

David Diamond - Saul

Thou whose spell can raise the dead
Bid the prophet's form appear
'Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom seer!'
Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye:
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were dry;
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare;
From lips that moved not and unbreathing frame
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak
At once, and blasted by the thunderstroke

'Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, O King? Behold
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow, when with me:
Ere the coming day is done
Such shalt thou be, such thy son
Fare thee well, but for a day
Then we mix our mouldering clay
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:
Crownless, breathless, headless fall
Son and sire, the house of Saul!'