

L i n e s

suggested by the sudden and deeply lamented death of the
Rev. Robert M'Cheyne, Minister of St. Peter's
Church, who died on Saturday, 25th March
1843, in the 29th year of his age, and
6th of his ministry - By J.R. Perth

Weep! Church of Scotland, the mighty has fallen,
No more in the field shall we find him again -
The spirit of wisdom, the spirit of light,
Unfolding the counsels of peace to their sight;
Directed by wisdom and prompted by love,
Led on by the brightness that beamed from above,
Fought like a soldier for the cause of his King,
Till he fell in the field never more to return!

Weep! now brethren all who laboured with him
For years in the vineyard of his Lord and his King;
And fear when servants like him are call'd home,
All Scotland may tremble for troubles to come
When quickly the righteous are summoned away,
The judgement pressages a still' darker day;
Still hope yet in the cause, and not be forlorn -
His King shall fill the breach though he 'll never return.

Weep! flock of St. Peter's - your shepherd is gone
To receive the crown that was purchased for him,
For you, and for all that believe in his King -
The New Jerusalem his praises to sing.
The mighty is fallen! No prophet can tell
When one shall arise like the mighty who fell;
For us the like of him may not yet be born,
But since he is gone he will never return.

Weep! Father and mother, and sister and brother,
Your loss is great, but console one another;
Nor can the sensation produced by the shock -
The wailing of the widows, and children, and flock;
The deep consternation which thousands appal -
Declare what our country has lost by his fall.
O when shall it be that you will cease to mourn?
He is gone to his home never more to return.

Weep, mother! what pen can write, or tongue can tell,
Feel or point the grief which thou hast known so well!
Death, the ruthless spoiler, came in a luckless hour,
and withered the bloom and crush'd the opening flower.
When tossed upon affliction's feverish bed,
No hand like thine could raise his drooping head;
Oh! but he has left you and all friends to mourn
To receive a bright mansion, never more to return.

Weep! daughter of Zion; Is it true that he's gone
To the land of Palestine, far from his home,
The Jews to convert from delusion and guile?
Or to taste the fruit that grows on its rich soil,
Or travel to the height of Calvary's Mount,
With his heart lifted up to life's blessed fount?
Oh, no! he's crossed the Jordan, from whose bourne
No earthly traveller shall ever more return.

Weep! Children that under his teaching have been,
How he told you the price that did you redeem;
That to look to the cross with faith, and believe
You and all through his blood might pardon receive;
And instructed your hearts to pray to the Lord
To keep you from sinning, and make Him your God;
To honour your parents, and not make them mourn; -
Your teacher is gone, never more to return.

Weep! Christians, when shall his equal appear,
That his voice will give you such pleasure to hear.
Could thunder from Sinai the claims of the law,
Till stout-hearted rebels were smitten with awe,
And then the mild glories of Zion disclose,
Till mercy give rebels a hope of repose.
O cease then to mourn, and those friendly tears restrain.
That since he is gone he will never return.

Weep! Mariners that sail to the distant South,
Your Captain is fallen - bright Star of the North;
How long shall we gaze on our now darkened skies,
Ere one of his brightness shall gladden our eyes?
How often did he tell you the voyage of life
Was streued with rocks and quicksands of strife;
To steer you as a father and bail your return.
Your Captain is fallen - no more to return.

Weep! The champion has fallen, and over his urn
The armies of Zion in sore anguish mourn.
They mourn that the mighty, the bold, and the brave
Who led them to glory, is laid in the grave;
That cold is the heart in which love was enshrined,
That dark is the eye that was beaming with mind;
And great was his zeal for his soldiers to learn
That he was to leave them, and never more to return.

Flock! weep not for him - he rests in blissful peace,
Where mortal sorrow, sin and suffering cease;
Safe from the tempest on a peaceful shore,
Where fears assail not - doubts perplex no more;
Where life's vain tumults never more annoy,
Nor tears of anguish dash the cup of joy;
His heart with all its wonted fervour burn,
For great was his love - he shall never return.

Weep! hills, valleys, and stream, for him that is away;
Forest, and mountain, and all ye birds that fly.
His season of conflict and danger is past,
And sword, shield, and helmet away he has cast:
The valiant no longer our armies can train
The shock to endure, and the conquest to gain;
But left his armies in the field for him to mourn.
To receive a crown from his King never to return.