

Of't Has My Youthful Mind Been Led

Chester Adgate(1796-1833)

Robert Earnshaw(1856-1933)

Of't has my youthful mind been led  
Some foreign region for to tread,  
The vast expanse I would explore,  
From western isles to Ganges' shore.

I'd see the once most Christian ground,  
Where first the Gospel's trump did sound,  
I'd see the now demolished mass,  
The scant remains of polished Greece.

The place where thousands once did dwell,  
Has now become the hermit's cell:  
A shepherd here and there resides,  
With serpents, moles, and feathered tribes.

I then would see the Egyptian plains,  
Once occupied by frugal swains.  
I there would pause and view awhile,  
The flowing of the river Nile.

From thence I'd see old Jordan's flood,  
Where Israel knew their Savior God;  
Where John baptized a numerous host,  
And circumcision's seal was lost.

To Gethsem'ne's garden I then would go,  
Where blood and tears for me did flow;  
That consecrated place I'd see,  
Where Jesus kneeled and prayed for me.

Then Calvary's skully mount I'd see,  
Where Savior Jesus died for me;  
I'd view the place where once He stood,  
And drop a tear where He dropped blood.