright region, where enthron'd He sits
First-born of Heav'n to judge assembled worlds,
Cloath'd in coelestial radiance! Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright Empyreal, where, around,
Myriads of Angels God's perpetual choir
Hymn Hallelujahs; and in concert loud
Chaunt songs of triumph to their maker's praise? —

4 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT,

Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
 To tread Poetic Soil. What tho' the wiles
 Of Fancy me enchanted ne'er could lure
 To rove o'er Fairy lands; to swim the streams
 That thro' her vallies weave their mazy way,
 Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
 My feeble voice, to tell what Harmony
 (Sweet as the music of the rolling Spheres)
 Attunes the moral world: That Virtue still
 May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
 Vengeance, tho' late; that reas'ning pride may own
 Just tho' unsearchable the ways of Heaven.

Sceptic! who e'er thou art, who sayst the foul,
 That divine particle which God's own breath
 Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
 Annihilate, 'till duration has unroll'd
 Her never-ending line; tell, if thou knowst,
 Why every nation, every clime, tho' all
 In Laws, in Rites, in Manners disagree,
 With one consent expect another world,
 Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim Bards
 Fabled Elysian plains; Tartarean Lakes,
 Styx and Cocytus? tell, why Heli's sons

Have

Have feign'd a Paradife of Mirth, and Love,
Banquets, and blooming Nymyhs? or rather tell,
Why on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred Torch,
Th' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt Hill? Why in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends;
Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when Sicknefs, Age, or Pain,
Stands tott'ring on the precipice of Death?
Or why fuch Horror gnaws the guilty foul
Of dying Sinners; while the Good Man fleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a fmile expires?

Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The fcale of Blifs and Mifery is fustain'd!
Beneath the fhade of cold obfcurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm fupports her head;
No friendly voice fpeaks comfort to her foul;
Nor foft-ey'd Pity drops a melting tear:
But, in their ftead, Contempt and rude Difdain
Infult the banifh'd Wanderer: on fhe goes

Neglected

6 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT,

Neglected and forlorn: Disease, and Cold,
And Famine worst of Ills, her steps attend:
Yet patient, and to Heav'n's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling Bow'r;
Where flush'd with all the insolence of wealth
Sits pamper'd Vice! for him th'Arabian Gale
Breaths forth delicious odours; Gallia's Hills
For him pour Nectar from the purple vine;
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name;
Save when with imprecations, dark, and dire,
He points his Jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet Honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd Sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'st thou this, righteous Father! See'st thou this,
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall Good and Ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the Land
Where all things are forgot? — Ah! no; the Day
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst
That long obscur'd her Beams; when Sin shall fly
Back to her native Hell; there sink eclips'd

In penal darknefs ; where nor Star fhall rife
Nor ever Sunshine pierce th' impervious gloom.

On that great Day the folemn Trump fhall found,
(That Trump, which once, in Heaven, on Man's revolt,
Convok'd th' astonish'd Seraphs ;) at whose voice
Th' unpeopled Graves fhall pour forth all their dead.
Then fhall th' affembled nations of the Earth
From ev'ry Quarter at the Judgment-Seat
Unite ; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians ; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old : or who of later age,
Chinefe, and Ruflian, Mexican, and Turk,
Tenant the wide Terrene ; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks ; or where the Sun
Pours on Golconda's Spires his early light
Drink Ganges' facred fteam. At once fhall rife
Whom diftant ages to each others fight
Had long denied : Before the Throne fhall kneel
Some great Progenitor, while at his fide
Stands his Defcendant thro' a thoufand Lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes, and Patriarchs, Slaves, and fceptred Kings,
With equal eye the God of All fhall fee ;

And

8 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT,

And judge with equal love. What tho' the Great
 With costly pomp, and aromatic sweets,
 Embalm'd his poor remains; or thro' the Dome
 A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
 While solemn organs to his parting soul
 Chaunted flow orisons? Say, by what mark
 Do'st thou discern him from that lowly Swain,
 Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf
 Long lay neglected? — All at once shall rise;
 But not to equal Glory: for, alas!
 With howlings dire, and execrations loud,
 Some wail their fatal birth. — First among these
 Behold the mighty murth'ers of mankind;
 They who in sport whole kingdoms flew; or they
 Who to the tott'ring pinnacle of power
 Waded thro' seas of blood! How will they curse
 The madness of ambition; How lament
 Their dear-bought Laurels; when the widow'd wife,
 And childless mother, at the Judgment-Seat
 Plead trumpet-tongu'd against them! — Here are they
 Who sunk an aged Father to the Grave:
 Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain
 Slighted a Brother's suff'rings: — Here are they
 Whom

Whom Fraud and skilful Treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant Virgin tore her dow'r,
And eat the Orphan's bread: — who spent their stores
In selfish Luxury; or o'er their gold
Prostrate and pale ador'd the uselefs heap. —
Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial Bed; —
Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl; — or broke the ties
Of hospitable Friendship: — And the Wretch
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd to the presence of his God
Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit earth; and, tho' oppress'd
With all that Pain or Famine can inflict,
Pant up the Hill of Life? Vain wish! the Judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment. Seek not to know
What punishment! for that th' Almighty Will
Has hid from mortal eyes. And shall vain Man
With curious search refin'd presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father! No: let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,
And walk in all thy paths: so shall his meed

10 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT,

Be great in Heav'n; so haply shall he 'scape
Th' immortal Worm, and never-ceasing Fire.

But who are they, who bound in ten-fold chains
Stand horribly aghast? This is that Crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from His throne,
And in the place of Heaven's eternal King
Set up the Phantom Chance. For them in vain
Alternate seasons chear'd the rolling year;
In vain the Sun o'er Herb, Tree, Fruit, and Flow'r
Shed genial influence, mild; and the pale Moon
Repair'd her waning orb. — Next these is plac'd
The vile Blasphemer; He, whose impious Wit
Profan'd the Sacred Mysteries of Faith;
And 'gainst th' impenetrable walls of Heav'n
Planted his feeble battery. — By these stands
The arch-Apostate: He with many a wile
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black Despair, no ray
Shines thro' the gloom to chear their sinking Souls.
In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are rang'd: But on the right
A chosen Band appears, who fought beneath

The Banner of Jehovah, and defy'd
Satan's united Legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim Tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Gospel's Light: Some, long immur'd,
(Sad servitude!) in chains, and dungeons pin'd:
Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy They
Whom Heaven elected to that glorious strife! —
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
Made heav'n-born Science raise her drooping head;
And on the labours of a future Race
Entail'd their just reward. — Thou amongst These
Good SEATON! whose well-judg'd benevolence
Fost'ring fair Genius bad the Poet's hand
Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain. —
Here is that fav'rite Band, whom mercy mild
God's best lov'd Attribute adorn'd; whose gate
Stood ever open to the Stranger's call;
Who fed the Hungry; to the Thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup: whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the Pilgrim's side;
Who heard the Widow's tender tale; and shook

12 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT,

The galling shackle from the Prisoners feet :
 Who each endearing tye, each office knew,
 Of meek-ey'd heav'n-descended Charity. —
 O Charity, thou Nymph divinely fair!
 Sweeter than those whom antient Poets bound
 In Amity's indissoluble chain,
 The Graces! How shall I essay to paint
 Thy charms, celestial Maid; and in rude verse,
 Blazon those deeds thy self didst ne'er reveal?
 For Thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
 Nor Rage transport, nor high o'erweening Pride
 Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou smile
 To see the Sinner as a verdant Tree
 Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
 While like some blasted Trunk the Righteous fall,
 Prostrate, forlorn. — When Prophecies shall fail,
 When Tongues shall cease, when Knowledge is no more,
 And this Great Day is come; Thou by the Throne
 Shalt sit triumphant. — Thither, lovely Maid,
 Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing;
 And thro' the Adamantine Gates of Heav'n
 Conduct my Steps; safe from the fiery Gulph,
 And dark Abyss, where Sin, and Satan reign!

But,

But, can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless Element of Fire
Shall wage with Seas and Earth intestine war,
And deluge all Creation? Whether (so
Some think) the Comet, as thro' fields of air
Lawless He wanders, shall rush headlong on
Thwarting th'Ecliptic, where th' unconscious Earth
Rolls in her wonted course: Whether the Sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her long reluctant: or the Caves,
Those dread Vulcanos, where engend'ring lye
Sulphureous Minerals, from their dark Abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heav'n's avenging Hand
Rains fierce combustion. — Where are now the works
Of Art, the Toil of Ages? Where are now
Th' Imperial Cities, Sepulchres, and Domes,
Trophies, and Pillars? — Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty Pyramids which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring Heads, to distant times
Of Memphian Pride a lasting monument? —
Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers? — Where Thebes
Open'd her Hundred Portals? — Tell me where
Stood

14 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT,

Stood sea-girt Albion? — Where Imperial Rome
Propt by Seven Hills sat like a sceptred Queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace? —
Shew me the Rampart, which o'er many a hill,
Thro' many a valley stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty Monarch, to repell
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's towers he bent th' unerring Bow.

But what is mimic Art? ev'n Nature's works,
Seas, Meadows, Pastures, the meand'ring Streams,
And everlasting Hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriff cloud-piercing height
O'er-hang th' Atlantic Surge. — Nor that fam'd cliff,
Thro' which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw to the Lemnian Isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægæan. — Where are now
The Alps, that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the Ocean stream
Stretch'd their extended arms? — Where's Ararat,
That Hill on which the faithful Patriarch's Ark
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top
First rested, when the Earth, with all her Sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,

Was

Was whelm'd by mighty waters? — All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd : no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction : Heaven itself,
That azure vault with all those radiant orbs
Sinks in the universal ruin lost. —

No more shall Planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious dance ; no more the Moon
Hang out her silver lamp : and those Fix'd Stars
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wond'rous height, to read their names,
And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench : and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from Heaven the mystic Bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous Day,
Whose Coming who shall tell? for as a Thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Thro' Night's dark gloom. — Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite Lays,
Soon shall the Hand be check'd, and dumb the Mouth
That lisps the fault'ring strain. — O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour ;

But

16 THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, &c.

But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!

“ Power supreme!

“ O everlasting King! to Thee I kneel;

“ To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat

“ Melt all ye Elements! And Thou, high Heav’n,

“ Shrink, like a shrivell’d Scroll! — But think, O Lord,

“ Think on the best the noblest of thy works;

“ Think on thine own bright image! Think on Him,

“ Who dy’d to save Us from thy righteous wrath;

“ And ’midst the wreck of worlds remember Man!”

F I N I S.