

1623

PSALM 136

John Milton

Milton, John (1608-1674) - English poet and prose writer who is one of the most highly regarded figures in world literature and is widely considered the greatest poet since Shakespeare. Often called the "Puritan Poet," he had many of the good traits of the Puritans as well as many of the bad and spent much of his life immersed in political and religious controversy. Psalm 136 (1623) - One of Milton's early minor poems. He penned this poem when he was fifteen years old.

PSALM 136

Let us with a gladsom mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God;
 For, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
 That doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.
 For, &c.

That with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
 For, &c.

That by his wisdom did create
 The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
 For, &c.

That did the solid Earth ordain
 To rise above the watry plain.
 For, &c.

That by his all-commanding might,
 Did fill the new-made world with light.
 For, &c.

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
 All the day long his cours to run.
 For, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
 For, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
 Smote the first-born of Egypt Land.
 For, &c.

And in despite of Pharao fell,
 He brought from thence his Israel.
 For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
 Of the Erythraean main.
 For, &c.

The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,
 While the Hebrew Bands did pass.
 For, &c.

But full soon they did devour
 The Tawny King with all his power.
 For, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
 In the wastfull Wildernes.
 For, &c.

In bloody battail he brought down
 Kings of prowess and renown.
 For, &c.

He foild bold Seon and his host,
 That rul'd the Amorrean coast.
 For, &c.

And large-lim'd Og he did subdue,
 With all his over hardy crew.
 For, &c.

And to his Servant Israel,
 He gave their Land therin to dwell.
 For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
 Beheld us in our misery.
 For, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
 Of the invading enemy.
 For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.
For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth.
For, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortall ey.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

THE END