

“Part of the 104th Psalm paraphrased”¹
John Wesley

- v. 1. Upborn aloft on ventrous wing,
While spurning earthly themes I soar,
Thro' paths untrod before,
What god, what seraph shall I sing?
Whom but thee should I proclaim,
 Author of this wondrous frame?
Eternal, uncreated Lord,
Enshrin'd in glory's radiant blaze!
At whose prolific voice, whose potent word,
Commanded nothing swift retir'd, and worlds began their race.
- v. 2. Thou, brooding o'er the realms of night,
Th' unbottom'd infinite abyss,
Bad'st the deep her rage surcease,
 and said'st, “Let there be light!”
Ethereal light thy call obey'd
Thro' the wide void her living waters past,
Glad she left her native shade,
 Darkness turned his murmuring head,
 Resign'd the reins, and trembling fled;
The crystal waves roll'd on, and fill'd the ambient waste.
- v. 2. In light, effulgent robe, array'd,
Thou left'st the beauteous realms of day;
The golden towers inclin'd their head,
As their sovereign took his way.
- 3, 4 The all-incircling bounds (a shining train,
 Minist'ring flames around him flew,)
 Through the vast profound he drew,
When lo! sequacious to his fruitful hand,
Heaven, o'er th' uncolour'd void, her azure curtain threw.

 Lo! marching o'er the empty space,
 The fluid stores in order rise,
With adamantine chains of liquid glass,
 To bind the new-born fabric of the skies.
- 3 Downward th' Almighty Builder rode,
Old chaos groan'd beneath the God:
 Sable clouds his pompous car;
Harnest winds before him ran,

¹This poem was written by 1730, appearing in Wesley's MS Poetic Miscellany, 74–77. He then published it, with his signature, in *Arminian Magazine* 1 (1778): 285–88.

Proud to wear their maker's chain,
And told, with hoarse-resounding voice, his coming from afar.

- 5 Embryon earth the signal knew,
And rear'd from night's dark womb her infant head;
6 Tho' yet prevailing waves her hills o'erspread,
And stain'd their sickly face with pallid hue.
7 But when loud thunders the pursuit began
 Back the affrighted spoilers ran.
8 In vain aspiring hills oppos'd their race;
 O'er hills and vales with equal haste,
 The flying squadrons past,
Till safe within the walls of their appointed place.
9 There, firmly fix'd, their sure enclosures stand,
Unconquerable bounds of ever-during sand!
- v. 10 He spake! From the tall mountain's wounded side,
 Fresh springs roll'd down their silver tide:
 O'er the glad vales the shining wanderers stray,
 Soft murmuring as they flow,
11 While in their cooling wave inclining low,
The untaught natives of the field their parching thirst allay.
12 High-seated on the dancing sprays,
Checquering with varied light their parent streams,
The feather'd quires attune their artless lays,
Save from the dreaded heat of solar beams.
- 13 Genial showers at his command,
Pour plenty o'er the barren land:
 Labouring with parent throes,
14 See! the teeming hills disclose
 A new birth; See the cheerful green,
 Transitory, pleasing scene,
 O'er the smiling landskip glow,
And gladden all the vale below.
15 Along the mountain's craggy brow,
Amiably dreadful now!
 See the clasping vine disspread
 Her gently-rising, verdant head;
 See the purple grape appear,
 Kind relief of human care!
- 16 Instinct with circling life, thy skill
Upear'd the olive's loaded bough.
What time on Lebanon's proud hill,
Slow rose the stately cedars brow.
Nor less rejoice the lowly plains,
Of useful vorn the fertile bed,
Than when the lordly cedar reigns,
A beauteous, but a barren shade.

- 17 While in his arms the painted train,
Warbling to the vocal grove,
Sweetly tell their pleasing pain,
 Willing slaves to genial love.
- 18 While the wild goats, an active throng,
From rock to rock light-bounding fly
Jehovah's praise in solemn song
Shall echo thro' the vaulted sky.