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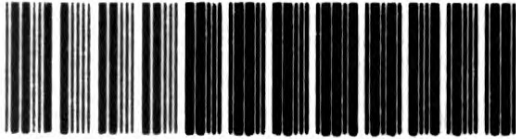
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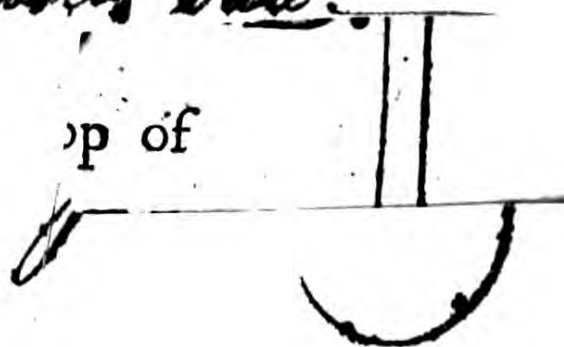


600070795Y

The beam pit 409
 The sign 61
 South river town 66
 The old device
 The fair words
 Charity 100

№ 176

Bought this Book December 18. 1778
At the late Mr. Minbolby's Sale.





THE
WORKS

OF THE

Right Reverend, Learned and Pious

Thomas Ken, D.D.

Late Lord Bishop of

BATH and WELLS.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING

Preparatives for DEATH.

Psyche and Sion.

Urania: Or, The Spouse's-Garden.

*Damoret, Thyrsil, and Dorilla: Or, Chaste
Love describ'd.*

LONDON:

Printed for *John Wyat*, at the *Rose* in *St. Paul's
Church-yard*, MDCCLXXI.



280 j. 71.





ἙΤΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ

OR,

Preparatives for Death.

Rev. xiv, 13.

Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord.



Aduco by the Winter of his Age,
Warn'd from the World himself to
disengage,
Fix'd on his latter End his ghostly
Eyes,

The King of Terrors to familiarise,
And choos'ing Conscience for his heav'n-ward Guide;
To sing of Death his future Thoughts apply'd.

The MISER.

I Saw this Day a Miser Old,
Receive and Count a Bag of Gold,
Vol: IV. A 2

His

Preparatives for Death.

His Spectacles he clear'd,
 And on his Nostrils rear'd,
 Then mov'd his Table tow'rd's the Light,
 To gain an unobstructed Sight;

The Pieces one by one he took,
 And fix'd on either side his Look,
 The Edge he search'd with Care,
 To find Deficiency there,
 Next to the Touch-stone it apply'd,
 And by the current Standard try'd:

Then reach'd his Balance nicely made,
 Which smallest Things minutely weigh'd;
 The Piece which pass'd his view,
 Into the Scale he threw,
 Accounting what he must abate
 For ev'ry Atom short of Weight.

Soon from the Wretch I turn'd away,
 Idolater of shining Clay,
 But Conscience me here check'd,
 And chid my Self-neglect,
 She back me on a sudden drew,
 My Observation to renew.

You, Conscience said, that wretch despise,
 Who yet may teach you to be Wise;
 He with a Mind full bent,
 On his own Gain intent,

His

His short-liv'd Riches tells and weighs ;
You thus should number all your Days.

Bless'd *Jesus* warn'd, that here below
Misers would in their Conduct shew,
More zeal for short-liv'd Toys,
Than Saints for endless Joys :

If Saints and Misers we compare,
The Worldly-minded wisest are.

All Love be to the Love divine,
Which on my Conscience deign'd to shine,
And from an Object vile,
My Soul to unbeguile,
A clear Conviction thence to dart
Into my inconfid'rate Heart.

O Madnes to the last Degree !
That all Man's Life should squander'd be,
Things worthless to pursue,
Which he'll for ever rue !
Had half that Care on Heav'n been drain'd,
It wou'd eternal Bliss have gain'd.

My Conscience then my Thought improv'd,
And me to think of Judgment mov'd,
When ev'ry Act, Word, Thought,
To God's Tribunal brought,
The Searcher of our Hearts will try,
More nicely than the Miser's Eye.

On my past Time I then reflect,
 Deploring sadly my Neglect:

Vast Treasure I had heap'd,
 And shou'd at Death have reap'd,
 Had I the Minutes, as they roll'd,
 Heeded, as that vile Wretch his Gold.

In Vanity I spent my Prime,
 In Age I wasted precious Time,

Time which I should employ
 To purchase endless Joy,
 Time which when once away it flies
 I never, never can reprise.

I nothing shou'd too dear esteem,
 My heedless Minutes to redeem;

O that I had the power,
 To live a Year each Hour
 That I might 'ere I breath'd my last,
 Retrieve my Idle Minutes past!

N O W.

THE pass'd can be no more,
 Whose misemploying I deplore;
 The Future is to me,

An absolute Uncertainty:
 The Now, which will not with me stay,
 Within a Second flies away.

On the short N o w s, God sends,
My everlasting State depends,
And shou'd I but this N o w,
To cultivate my Soul allow,
Short as it is, 'twou'd me prepare,
To be of Blis eternal Heir.

I oft made solemn Vows
To consecrate to God my N o w s,
This N o w, I wou'd begin,
But worldly Thoughts came rushing in,
Then I the Next, and next design'd,
When the next came, I chang'd my Mind.

I by Experience found,
The more I to the World gave Ground,
The less my Soul wou'd heed
The N o w s, God for my good decreed :
When Sin was up to Habit wrought,
Of N o w, I rarely had a Thought.

I heard God often say,
Now, of Salvation is the Day,
But turn'd from Heav'n my View,
I still had something else to doe ;
Till God a Dream instructive sent,
To warn me timely to repent.

Methought, Death with his Dart,
Had mortally transfix'd my Heart,

And Devils round about,
 To seize my Spirit flying out,
 Cry'd, Now of which you took no Care,
 Is turn'd to *Never*, and *Despair*.

I gave a sudden Start,
 And wak'd with *Never* in my Heart :
 Sad *Never* rais'd my Dread,
 But when I found my self not Dead,
 A thousand Thanks to God I paid,
 That my sad *Never* was delay'd.

Never, the dol'rous Cry,
 Of Souls who in hot *Tophet* fry,
 Eternally in Hell,
 They *Never*, *Never*, *Never*, yell,
 With God they *Never* can have Peace
 Their Torments *Never*, never cease.

Still I that *Never* felt,
Never upon my Spirit dwelt ;
Never I oft repeat,
 Which makes infernal Woes compleat.
 The damn'd might on some hope presume,
 But that sad *Never* is their Doom.

While *Never* on my Breast,
 Was thus convincingly impress'd ;
 Now I began to weep,
 Confess'd my Sins with sorrow deep ;

Now,

Preparatives for Death.

9

N o w, I was from the World estrang'd,
N o w happily my Soul was chang'd.

I felt the Force of N o w
To which all Difficulties bow;
Shou'd we God's N o w s embrace,
His Opportunities of Grace
Bring such sweet mighty Aids, that they
Work Wonders, when we them obey.

In our terrestial State,
For Opportunities we wait,
We its kind Movements trace,
And run with ease a well-tim'd Race.
God's Gracious N o w s continuous are,
Heav'n always opens to our Pray'r.

I then my Vows renew'd,
I wou'd no Heav'nly N o w elude
Sad *Never* I'll not fear,
From N o w to N o w to Heav'n I'll steer;
My Final N o w will happiest be,
Aborb'd in Bless'd Eternity.

D A Y S N U M B E R E D.

G O D a Command upon me lays,
Rightly to number all my Days,
Of all past, present, and to come,
To cast the Sum.

That

That Gracious God may be obey'd,
 I call *Arithmetick* to Aid,
 The Sum, to which they all amount,
 I strive to count.

But soon as I begin to cast,
 The number of my Days now pass'd,
 All look like an evanid Dream,
 All Cyphers seem.

My Now when I minutely weigh,
 'Tis but a Moment, not a Day,
 My Future is to all unknown,
 But God alone.

I then *Arithmetick* suspect,
 And on the pass'd again reflect,
 To number not by Days but Sins,
 My Soul begins.

When I thus calculate my Years,
 Each guilty Day an Age appears,
 Time tedious is which we mispend
 God to offend.

My Sins to such vast Numbers swell,
 Which no *Arithmetick* can tell ;
 Their Multitude, which has no Bounds,
 My Soul confounds.

My

Preparatives for Death.

My Cyphers I to Figures change,
And in a Total fain wou'd range;
But when I refurvey the Score,
I still find more,

And yet a Sum much greater lies
Hid from my intellectual Eyes,
Of Sins forgot whose Guilt remains,
And Crimson stains.

Lord, in thy Book they are enroll'd,
O might I there the Sum behold,
That I the Debt immense may know
Which there I owe.

With Fountains, Lord, supply my Head,
A Wave for ev'ry Sin I'd shed,
I'd strive to pay the full in Tear,
My Debt to clear.

But shou'd the Streams which from me flow,
Up to a new *Atlantick* grow,
'Twou'd not the Obligations pay
Of but one Day.

The Blood of dying God alone,
Can for my vast Arrears atone;
His Merits far my Sins exceed,
Them, Lord, I plead.

Accept

Preparatives for Death.

Accept my Plea, and when that's done,
 While I my future Race shall run,
 I'll not by Sins, but Duties rate,
 My future State.

I'll ev'ry Morn my Vows renew,
 I'll God retain all Day in View,
 My Conscience Court in me shall keep,
 Before I sleep.

Conscience, you made me first awake,
 Due Care to keep me waking take,
 Mind me of Duty, steer my Will,
 And guard from Ill.

My past lost Moments I disclaim,
 My present shall at Duty aim,
 And all my future as they glide,
 To Heav'n I'll guide.

I then no more the Fool shall act,
 Or Friendship with the World contract,
 Or squander precious Time, to gain
 Eternal Pain.

But duly numb'ring all my Days,
 I shall a Stock of Wisdom raise,
 And from the Hours I well employ,
 Reap endless Joy.

CONSCIENCE.

TH Y glorious Throne is Lord on High,
Beyond the Reach of Mortal Eye,
But thy Vicegerent we all know,
Is here below.

To Conscience Thou in ev'ry Mind
Thy Deputation hast assign'd,
And Conscience who are all sincere
Next thee revere.

Lord, on the Ark form'd to enshrine,
Two Tables of thy Law Divine,
Thou 'twixt the Cherubs didst display
Thy gracious Ray.

Thou humane Soul for Ark hast chose,
In which Thy sacred Laws repose,
There Conscience sheds with Splendour bright
Vicarious Light.

I grieve my God, when I reflect,
On treating Conscience with Neglect;
Neglect to thy Sub-regent's Throne
Affronts thy own.

Great God, Thou art my Judge, my Guide,
My Witness, when I fall, or slide,

My

My Register each Beam, each Mote,
Each Hour to note.

My just Remembrancer to keep,
The Memory of Sins which sleep,
My Monitour to point at Snare,
And rouse my Care.

My Conscience is all this to me,
Lord! following that, I follow Thee;
It guides my Way, it wakes my Fear,
When Danger's near.

In Conscience I recorded read,
Each sinful Thought, and Word, and Deed,
When searcht minutely it recalls,
Forgotten falls.

It is my Judge, and when I die,
Dooms me to sink, or mount on high;
God will the Sentence fix at last
Which Conscience past.

Urim, and *Thummim*, on each Breast
Is for our Oracle imprest.
By its Responses Souls to guide,
And Doubts decide.

Conscience thy Throne I'll re-erect,
All that's within me to inspect;

How

Preparatives for Death.

15

How from God's holy Laws I swerve,
Do thou observe,

All my past Sins, with Time, Place, Kind,
Continuance, Number, call to Mind ;
Each Passion, each Propension vain,
Each thought arraign.

All my Omissions supervise,
And to what Guilt they all arise,
To my own self my Vileness shew,
Incurring Woe.

Mind me of Death and Doom severe,
'Till Shame, Confusion, Dread, and Fear,
Together from my Spirit start,
And break my Heart.

My Heart, when broken with a Sense
Of its offending Love immense,
Shall bleed 'till God shall pity take,
For *Jesus* sake.

When God a-new my Heart shall mould,
And quite annihilate the Old,
You, faithful Conscience, I adjure,
To keep it pure.

At your Tribunal in my Soul,
Each Motion of my Love enroll,

And

And to your Judgment ev'ry Night
The Lover cite.

Shou'd my Love wane, your Care ne'er cease,
'Till it returns to the Encrease;
That Love may at God's Bar appear,
From Outrage clear.

Tyrants, you Saints with Tortures kill,
But can't inflict a Conscience ill;
Just Vengeance that reserves for you,
Your Portion due.

Mild are the Martyrs, Racks and Wheels,
Compar'd to what ill Conscience feels,
To that Excess no Horrors swell
On this side Hell.

The Worm which an ill Conscience breeds,
A thousand Scorpion's Stings exceeds;
'Tis of all Woes the Damn'd sustain
The sov'rain Pain.

Had Hell for Wretches damn'd no Fire,
No Brimstone Lake, no Tortures dire,
Hell is in Conscience when defil'd,
From Heaven exil'd.

Conscience whene'er it is serene,
From all Pollution wilfull, clean,

Of Joys has Prelibations sweet,
In Heav'n compleat.

Of Death it will be free from dread,
And at God's Throne erect its Head.
God reconcil'd with Joy will eye,
And rapt'rous dye.

All praise to God who to controul
The Helm plac'd Conscience in my Soul,
It in the Heav'n-ward course will steer
Will never veer.

To me, said Conscience, since your Soul you trust,
I'll to my Charge, taught by God's Law, be just,
And with assiduous Tenderness suggest
Preparatives to your eternal rest ;
Learn then to spend your fleeting Minutes well,
And my Suggestions never to repel.

Time to be improv'd.

WHat the Bless'd Son of *Amos* told
Good *Hezekiah*, I grow old,
My age inculcates ev'ry Day,
Observe your crazy mould'ring Clay,
Of all your worldly Cares dispose,
For you of Life are near the Close.

The pious King wept, mourn'd and pray'd,
Three Lustres God his Death delay'd,

And to support his Faith divine,
 Indulg'd him an illustrious Sign;
 The Shadow ten Degrees turn'd back,
 Re-measuring its diurnal Track.

My God shou'd I a Sign implore,
 I shou'd be ready to ask more,
 That thou wou'd'st a Permission give,
 That Life mispent I might re-live;
 In hope to live my new Life o're,
 To mend what was amiss before.

But, Lord, I fear my treacherous Will
 Wou'd live re-acting the like Ill;
 I'll rather to thy goodness fly,
 Which can, what I have lost supply,
 And teach me to retrieve my Prime,
 By husbanding residuous Time.

Three Lustres more to sinful Days
 My Guilt wou'd infinitely raise;
 Rather my God, 'tis my Desire,
 Of Love such Ardours to acquire,
 That I may the Love-off'rings pay,
 Of three whole Lustres ev'ry Day.

Though, Lord, in my declining Age,
 I in thy Vineyard Work engage,
 Do thou in me such Zeal create,
 That though my Work began so late,

In

In one elev'nth Hour it equal may
Those who have labour'd all the Day.

Thy Talent, Lord, plac'd in my trust,
By my Neglect contracted Rust;
May it now Gain ten Talents more,
And daily multiply my Store,
'Till of good Works whene'er I die,
I may rich Treasure have on High.

May I no more my Hours mispend,
On which my Hopes of Heav'n depend;
I'll part with all I have, to buy
The Field where Heav'nly Treasures lie;
And I the goodly Pearl to gain,
Shall think my Blood not spent in vain.

My Sins are many, and the Score
By Aggravations is much more:
O I have long hard Work to do,
My Sins with Sorrow to review;
My Soul for Judgment to prepare,
O I no Minute have to spare.

Alms Lib'ral, Fasting, Hymn and Tear,
Assiduous keeping Conscience clear,
Writ Sacred, Meditation, Pray'r,
Shou'd daily be my sov'raign Care,
I on my Knees shou'd chiefly dwell;
And from my Thought the World expel.

What Hours to spare from these remain,
 My Calling justly shou'd obtain ;
 Tow'rd's Heav'n I Day by Day must strive,
 Nearer and nearer to arrive,
 That Death when he my Flesh shall seize,
 May find me fix'd upon my Knees.

And from my Knees my Soul I'll raise,
 Transcending Pray'r to endless Praise :
 No time I there shall misemploy,
 No time is in eternal Joy.
 My Knees, at the great Day of Doom,
 To meet my Judge I shall resume.

Your Vow Baptifmal, Conscience said, renew,
 Its Violations with sad tears review ;
 'Tis that you in Church Militant enroll'd,
 'Tis that exalts to the Triumphant Fold,
 Wear Jesus Yoke, which you will easy find,
 'Twill prove a Sabbatizing to your Mind.

Vow Baptifmal.

Bless'd Hour! when I was Born again,
 And cleans'd from either Guilt or Stain;
 I then adorn'd with Christ's dear Name,
 To Christ-like Bliss had Christ-like Claim ;
 My self in the Baptifmal wave,
 An Holocaust to God I gave.

The

The Heav'n-born Love which me then fir'd,
Shou'd have to Native Heav'n aspir'd;
But woe is me my Pondus turn'd,
And with strange Fire my Off'ring burn'd,
A sensual Mist eclips'd my Mind,
My Will from God to Sin declin'd.

I when at Font a New-born Child,
Great God, my God, my Father styl'd;
But soon as Filial Love and Dread,
From my degenerate Soul were fled,
I felt my Sins Companion, Shame,
I durst not use that gracious Name.

While Shame yet in my Soul remain'd,
Tears soon might have my Steps regain'd;
Shame for Preservative decreed,
That Christians might from Filth be freed,
Hell is of Souls but half possess'd,
While Shame lurks in the Sinners Breast.

But when my Spirit Shame eras'd,
And hard'ned was to Sin bare-fac'd,
'Tis from that Moment I must date,
My Provocation of God's Hate;
I Conscience damp'd, my Heart grew Stone,
And Satan claim'd me for his own.

My Vow of Duty which I made,
 I to God's Adversary paid,
 And a vile Slavery endur'd,
 To Hell, World, Lust, which I abjur'd;
 Renouncing Joys of Heav'nly Blifs,
 For Torments in the Dark Abyfs.

An indelib'rate Thought arose,
 Of Death and everlasting Woes,
 Can I at Judgment Day appear,
 And, Go ye Curfed, fearless hear?
 I fain wou'd have the Thought fuppress'd,
 But ftill it ftir'd, and gave no reft.

Since pure *Philanthropy* Divine,
 Did not to Duty me incline,
 It pleas'd God Horrors to inftill,
 Which fhould deter my Soul from ill;
 Yet from foft Love thofe Terrours came,
 At once to frighten and enflame.

From Holy Fear Love Filial grew,
 Made me Baptifmal Vow renew:
 Let Heav'n and Earth my Vow attelt,
 And hymn God's Love which me thus blefs'd.
 Lord, keep alive my Christian Flame,
 With Chrift-like Love, and Chrift-like Aim.



Baptismal Unction.

UNction the Christian Name implies,
In that a Christian's Safety lies:
The Holy Ghost on Jesus Head
Unmeasurable Graces shed;
His Unction's influential Force,
Of all his Actions steer'd the Course.

Christians, who Christ's Anointed are,
In his Celestial Unction share;
The Spirit templing in their Hearts,
His All-sufficient Aid imparts,
The Christian feels no Wants, no Fears,
By Unction who to Christ adheres.

Persons and Things, to God apply'd,
Were by Anointing sanctify'd:
To turn them to a Wordly Use,
Was Sacrilegious Abuse.
Christians, when they to Sin decline,
Lose Unction, and their Name Divine.

When *Pagan* Tyrants Scepters sway'd,
The Christian Name a Crime was made;
But Christians glory'd in that Style,
They heard the *Infidels* revile,
Christians in Tortures dire Effort,
Felt from their Name strong sweet Support.

As od'rous Ointment pour'd on Sores,
 Diffuses kindly through the Pores,
 Enlivens, Supples, Heals, and Cheers,
 By gentle Force the Cure endears ;
 The Christians thus their Unction find,
 Cures all Diseases of the Mind,

O may I with a Faith unfeign'd,
 Preserve my Christian Name unstain'd !
 To Copy Christ, O may I strive,
 From whom, I that dear Name derive !
 And die when Death shall me Arrest,
 A Christian with Christ's Unction Blest.

Christ's - Yoke easy.

AS through the Town my Course I steer'd,
 I various Lamentations heard,
 At each Lamentor I stood still,
 And noted his peculiar Ill.

I heard some dolefully Complain,
 Of Misery, of Disease, of Pain ;
 I pitied some with Want distress'd,
 And others cruelly oppress'd.

Of Death some had a ghastly Sight,
 I saw them trembling at the Fright,

On

On some the Fears of Judgment feis'd,
With Horrors hard to be appeas'd :

Others against the World inveigh'd,
Which though it mighty Offers made,
Was False, Afflicting, Transient, Vain,
And lead to everlasting Bane :

In sad Despair some Wretches groan'd,
Impending Vengeance some bemoan'd ;
Some for their Turpitude had Shame,
And Terrors of infernal Flame :

These grop'd for Truth with darken'd Mind,
Those to no Rule their Wills cou'd bind,
These strong Antarctick Passions rack'd,
Infernal Legions those attack'd.

I heard them all with Grief disclose,
Not their Transgressions, but their Woes ;
All heavy laden, or enslav'd,
Ease, rather than Gods Pardon, crav'd.

My Eye of Faith Bless'd *Jesus* saw
Near to each Soul in anguish draw,
With soft Benignity to all,
He utter'd this endearing Call,

Come unto me, ye Spirits griev'd,
By me your Woes shall be reliev'd ;

I'm Meek and Lowly, learn of me,
I'll set you from all Anguish free.

The Call was gracious and brought Aid,
That it by all might be obey'd;
And none with that sweet Call comply'd,
But instantly their Tears were dry'd:

Yet Men of a Lethargick Mind,
Despis'd the Blifs for them design'd;
They courted Sin, and madly chose
To aggravate their penal Woes.

Had they obey'd dear *Jesus* Voice,
And made their Happiness their Choice,
One Healthy Minute more would please,
Than num'rous Ages of Disease.

O wou'd unthinking Mortals poize
The sensual with Celestial Joys
They then wou'd wilfull Sins deplore,
And firmly vow to Sin no more.

Since I, when call'd, to *Jesus* ran,
In his kind Arms my Joys began;
Each Step I in Repentance trod,
I more enamour'd grew of God.

My Pray'rs Meek, lovely *Jesus* heard,
Sin was by Absolution clear'd,

No Joys below the Joys on high,
Can with the Joys of Pardon vie.

Since that, with Zeal I Souls bespoke,
To take on them Bles'd *Jesus* Yoke:
O I with Pleasure have it worn,
Than Sin, much easier to be born.

An humble Soul is still at Ease,
No Heights can the Ambitious please;
Alms-giving lighter far appears,
Than an Oppressour's inward Fears.

Sobriety more glads the Soul,
Than Vomits in which Drunkards roll,
The Glutton surfeits at his Meals,
The Temp'rate kind Refreshment feels:

Pure Chastity excels in Gust
The Calentures of baneful Lust;
Sloth lives expos'd to furious Hell,
The Watchful fiery Darts repell.

The envious their own Souls torment,
Bles'd Charity creates Content;
'Tis Predamnation to despair,
'Tis Blis to trust God's tender Care.

Anger's an Hurricane inbred,
Meekness, a Calm in Heart and Head;

Revenge,

Revenge, of War runs all the Ills,
 Forgiveness Sweets of Peace infills:

Rebellion an whole Realm annoys,
 Subjection best secures our Joys;
 Self Love infatiate still remains,
 God's Love full Satisfaction gains.

All Yea and Nay more nat'ral deem,
 Than horrid Oaths which God blaspheme;
 To be sincere, than Act a Part,
 A Single, than divided Heart.

A Conversation courteous, sweet,
 Than Temper fowre, and peevish Heat,
 A Competence, and moderate Mind,
 Than Av'rice to no Bounds confin'd:

An inoffensive quiet Life,
 Than Jealousy and Causeless Strife;
 A Justice to each rightful Claim,
 Than of a Cheat the Guilt and Shame.

The Damn'd in Hell shall most be pain'd,
 To think they greater Woes sustain'd,
 To get Damnation, than the Bless'd
 E'er suffer'd for Eternal Rest.

The Wicked like the troubled Sea,
 Are ne'er from Storms of Conscience free;

They

They outrage God's All-seeing Eye,
'Till they the Devil's Martyrs die.

Ill Conscience most outragious grows,
When on Death-Beds they seek Repose ;
Shrieking, Despairing, they expire,
Ingulfing in infernal Fire.

To Souls I *Jesus*' Call explain,
A Profelyte yet rarely gain :
Men patent Truth here disbeliev'd,
And, till in Hell live undeceiv'd.

Lord, Thy light Burthen may I bear,
Thy easy Yoke for ever wear ;
Keep still a Meek and lowly Heart,
Till I at Death take heav'nward Start.

All Praise to Thee, who mad'st the Way,
Easy to everlasting Day:
I, Lord, to follow thee intend,
Till I like thee, to Bliss ascend.

SABBATISM.

TO a Seventh Day God *Jews* restrain'd,
For Joy, Rest, Praise Ordain'd ;
But since the happy Hour,
Bless'd *Jesus* rose by his own Pow'r,

He

30 *Preparatives for Death.*

He resting from his Pains,
Perpetual *Sabbath* to his Saints remains.

Dear *Jesus* gives to *Vot'ries* Rest,
Which nothing can molest;
Nor Sin, nor troublous Care,
For Sin and Grief coeval were,
From both He sets us free
That Evangelick Age might *Sabbath* be.

Sabbatick Dawn, a Priest of Old,
By Sound of Trumpet told,
You when the Cock shall crow,
Will then, my Soul, your *Sabbath* know,
And at the Morning Ray,
Devote to God your whole *Sabbatick* Day.

Saints Rest on daily *Sabbaths* take,
And their own Works forsake;
Our wilfull Sins alone,
Are Works we truly call our own;
Such servile Works, as these,
Disturb of Conscience the *Sabbatick* Ease.

All Works which Callings just enjoin,
Consist with Rest Divine,
Sloth from our Spirits chace,
Make each Man useful in his Place,
Maintain with God Converse,
When they Ejaculations intersperse.

Each

Each Day *Sabbatick* Duty claims,
Each has *Sabbatick* Aims,
Devotion to attend,
Heav'n in the Closet to ascend,
And at all Hours Opportune,
In God's own House to worship God Triune.

On all the Works to fix our Thought,
By mighty Goodness wrought ;
But chiefly to remind,
The Love of *Jesus* unconfi'd,
That Love of Loves to sing
Of *Sabbath's* ghostly and eternal Spring.

God's Book with humble Hearts to read,
Prepar'd for Heav'nly Seed,
With an attentive Ear,
Celestial Truths display'd to hear,
With Saints to hold Discourse,
Of mutual Light and Consolation's Source.

All who in Mind or Body grieve,
With Pity to relieve,
Like Angels of pure Light,
To live of God in awfull Sight,
In Hymn to spend effort,
And by warm Pray'rs, Souls Heav'nwards to
transport.

On God to re-transfuse the Mind,
 And live with Will resign'd,
 Pleas'd only with God's Choice,
In all God's Orders to rejoice,
 To bear a filial smart,
 With a serene and unrepining Heart.

With Men to keep a Temper mild,
 To live God's tender Child ;
 When Death shall you release,
 To die with God at perfect Peace,
 And long tow'rds Heav'n to rise.
 'Tis by these Acts Saints daily *Sabbatise*.

Hell with a fierce Confed'rate Rage,
 Will 'gainst our Peace engage ;
 But God is our retreat ,
 Hell Powers we by his Aids defeat,
 On God our Souls repose,
 And *Sabbatise* while fighting with our Foes.

Our Dangers us shou'd Watchful keep,
 Shou'd hinder Ghostly Sleep,
 Our Frailties Pray'r excite,
 For Succours from unbounded Might,
 Such Succours which ne'er fail,
 In Spirit, Hope, *Sabbatick* to prevail.

By ghostly Wars we here sustain,
 We Peace internal gain,

To

To Victory inur'd,
Our Glory is the more secur'd
With the more zeal we fly,
To endless *Sabbath* undisturb'd on High.

Caduco walking out to take the Air,
Led by unseen yet providential Care,
Came where his Ear was with a Past'ral charm'd,
Which the Great King of Terrours quite disarm'd.



THEODORE and ROSELLA,
On the Shortness of LIFE.

T*Heo.* Where had you those sweet Flow'rs, *Rosella*;
say.

Ro. O *Theodore*, I pick'd them by the Way.

Theo. The Plains around us, no such Beauties yield:

Ro. They in a Garden grew, not in a Field.

You of our great Man's Garden know the Fame,

And as I tow'rds you with our Dinner came,

I saw it open, and my greedy Eye

Stood at the Door its Beauties to descry,

When a kind Maid, who of the Flow'rs took Care,

Invited me to take the Garden Air;

I ent'ring walk'd about with strange Delight,

Had of all Curiosities a Sight:

At parting, she her Neighbour to endear,

Gave me the Flow'rs and Fruits which I have here:

A thousand Thanks I paid her, and made haste,
That you, my Love, may of my Dainties taste;
I of the Flow'rs will two sweet Nofegays make,
And my Dear *Theodore* his Choice shall take.

Theo. We'll eat the Fruit for Banquet to our Meal,
But what is that you in your Hand Conceal?

Ro. It is the prettiest Creature ever bred
In Garden, or that brows'd on Flow'ry Bed.

Theo. Shew it; *Ro.* I dare not, it away will fly,
And I shall loose the Darling of my Eye.

The. You loose it now, while hidden from your View,
As much, Fond Girl, as if away it flew.

Ro. My Heart misgives me. *Theo.* Open by Degrees,
On some one Limb I'll to secure it seize;

Ro. O touch it gently; *Theo.* I have got the Wing,
You without Fear your Fingers may uncling.

Ro. This Beautious Fly which I have hither brought,
Amidst the Flow'rs I in the Garden caught;
Know you its Name? Ah! make you no Reply,
Know you its Name, I say? Ah can a Fly
Give you this sudden and this strange Surprise,
Ah that I e'er expos'd it to your Eyes!

Why, *Theodore*, thus solemn? O your Tears,
Run trickling down, this still more strange appears,
My Dear I cannot weeping see, but I
Must fall a Weeping too; yet know not why.
If for *Rosella* Passion you retain,

Say, *Theodore*, what thus creates you Pain?

Ah! shall this little Fly my Rival be:

You fix'd on that, have no regard for me.

Theo.

Theo. O with what Wisdom are all Things design'd,
 Man of his God and latter End to mind!
 Duty and Death is by all Creatures taught,
 Tho' Earthly, they raise Heav'nly minded Thought:
 God makes the *Ant* to heedless Man a Guide,
 For Heav'n to teach him timely to provide;
 This Fly God's Goodness to instruct me sends,
 O may I learn the Lesson God intends!

Ro. I little thought, Dear *Theodore*, that I
 Brought you a Preacher, when I brought a Fly:

Theo. You have for me and for *Rosella* too;
 The same it teaches me, it teaches you.

Ro. What *Theodore* esteems a Teacher fit,
 To that *Rosella* gladly will submit;
 But tell me what, and how this Fly can teach:
 To me 'tis Myst'ry, and beyond my Reach.

Theo. Once more, my Dear, the amiable Mold
 Of this stupendous little Thing behold;
 The Lillies which Great *Solomon* outv'y,
 Are far less Glorious than this little Fly;
 The great Creator's Power and Wisdom shine,
 Concenter'd in this Miniature Divine;
 Bright various colour'd Rays his Wings adorn,
 He of the Garden is the Sov'rain born,
 He o'er the Beds, Trees, Bushes takes his Range,
 And for his Pleasure can his Region change;
 Now with spread Wings the pliant Air he sweeps;
 Then on his Legs he on the Surface creeps:
 He perches on sweet Plants, sucks od'rous Flow'rs,
 Enjoys the Sun, retreats to shady Bow'rs,

Abundance, Beauty, Freedom and Delight,
 In full Perfection all in him unite ;
 He's with the World at Peace, provokes no Foe,
 Thrice happy Creature did his Blifs he know !

Ro. The Sight to you is pleasant I perceive,
 Why on a sudden did I see you grieve ?

Theo. This little Creature I no sooner ey'd,
 But I the Draught of Humane Life espy'd,
 'Twas that first made me solemn, and the Thought,
 Flew heav'nward with Ejaculations fraught ; Light,

Ro. Tell me your Thought, my Dear, from the same
 My Soul may take to Heav'n like vig'rous Flight.

Theo. This Fly, my Love, you see so Brisk and Gay,
 Never lives longer than a single Day ;
 'Tis therefore styl'd a Day-Fly, and in this,
 Learn the evanid State of Earthly Blifs ;
 Man's Life is narrow'd to much shorter Date,
 Expos'd each Moment to untimely Fate.

Ro. Now I perceive, my Dearest, that the Fly,
 May of a Preacher well the Place supply.

The. In Blifs, my Love, none here that Fly transcend,
 Born in a Paradise his Life to spend,
 To die on some sweet Flow'r, and in its Womb
 To lie Embalm'd and have its od'rous Tomb:
 If you with sinfull Men such Flies compare,
 They of the two on Earth much Happier are,
 They Paradise enjoy which we have Lost,
 They have full Ease, we to and fro are tofs'd ;
 Our Life Vexatious, Transient is, and Vain,
 And ev'ry Morning we renew our Pain:

The

The World we shou'd renounce, we most admire,
 All things in our Eternal Bane conspire ;
 By Poy's'nous Errour and Converse misled,
 Of Death and Judgment in perpetual Dread,
 Congenial Guilt up with our Stature grows,
 Accumulating everlasting Woes.

Did but a New-born Infant fully know,
 The wretched Life he is to undergo ?
 He at his Birth wou'd rather Blifs begin,
 Than run the Hazard of one wilful Sin ;
 Or of this Fly he'd choose the short-liv'd Age,
 And as the Sun withdraws forsake the Stage,
 The Humane Butter-flies of either Sex,
 Who with their gawdy Dress themselves perplex,
 Live but a Day, though flutt'ring many Years :
 Life on the Death-bed like one Day appears.
 This Earthly Life *Rosella* then despise,
 And to the Life Supernal lift your Eyes.

Ro. Though Life is troublous, yet upon the Plains
 We Shepherds wont to sing Celestial Strains,
 Far from the Wicked noisy World remote,
 More freely may our selves to God devote ;
 If we less Joy, we yet less Sorrow have,
 And pass with greater Quiet to the Grave.
 I happy am in *Theodore* alone,
 Enjoying *Theodore*, I envy none,

Theo. I, Dear, am happy equally in thee,
 But yet our Plains are not from Troubles free ;
 The Tempter here lays many baneful Snares,
 And of Temptations Shepherds have their Shares.

Ro.

Ro. Dear *Theodore*, O tell me how we best
With Trouble and Temptation may contest.

Theo. We like the Fly must from the World retreat,
And wisely manage our short vital Heat ;
What is our Life but a repeated Day?
We quickly pass our Noon, and waste away,
We daily the like ghostly Dangers meet,
We the same Duties ev'ry Day repeat :
Strive that this Day may yesterday out-doe,
Of Virtue nobler Heights each Day pursue ;
God to the present Day our View confin'd,
Wou'd have us for the Future live resign'd ;
Taught us to pray for only daily Bread,
And trust on him to be to morrow Fed.
Lord, daily Bread, but Love perpetual give,
Without thy Love we can no Minute live ;
We'll to the present Day our Cares consign,
And live in Rev'ence of the Eye Divine :
We may our Flocks assiduously inspect,
With Minds to Heav'n habitually erect ;
Each Day we from the World as loose shou'd sit,
As if assur'd the World at Night to quit :
Accounts with Heav'n we'll daily even keep,
Shou'd the last Trump surprize us in our Sleep ;
But Death can truly sudden be to none,
Who by Repentance daily God atone :
We'll live God's Children, and to God resign'd,
A Brother and a Sister to Mankind.
We'll to our Fly give Freedom that he may,
Live his Age o'er with Happiness to Day ;

He

He with his Lot was in the Garden pleas'd,
 'Till you the well-contented Creature feisd ;
 From him each Day we'll learn to live Content,
 Upon the daily Manna God has sent ;
 With Thanks to God we'll now our Meal begin,
 Sweet is the Meal, which is not sowrd by Sin ;
 Sweet is the Meal, which wasted Strength recruits,
 That God may of our Vigour have the Fruits :
 Sweet is the Meal, when as our Body's fed,
 Our Spirit hungers for supernal Bread ;
 This Day to future Days shall be the Plan,
 We'll ev'ry Day do all the Good we can :
 By God's sweet Aid no Minutes we'll mispend,
 On these Time-drops eternal Joys depend.
 A thousand Years to God is but a Day,
 Eternity of Love feels no Decay.
 We'll strive to imitate our God above,
 And live each Day a thousand Years of Love.

Conscience then to enforce th' Impressions strong,
 Made on *Caduco* by the Pass'ral Song,
 Suggested that his Thought a while should dwell
 On transient Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven and
 Hell.

They the Incentives are of Hope and Fear,
 To fright from Sin, and Duty to endear.



L I F E.

O Life, what art Thou? oft I try,
 To Paint thee to my ghostly Eye;
 I all evanid Things survey,
 But them when I against thee weigh,
 A Vapour, Flow'r, a Sleep, a Dream,
 Preponderating turn the Beam.

A Vapour 'ere dissolv'd in Air,
 A Flower 'ere ceasing to look fair,
 A Sleep, a Dream, 'ere they expire,
 Some short Duration still require;
 But Life fleets rather than abides,
 Away in half a Second slides.

Methinks when Death I call to mind,
 Life might be easily defin'd;
 Death's a Privation of our all,
 Life then we shou'd Fruition call;
 Yet nothing we to Life allow,
 But the Fruition of this Now.

Thought Life infers; to Dust we sink
 That Moment when we cease to think:
 From Thought to Thought my Life runs on,
 'Tis irretrievably soon gone:
 Thought, 'ere I can enjoy it, flies,
 'Till a new Thought fresh Life supplies.

O Fool, of short-liv'd Goods possess'd,
In meer Incertainties to rest,
From your full Barns and Bags of Gold,
To Dream of slowly growing Old;
Can you bribe Death with all your Store,
To respite you one Moment more?

Ah! who can this short Life ensure,
That it beyond this Thought shall dure?
Of Millions Death the End has wrought,
Just in the Middle of a Thought,
This Life of mine each Moment lies
In Danger of a like Surprise.

Surprise! Ah me that Word I dread,
To drop down on a sudden Dead,
And be by Fiends to Judgment hal'd,
'Ere Prayers for Mercy have prevail'd;
No Wretch but quakes, when we relate
The Horrors of so dire a Fate.

Tell me, my Soul, is there no Art
To arm against Death's sudden Dart?
Has gracious Heav'n contriv'd no Way,
Of lengthning here our Mortal Stay,
Or on this Momentaneous Stage,
In a short Time to live an Age?

'Tis Sin which shortens vital Day,
And when we feel our Breath Decay,

Convictions then came rushing in,
 That Life has been but Death in Sin;
 On time mispent we ne'er reflect,
 'Till we are damn'd for its Neglect.

The Infants, from the Font who fly
 Unfully'd to the Joys on High,
 Live longer than obdurate Men,
 Who Sin to Threescore Years and Ten:
 Old Sinners ne'er true Life obtain,
 'Till ghostly Babes and Born again.

Were I immortal Life to spend,
 In all the Woes which Sin attend,
 In Dangers, Sickness, Troubles, Pain,
 Which we in wretched Life sustain;
 I Death wou'd court, this Life not prize,
 And Immortality despise.

Souls who to endless Joys aspire,
 This Life endure, but Death desire:
 The shortest Life they deem the Best,
 The soonest freed from Sin and Bless'd;
 No weary Pilgrim but revives,
 When he at wish'd for Home arrives.

Saints live eternally above,
 In Beatifick Joy, Hymn, Love,
 At Life's unbounded Source they Drink,
 Of God they never cease to think.

We

We those dear Moments only live,
Which we to God devoutly give.

Lord, may I never loose thy Sight,
May I in thy sole Love delight,
I am, live, move in Thee alone,
God-Man will for my Sins atone;
While I by trebled Zeal and Tears
Strive to retrieve my careless Years.

D E A T H.

OF Follies to which *Adam's Race,*
Immortal Souls debase,

None ever yet was known to gain
So universal Reign,

As that which thought of dying flies,
'Till Pangs of Death the Wretch surprize,

That they must die, all Men confess,
None Time, or Place can guess,

The Manner, Kind, all secret own,
To all but God alone;

All on short Life depending know,
Eternity of Bliss or Woe.

What Folly, Madness, Stupour then,
Un-mans the Sons of Men?

Careless of their eternal Lots,
They live spiritual Sots;

Deep

Deep of foul, sensual Philtrums Drink,
 What they shou'd ne'er forget, ne'er think,

When summon'd to Infernal shade,
 Death's Horrors them invade
 Too late, alas, they'll stand aghast,
 For Stupefaction past:
 Death's Terrours there shall haunt their Breast,
 Which ghostly Fools till then suppress.

My Soul, this Flesh when in its Urn
 Must to Corruption turn,
 You'll to the Source of Spirits fly,
 To your Birth place on high,
 Heav'n is of Souls the Native Sphere,
 O Heav'n-born Soul, live Stranger here.

Evanid Joys with Scorn survey,
 At Death they'll fleet away;
 The Riches you to Heav'n may bear,
 Are Hymn, and Alms, and Pray'r:
 When God's mild Eyes shall them behold,
 Your Gain will be Ten Thousand-fold.

Of Death you'll never live in dread,
 When, you to Sin are Dead;
 'Tis Sin makes Death of Terrours King,
 Sin Arms him with his Sting;
 But Jesus' Cross his Terrours quells,
 The Venom of his Sting dispells.

Life has of Troubles various Scenes,
Death Storms of Life serenes;
All Praise to God who Death design'd,
To difembroil the Mind;
That it might free from fleshly Weight,
Spring into the immortal State.

May my Accounts Great God with thee,
Each Night adjusted be,
Grave on my Soul my dying Day,
That I may Watch and Pray,
And joy when Death shall Summons give,
That then I shall begin to live.

RESURRECTION.

Great Day! to Mortals kept unknown,
When an Arch-Angel from the Throne
Shall on his radiant Wings appear,
And hov'ring o'er this lower Sphere,
His Trumpet blow, whose mighty Sound
Shall undulate the Globe around.

All sep'rate Souls where e'er they dwell,
In the Out-courts of Heav'n or Hell,
Soon as they hear shall Summons have,
To fly to each appropriate Grave,
And their Corporeal Bulk resume,
To wait their Everlasting Doom.

The

The Particles of Bodies Dead,
 Though over num'rous Regions spread,
 By sympathetick Force impress'd,
 Shall haste in pristine Form to rest ;
 While to its Seat the Soul reflies,
 And the same Man who dy'd shall rise.

From glorious God an Angel sent,
 His Vial on *Euphrates* sent,
 Shou'd he his empty Vial fill
 With *Hermon* Dew, and thence distill,
 One Drop on ev'ry Stream which glides,
 'Till it in Ocean loft abides :

Yet ev'ry Drop Omniscience knows,
 And where it in each Billow flows,
 Can ev'ry Drop entirely lave
 From its Transfusions into Wave,
 Though distant as each Polar Shore,
 Can to the Vial them restore.

Shou'd ev'ry Drop in Vapour rise,
 Turn Rain, Hail, Snow, when in the Skies,
 Thence falling into Earth be sunk,
 And up by Vegetables Drunk,
 God all their Shiftings can complute,
 And into Dew them re-transmute.

From *Jesus*' Body Virtue came,
 Which cur'd the Blind, Sick, Dumb and Lame ;

But

But since he from the Grave arose,
A nobler Virtue from him flows;
A Virtue over Death to reign
And raise all Dead Mankind again.

Pure Souls with rapt'rous Joy shall haste,
In their lov'd Shells to be encas'd,
While impious Souls with hideous Cry,
In vain shall loath'd Re-Union fly.
Saints Graces them for Blifs dispose;
Guilt Sinners weighs to endless Woes.

God-man be prais'd, who Saints loose Duff,
To glorious Bodies will adjust:
Though Soul and Flesh shall parted be,
They'll meet in bless'd Eternity.
That Thought devoutly, Saints, revolve,
And live in Languor to dissolve.

J U D G M E N T.

When the Arch-angel's Trump shall sound,
And warn the World in Stupours drown'd,
At God's Tribunal to appear,
Hell-Pow'rs the Voice shall quiv'ring hear,
The Earth shall quake from Pole to Pole,
The Orbs Celestial trembling roll:

The Dead shall in their Graves awake,
The Hearts of all the Living quake,

Good

Preparatives for Death.

Good Angels shall the Sound revere,
 And God adore with humble Fear ;
 God-man the Judge shall ready stand,
 To leave his Throne at God's Right-Hand.

Supernal Hosts who Beams diffuse,
 Through arched Heav'n shall rendezvous ;
 Horses and Chariots, with which God
 In Triumph through the Waters rode,
 Shall to the Heav'nly Gates repair,
 To wait on Jesus to the Air.

The Angels at his March shall shout,
 And all the Way, with Zeal devout,
 Shall Hymns to the incarnate King,
 Of Mercy, and of Justice sing ;
 They'll then his Throne in Air erect,
 That all the World he may inspect.

God-man his Angels will enjoyn,
 Saints hallow'd Dust to re-enshrine,
 And when their Souls they re-embrace,
 Waft them to see his blisful Face ;
 The Saints they'll in their Chariots drive,
 Till they at Jesus' Throne arrive.

Damn'd Souls shall then too late, in Vain
 Bewail their Sins which caus'd their Pain,
 They'll wish eternally to die,
 Or buried under Rocks to lie,

In vain their Wishes will be made,
No Guilt God's Judgment can evade:

The Heav'nly Book shall be unclos'd,
The Secrets of all Hearts expos'd ;
God and their Conscience Saints will clear,
They'll plead not perfect, but sincere ;
To their mild Judge they'll make Appeals,
Who with this Blood their Pardon seals.

The guilty Sinners, Self-condemn'd,
Who *Jesus'* Laws and Cross contemn'd,
Despairing to decline their Fate,
With Horrour shall their Doom await ;
No Force of Language can disclose,
Saints Raptures, or curs'd Sinners Woes:

Go, Curfed, doom'd to endless Pain,
Come, Saints, in endless Blifs to reign,
Good Angels thence shall Saints attend,
With *Jesus* they'll to Heav'n ascend ;
Curs'd Fiends shall drag the damn'd to Hell,
In everlasting Pains to yell.

All Praise to God, who here below,
Prolongs my Choice of Blifs or Woe ;
My past ill Choice may I deplore,
Fear Hell ; but Fear offending more,
Keep a Tribunal in my Mind,
And have by God my Pardon sign'd:

*The Trumpet.*

IN Univerfal Dread I wak'd,
 Each Atom in me quak'd,
 Tremendous Sounds, methought, hung in my Ear,
 Which shook the circumambient Sphere,
 Methought it reach'd to Hell,
 Where all the frighted Fiends a trembling fell.

I starting, to my Guardian fay,
 Sure 'tis the Judgment Day,
 Woe, woe, is me my Soul is unprepar'd,
 I am unutterably scar'd;
 O for one Minute more,
 In which I may my num'rous Sins deplore!

To God fend Penitential cries ;
 My Guardian then replies,
 God gives you time your Wand'rings to lament,
 Which shou'd upon your Knees be spent :
 What Sound I then re-join'd
 Is that, which with this Horror strikes my Mind?

I saw, my Guardian said, this Night
 An Angel in his Flight,
 One of the Seven, who at God's Throne of State
 With their Celestial Trumpets wait,

Him

Him I in darter Thought,
To rest himself a while with me besought.

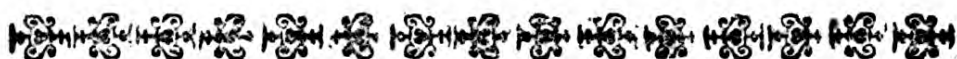
He mildly yields, I him embrace,
And as he took his Place,
I saw his Trumpet hang between his Wings,
As we discours'd of heav'nly Things,
And his Right-hand contain'd,
Seven Thunder-bolts for some curs'd Land ordain'd.

Ah me! said I, how is Mankind
Turn'd Deaf, Dumb, Stupid, Blind!
To the Surprize of Death and endless Woes,
Each Moment they themselves expose,
This Soul I tender here,
I rarely make my Warnings to revere.

I long my Pupil to secure,
And keep him Christ-like pure,
O lift your radiant Trumpet to your Head,
Sound in the Key which wakes the Dead,
Sound singly to his Ear;
Wake all ye dead, at Judgment to appear.

The Angel with my wish conspir'd,
Sounding what I desir'd,
But much more dreadful, more surprizing Sound
Will through the hallow Graves rebound,
When the last Trump begins
To summon Souls to Judgment for their Sins.

I Thanks to my good Angel paid,
 The Warning duly weigh'd,
 The Sound continues lively in my Mind,
 And when to Ill I am inclin'd,
 The Trumpet I recall,
 To keep me watchful, and prevent my Fall.



H E L L.

When, Go ye, Cursed, God proclaims,
 And Sinners plunge in endless Flames,
 Think, O my Soul, what mighty Pain,
 The Damn'd sustain.

Self-rage for Breach of gracious Laws,
 The Worm of Conscience which still gnaws,
 Confusion, Terrour, Trembling, Shame,
 And fierce Self-blame.

Unpity'd Groans, the Brimstone Lake,
 Fiends who in tort'ring Pleasure take,
 Of Sin a clear and bitter Sense,
 And Hate immense.

Heav'n lost, the Choice of Torments sure,
 Souls temper'd Tortures to endure,
 Gnashing of Teeth, outrageous Fire,
 And Darkness dire.

All Miseries which there o'er-flow,
Fill all Capacities of Woe,
Hope is for ever Banish'd there
By black despair.

My Soul, think how the Damn'd complain,
And to themselves impute their Pain,
God bid me live, but wretched I
Wou'd choose to die.

How long have I 'gainst God rebell'd?
How many gracious Calls repell'd?
More hardships ran to Work my Bane
Than Heav'n wou'd gain.

I flighted God's propitious Aid,
Damp'd Conscience, lest it shou'd upbraid ;
The World I for my Idol own'd,
And God dethron'd.

My self, I to curs'd Sin enslav'd,
All Thoughts of my Repentance wav'd,
I light of *Jesus*' Suff'rings made,
And never pray'd.

My Pestilence I oft diffus'd,
Great God's long Suff'ring I abus'd,
And damn'd to these eternal Woes,
Have what I chose.

Had I one Minute more of Breath,
 Oh I might then prepare for Death,
 With as intense an act of Grief,
 As the good Thief!

'Tis Sin, my Soul, from which these Cries,
 These Torments of the Damn'd arise,
 'Tis Sin makes Hell, 'tis Sin alone,
 Breeds endless Moan:

Can, Go ye curs'd, mild *Jesus* say,
 Who wou'd his Blood for Sinners pay?
 Whose sweetest Lips on Humane race,
 Drop'd boundless Grace?

Curs'd Sin, to God you Motives gave,
 To damn those Souls he dy'd to save,
 To make Love infinite perspire
 Devouring Fire.

All Praise to God who spares me Time,
 To Search and Mourn for ev'ry Crime;
 Souls arm'd with Penitential Tear
 Hell never fear.

H E A V E N.

NOR Eye, Ear, Thought, can take the Height,
 To which my Song is taking flight,
 Yet rais'd an humble Wing,
 My guess of Heav'n I'll sing;

'Tis

'Tis Love's Reward, and Love is fir'd
By guessing at the Bliss desir'd.

Guess then at Saints eternal Lot,
By due confid'ring what 'tis not,
 No Mis'ry, Want, or Care,
 No Death, no Darknes there,
No Troubles, Storms, Sighs, Groans, or Tears,
No Injury, Pains, Sickness, Fears.

There Souls no Disappointments meet,
No Vanities the Choice to cheat,
 Nothing that can defile,
 No Hypocrite, no Guile,
No need of Pray'r, or what implies,
Or Absence or Vacuities.

There no ill Conscience gnaws the Breast,
No Tempters Holy Souls infest,
 No Curse, no Weeds no Toil,
 No Errors to embroil,
No lustful Thought can enter in,
Or Possibility of Sin.

From all vexations here below,
The Region of Sin Death and Woe;
 Sing to your utmost Strefs
 Now elevate your Guess,
Sing what in Sacred Lines you read,
Of Bliss for pious Souls decreed,

They dwell in pure ecstasick Light,
 Of God Triune have blisful Sight,
 Of Fontal Love, who gave
 God Filial Man to save;
 Of *Jesus*' Love, who Death sustain'd,
 By which the Saints their Glory gain'd :

Of Love co-breath'd the Boundless Source,
 From which Saints Love derives its Force,
 Within the Gracious shine
 Of the co-glorious Trine,
 The Saints in happy Mansions rest,
 Of all they can desire possess'd.

Saints Bodies there the Sun out-vie
 Temper'd to feel the Joys on High,
 Bright Body and pure Mind,
 In Rapture unconfin'd,
 Capacities expand, 'till fit
 Deluge of Godhead to admit.

In all-sufficient Blis they joy,
 Duration in sweet Hymns employ;
 With Angels they converse,
 Their Loves and Joys rehearse,
 Taste Suavities of Love immense,
 Of all Delights full Confluence,

With

With God's own Son they reign Co-heirs,
Each Saint with him in Glory Shares;
Like Godhead happy, pure,
Against all change secure,
In boundless Joys they *Sabbatise*,
Which Love Triune will eternise,

By boundless Love, for Souls refin'd,
Are Joys unspeakable design'd,
When I those Joys imbibe,
I then may them describe;
Joys to full pitch will Hymn excite,
When from Sensation I endite.

Just as *Caduco's* Song of Heav'n was clos'd,
Enlighten'd Conscience sweetly interpos'd,
If Heav'n you value, learn what *Jesus* taught,
That it, shou'd in the first Chief place be sought.

Heaven first sought.

WHether I will, or no, I find
My self to Happiness inclin'd,
What Happiness I then desire,
I next enquire,

I all my Inclinations weigh,
What wou'd content them, bid them say,

But

But see they no Enough will own,
 Infatiate grown.

Pride, Lust, and Av'rice, still wou'd crave,
 Shou'd they ten Worlds for Portion have,
 Intoxicated though with Store,
 They'd thirst for more.

I then consult each learned Sect,
 Who Authors numberless collect,
 They who all Sciences pursue
 Enough ne'er knew.

In *Solomon* of all Mankind,
 Wealth, Honour, Pleasure, Wisdom join'd;
 He felt the quintessential Heights
 Of all Delights.

He strove with an unbridl'd Will
 Of sensual Joys to take his fill,
 Yet to his sorrow found his Gain
 Vexatious, Vain.

Our God in that great King design'd,
 To unbeguile each Worldly mind,
 And teach that highest Joys below,
 Expire in Woe.

There's no true Satisfaction here,
 'Tis only in the heav'nly Sphere;

Souls who to perfect Joys aspire
Quite loose Desire.

In Death enough Saints shall not have,
Though Flesh lies senseless in the Grave;
And he their Spirits shall dismiss
To enter Bliss.

Enough no sep'rate Souls obtain,
'Till Bodies glorify'd they gain,
They'll live in languishing Desire
For Bliss entire.

Jesus to fix our Choice aright,
Bids us first seek the Realm of Light,
And to his Righteousness Divine
To co-encline.

None but the Righteous are dispos'd,
For Joys in endless Light disclos'd;
Polluted Souls the Region pure
Wou'd not endure.

Left the vain World shou'd us allure,
He deigns Heav'n's seekers to assure,
That God their Portion just decreed,
For earthly Need.

Thus Love unbounded overflows
Both Heav'n and Earth on Saints bestows:

What

What can the Infinite give more,
Or Man implore ?

If Heav'n ye Worldlings first wou'd choose
And not enjoy this World, but use ;
'Twill please you to Subjection brought,
More than first fought.

My *Jesus*, had I fought Thee first,
I ne'er had felt afflicting Thirst ;
But this vain World from heav'nly View
My Spirit drew.

Lord, to that sov'raign Bliss I tend,
Which All-sufficient has no end,
Perfections which belong to none,
But Thee alone.

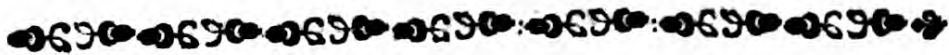
Mean while I on my God rely
The Wants, he wills me, to supply ;
My just Enough He only knows
For Want or Woes.

In God's Enough my Soul shall rest,
Though here I am but partly bless'd,
Saints of the Cross have still Alloy
To temper Joy. 1

Enough we have for Earthly Need.
Heav'n's Joys our Foretastes far exceed,
Enough,

Enough, my God, is where Thou art,
There lodge, my Heart.

Caduco, when his Meditation ey'd,
Between this Earth and Heav'n the Distance wide,
To reach that Height had an injected Fear,
'Till Conscience him inspir'd the Doubt to clear.



A Sigh Ascending.

I Warm Ejaculations made
For instantaneous Aid,
But fearing Pray'r wou'd want a Speed,
Fit for my pressing Need,
A vig'rous Sigh I sent on High,
Thought that wou'd swifter fly.

Hell and my Lufts a Plot had form'd,
They me with Fury storm'd ;
They both my Spirit to molest,
Incessantly suggest,
The Sigh which from your Heart is flown
Can never reach the Throne.

Much rather our Delights admit,
Fond Expectations quit,
We strictly leagu'd your Will can sway,
And Force you to obey.

Then

Then Faith in God they to confute,
Philosophy depute.

A Cannon Ball discharg'd upright,
Takes swift and lofty Flight,
And in its pulse it t'wards the Skies
Twice Fifty Fathom flies,
'Ere to the Sun it cou'd ascend
'Twou'd five whole Lustres spend.

From thence 'ere it to *Jove* cou'd soar,
Add Five and Twenty more,
From thence 'twou'd double the Account,
'Ere it to *Saturn* mount,
From thence to lowest starry Sphears
Seven Hundred Thousand Years.

Guess then to Blissful Heaven how far,
'Tis from the lowest Star ;
A Sigh can ne'er to endless Bliss
Shoot that immense Abyfs,
A Sigh, which into Air reflows,
And never higher goes.

Thus they trajected dubious Thought,
Which Trouble in me wrought,
My Conscience bad me have recourse
To God's unbounded Force,
And to experienc'd Saints below,
Who well the Wonder know.

Soon

Soon as I self-reflections made,
They soon the Truth display'd ;
Curs'd *Satan* a sharp fiery Dart,
Trajected to my Heart,
Which at my Pray'r drop'd out, I found
My Heart at ease, and found.

Sighs, whether swift to Heav'n they rise
As Morning guilds the Skies,
Or God by omnipresent Ear,
When they are sigh'd, is near,
Since God vouchsafes what I desire,
'Twere fruitless to enquire.

In Heav'n Accounts of Sighs are kept,
Of ev'ry Tear that's wept ;
Saints feel the Blessings back they bring,
Swift as Angelick Wing ;
The Humble what they beg obtain,
They never Sigh in vain.



Heav'n-ward Flight.

Guardian, when Death shall me subdue,
Shall I have Wings like you?
Or by some Angel up be caught,
And to my Mansion brought?

Or

Or shall I mount to endless rest,
 By heav'nly Force impress'd?
 Or shall I by Magnetick might,
 Be drawn to endless Light?
 Or shall I like *Elias* fly,
 In Chariot up the Sky?

God, he reply'd, by various Ways,
 The Saints to Heav'n conveighs,
 To weaker Souls he Wings supplies,
 They swift as Seraphs rise,
 Bright Angels higher Saints up take,
 Ascent with them to make.
 Saints who no deadly Sin embrace,
 To damp Baptismal Grace,
 With a full Vigour fly their Course
 By their pure Virgin Force.

The Magnetism of heav'nly Love,
 Draws some to God above;
 They need no Wings, but strong Desire,
 On that they all aspire:
 But on Heroick Saints of State
 God's radiant Chariots wait:
 None of the Saints who soar to Bliss,
 Their Way can ever miss;
 Of their own Pray'rs the Wakes are known,
 They'll lead them to the Throne.

Which of these Ways, dear Soul, wou'd you
 Your Flight to Heav'n pursue? **I**

I paus'd a while and then reply'd,
You, Guardian, me must guide,
My Prayers of Fervency bereft
Small Track I fear have left;
And I so oft have gone astray,
I soon may lose my Way,
My Mode of flying I submit,
To what my God thinks fit.

The Chariots on which Saints ascend,
No Common Souls attend:
My Fontal Grace, alas, is stain'd,
Curs'd Sin my Spirit ban'd;
I fear, sweet Love's attractive Might
Is damp'd by foul Delight;
And a peculiar Angel flown,
To guard me from the Throne,
I worthless to expect forbear,
To waft me through the Air.

If my own Passage I might use,
I vig'rous Wings wou'd choose;
They'll mount me with a strong Effort,
They'll best my Soul support;
You, gracious Friend, close to me fly,
'Till I am lodg'd on High;
O draw me from the World away,
Shou'd I my Flight delay,
As Angels by kind Heav'n dispatch'd
Lot out of Sodom snatch'd.

Saints never tyr'd in Flight.

MY gracious Guardian on a Day,
 Wou'd his bright Wings display,
 His Cloud he laid aside,
 And I his glorious Visage ey'd,
 While he suggested Heav'nly Things,
 I took the full Dimension of his Wings.

Soft as the Light were all his Plumes,
 Sweet as the Spouse's choice Perfumes,
 Each of his Wings I found,
 Rose a full Fathom from the Ground;
 Within those Wings my Soul he kept
 All Night he threw them o'er me while I slept.

His Wings he rais'd, and o'er my Head,
 To full Expansion wou'd have spread,
 But to my inward Pain,
 He strait contracted them again;
 Alas! my Closet was too strait,
 And he could neither of his Wings dilate.

My Curiosity he spy'd,
 And thus to me himself apply'd,
 Tell me dear Heav'n-born Mind,
 What was the Reason you inclin'd,
 The Measure of my Wings to take,
 And what strange Observation thence you make.

Ah!

Ah me, said I, my thoughtfull Breast
Has with a Scruple been oppress'd,
When I from Matter freed,
Shall fly with you tow'rd's Heav'n full speed,
I fear I shall not reach the Height,
Or waste all my Eternity in Flight.

Shou'd God like Wings for me prepare,
You'd soon out fly me in the Air,
Ah! I may loofe your Wake,
Fall down the Gulph to *Tophet's* Lake,
Or wand'ring too and fro may tire,
While you to everlasting Blis aspire.

I oft have heard the Learned count,
The mighty Journey Souls must mount ;
To Blis 'ere they ascend,
Of Years they must a Million spend,
My Guardian then benignly said,
No Saints are by this Distance 'ere difinay'd.

A Star in twice Twelve Hours will run,
Of Miles a Billion round the Sun ;
When you take Heav'n-ward Springs,
Propitious God will oint your Wings,
He'll Oil of Gladness on them pour,
A wond'rous Height you'll in a Second soar.

The Star when it in Height extream
Encompasses the Solar Beam,

Flies in the scanty Time
 Of but one single Minute Prime,
 A Hundred Thousand Miles, and more;
 Saints sooner reach thro' Heav'nly Waves the Shore.

All heavy Bodies through the Air,
 Swift to their Central Rest repair;
 As they fall down the Sphear,
 Each Inch they fall, mends their Career,
 The nearer to the Point they tend,
 They with the more Velocity descend.

The nearer thus to Blifs you fly,
 You'll still the swifter mount on High,
 When Heav'n is clear in sight,
 It will invigorate your Flight,
 Thousand of Leagues each Pulse you'll move,
 And beyond that your Motion will improve.

Your Spirit will be all Desire,
 You by the Way can never tire;
 No Saint I ever knew
 Tir'd, as to Central Blifs he flew.
 I on his Heav'nly Word repos'd,
 And strait his cloudy Vehicle he clos'd.

If Heav'n you seek, said Conscience, with warm Zeal,
 In Joys Terrestrial you'll no *Gusto* feel;
 Like *Jesus*, worldly Offers you'll deny,
 And live unclog'd, as you Desire to die;

Sing

Sing th' Heav'n-born Soul, too noble to be slav'd,
By Hell, the World, or by a Will deprav'd.

The World deny'd.

IN Vain, in Vain, deluded Soul,
You seek for Bliss from Pole to Pole,
You sooner may employ your Age,
The *Phoenix* to Surprise and Cage;
Than any Happiness here find,
Proportion'd to a Heav'n-born Mind.

Experiments you daily make,
As oft discover your Mistake;
Yet after each notorious Cheat,
You still renew your sensual Heat,
Your Folly never till you die,
Gives the bewitching World the Lie.

On your Death-bed you will begin
To hate the Sorceries of Sin,
You'll feel a Vacuum in your Will,
Which all the Globe can never fill:
A Drop is to the Ocean more
Than to a Soul all Worldly Store.

If of the World you'd have a View,
In a just Light at distance due,
Down to the Gates of Death repair,
And see what Crowds come hourly there;

Note

My Soul, when e'er a Worldly Lust
 Allures or flatters sensual Gust,
 Fly to the Gates of Death, and stay
 'Till of the Dead the Lots you weigh,
 Be Death's Disciple for a while;
 Death, Death, will best you unbeguile.

The World False.

FAllacious World, you with false Shows
 Shall on my Soul no more impose,
 No more with your Enchantments blind
 My Heav'n-born Mind.

My Mind, which now I re-enthroned,
 Its Prostitutions I bemoan,
 And you I challenge to appear
 Your Ills to hear.

I summon all whoe'er drew Breath,
 They most in Earnest at their Death,
 You for an Universal lie,
 With hate decry.

Such num'rous Attestations none,
 'Ere had of Guilt but you alone,
 All Souls who living you believ'd,
 Die undeceiv'd,

But

But often undeceiv'd too late,
When plung'd in the Infernal State,
There they of your Deceits complain
In hopeles Pain.

Mind which from long Experience knows
Your promis'd Joys are real Woes,
On Evidence of endless Harms
Damns all your Charms.

Mortification is your Doom,
You shall no more curs'd Life resume,
Each Lust shall to the Cross be nail'd,
Which me assail'd.

I shall revive as you expire,
Heav'n then will be my sole Desire,
O for some Guide, my Course to steer
To that high-Sphere.

My Friends here moulder ev'ry Day,
And warn me of my sinking Clay;
I am not sure at Morning light
To live till Night.

O may I then no Minute waste,
While to my Grave thus making haste,
'Till I have learn'd how to die Blest,
I ne'er shou'd rest.

My

Preparatives for Death.

My Soul, God is to Heav'n the Guide,
 Entirely in his Love confide,
 He shews our Course, he Wings supplies
 On which we rise.

God in his Book has promise made,
 Of Heav'nly Blifs and gracious Aid,
 Our very Love which God requires,
 His love inspires.

Our God is Love, Heav'n is Love's Sphere,
 Our Souls find nothing lovely here ;
 By Native weight to God they tend,
 Their Central End.

The Star which once the Sages steer'd,
 A Thousand Times less bright appear'd,
 Than the Benignities which shine,
 From Love divine.

Fly up, my Soul, along the Wake,
 Which down from Fontal Love they make ;
 No Lover led by Love's sweet Ray,
 'Ere lost his Way.

Soon as thou hast one blifsful Glance,
 It will thee wholly so entrance ;
 Thou like the Bless'd wilt nothing love,
 But God above,

The Tempter vanquish'd.

I Hough Death, the King of Terroure's fill'd,
Frights Souls, while here from Heav'n exil'd,
He's but a despicable Thing,
A petty Tributary King,
To Tyrant Sin, and to his Sire,
On his infernal Throne of Fire.

Death only mows down transient Lives,
Sin of eternal Life deprives;
Apostate Spirits Sin sustain,
And spread by that their curst Reign,
Whoe'er to *Jesus* gives his Name,
Against all Hell must War proclaim.

My Soul, your ghostly Foes survey,
And your own Hopes to win the Day;
Curs'd Principalities and Powers,
Who garrison aerial Towers,
The Populace in *Tophet* fry'd,
With *Satan* the first born of Pride,

All the Angelick Third which fell,
Will strive to make you co-rebell;
Invisibly they Souls invade,
Their chiefest Strength is Ambuscade:
Heav'n clears your intellectual Eye,
That you all Dangers may descry:

See

See tow'rds your self a Legion led,
 With th' Arch-Murderer at Head,
 Round you his Messengers disperse,
 No roaring Lions are so Fierce;
 All Spiteful, Subtle, Pow'rful, Bold,
 Who where they fasten, keep their Hold.

All strive with Number, Force, Fatigue,
 To move you with Hell-pow'rs to League,
 With goring Thorns, and fiery Darts,
 And Weapons temper'd to wound Hearts;
 For ev'ry Sin they have disguise,
 Doubts, Salvo's, Wiles, Excuses, Lies.

With wild enthusiastick Gleams
 Of God and Heav'n invidious Schemes,
 With all that can low Sense allure,
 Or cultivate a Thought impure,
 With Horrors in prestigious Forms
 Hell Souls, as Malice guides it, storms.

One while they light Angelick feign
 Conquest they oft by Flatteries gain,
 And to deturn from God our Wills,
 Try all imaginable Ills,
 Ferment fierce Persecuting Ire,
 And worry Saints with Tortures dire,

Yet

Yet too, too feeble is their Spite,
An humble Soul to daunt or fright,
All Snares, Thorns, Darts, Force, Fraud of Hell,
Souls who resist are sure to quell;
Souls who in God benign confide,
Have the Almighty on their Side.

The Love Celestial casts out Fears,
Love all tremendous Woes endears,
Love Watches with a jealous Eye,
Against all Rivals drawing nigh,
Love gains of Boundless Love the Care,
By the sweet Violence of Pray'r.

Arm me my God in ghostly Flight,
With Love's unconquerable Might,
May I my Arms like *Jesus* wield,
And make the Tempter quit the Field,
That shou'd he slightly hurt my Heel,
His Head a mortal Bruise may feel.

All Praise to God who Aid supplies,
When Love he by Temptation tries,
Who the curs'd Tempter's Malice bounds,
And Love excites, which Hell confounds;
That Souls the brighter Crowns may gain,
The sharper Wars they here sustain.

Concu.

Concupiscence subdued.

WHether two Souls in me remain,
 And Empire strive to gain,
 Or diff'rent Factions in one Breast,
 My inward Peace molest,
 I know not, only this can tell,
 That Pow'rs Antarctick in me dwell.

Thou Lord didst humane Race create
 In intermediate State;
 No Angels cou'd Things earthly use,
 No Brutes thy Praise diffuse:
 Of Flesh and Mind was humane Frame,
 To taste thy Gifts and Praise thy Name:

By thee we were harmonious made,
 Mind govern'd, Flesh obey'd,
 'Till *Eve* of Humane Race the Root,
 Long'd for forbidden Fruit;
 She first Concupiscence unfluic'd,
 And War against the Mind traduc'd.

'Twas thence, my Soul, the War began
 In unregenerate Man,
 Our Heav'n-born and immortal Mind,
 To Heav'n the Will inclin'd;
 Our Rebel Flesh to Heav'n averse,
 Wou'd only in this World immerse.

Unnat'ral

Unnat'ral War ! by Flesh begun,
Which fights to be undone,
Which its own self to gain false Joys,
Eternally destroys,
Strives still the Quarrel to dispute,
To make the Angel yield to Brute.

Oft my Concupiscence prevails,
Oft Mind in Conflict fails
Then waiting till Disorder cease,
I mediate a Peace :
Concupiscence Claims all or none,
And obstinate usurps the Throne.

Concupiscence takes boundless Flights,
To seek short-liv'd Delights,
But all evap'rate while enjoy'd,
Or she grows quickly cloy'd,
And while my Soul she undeceives,
Mind thus its Sov'raignty retrieves.

You vanquish'd when I single fought,
But Aid from Heav'n I sought,
Now though you World and Hell invoke,
I'll keep you under Yoke ;
By Heav'n's Support I'll War maintain,
'Till I you Captive lead in Chain.

80 *Preparatives for Death.*

On my sick Bed soon as I fall,
 You'll bitt'rer be than Gall.
Each short-liv'd Joy will turn below,
 To an eternal Woe.
You'll cheat me here, torment me there,
And drown'd my Hope in dire Despair.

Despair! of Hell the Sov'raign Woe,
 You, Lust, shall undergo,
You ever shall Despair endure,
 To fate your Thirst impure,
The more my Flesh despairs, the more
Mind will tow'rd's sweet Assurance soar.

The more, said Conscience, you from Clogs are free,
Death the less frightful to your Soul will be,
Sing of Bless'd *Jesus*, when his Death drew nigh,
From his Example you'll best learn to die.

Jesus teaches to Die.

DEath as your Rout by me you took,
You gave me such a ghastly look,
Able against you to infill
A fierce Aversion in my Will;
But I no Will found in my Breast,
Your ghastly Visage to detest.

You on a sudden me surpris'd,
But now I have my self revis'd,

My

My Will entire to God I gave,
From God you your Commission have;
Assume your Looks which most affright,
And to my Bed I'll you invite.

Exert your utmost, you no Ill
Can work to one who has no Will:
My Life with *Jesus* hidden lies,
It you and all Hell-pow'rs defies;
Beneath his Wings secure I rest,
And am anticipately blest.

My *Jesus* kept Death still in Eye,
Often predicting he shou'd die,
Foreseeing all the boundless Woes,
All the Insults of *Jewish* Foes,
The Force of all Hell-pow'rs combin'd,
To grieve his Flesh, and storm his Mind.

Jesus when near th'expected hour,
That Hell to grieve him shoud have pow'r,
As on his Cross he kept his View,
Into an upper Room withdrew,
With all his Vot'ries there to meet,
And celebrate the Paschal Treat.

Then he Himself for Death dispos'd,
Of dying well the Art disclos'd;
He wash'd with Condescension sweet,
And wip'd his happy Lovers Feet,
Vol. IV. F That

That from Pollution cleans'd they might,
Approach the Eucharistick Rite.

The Eucharist he then ordain'd,
With Food immortal them sustain'd;
Then sang an Hymn the Feast to close,
And sweeten his approaching Woes,
Scatt'ring Truths Heav'nly, high, and sweet,
As to the Mount he made retreat.

While Death was lively in his Thought,
He Heav'nly Truths with Vigour taught,
How to be lov'd of God, and love;
Promis'd sweet Peace and joys above,
And the Bless'd Spirit's constant Aid,
And for them all with Fervour pray'd.

He spent his preparation Hours,
To warn of Dangers and Hell-pow'rs,
Their Hearts to counsel, strengthen, cheer,
To arm against degen'rate Fear,
Pure Love fraternal to instill,
And form them to his Father's Will.

Soon as he to the Mount withdrew,
Upon the Ground himself he threw,
There he began to agonise,
Offer'd up moving Tears and Cries,
Begg'd the dire Cup might be declin'd,
Yet to his Father's Will resign'd.

Three

Three times he pray'd to Love immense,
His Ardours still grew more intense,
Three times he his Disciples found,
In stupifying vapours drown'd,
Enjoy'd all three to watch and pray,
To arm against the evil Day.

There bath'd in a strong Bloody Sweat,
Which all the Turf surrounding wet,
Heav'n sent an Angel to condole,
And comfort his afflicted Soul,
When unimaginably pain'd,
Paternal Love his Son sustain'd.

Thus for his Death prepar'd, he rose,
With Mind serene to meet his Foes,
Self-sacrific'd, his Father's Will,
And our Redemption to fulfill;
His Resignation Woes endear'd,
And him in boundless Sorrows cheer'd.

Patience invincible he shew'd,
When Angours all his Pow'rs o'er-flow'd;
He never at the Pains repin'd,
His Father for his Lot assign'd,
He Lamb-like was to Slaughter led,
And for our Guilt contented bled.

When with Infernal rage oppress'd,
 And unconceivably distress'd,
 When nail'd to the tormenting Wood,
 Where from his Wounds ran Streams of Blood,
 Heard all his Woes a Mock'ry made,
 He for his Persecutors pray'd.

The God seem'd from the Man to hide,
 Sorrow then rose to a Spring-tide,
 My God, Why dost thou me forsake,
 With Anguish most intense he spake?
 Spake not distrusting Heav'n's Relief,
 But from Infinity of Grief.

At his last Dolorous Effort,
 Paternal Love was his Support;
 Himself to that Dear Love he gave,
 And when just sinking to his Grave,
 Father, into thy Hands, he cry'd,
 My Spirit I commend, and dy'd.

I keep my *Jesus* still in Eye,
 For me he dy'd, and taught to die;
 Oft in my Cell I call to mind,
 How he himself to Death resign'd,
 Like him, my Life I down will lay,
 It shall be giv'n, not snatch'd away,

My Soul, O copy ev'ry Line
 Of this original Divine,

On

On *Jesus* Vot'ries you must tend,
To wash their Feet must condescend;
You Pleasure for sweet *Jesus* sake,
In Humble Charities must take.

With Zeal wash your own Spirit clean,
From all Concupiscence terrene,
When wash'd in Penitential Dew,
Then your Baptismal Vow renew,
What *Peter* wish'd for, wash all o'er,
And take great Care to Sin no more.

Wash'd in heart-purifying Tear,
You must at *Jesus*' Feast appear,
With Food immortal to be fed,
That you nor Hell nor Death may dread;
Then sing an Hymn of the like Strain,
With that above of the Lamb slain.

An Hymn for Tribute ev'ry Day,
To *Jesus*' Love devoutly pay,
Your Friends warn, counsel, cheer, instruct,
And to celestial Blifs conduct.
To Solitude like *Jesus* fly,
Your Duty undisturb'd to ply.

There prostrate fall upon the Ground,
With serious Thought, and awe profound,
Shou'd Agony upon you seize,
Pray not for peremptory Ease,

But learn your Will to Will Divine
Irrevocably to resign.

To Watch and Pray from *Jesus* learn,
Death's hourly Threatning to discern :
Let Fervour, as your Sorrows rise,
Ingeminate your Cries ;
God will at last your Pray'rs attend,
Or for Support an Angel send.

When to your dying Bed confin'd,
Then, suff'ring *Jesus*, most remind;
If in sharp Pains you lye and groan,
Like *Jesus* make no murm'ring Moan,
For Patience at God's Throne entreat,
And *Jesus*-like the Pray'r repeat.

God's Love to all with Zeal suggest,
And from the Flame in your own Breast
Fire other Hearts, that they the Name
Of *Jesus*' Friends may humbly claim,
From God's Love, Love fraternal fire,
In which all *Jesus*' Friends conspire.

Your Foes both pray for and forgive,
And when you ceasing are to live,
Strong Cries to Love Paternal send,
Into Love's Hands your Soul commend ;
In Love's soft Hands to Bliss you'll fly,
Taught by lov'd *Jesus* how to dye.

Since

Since *Jesus* you the art of Dying taught,
Said *Conscience*, keep Death always in your Thought;
Jesus Death's Sting has damp'd, and void of Fear,
Saints welcome him when they perceive him near;
Sing of him, not as Enemy, but Friend,
He difenvenom'd, can no Ill intend.

The State of Separation.

• **O**FT of my Grave I take Reviews,
On what Death is, I daily muse;
'Tis Separation to endure
Betwixt my Soul and Flesh impure;
Flesh falls to Dust, when in its Urn,
Soul will to God, her Source, return.

Of both, the State will be the same,
As 'twas 'ere they together came;
'Tis nat'ral to dissolve to Earth,
Since 'tis from that Flesh had its Birth;
'Tis nat'ral for the Soul to fly
To God, who breath'd her from on High.

Flesh, when 'tis buried in the Grave,
Will nothing want, will nothing crave;
It as insensible will lie,
As 'twas before its vital Tie;
While Worms devour its very Heart
'Twill nor Disturbance feel, nor Smart,

The Soul, when she to God aspires,
 Possesses all that she desires ;
 Here she's imprison'd and exil'd,
 By baneful Vanities beguil'd,
 There she lives safe at Home, uncurb'd,
 In Bliss supernal undisturb'd.

Sages of Old who beat their Brain,
 True Happiness cou'd ne'er explain,
 Some it by Indolence defin'd,
 And Quietation of the Mind,
 Some Happiness in Motion thought
 And it in active Pleasures fought.

Neither was Happiness, disjoin'd
 In happy Death they are combin'd ;
 In Indolence the Flesh remains,
 The Soul an active Joy obtains,
 Death on this Side the awful Day
 Is to our Bliss the ready Way.

The Soul will indolent abide,
 Though from her Consort Flesh unty'd,
 From Flesh in which below she dwelt,
 She such a vast Encumbrance felt,
 That till it is by Death refin'd,
 She's to Re-union not inclin'd.

Soul

Soul corruptible Flesh disclaims,
She at a glorious Body aims,
Has no Propension to unite,
But to a Body Christ-like bright,
Which shall her Faculties enlarge,
And Duty to full Height discharge.

Soon as the Soul to God reflow'n,
At distance sees the glorious Throne,
And the Angelick Orders Nine,
Hymning the Majesty Divine,
Her self she'll at God's Footstool fling,
And thus of her past Blessings sing :

Father of Spirits, by that Name,
I lay to Love paternal Claim,
Thou me Heav'n-born didst yet enjoin,
My self in Body to enshrine,
Death at thy Pleasure set me free,
And I unclog'd return to thee.

Ah had I separate remain'd,
I in thy fight had been unstain'd,
But fleshly Clogs weigh'd down the Mind,
Joys sensual kept it un-refin'd,
My trial was thy Will Divine
I cannot at thy Will repine.

Successive

Preparatives for Death.

Note at their Entrance what they say,
Just as they reach the parted Way.

Oh! curfed World the Sinner cries,
While I turn back on you my Eyes,
O like *Lot's Wife* may I behold
Brimstone and Fire Ten Thousand fold,
More showr'd on you than *Sodom* burn'd,
And may I be to Marble turn'd!

You transient, deadly, worthless Thing,
You Dolour, Anguish, Poison, Sting,
Temptation, Danger, Trouble, Snare,
Pollution, Mis'ry, sleeplefs Care,
Your Friends with endless Woes you gore,
False as the Mammon you adore.

Ah while the tempting World I blame,
I on my self shou'd take the Shame,
God Goodness o'er all Things diffus'd;
His Blessings sinful I abus'd;
Their curs'd Abuse while I revolve,
I damn my self and World absolve.

Fierce hideous Devils at the Gate,
To drag me to their Dungeon wait,
O how tremendous God appears,
O how I rue my mispent Years,
I'm dragg'd O—— but 'ere more he spake,
He sank into the Brimstone Lake.

Farewell

O Blis unspeakable Divine,
Appropriating Godhead Trine,
Who wou'd not gladly Death desire,
Such Blis ecstasick to acquire,
From constant Indigence below,
To th' All-sufficient to reflow?

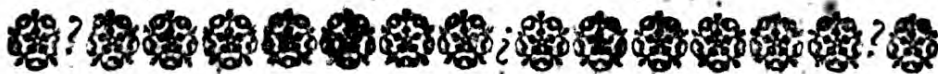
Yet faithful Souls are but half blest,
Till glorious Bodies them invest;
They live in Acquiescence sweet,
Till they have Happiness compleat,
Wou'd not compleatly happy be,
'Till God the Moment shall decree.

Fond men a Separation fear,
Which, wou'd they think, shou'd Death endear;
The Flesh in Indolence at rest,
The Soul in Joy among the Blest,
Are the Saints Lot who at Death's fight,
In Exultation disunite.

The Spouse with all the Dainties fed,
Which grew on ev'ry od'rous Bed,
Repos'd in the sweet Garden Shade,
Till Slumber did her Eyes invade;
She sleeping felt her Heart awake,
And heard what her Beloved spake.

Saints

Saints thus Celestial Joys fore-taste,
 And when their vital Spirits waste,
 While gently Death lays Flesh asleep,
 Their Souls celestial Vigils keep;
 They *Jesus* see, they hear his Voice,
 They wakefully love, hymn, rejoice.



Watch and Pray.

IT chanc'd, just as the full-cheek'd Moon
 Reach'd her nocturnal Noon,
 I to a Garden Shade with-drew,
 Heav'n undistractedly to view,
 And as to God my Pray'r took flight,
 I saw a very formidable Sight.

On a pale Horse I Death descry'd,
 Who seem'd tow'rds me to ride,
 Of Colossean bones compos'd,
 Which into Skeleton were clos'd,
 Two wide-mouth'd Quivers fill'd with Store,
 Of deadly Darts like Holster's, hung before.

A Shoal of Deaths made up his Train,
 Which spread the airy Main,

Who

Who at his Beck full speed wou'd fly,
To Mortals doom'd that Hour to die;
For various Fates to Humane kind,
Peculiar Weapons were to each assign'd.

Next Death with faded *Cypress* crown'd,
To Bands for *Hades* bound;
His wake o'er the Horizon trac'd,
Of their corporeal Shells uncas'd,
He all the Way shot Darts, and Ghosts
New strip'd still join'd the two unbody'd Hosts,

At me his Arrows seem'd to point,
I trembl'd ev'ry Joint;
My Guardian to allay my Fear,
Caught me up tow'rd's the airy Sphere,
Thence of the World I had free View,
Saw how his Darts the King of Terrours threw.

Death and his Squadrons Night and Day,
Unweary'd hunt for Prey;
They never spare or Sex or Age,
On all Mankind they wreak their Rage,
Electively shed humane Gore,
Let Misers live to harden them the more.

Souls sick of Life they pretermit,
Men fond of Life they hit.
They murder Infants in the Womb,
Send some by Sicknes to their Tomb,

Some

Some fall by a surprizing Stroke,
And have no Minute Mercy to invoke.

Death's Arrows seem'd at Random shot,
Yet never miss'd the Spot ;
An Angel guided ev'ry Dart,
When, where, and how to gore the Heart :
When, where, and how no Mortals knew,
And rarely died with Preparation due.

The Bad to Torment through the Air
Drag'd by fierce Devils were ;
In dol'rous Howlings as they went,
In vain their Lamentations spent :
The Monsters which in *Babel* dwell,
At Midnight never made such horrid Yell.

Bright Angels waited on the Just ;
Free'd from afflictive Dust,
They all the Way with Joy divine
Hymn'd Love immense of Godhead Trine,
All rob'd in beatifick Light,
Their Angels made not a more glorious Sight.

The Damnd sank to the Dark abyfs,
The Saints flew up to Blifs ;
The Shrieks of Those, the Joys of These,
I saw Seal'd up by firm Decrees :
My Angel Watch and Pray advis'd,
Left I by sudden Death shou'd be surpris'd.

Viaticum.

VIATICUM.

Jesu, I in thy Gospel read,
That 'ere thou didst for Sinners bleed,
Thou didst the Eucharist ordain,
Souls to sustain.

From the blest'd Table thou didst go
To thy strong agonising Woe,
Thence Humble, Meek, Resign'd, Sedate,
Thy Death await.

Thy Soul thou at thy dol'rous End,
Didst to Paternal God commend,
And of pure Love to thy great Sire,
Martyr Expire.

Adoring him with Filial Dread,
Thou on the Cross didst bow thy Head,
Didst die a Victim to fulfill
His gracious Will.

Saints whom Death threaten'd to invade,
Thy Altar still their Refuge made,
Humbly assur'd they best cou'd there
For Death prepare.

Thy Death was pictur'd in that Rite,
Thy Dolours there were in their Sight,
Dolours

Dolours which all [who did behold,
With Tears condol'd.

Thee they not only pictur'd saw,
But thence were Virtue wont to draw,
Virtue which cur'd all Ills,
And gain'd their Wills.

Not only Virtue they possess'd,
They with thy Flesh and Blood were bless'd,
They Food in that mysterious Treat,
Immortal eat.

Immortal Food they felt excite
A Super-humane Christ-like Might ;
Like thee to die in Love inflam'd,
They chiefly aim'd.

They of dire Torture had no dread,
By the *Viaticum* when fed ;
They to that heav'nly Food inur'd,
The Cross endur'd.

The Source of Life was in their Breast,
By Death they cou'd not be distress'd ;
Death gave them of their Saviour dear
The Vision clear.

Death both illumin'd and refin'd
By that Inflammative the Mind,

Love

Love watch its most exalted Height,
At *Jesus* fight.

Bless'd Age, when Saints were daily fed
With *Jesus* their Life-giving Bread,
Which gave them Vigour strong and sweet,
Grim Death to meet.

Souls now stand trembling at Death's Sight,
We want true Eucharistick Might,
Of Heav'nly Food we them deprive,
Scarce half alive.

The *Prophets* Cakes twice twenty Days,
Secur'd his Vigour from Decays,
Twice twenty Years God Manna rain'd,
Which *Jews* sustain'd:

Nor Cakes nor Manna them suffic'd,
Their Hunger them again surpris'd ;
But Souls who Food immortal taste,
Shall never waste:

After an Abstinence severe,
Jonathan from his pointed Spear,
Suck'd Honey drops and his Eye fight,
Grew quick and bright.

When Saints of all their Sins releas'd,
On *Jesus* mystically feast,

Preparatives for Death.

They relish with immense Delight,
Love infinite.

Jesu, when Death approach shall make,
May I of thy dear self partake,
That with a Will resign'd I may
Thy Call obey.

May I like thee my Death-pangs bear
Resting on God's Paternal Care,
Spreading my Wings to take my Flight,
To blisful fight.

May I like thee, the World despise,
And languish till to thee I rise;
In Hymning *Jesus*, O may I
To *Jesus* fly!



More Bless'd to Give than to Receive.

MORE Bless'd to Give than to Receive,
We, taught by Heav'n, believe:
That copies Deity immense,
This springs from Indigence.
To that the Saint with Zeal propends,
Which infinitely this transcends.

To

To Covetousness I am inclin'd,
When that I call to Mind,
I wou'd at ev'ry Foreign Shore,
Freight boundless precious Oar ;
I *Dives* mighty Treasures crave,
The Fool's full Barns I fain wou'd have.

Like *Solomon* I wou'd abound,
With Gains more precious Crown'd,
Yet Wealth, Oar, Treasure, Barns and Gem,
I wholly shou'd contemn ;
Had I not *Solomon's* large Heart,
Gold to the Needy to impart.

O happy Riches, which o'er-flow !
To all in Want or Woe,
Which have no Wings to fly away,
But with the lib'ral Stay,
Of Friends and Wealth, they Store provide
In Heav'n immensely multiply'd.

Happy rich Man ! did he but know,
How Riches to bestow,
Who trusts not in his plenteous Stores,
Or Idol Wealth adores,
God's Goodness who to copy strives,
And gains the Blessings of both Lives.

My God, we Indigent below,
 Have nothing to bestow ;
 Our All is from thy gracious Throne,
 We nought can style our own,
 And when to thee we Offerings bring,
 The Drops are of thy Boundless Spring.

But O! Benignity Divine,
 When Off'ring what is thine;
 Thou dost as ours thy own accept,
 For which Rewards are kept,
 We all our Days Receivers live,
 Of what we to the Donor give.

A Dying Giver of God's own,
 The living Poor bemoan ;
 He Advocates in Heav'n will find,
 To plead for him combin'd,
 Jesus' poor Brethren will contend,
 Who shall most shew himself his Friend.

Soon as by Heav'n's Appointment led,
 Death shall approach his Bed,
 His Guardian will to th' happy Sphere
 Traject his Death is near;
 And 'ere one Minute drops, the News
 O'er happy *Hades* will diffuse.

The

The Poor who Blifs before had gain'd,
Whom he in Life fustain'd,
At the trajected Thought will meet,
And falling at God's Feet,
With Ardour for him interceed,
And for Joys super-effluent Plead.

The Hungry will recall his Bread,
On which they Daily fed,
The Thirfty, the refreshing Bowls,
With which he chear'd their Souls ;
The Stranger wand'ring in the Street,
His free, his Hospitable Treat,

The Naked, Cloaths which them secur'd,
From Cold they had endur'd ;
The Sick the Vifits they receiv'd,
And how by them reliev'd,
The Prif'ners helps and Succours kind,
He fhew'd them when in Chains confin'd.

The Debtors how their Debts he paid,
By Loffes when Decay'd ;
The Christians, Slaves to *Pagans* fold,
Whom he redeem'd with Gold ;
Widows and Fatherlefs fupply'd
By him, when by the World deny'd.

His Foes for whom Christ-like he pray'd,
 And Good for Ill repaid,
 Damn'd Souls to whom he Warnings gave
 And try'd all Means to save,
 Shall Self confus'd before the Throne
 His Charities to either own.

The Guardians whom Heav'n deign'd to send,
 • The happy Poor to tend;
 Devoutly will the same declare,
 Enforcing all their Pray'r,
 And his own Angel will recount
 Vast Sums to which his Alms amount.

None to search *Chronicles* shall need,
 For a past noble Deed;
 As the great King by *Esther* gain'd
 For *Mordecai* ordain'd:
 Each Grain of Charitable Gold,
 Is in the Book of Life enrol'd.

There the poors Pray'rs recorded lie,
 And all his Succours by
 There the poor's Praises patent stand
 For Succours from his Hand;
 And him the Favourite of Heav'n's King,
 Guardians and happy Poor will sing.

Bless'd

Bless'd *Jesus* solemnly will own
Love to his Brethren shewn
And Guardians of the Poor he fed
Dispatch'd to his Death-bed,
His Beatifick flight will aid,
With an Angelick Cavalcade.

Jesus the Judge will at his right
Allet him Mansions Bright;
Among the Bless'd with a high Place,
His bounteous Lover Grace,
Heav'n shall in Hymn the Truth attest,
To give, then to receive more Blest.

May I to *Jesus*' Brethren spare,
In all his Gifts a Share,
And not defer till I go hence,
My Portion to dispense,
A Death-bed Alms extorted seems,
A Life of Alms God most esteems.

Love strong as Death.

A Saint to few but God well known
Who seem'd in Town to live alone;
Who Worldly Toil and Cares disclaim'd,
And was with Love Divine inflam'd,
Yet though inflam'd wou'd make no Blaze
But of his Graces damp'd the Rays.

With few but Saints who e'er convers'd,
 His Alms in secret who dispers'd,
 A private Life below who chose
 His Soul for Glory to dispose,
 Who kept sweet *Jesus* still in Mind,
 And his own Will to God resign'd.

Whose Virtues lay so out of View,
 That *Satan* ne'er his Saintship knew,
 As God in *Jesus* he ne'er Thought,
 Till Miracles his God-head taught,
 Whom *Satan* deem'd an easy Prey,
 To tempt him on a vacant Day.

Such was the Saint to *Jesus* dear,
 Who often made him Visits here,
 And saw his humble Lover seis'd,
 With soft Impatience to be eas'd
 From Clogs Terrestial, that he might
 In Blifs of *Jesus* gain the Sight.

Jesus to Death Commission gave,
 To rest his Body in the Grave,
 That his enamour'd Soul might fly,
 Into lov'd *Jesus* Arms on High;
 Death to confed'rate *Hell* reveal'd,
 For whom his Warrant next was seal'd,

Death

Death and Hell out together went,
On the Saint's endless Ruin bent,
They both approaching his Sick-bed,
His watchful Angel o'er his Head,
Brandish'd his bright Angelick Blade,
That neither cou'd the Saint invade.

His Licence Death began to plead ;
That, said the Angel, you exceed,
For when his dying Heav'n design'd,
You shou'd have left your Hell behind,
Hell, which Heav'n damns to strict restraint,
From troubling a departing Saint.

The Angel with his two edg'd Fire,
Made the infernal Fiends retire ;
Your Dart, said he, now on him try,
In Slumbers sweet you see him lie ;
Truth says, that Love as Death is strong,
To see the Experiment I long.

This Lover whom I best shou'd know,
Too humble is his Love to shew ;
Death, what your Strength is fully say,
And I'll his Love against it weigh ;
Grim Death reply'd, What Lovers dare,
Weak Love with this strong Arm compare ?

I a Crown'd King, this Scepter sway,
 All living Creatures me obey;
 I daily round the Heav'nly Arch,
 Arm'd with Ten Thousand Terrors March;
 My Darts I at my pleasure fling,
 At States-man, Heroe, Prelate, King,

Your Crown is made of *Cypress* Dead,
 Love crowns with Rays a Lover's Head;
 You have your Bounds, but Love has none,
 Love sits with *Jesus* on a Throne,
 Saints by her borrow'd Splendour shine,
 And all Things in Love's Good combine.

No Wretch against me 'ere rebell'd,
 But his audacious Pride I quell'd,
 I no Fatigue, no Danger know,
 No Difficulty I forego;
 Name if you can one single Soul,
 Who ever cou'd my Might controul,

Bless'd *Enoch* and *Elias* flew,
 To Heav'nly Rest in spite of you;
 Love over Dangers, Tortures, Pains,
 Invincible the Conquest gains,
 Contemns you when you fierce appear,
 And never feels what 'tis to fear.

Your

Your fatal Keys blest'd *Jesus* keeps,
He Mortals raises from Dead-sleeps,
Like Power he to his Lovers gave,
To raise your Pris'ners from the Grave;
By him Love Vict'ry gains in Fight,
Though all Hell-powers assist your Spite.

I vanquish'd your Incarnate God,
And on his Grave Triumphant trod;
And can weak Love my Force withstand,
When *Jesus* own'd my Conqu'ring Hand?
God-man, said th' Angel, you subdu'd,
You dearly that feign'd Conquest ru'd.

'Twas Love, not you, made God to die,
That Lovers might your Darts defy;
He down his Life was pleas'd to lay
A Ransom for Man's Guilt to pay:
Saints Off'ring make of Life, God's Will,
Not yours, alacrious to fulfill.

Behold this Sting which Mortals gores,
And throws strong Poison through their Pores,
The fiery Serpents were safe Things,
When you compare them to my Stings,
No brazen Serpent when in sight,
To cure the Wound I make has Might.

Death

Death, when to Lovers you draw nigh,
 You're forc'd to lay your Terrours by,
 When Warrants are for Lovers sign'd,
 You leave Sting, Scepter, Crown, behind ;
 Love eyes dear *Jesus* on the Tree,
 And from your Tyranny is free.

A Glance which the chaste Spouse let fly,
 From the sweet Langour in her Eye,
 Wounded her Heav'nly Lover's Heart,
 Death, when at Saints you throw your Dart ;
 You with like Softness pierce their Breast,
 They feel themselves when wounded blest.

To Sin your Birth and Strength you owe,
 And Sinners only dragg'd to Woo :
 Love, which from Sin has glad Release,
 And lives with God belov'd at Peace,
 Of all that's dreadful you disarms,
 To Lovers you can work no Harms.

You Force exert on brittle Clay
 Which has no Pow'r to disobey :
 Love fights with Lust, the World, and Hell,
 Has Foes un-number'd to repell ;
 Love runs through Life a dangerous Course,
 And must at last take heaven by Force.

On Duft, you like the Serpent feed,
By Love the Soul from Duft is freed ;
You Sin-born seise the Baser part,
Love keeps for God the Heav'n-born Heart;
You Mortals bury in cold Urns,
Love to the Source of Life returns.

Fiends, who wou'd die, you cannot kill,
To Angels you can Work no Ill ;
God a Command on Angels laid,
In all its Motions, Love to Aid:
Angelick Guardians Love support
In ev'ry rapturous Effort.

Death you are Mortal, you'll at last,
Into the fiery Lake be cast:
Love will immortal still abide,
Eternally beatify'd ;
Death Sin-born, Heav'n-born Love compare,
Love has of Might the noble Share.

Lord, with thy Love my Spirit fire,
To thee in Triumph to aspire ;
Death need not me with Dart to gore,
I what thou gav'st to thee restore:
Love, *Jesus* like, shall Life lay down
To hasten to my heav'nly Crown.

Jesus

Jesus keeps the Keys of Death and Hell.

Bless'd Guardian, careful to instill
 Good Things, as *Satan* Ill,
 Of Death, and its confed'rate Hell,
 The Force and Progress tell ;
 They both in Holy writ are join'd,
 And formidable when combin'd.

Death I cou'd welcome to my Bed,
 But his Companion dread,
 You have of num'rous Souls had Care,
 Breathing out vital Air ;
 O say ! when Death his Onset made,
 How did they Hellish Force evade ?

Death and Hell both with utmost spite,
 On *Jesus* spent their might,
 Much more my Weakness they'll assail,
 And may with Ease prevail ;
 My Guardian in trajected Thought,
 What I desir'd thus kindly taught.

Soon as we saw God-man expire,
 In full Angelick Quire,
 We sung the New triumphant Strain,
 Of *Jesus* the Lamb slain,
 Who Death and Hell's assaults endur'd,
 And Conquest to his Friends secur'd.

Gods

God-man both on the Cross subdu'd,
Death never can intrude;
But by Permission to a Saint,
While Hell is in restraint:
Jesus by Heav'n's benign Decree,
Of Death and Hell still keeps the Key.

From Sin their Sire, both Hell and Death
Co-evally drew Breath,
And when God-man unlocks the Gate,
Death marches with his Mate;
But *Jesus* his good Angels sends,
Who from Hell-pow'rs protect his Friends.

Laz'rus 'ere Death his Eye-lids clos'd,
In Angels Wings repos'd,
Hell-pow'rs they at a Distance kept,
Till his sweet last he Slept;
Then with a tender Charge they flew,
'Till lodg'd in beatifick View.

The Fool who bigger Barns devis'd,
And Riches idolis'd,
To Death, with Hell at his Bed-side,
By God abandon'd, dy'd,
The Devils rav'nous for the Prey,
Tore his reluctant Soul away.

But

But how, said I, can Angels tell,
 Where they must Fiends expel?
 Where e'er, said th' Angel, they descry,
 Saints with their Guardians by,
 It is the Sign that they must there
 Assist at Death the Guardian's Care.

Good Angels, Souls obdurate leave,
 Who the bless'd Spirit grieve;
 Devils of them Possession take,
 Plung'd in the Brimstone Lake:
 The Angels Wings, the Saints o'er-shade
 Hell dreads their Ministerial Aid.

God's Lovers all to God are dear,
 Their Guardians are still near;
 Angels will haste to take their Parts
 'Ere Death can throw his Darts,
 They'll be their Convoy while they fly,
 To Bliss unspeakable on High.

Guardian, since *Jesus* keeps the Key,
 You me from Terrours free,
 He dy'd to rescue me from Hell,
 And he'll its Powers repell:
 I gladly shall that Death await,
 For which God-man unlocks the Gate.

My *Jesus*, cleanse me from my Guilt,
 Unlock then when thou wilt:

May

May Angels with my Death keep pace,
And Pow'rs infernal chace :
O may they waft me to thy Sight,
To which I languish to take flight!

Death, when thy Saints it shall surprife,
Is precious in thy Eyes,
The Wicked live in ftrong Defire,
Like the Saints to Expire,
Jefu, be thou my Aid , that I,
May Saint-like live, Saint-like to die!

Death and Sleep compar'd.

Since in this World wife God design'd,
To try the Love of free Mankind ;
Forefeeing our degen'rate Race
Their Option on false Joys wou'd place,
His Love with Outrages repay,
And his mild Precepts difobey :

Mercy and Wifdom then combin'd,
Some juft Expedient out to find,
That might Rebellious Man chaftife,
And Sin and Wrath not eternife,
Both Death for the Expedient chofe
Proper to shorten Sin and Woës.

Yet Death, for Blessing, though ordain'd,
 Sinners with Horrour entertain'd,
 They from their Thought grim Death expell'd,
 They trembled when they him beheld ;
 They murmur'd that dear Flesh shou'd sink,
 To Earth, Worms, Rottenness, and Stink.

Mens Hearts Triunal Wisdom ey'd,
 Saw how they all were terrify'd ;
 And the Bless'd co-omniscient Three,
 To set our Race from Terrours free,
 In Condescension gracious join'd,
 And Death to be a Sleep defin'd.

The Saints of Old are rather said,
 To sleep with Fathers than lie dead,
 And e'er since Evangelick Day
 Diffus'd its bright Heav'n-opening Ray,
 The Saints are said, when Life they close,
 In Dormitories to repose.

Death then my Soul in mem'ry keep,
 And rest assur'd it is a Sleep :
 Sleep when with long Fatigue distress'd,
 Gives to the Weary grateful Rest ;
 Sleep after Man's laborious Cares
 By soft Refreshment Strength repairs.

Sleep

Sleep when sharp Pains torment our Sense,
Creates sweet Ease and Indolence;
Sleep's a Vacation of our Pow'rs,
And innocently Wastes our Hours;
Sleep chains our up distorted Will,
From Guilt of voluntary Ill.

Rest undisturb'd and Indolence,
Vacation and pure Innocence,
In Death last longer, more abound,
Than in a Sleep when most profound;
If we compare our Bed and Grave,
Death the Advantage seems to have.

Flesh at the awful Trumpet's Sound,
When 'tis awaken'd under Ground,
Shall rise more glorious from the Dead;
Then a tir'd Lab'rer from his Bed;
Sleep for a while from Sin restrains,
Death frees us from all future Stains.

Sleep often is in Bed disturb'd,
When idle Fancy roves uncurb'd,
Chimæra's forms and monstrous Schemes,
Or raises foul, or frightful Dreams:
Death in the Grave has full repose,
And no Disturbance ever knows.

Sleep Soul and Body silent lays
 In a Cessation of God's Praise,
 Death which the Flesh can only seize,
 To Hymn great God the Spirit frees;
 In sleep the whole Man seems to die,
 In Death the Spirit mounts on High.

Sleep ev'ry Night returns of Course,
 Death to no Hour confines its Force,
 T' enflame for Heav'n a watchful Zeal,
 God chose Death's Moment to conceal:
 In sleep by God we guarded are,
 Death is much more God's tender Care.

Saints in the Earth when bury'd deep,
 Their Friendship with dear *Jesus* keep,
 O'er *Laz'rus* dead sweet *Jesus* wept,
 And styl'd him Friend as there he slept:
 Sleep Friendship here a while suspends,
 Saints in their Graves are *Jesus*' Friends.

Though when we weigh our Bed and Urn,
 Death seems in worth the Scale to turn,
 Yet Men in Life from Bliss exil'd,
 To Death are rarely reconcil'd,
 By slumb'ring Spirits they possess'd,
 Their Death Sin's Sov'raign Cure detest.

God gives them Ears, and they'll not hear,
 Eyes, and they'll see no Duty clear,

Intellect

Intellect? and they banish Thought,
Their Cure in Hell will soon be wrought;
They'll wake, hear, see, feel endless Woe,
And think whether they will or no.

May I my God count Death my gain,
Deliv'ring me from Sin and Pain:
And welcome Death's protracted Night,
More gladly than the Morning Light,
While my freed Soul to thee ascends,
And in sweet Hymn my int'rim spend.

The Atheist Dying.

ON a pale Horse, and in the Rout,
Which Providence still pointed out,
Grim Death to a Saints Mansion rod,
Bright'ning his Soul to meet his God,
His Horse he at the Portal ty'd
And ent'red to the Saint's Bed-side.

The Saint mean while his *Jesus* hymn'd,
His Soul with heav'nly Graces trim'd,
His bless'd *Viaticum* receiv'd,
While his Friends rather pray'd than griev'd;
Heav'n for a while made Death retreat,
His Preparations to compleat.

Two ghostly Fools, while Death delay'd,
Near the Saint's Door Approaches made,

Aphron and *Morus*, they were stil'd,
 With ev'ry kind of Vice defil'd ;
 Vice o'er their Reason drew a Cloud,
 And they Blasphem'd great God aloud,

Saints, *Aphron* said, strange pother keep,
 When they begin their final Sleep,
 Our Souls are Mortal, and Decay
 As vital Heat consumes away :
 Our Atoms Chance together ty'd,
 And they by Chance dissolv'd abide.

Like Beasts, said *Morus*, all Men die,
 With Beasts their Ashes mingled lie,
 Our Souls like theirs, if Souls we have,
 Are bury'd with us in the Grave,
 Why then shou'd Mortals Death decline,
 Why shou'd they dread their Anodyne ?

At Saints, Old Men, Babes, Beggars, Kings,
 His Darts Death by mere Hazard flings,
 The Bad and Good promiscuous fall ;
 If there's a God who made this all,
 He either sleeps, or idle sits,
 And the sole Pow'r to Chance commits.

I'll try to stop Death's Course a while,
 I'll of his Horse the Wretch beguile,
 What Death will say, Watch you to hear,
 I'll on his Horse ride full Career.

The

The Horse wou'd not the Rein obey,
But with his Rider ran away.

Just to the Gates of Death he ran,
And there kick'd down the foolish Man,
The Angel who Death's Reign controuls,
And keeps the Key to let in Souls,
Wonder'd to see a Body there,
Where only naked Souls repair.

Soon as the Fool himself had rear'd,
The New stript Souls in sight appear'd,
The fatal Gates straight open flew,
Morus had there a dismal View
Of the Inctial horrid Pains,
Which the accursed Crew sustains.

As the damn'd Furies drave them in,
They cry'd, O execrable Sin!
O I must Burn and not Consume,
Just is great God, just is my Doom,
Curs'd, false, evanid, sensual Joy,
Our Souls you Cheat, and then destroy.

O for one precious Minute more,
That I might wilful Guilt deplore.
Ah foolish Soul, you wish too late,
One Minute more will shut the Gate,
O how my Conscience me upbraids,
And damns me to infernal Shades!

Atheist I liv'd, Believer dy'd,
 I now fear God whom I deny'd,
 O Horror, Anguish, Hellish Woe,
 Which a damn'd Soul must undergo !
 My Sins to Devils me expose,
 I nothing feel but what I chose !

I shall have supplemental Smart,
 For Sins in which I bore a part,
 Like *Dives* social Sins I rue,
 Which, O that my Companions knew !
 May they repent e'er they expire,
 Left damn'd they fuel my fierce Fire.

Morus at that dread Sight believ'd,
 A while he for his Atheism griev'd,
 But when he left the frightful Gate,
 Returning to his Worldly State,
 His wonted Lufts he re-embrac'd,
 And his Convictions soon eras'd.

Such are Convictions rais'd by Fear,
 They'll at Temptation disappear,
 To Heavenly Things Lust makes us blind,
 A Will perverse perverts the Mind :
 Vice to Dominion ne'er arrives
 Till Faith and Reason it survives.

In Converts Love when join'd with Fears,
Justice and Goodness both reveres;
Goodness which has enamouring Rays,
The Soul connaturally sways,
Preventing Love will Souls constrain,
Being first lov'd to, love again.

Death, when the Saint was flown to Bliss;
Wonder'd his Horse at Door to miss,
But lest he shou'd his Prey give o'er,
A flying Serpent's Wings he tore;
His Messengers to fix them try'd,
That he through Air on them might glide.

Death at the Door saw *Aphron* smile,
Guess'd he was conscious to the Wile,
And order'd one shou'd at him shoot,
A pain not Mortal but acute:
The Messenger strait shot the Gout,
Left him in Torture crying out.

The Fool the Atoms curs'd, which clos'd
In Limbs for such strong Pain dispos'd;
Curs'd the first Day which Life commenc'd,
Curs'd Stars which his Birth influenc'd;
Curs'd his good Friends who gave him Aid,
Curs'd Death, who then invok'd, delay'd:

He Swore, Blasphem'd, Roar'd out, and Rav'd,
In vain Help from Physicians crav'd,
Roll'd

Roll'd Agonising too and fro,
 Impatience aggrandis'd his Woe :
 Fain wou'd he on his Dagger die,
 Yet what might follow fear'd to try.

Such is the Atheist, when in Pain,
 The Fool sees Worldly Succours vain,
 No *Opiates* will his Pangs allay,
 He curses Night, and hates the Day ;
 He living in Hell Torments shares,
 And, what is their chief Woe, despairs.

Lord, when in Pain thy Lovers lie,
 Thou sweetly dost thy Aids supply,
 They feel the Ease of Wills resign'd,
 Thy Love Paternal cheers their Mind :
 'Twill wonderfully Death endear,
 To pass to Joys from Anguish here.

Silence in the Grave.

WHEN I the King of Terrours view'd,
 Dear Jesu, by thy Cross subdu'd,
 He seem'd to me a harmless Thing,
 When Void of Sting.

Death was to me familiar grown,
 He visits made me when alone,
 And serious Thoughts still left behind,
 To store my Mind

Death

Death gave me Gleams of heav'nly Blifs,
Which when he left me grew remis,
I wish'd for his much longer Stay,
More to display.

I often kifs'd the friendly Dart,
Which he reserv'd to wound my Heart,
And long'd till it my Soul let out
In rapt devout.

Death and I thus a Friendship held,
'Till from my Thought I him expel'd,
The Cause of Change from Friend to Foe,
Death crav'd to know.

I thought it Happiness, said I,
For all who lov'd their God to die;
At nobler Heights their Heav'nly King,
To Love and Sing.

But when they in the Grave repose,
Their Love's stark Cold, their Hymns they close.
From Death which Love and Hymn shall end,
Jesu defend.

The Heroe after God's own Heart,
At frightful Thoughts of Death wou'd start,
Death which wou'd lay him fast a sleep,
In silence deep.

Where

Where all his Organs soon shou'd rot,
 Where all Gods Goodness was forgot,
 Where he nor Harp, nor Voice cou'd raise,
 To sing God's praise.

That in the silent Grave the Just,
 Nor love, nor hymn, when turn'd to Dust,
 Is of another Royal Saint,
 The sad Complaint,

Grave, I abhor Thee, 'twou'd be Hell,
 One Minute in thy Walls to dwell,
 If I must Hymn and Love forego,
 What greater Woe?

You, said pale Death, misapprehend
 The Message of your filial Fiend,
 My Darts which are for Flesh design'd,
 Ne'er reach the Mind.

While Flesh in a Dead Silence lyes,
 The Soul set free to Glory flies,
 Employ'd with sep'rate Souls above,
 In Hymn and Love.

What you no more can do combin'd,
 The Soul when 'tis from Dross refin'd,
 Will much more noble Heights attain,
 Then Flesh cou'd gain.

If I, said Soul, shall hymn God more,
When free'd, than join'd my Heart then gore,
With Spirits pure, a pure Love song,
To sing I long.

But must one half in silence rest,
While th' other half sings with the Blest?
Can Flesh no share in Duty have,
While in the Grave?

Your Flesh said Death, when in its Urn
Must to its pristine Dust return,
But of that Dust dear in God's sight,
Is ev'ry Mite,

Moses when he reduc'd to Dust,
The Golden Calf once *Israel's* Trust,
Yet then as well as in the Mold,
Each grain was Gold.

The Dust of ev'ry Saint who dies
Most precious is in *Jesus' Eyes*,
Each atom shin'd on by his Beams,
He dear esteems.

When the Spouse saw the undefil'd,
Advancing tow'rs her from the Wild,
With Powders sweet, and od'rous Store,
Perfum'd all o'er;

Each Atom of those Powders sweet,
 Dispers'd throughout from Head to Feet,
 By his sole Touch did strait assume
 Divine Perfume.

Saints Atoms thus in Earth enclos'd,
 Which *Jesus*' Members once compos'd,
 Will heav'nly Virtue from him drain,
 And Bless'd remain.

Though void of Soul they lose Desire,
 Heav'n-born Perfume will yet aspire,
 And raise Exilience to unite,
 In Mansions bright.

Thanks, friendly Death, said Soul, intent
 I'll watch the Hour when you are sent,
 The heav'nly Deep, I'll gladly swim
 To Love and Hymn,

I'll love and hymn throughout my Flight,
 But when I reach the Realm of Light,
 With Seraphs, who sing best on High,
 In both I'll vie.

In both, when I of the Lamb slain
 For me, not them, shall sing the Strain
 Of Love, and Hymn, lov'd more than they
 I more shou'd pay.

Mean

Mean while like *Jesus* in the Grave,
Flesh will tow'rds Blis propension have,
Flesh which with Soul to be co-blefs'd
In Hope shall rest.

Fear to Part.

AH! foolish Soul, how oft have you,
When Death was present to your View,
Fear'd left from Flesh his pointed Dart
Shou'd make you part.

The World is full of deadly Snares,
False Joys to fool you it prepares,
'Tis difficult where-e'er you run
Plague Sores to shun,

Body, till by the Grave refin'd,
Weighs down to Earth your Heav'n-born Mind;
'Tis too impure for blisful Sight,
In spotless Light.

Your darling Flesh in which you dwell,
Against your Self will oft rebell;
What is there Valuable here
Life to endear?

You intimate you shou'd not grieve,
Your old Companion Flesh to leave,

Did

Did you the Place where you must go
But clearly know ?

The *Jews* were happy you suggest,
Who enter'd not their promis'd Rest,
Till they sent Spies, who ev'ry Way,
Shou'd all survey.

Of Thousands here who ev'ry Hour,
Death is permitted to devour,
Not one returns, of what he saw
A Map to draw.

Saints who when *Jesus* rose appear'd,
In *Salem* were seen, known and heard,
Yet no Account of *Hades* gave
Beyond the Grave.

In strange Reluctance you abide,
To see a Land yet undiscry'd,
And in the double sep'rate State,
To try your Fate.

Fond Soul, you have in God's own Book,
All your Desire, yet over look ;
None risen, shou'd you that peruse,
Cou'd more infuse.

The everlasting Joys and Ills,
God there in ev'ry Leaf instills,

Lazarus

Laz'rus in Blifs, *Dives* in Woe
Both regions shew.

The Saints with *Jesus* on the Mount,
Of Blifs presented such Account,
That strait to Tabernacle there
Was *Peter's* Pray'r.

To the third Heav'n th' Apostle rear'd,
Celestial Glories saw and heard,
Not possible to be Rehears'd
In Flesh immers'd:

Eternal Joys and Woes no Speech,
No Faculty we have can reach,
They are to be believ'd, but known
Till felt by None.

My Angel oft to Heav'n takes flights,
To taste its Glories and Delights:
I Watch the Point till back he flies
With longing Eyes:

Dear Guardian, give me some short Gleams
Of beatifick Joys and Beams,
Which while, said I, above you dwelt,
You lately felt.

What we above, said the Angel, feel,
We are too scanty to reveal,
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What

What Blifs 'tis Godhead to possess,
None can Express.

Thee, Lord, I for thy Book adore,
Ambitious to know nothing more ;
Celestial Blifs to supervise,
I want no spies.

Like *Abraham*, at thy gracious Call,
I'll leave my Country, Friends, my All,
In a strange Land to make my stay,
Thee to obey.

I firmly in thy Truth confide,
Thou wilt be my Support and Guide,
My Faith abundantly supplies
My want of Eyes.

My Flesh I offer, which instead
Of a lov'd only Son shall bleed ;
Which when Love's flame shall th' Off'ring burn
Earth shall inurn.

My Soul when from this Body loos'd,
Shall into thee be re-transfus'd,
Till my Flesh wakes when under Ground
The Trump shall found.

Thou, Lord, wilt then my Flesh restore,
Purer and Brighter than before,

To

To make the Sacrifice compleat,
They both will meet.

I'll give my self to thee entire,
Thy self I in exchange Desire,
Cent'ring in thee Desire will rest
Of all possess'd.



The Soul Hovering over our Ashes.

When *Israel* saw the hallow'd Frame (Name:
Thrown down, where God had plac'd his
With Sighs and Tears and Groans,
They kiss'd the broken Stones;
Though 'an unform'd, rude *Chaos* made,
A Reverence to its Ruins paid.

Soul, when this Body you forsake,
Your long'd for heav'nly Flight to take,
You sep'rate must remind,
You ruin'd left behind
A Temple where the Spirit blefs'd,
The sole Propriety possess'd.

Descend a while and view my Urn,
See how my Limbs to Ashes turn,

Though Heav'n your Tears may stop,
 Yet you a Sigh may drop,
 My Dust to meet your Sigh will rise,
 And with your Yearnings sympathise.

Sigh may become your sep'rate State,
 O'er my commiserable Fate,
 You now are but half blest'd
 And in long Languor rest ;
 And while in Languor you remain,
 Sigh sweetly till full Bliss you Gain.

My Ashes though they kindled lie
 You can their proper Place descry,
 This Atom Ear compos'd,
 That was in Eye enclos'd ;
 That was in Tongue, and this in Heart,
 Adjusting them to ev'ry part.

You'll hov'ring view my Humane Ore,
 Our Dissolution you'll deplore,
 Confess God's Sentence just
 Of Man's return to Dust,
 That God when he the Soul repris'd,
 Its Instrument of Sin chastis'd.

Four times a Year the Virgins kept,
 When they for *Jephtah's* Daughter wept,
 Flesh but one time will crave,
 For Visit to my Grave,

And

And that's th' anniversary Day,
When you divorc'd your widdow'd Clay.

Soon then as you approach my Shrine,
Hymn the Philanthropy Divine,
For Blessings we both shar'd,
For Blis for you prepar'd,
For Death which Sin and Pain destroys,
And ripens Flesh for heav'nly Joys.

Fall prostrate at my Tomb, and pray
For hast'ning the All-quick'ning Day ;
And that when both shall meet
At the dread Judgment Seat,
We may our Absolution hear,
And mount to the Celestial Sphere.

Your Wings o'er my cold Atoms spread,
Brooding kind Heat upon them Dead,
They aiming to revive,
Will to embody strive,
As o'er the Child the Prophet lay
Enliv'ning his cold lifeless Clay.

Watch when the Angel shall appear,
And his awak'nig Trumpet rear,
'Ere his first breath shall end,
Re-enter your old Friend,

That I may rise among the first,
Who for a blest'd Re-union thirst.



Life and Death compar'd.

Since humane Race pale Death decry,
And live in Panick fear to die,
I mortal thought it worth my while,
My self and Death to reconcile,
And weighing Life and Death intend
To court Death chiefly for my Friend.

Death ghostly Pilgrims, when they stray
In this World's broad, but mazy Way,
Leads safely to the Native Land
Of Spirits, where they may expand
Their stretch'd Capacities at Will,
For God who only them can fill.

When Strangers they at random come,
Death guides directly to their Home;
When Foreigners for Harbour cry,
Death makes them Denisons on high,
To Souls with Labour hard distress'd,
Death gives sweet Sleep and grateful Rest.

To Saints who with Hell-pow'rs contend,
Death gives their War victorious End,

On Heav'n-ward Racers Death bestows,
The Prize when e'er the Race they close ;
Saints in this Vale of Tears who bide,
At Death feel their wet Eye-lids dry'd :

In life Souls with dull Flesh deprest'd,
By Death acquire Enlargement blest'd ;
Lovers in Absence here remain,
By Death they glad Fruition gain :
The Saint a Trial here endures,
Death his Reward above secures.

In Life Souls grope in ghostly Night,
Death wafts them to the Realm of Light,
With Mis'ries Life is loaded here,
Death lands us in the blissful Sphere ;
Souls in the World contract a Taint,
Death fully purifies the Saint,

Life of the Fall the Maim retains,
Death happy Paradise regains ;
Souls here good Seed in Plenty sow,
At Death they only Reap or Mow ;
In wants Saints here run out their Course,
Death heavenly Treasure takes by Force.

Temptations here the Faithful gore,
At Death above their Reach they soar ;

Life ne'er is wholly free from Sins,
 Impeccancy at Death begins ;
 In Life Souls to revolt are prone,
 Death keeps them Loyal to God's Throne.

In Life Saints mix'd with th' Impious dwell,
 Where Tongues are set on Fire by Hell,
 Like *David*, when in *Kedar* Tents,
 His Habitation he laments,
 At Death they shall blest'd Spirits join,
 Pure Vot'ries of the God-head Trine :

In Life the Best of Saints are frail,
 Flesh o'er the Mind will oft prevail,
 Their Hearts when e'er they Hymn or Pray,
 Will oft grow tir'd, their Zeal decay ;
 At Death no Cloud will intervene,
 Souls will be fix'd, devout, serene,

In Life the World our Souls befools,
 And Love Celestial often cools ;
 Love there unnumber'd Rivals meets,
 Which are alluring, deadly Cheats ;
 Death will the Saints from Dross refine,
 Fir'd with unrival'd Love divine.

Devils and Men of Life partake ;
 But Devils Life their Grievance make,

They

They wou'd be overjoy'd to die,
And scape the Flames in which they fry,
Saints by their Privilege of Death,
End Sin and Trouble with their Breath.

The wisest King who best cou'd know,
The quintessential Joys below,
When he with Heav'n those Joys compar'd,
Vain and Vexatious them declar'd,
Pronounc'd the Day when laid in Earth
Much better than our day of Birth.

Life and its Joys to Age must bow,
Death gives us an eternal Now;
By Life we are to Earth confin'd,
Death wings for Heav'n the Heav'n-born Mind;
If Life and Death we justly view,
Death's the more noble of the two.

The Holy *Paul* who daily dy'd,
Who Death had long and often try'd,
Languish'd to be dissolv'd, and gave
The preference to the peaceful Grave;
May I with joy my pangs sustain,
Assur'd like him that Death is gain!



Friendship with Death.

WHEN I on Death approaching think,
 My Soul begins to shrink ;
 My Pow'rs wou'd fain that Thought post-pone,
 Till tow'rds my dying Groan ;
Belshazzar's Tremblings on me seize,
 And I together smite my Knees.

Soul, thou infallibly art sure,
 That Death I must endure,
 Thou canst not the set time descry,
 But know'st that it is nigh,
 Since then I shortly Death must see
 Why shou'd we now such Strangers be ?

Children at bitter Potions grieve,
 By which they Health retrieve ;
 To that which frees from worldly Snares,
 Aversion Flesh declares ;
 Soul, change on second Thoughts your Mind,
 Your Health, not Grievance, is design'd.

Bless'd *Jesus* deigns to taste for all
 Death's Bitterness and Gall ;
 And sweetens Death to Saints who tread,
 The Foot-steps where he led ;

As

As Faith and Hope in Vot'ries fail,
Death's Terrors by degrees prevail.

Death you e're long must undergo,
Whether you will or no ;
Whether you will or no, I'll try,
To keep him in your Eye ;
Look on him with a Conscience clear,
And you will chide your childish Fear.

When *Jesus* gain'd his Throne on high,
Death it self seem'd to dye ;
His open'd Grave show'd how the Saints,
Shall force all Death's Restraints ;
And open'd Heav'n assur'd their Eyes,
Their Bodies from the Graves shou'd rise.

While in the Graves of all the Just,
Bless'd *Jesus* keeps the Dust ;
Their Spirits free'd from Clogs of Sense,
Shall Happiness commence ,
And *Jesus* Hymn, who Death endears
To Souls in penitential Tears.

In the expanse *Jehovah* plac'd,
A Pillar double fac'd,
Which through the Sea the Tribes shou'd guide
Safe to the adverse side,

And

Which shou'd appear to *Israel* bright,
And to *Egyptians* dismal Night.

Thus double-fac'd Death always flies,
Race humane to surprize;
To th' Impious dreadful He appears,
Darting outragious Fears;
To Souls to *Jesus* reconcil'd,
His Looks inviting are, and mild.

The Wicked at Death's Look may quake,
Saints Friendship with him make;
May I, when he draws near my Bed,
T'wards *Jesus* raise my Head,
And joyfully embrace my Friend,
By whose kind Dart I Heav'n ascend.



Death's Darts repell'd.

I Wept, and liv'd, and when my Soul
Perceiv'd that it was whole,
To Tears and Love I Hymning joyn'd,
All Three my Soul refin'd;
And when refin'd I Courage took,
Death fearless in the Face to look,

Death

Death when his Sting he useles spy'd,
With Darts their Want supply'd ;
With darted Thoughts he shot me through,
My Terrors to renew ;
My Shield was Faith, and Love, and Hope,
My Helmet with the Foe to cope.

Death threaten'd Soul and Flesh to part,
That was his leading Dart,
That Worms shou'd be my Body's Lot,
Which soon shou'd stink and rot ;
That Soul went where no Mortal knew,
Its Separation there to rue.

Faith told me, though Flesh buried lies,
Yet it shall glorious rise ;
Love Martyrs shew'd to *Jesus* dear,
Now crown'd who cast out Fear ;
Hope on God's Promise fix'd its Claim,
Assur'd of Blifs in *Jesus*' Name,

Then at my Soul Death Thoughts let fly,
That when my Flesh shall dye,
My Soul may in a Land unknown,
Her Exile sad bemoan ;
Where Rebels who durst Heav'n out-brave,
Insulting Heav'n-born Souls enslave.

Faith

Faith oft high *Canaan* had survey'd,
 By *Jesus* happy made ;
 Love long'd to live to *Jesus* near,
 In that Celestial Sphere ;
 Hope shew'd how Souls in *Jesus* rest,
 Promis'd with him to be co-blest'd.

Next from Death's Bow a Thought took flight,
 All which can Sense delight ;
 Possessions, Honour, Friends and Gold,
 Power, Pleasure uncontroll'd,
 Must for a Winding-sheet be left,
 And you of all that's dear bereft.

Faith shew'd me the good things above,
 Prepar'd for heav'nly Love ;
 Love all that's dear, all Friends disclaim'd,
 With God sole Love inflam'd ;
 Hope which on Heav'n still fix'd its Eyes,
 Bid me all short-liv'd Joys despise.

Wise Providence to ev'ry Brute,
 Gives Senses most acute ;
 Shou'd God place Bliss in sensual Sweets,
 Which here a Worldling meets ;
 Beasts who those Pleasures relish best,
 Are more than Souls immortal blest'd.

By

By this Death's Quiver empty grew,
And vanquish'd he withdrew ;
But he'll replenish it again,
And I'll the Fight maintain.
Faith and Love, Helmet, Hope my Shield,
Invincibly will gain the Field.

The Saints with Jesus.

S O U L, when your Flesh dissolves to Dust,
To God's safe Hands your self entrust ;
Be not too curious to enquire,
Where to aspire ;

Whether to Paradise you fly,
Or in blest'd *Abram's* Bosom lye,
Or to that Orb your Flight you raise
Where *Enoch* stays ;

Or to the third celestial Sphere,
Where Wonders *Paul* was rapt to hear,
Or *Hades* blest'd where Souls elect
Full Bliss expect.

Secure your Love while here below,
And Dying you'll to *Jesus* go :
Paul long'd lov'd *Jesus'* Face to view,
For that long you.

Blest'd

Bless'd *Jesus*' boundless Bliss divine;
In you in Miniature will shine,
Glory for Glory, Beam for Beam
Will on you stream.

A Crown, a Throne of God's right Hand,
Where Saints their Robes of Ray expand,
Where Saints are Kings, and on their State
High Angels wait.

Such Blessings on the Saints attend,
When *Jesus*' like they Heav'n ascend,
The Lamb, of Joys the boundless Spring,
They'll ever sing.

Death our Fore-runner is, and guides
To *Sion*, where the Lamb abides,
There Saints enjoy ecstasick Rest
In Mansions blest.

Death, I well know, that ev'ry Day
Wise Providence appoints your Way,
Your Thirst for Blood wou'd slay Mankind,
If not confin'd.

I long to reach the Lambs dear Sight,
Be sure to hit my Vitals right,
Lest Life half left prolongs my Days
And Bliss delays.

Dying

Dying to the World:

DEath, when for me you are design'd,
But little Work in me you'll find.
I have employ'd my Cares,
So to dispose Affairs,
That from my ghostly Shield your Dart,
Back on your Skeleton will start.

My All is God's Possession grown,
I nothing keep to call my own,
If any Self you see
Remaining still in me;
O that shou'd long ago have dy'd,
Had I the lurking ill descry'd.

Perhaps you'll at my Body aim;
But that's devoted to God's Name;
God there is pleas'd to build
A Temple with God fill'd,
Dare you to ruin that design,
Which Temple is of Godhead Trine?

By God's Permission yet you may,
Dissolve this House built up of Clay
In Ruins when it lies
It glorious shall arise,
And rise to a much nobler Height,
Than the first Temple much more bright.

Shou'd you my Heav'n-born Soul attempt,
 That from your Terrours lives exempt,
 You ne'er with all your skill,
 Cou'd Souls immortal kill ;
 You need not me and World divide,
 I long ago the World deny'd.

I have prevented all your Force,
 Which from my Friends might me divorce :
 To Friends, though truly dear,
 My Heart dares not adhere,
 No perfect Friend but God I know,
 For God I all the rest forego.

Shou'd you invade me arm'd with Pain,
 And make me num'rous Deaths sustain,
 My Will to God resign'd,
 Sweet ease in God will find ;
 God's Love will all my Pains endear,
 With Joy my Diffolution's near.

Death, when you shall approach my Head,
 You'll nothing see but what is Dead,
 Yet do not me forsake,
 Care of my Body take ;
 Lay me with gentle Hand asleep,
 God in the Grave my Dust will keep.

Desire

Desire of Death.

E*Lijah* to the Wild retir'd
In Pray'r to God aspir'd,
Beneath a *Juniper* repos'd,
His Mind he thus disclos'd ;
Sated with Life I Death request,
Lord, raise me to eternal Rest.

Simeon, who held in glad Embrace
The Source of Truth and Grace,
Transported at his Saviour's Sight,
Stood Wing'd for Heav'n-ward flight;
From worthless Earth his Eyes withdrew,
He with an Hymn to Glory flew.

Paul rapt to the third heav'nly Sphere
Wonders to see and hear,
Re-ent'ring his terrestrial Frame,
Felt an Heav'n-kindled Flame;
Long'd to dissolve, to *Jesus* fly,
To eternise his Rapt on High.

O happy Souls, who Pilgrims here
Kept always Conscience clear,
An ardent Love an Heav'nly Mind,
A Will to God resign'd,

Made Death, which haunts with Aspect dire
All common Mortals, your Desire.

Ah, you were ripe for Heav'n, but I
 Wou'd ripen 'ere I die,
'Ere I approach the View divine,
 My lamp shou'd brighter Shine,
Of Duty I have vast Arrears,
My Vial's scarce half full of Tears;

I Graces want to form a Saint,
 And those I have are faint:
A Man of sorrows Heav'n to gain,
 'Tis just I shou'd remain,
And purify'd 'ere Godhead pure
Will in his Sight my Soul endure.

I have a thousand Things to do
 'Ere I bid Earth adieu;
My Soul, shou'd Death this Flesh surprize,
 Wou'd rather sink than rise,
Death in such dang'rous Views appears,
He raises not Desires, but Fears.

My Conscience here did Flesh upbraid,
 Wou'd you have Death Delay'd
Till you are fit pure God to see?
 That time will never be,
Mercy, not Merit, Blis obtains,
Mercy which cancels Guilt and Stains.

Mercy

Mercy in *Jesus*' Name implore,
Sin wilfully no more;
'Tis Mercy our Defects supplies,
In God's propitious Eyes,
The best of Saints just as they die
Mercy, sweet *Jesus*, Mercy cry.

One only thing you have to do
And still to keep in View,
With Tears, Watch, Pray'rs and Alms to strive,
At glory to arrive;
At full Perfection you may aim,
Though if sincere, you Bliss may claim.

Elijah like from Crowd retreat,
God when retir'd to meet;
Of *Jesus*, *Simeon* like lay hold,
And in your Arms enfold;
In Thought to Heav'n like *Paul* aspire,
And what Thought sees will raise Desire.

The Want of Death you then will know,
You'll think he comes to flow,
Death seen through *Jesus* to your Mind
Will have an Aspect kind.
You'll feel for Heav'n Exilience strong,
For Death which once you fear'd you'll long.

Death teaches Duty.

DEath, though you Child of Sin abide,
 By happy Parricide,
 You daily murder your own Sire
 When Saints to Cells retire
 And to contemplate you begin,
 You mortify your Parent Sin.

The Thoughts unclean which Saints distress,
 The Thoughts of Death suppress;
 Death shews the Wretch who Riches craves,
 What Want there is in Graves;
 Death shews the Proud the Earthy spot,
 Where he must moulder, stink, and rot.

Death when his Menaces we feel,
 Warms penitential Zeal;
 Death when for Souls he lays his Snares
 Invigorates their Pray'rs;
 Death teaches, when he's arm'd with Pain,
 By will resign'd sweet ease to gain.

Death seizes Sinners with Surprise,
 To make the living Wife;
 Death hangs still hov'ring o'er Mankind,
 To make them Heav'n remind:
 All Sins Death moves us to decline,
 And teaches ev'ry Grace divine.

Guardian to Death's Abode take flight,
 Built deep in dismal Night,
His Messengers his Gates there crowd,
 Vehicl'd in black Cloud,
Who when from his curs'd Host detach'd,
O'er all Earths Regions are dispatch'd.

Ask which is the destructive Band,
 Alotted for this Land,
Search who is me encharg'd to harm,
 Him of his Dart disarm,
Keep that still pointing at my Heart,
That I from God no more may start.

When you see Death upon my Breast
 Indelibly imprest,
You may the Dart to him restore,
 My Heart then let him gore:
My Soul lives but a stranger here,
My Country is the Heavenly Sphere.

Or, if no Messenger appear,
 Take your Celestial Spear,
Feather it from your Wings, and place
 The Point just tow'rds my Face,
It will the Want of Dart supply,
And make me live prepar'd to die.

The Soul Polluted in the Body.

MY Soul, when you shall Freedom gain,
 To launch into the airy Main,
 And leave below my Body dead,
 Committed to its earthly Bed,
 Sure you a while will hov'ring stay,
 O'er your once habitable Clay,

Your amicable vital Knot,
 Though broken, is not soon forgot;
 You perpendicular will wave
 Your Wings expanded o'er my Grave;
 To th' Angel then who shews your Way,
 I guess, you looking down will say :

O happy Angels! who ne'er knew,
 The fleshly Clogs we sadly rue :
 Frail Bodies here which Souls enclose,
 Their Habitants to Sin expose,
 A thousand Ills I ne'er had known,
 Had I unwedded liv'd alone,

Observe my Corps from Head to Feet,
 The Vermin there together meet,
 Consulting Colonies to choose,
 Which o'er the Region they diffuse,
 Where gnawing, till to surfeit fed,
 They die upon the Carcase dead.

Ah

Ah! justly did great God decree,
That Death of Sin shou'd Wages be,
To Sin each Limb, each Sense you View,
Was Instrument, or Avenue :
Mercy with Justice harmonis'd,
Lest Sin shou'd be immortalis'd.

Those Eyes, created for pure Light,
Took Pleasure in the Deeds of Night,
On all forbidden Objects stray'd,
For foul Concupiscence purvey'd,
Innumerable Swarms of Sin,
Through them came hourly flying in.

These Ears, first form'd to intromit
The saving Truths of sacred Writ,
To Vanities still open stood,
Shut close to the Approach of Good,
Greedy base Calumnies to glean,
And what was Impious or Unclean.

That Tongue, to hymn great God design'd,
To God's Dishonour most inclin'd,
A World of Evil it contain'd,
Was fir'd by Hell and unrestrain'd,
Had the whole Course of Nature fir'd,
By pois'onus Flames which it transpir'd.

That

That Heart, which God for Off'ring claim'd,
 Which Love divine shou'd have inflam'd,
 God wholly from its Thought exil'd,
 Was universally defil'd ;
 Each Lust it for its Idol own'd,
 And to its Pow'r great God dethron'd.

See on my Lids the Maggots lie,
 And eat the Apple of my Eye,
 A Serpent at my Mouth is hung,
 And greedily devours my Tongue,
 Worms gorge themselves on ev'ry Part,
 An odious Toad there gnaws my Heart.

I shou'd too long my Blifs delay,
 My total Vileness to survey :
 Had not Repentance wash'd me clean,
 And *Jesus*' Blood from Filth terrene,
 That Flesh to Hell had sank me down,
 And stop'd this Flight to gain my Crown.

Now, my good Angel let us fly,
 All Glory be to God on High,
 We'll both sweet Hallelujahs sing,
 While we keep Heav'n-ward on the Wing,
 I see, I see, the Portal blest
 Glory--- In Blifs she sang the rest.

By

By chance *Caduco*, as the Sun declin'd,
A Meditation in the Field design'd,
Like *Isaac*, where in ev'ry Herb and Tree,
Memorials he of God and Death might see;
And on a sudden at small distance saw,
A well-known Friend tow'rds his Retirement draw;
• Who weeping cry'd, Adieu, dear Friend, adieu,
O might I watch, pray, hymn, and die like you!
Caduco him saluting beg'd to know,
What caus'd his Grief, that he might ease his Woe,
His Sorrow for a while his Speech restrain'd,
Which thus gush'd out as he his Voice regain'd;
He's gone, he's gone, I clos'd his God-ward Eyes,
His Heav'n-born Spirit mounted through the Skies,
Justo, of *Jesus*' Flock one of the Best,
By this has reach'd his Throne among the Blest:
The Pointings of Death's Dart he daily ey'd,
His ghostly Watch and Pray'r he daily ply'd,
He counting ev'ry Step as Life retir'd,
Thus on his Death-bed sang till he expir'd.

See, see my Flesh, Death with his Dart,
You and my Spirit now must part:
I dol'rous Struggles feel of vital Force,
And all my Pow'rs disposing for Divorce.

My Stomach fails, I can no more
With fresh Recruits my Strength restore,

My

My Feet begin to freeze, my flaccid Nerves,
Have for their craving Dreins no brisk Reserves.

My Pulse scarce beats, my Heart grows chill,
Can scarce with Blood my Arteries fill ;
My Art'ries unreplenish'd starve my Veins,
But little Circulation now remains.

My Eyes grow dim, I scarce can speak,
Strong Pangs in twain my Fibres break,
Small aid my Tendons to my Muscles lend,
My Joints grow stiffe, with difficulty bend.

The Channels to my Heart grow dry,
My Spirits wanting due Supply,
But little Vigour to my Brain convey,
I colder grow, my Motion faints away.

My mournful Friends stand all aghast,
And think each Breath will be my last,
The World an universal Blank appears,
And a meer Cypher all foregoing Years.

My Will is seal'd, and with my Heir,
The Poor proportionably share,
I pardon, and ask Pardon of Mankind,
And leave no Dues unsatisfy'd behind :

All humane Succours now are flown,
And I await my dying Groan ;

My

My Soul is parting from this earthly Vale,
Into the State invifible to fail.

I my Viaticum receiv'd,
And that my ghofly Strength retriev'd :
'Tis by Repentance only I am eas'd,
And *Jefus* Love, who angry God appeas'd.

To God I have my Will refign'd,
To God I elevate my Mind,
My ghofly Guide has me absolv'd, and I
Have nought to do, but Pray, and Love, and Die.

Good God me from Delirium frees,
My Soul grows healthy by Difafe,
Tow'rd's Independency I feel it fpring,
And my own Requiem now prepare to fing.

My *Jefus* treats me as his Friend,
I long till I to him ascend,
Though Death stares on me frightful, pale, and grim,
My Soul fhall entertain him with an Hymn.

My God, my Love this Soul fufains,
And sweetens all my dying Pains.
Thou Lord didft bitter Death endure for me,
And haft from all Death's Terroures fet me free.

Sin only Death had dreadful made,
But fince thou haft our Ransom paid ;
Thou of his deadly Sting doft Death difarm,
He may my Soul unloofe but cannot harm :

Jefus

Jesus when dead, yet rose again,
 And from the Grave began his Reign,
 His Soul and Body re-united were,
 And flew to Heav'n Triumphant through the Air:

As the first Fruits God's hallowed due,
 To God were offer'd by the *Jew*;
 Which in God's Sight the Priest was wont to wave,
 And God to all the Crop his Blessing gave.

Thus *Jesus* risen from the Dead,
 On all Men vital Influence shed;
 Death can no faithful Souls of Life deprive,
 But by our first Fruits rising shall revive:

You, my dear Flesh, till the great Day,
 Must to the Worms become a Prey,
 This Debt you to the Lapse primeval owe,
 Must humbly with Submission undergo.

You shall return to humane Ore,
 But God will you to Life restore,
 He'll register each Atom of your Dust,
 And sort it at the rising of the Just.

As Grain lies bury'd in the Grave,
 Till it a Resurrection have,
 Then from the Ground its lofty Head uprears,
 And with an Hundred fold Encrease appears.

Thus

Thus you'll to priftine Clay return,
Till God remands you from your Urn,
You'll the bright Form with Rapture then behold,
To which God fhall your fcatter'd Duft remold.

Worms fhall no more your Limbs devour,
In weaknefs fown, you'll rife in Pow'r ;
From Mortal you fhall to immortal pafs,
To Incorruption from corrupted Mafs.

Your Clay by the laft Fire calcin'd,
Shall to Spiritual be refin'd,
And like Blefs'd *Jefus* Glorious Body, Bright,
Will fitted be to enter Blifsful Light.

O'er Death you'll then full Conqueft gain,
And Hymn the Love of the Lamb flain,
You'll, paff all Storms, reach the Celestial fhoar,
Your Body glorify'd can die no more.

Were there no Joys in that high Sphere,
Freedom from Sin wou'd Death endear :
God's Lovers here their Days in Sorrow fpend,
While tempted boundlefs Goodnefs to offend.

To the laft Spark of vital Flame,
My Lips fhall gasp out *Jefus*' Name,

My

My Moments come, I sink into the Grave,
Jesu, my God, my Love---Thy Lover save,
We guess he mean'd, but in a Rapt devout,
His Soul at the dear Name of Love flew out.
Lov'd *Jesus* in his Arms receiv'd his Friend,
He was in Bliss before his Pray'r cou'd end ;
Caduco stood in Transport a long Hour,
And when of Speech he had regain'd the Pow'r,
Pray'd with an Ardour not to be express'd,
To live and die like *Justo*, and be Bless'd.





P S Y C H E:
O R,
M A G D A L U M.

Col. iii. 13.

*Let the Word of Christ dwell richly in you, in all
Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another,
in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, sing-
ing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord.*

I Sing the Sex by Nature more design'd,
For tender Sense of Duty than Mankind;
But when they Modesty of Conscience loose,
Into their Souls, foul Spirits Filth infuse:
Filth vehicl'd in Verse, the Bane to guild,
Verse, by which Lust is takingly instill'd,
Verse, which Hell best can to its Purpose suit,
The Sex to Idolize, then Prostitute:
O curs'd Abuse of Verse, by Saints deplor'd,
Who long to see its native Force restor'd!
Verse, first traduc'd from Angels, to incline
Harmonious Souls to Hymn, and Love divine,
Sweet Verse, which with its native Virtue grac'd,
Instructs and pleases the Devout and Chaste,
May Heaven my Numbers prosper, to enflame
The Modest, the Immodest to reclaim.

Vol. IV.

L

THE

B O O K. I.

THE Love divine oft made benign Effays,
Above Things tranſient *Psyche's* Love to
raife;

She damp'd as oft the darted heav'nly Light,
And to keep Conſcience ſleeping choſe the Night,
Impulſes, Wakenings, Trouble, Sickneſs, Pain,
Endearments, Traction, Calls, were ſpent in Vain,
She all God's ſoft Inflammatives repell'd,
Yet his Long-ſuſſering ſtill his Wrath withheld;
Tho' God's pure Eyes deteſt a Soul defil'd,
His Bowels yearn on a provoking Child;
She felt a ſudden indelib'rate Thought,
Which ſtrange Conviction in her Spirit wrought:
O wondrous Love, which Souls averſe invites!
'Tis God's preventing Love, our Love excites:
She ſain wou'd have the irkſom Thought ſuppreſs'd,
But Conſcience waking, wou'd not let her Reſt,
A Voice within upbraiding her She felt,
Hard Heart at God's ſweet Yearnings not to melt!
God offers Life, Ah! Why will *Psyche* die?
From endleſs Blifs, to court Damnation, fly?
Sweet mighty Force of but one Thought, when ſent
By God, to move a Sinner to repent!
She 'ere her adamantine Heart was broke,
Began with Sighs God's Mercy to invoke.
When tow'rds Repentance Sinners but propend,
Their firſt Propenſions to the Throne aſcend,
And 'ere they can articulate a Pray'r,
God ſends their Guardians to reſume their Care.

Phylax,

Phylax, which sacred Indignation fir'd,
To see how *Psyche* God's sweet Patience tir'd,
Had long abandon'd her, to Heav'n refler,
Unable longer to endure her View;
But when he saw her Sigh receiv'd on High,
And softest pity yearning in God's Eye,
While Angels ready stood her change to sing
He, warn'd by *Jesus*, mounted on his Wing,
Swifter than morning Rays he took his Flight,
And re-appear'd to her transported Sight.

Phylax, o'er joy'd to see his Charge, to Tears
Improv'd from Sighs, her Spirit sweetly cheers:
Yet saw her Danger, while she still remain'd
On the same Spot, where Sin its Conquests gain'd,
And cast, to move her to some safe retreat,
Her penitential Purpose to compleat,
From tempting Objects to withdraw her Eye,
And the Occasions of all Ill to fly;
Where undisturb'd, she time might set apart,
For strict Examination of her Heart;
Where she a faithful ghostly Guide might find,
To still the Troubles of her Sin-sick Mind.
God pleas'd to see her Guardians tender Love,
And prone all Heav'n-ward Tendence to improve,
Bid him transport her through the airy Deep,
To *Magdalum*, to learn to Love, and Weep:
Long space he flew and rowl'd his piercing Eye,
To seek some Wastage for her thro' the Skie,
Meeting at last a Fiend, to *Tophet* doom'd,
Who for some Fraud an Angels shape assum'd,

And hov'ring o'er his Prey in Air above,
 On Wings he tore from an innocuous Dove,
 Who having lately flown that Airy track,
 Was with her Message now returning back,
 The Wings he seis'd, but cou'd not on them fly;
 Nothing of Dove with Malice cou'd comply.
 From the curs'd Fiend, the useles Wings he rends,
 And down with them to *Psyche* swift descends.
 Thus All-wise God at once gave *Psyche* Aid,
 And sav'd the Soul for whom the Plot was laid;
 For when unwing'd, the Fiend to *Tophet* fell,
 For ill Success to be chastis'd in Hell.

Glad *Psyche* on her Wings strait soar'd on High,
 Such on which *David* once desir'd to fly,
 Wings Silver bright, and Feathers like pure Gold,
 Like those God promis'd to his Saints of old.
 And 'ere one Hour Canonick fully drop'd,
 O'er *Zabulon* their airy Voyage stop'd,
 The antient Castle there was in their View,
 Where *Magdalen* shed penitential Dew.
Psyche just at the Castle Gate alights,
 The Portress her to enter it invites;
 An aged Matron from the World reclaim'd,
 Kind, Lowly, and Devout, *Modesta* nam'd;
 She saw in *Psyche*, penitential Air,
 And joy'd she would to *Magdalum* repair:
Magdalum once the Patrimonial Seat,
 Of her who with her Tears wash'd *Jesus* Feet,
 Much she both lov'd and wept, God-man decreed,
 His Holy Gospel shou'd record the Deed,

No Statues, Pillars, Pyramids, or Song
 Heroick, could like that, her Name prolong;
 O Love and Tear, inestimably pris'd,
 In Story by God-man immortalis'd!

In *Magdalum* chaste Souls Recesses keep,
 And learn to Love, Hymn, Meditate and Weep,
 Like humble Daughters, all Great God rever'd,
 And vow'd to live like Sisters co-ender'd.
Sophronia with Celestial Wisdom fill'd,
 Who of her Sex the Guidance nicely skill'd,
 Whose Exemplary Graces brightest shin'd,
 Heaven for their ghostly Mother had design'd,
 Mother and Daughters *Gratian's* Rule obey'd,
 Who for their Souls incessant watch'd and pray'd,
 Seven times a Day to Heav'n they send their Cries,
 And to their midnight Office duly rise;
 In intervals they meditate, or read;
 Or work, the Poor to cloath, to cure, or feed;
 Or sweetly they each others Griefs condole;
 Or study Medicines which restore the Soul;
 Or of Divine *Philanthropy* Discourse;
 Or of their Prayers and Tears relate the Force;
 Or of the gracious Power of Hymns, which raise
 Fresh Ardours, when their sacred Zeal decays;
 Or Songs of weeping *Magdalen* endite,
 Like penitential Fervour to excite;
 Or with a co-enflaming Ardour vie,
 In Hymning the Lamb slain, like Saints on High;
 Their Flesh spare Diet in Subjection keeps,
 And every one on *Agnus Castus* sleeps;

Magdalen's Story there in Hangings wrought,
 Keeps her Idea in each Mourner's Thought;
 Each Weekly, when her Mournful Course is o'er,
 Comes to the Altar, *Jesus* to adore
 For stricter Union to their mystick Head,
 And with the Food immortal to be fed ;
 And ev'ry time they with Devotion came,
 Lov'd *Jesus* rais'd a fresh enamouring Flame.
 Stations they kept, and on those solemn Times,
 They re-bewail'd their own, and publick Crimes,
 With mod'rate Fasting, and with Alms, which bore
 A due Proportion to their worldly Store.

Modesta to the Chapel leads her Guest,
 To Pray, with heav'nly Guidance to be bless'd,
 Her first Fruits penitential to present,
 And *Gratian* meet, who shou'd her Zeal foment;
Gratian, who melted into joyful Fear,
 When he beheld a Penitent appear.

Psyche, whose Heart was breaking, not quite broke,
 With a full Freedom durst not God invoke ;
 But like the Publican to God address'd,
 Have Mercy Lord, she cry'd, and smote her Breast.
Gratian her Pangs of the new Birth descry'd,
 And softest Aids to ease her Labour try'd,
 Then to the Sisters, the Despondent lead,
 To learn Repentance, and becalm her Dread.

Modesta various Cells to *Psyche* shew'd,
 But chiefly that where *Mary's* Tears o'er-flow'd :
Psyche beg'd in that Cell to live recluse,
 Her Love, her Tears, like *Mary* to unfluce.

Phylax

Phylax rejoic'd in the wise Choice she made,
And sweetly strove her Love, Pray'rs, Tears to Aid,
While *Gratian* Truths initial to her taught,
Which she, in Meditations deep, re-thought:
Uncertain Life, and, at the longest, short;
Death certain, yet unknown, its Time, Place, Sort,
A Resurrection to, or Blifs, or Woe,
The dreadful Judgment all must undergo;
The endless Joys of beatifick Light,
The endless Angours of eternal Night;
Which stormy Passions rais'd in *Psyche*'s Breast,
Life tandalis'd her, Death disturb'd her Rest;
Her Resurrection was her Hope, yet Fear,
She trembled at God's Judgment to appear;
Heav'n she desir'd, desponded yet to gain,
Hell she abhorr'd, yet Guilt expos'd to Pain;
But lively Thought of *Jesus* interven'd,
By God injected, which her Soul seren'd;
God's dear *Philanthropy* thro' *Jesus* shewn,
To all who Sin with Hearts contrite bemoan,
To Love and Tears, initial her inclin'd;
Fear grew by Hope o'er-balanc'd in her Mind,
With Alms, Prayer, Fastings, she her Life review'd,
And daily with her Tears her Cell bedew'd:
Oit on her treacherous Heart she would reflect,
Its labyrinthal Windings to detect,
Involuntary failings to descry,
That no one venial Spot might 'scape her Eye.
She search'd remaining Tendencies to Ill,
The domineering Cravings of her Will;

Where Danger of Back-sliding might arise,
 Beg'd superefluent Aid against Surprise,
 Zealous to offer God a Heart sincere,
 And live like *Magdalen* in Love and Tear.

Phylax saw *Psyche* more and more intent,
 And to add Fuel to her Fervour, sent
 (By Angels who to Blifs return'd) a Thought,
 Which from his heavenly Stall, *Phylpenthos* brought,
 In Heaven the Angel of Repentance styl'd,
 Wont to aid Mourners with a Treatment mild :
Phylpenthos mounts upon his radiant Wings,
 And from on High, a golden Vial brings,
 'Twas one of those in which God Vengeance stores,
 And on incorrigible Sinners pours :
 It had with Plague for *Psyche* long been fill'd,
 Till her Heart softned, and her Eyes diffill'd,
 And she in *Jesus*' Name for Mercy cry'd ;
 Then all the Wine of God's fierce Wrath was dry'd.
 To *Phylax* he the empty Vial gave,
 That he in that his *Psyche*'s Tears might save ;
Psyche remaining fix'd upon her Knees,
 Within her Cell the new-flown Angel sees :
 He, all Surprise, all Strangeness to prevent,
 Declares he came to help her to Repent ;
 With that *Phylpenthos* from between his Wings,
 Takes his Celestial Harp, and tunes his Strings,
 Then founds the Chords, which *David* first devis'd,
 When he *Saul*'s Evil Spirit exorcis'd.
 At the first Chords he founded, *Psyche* wept,
 And with each Note, her Tears a Concert kept.

Phylax

Phylax his Vial to her Eyes apply'd,
And suffer'd no one Tear to drop aside
A Song of Love divine *Phylpenthos* sang,
The Source from which Love Penitential sprang,

Ah *Psyche* would you know,
How much to Love divine you owe?
Think on the Time,
When you lay overwhelm'd with Crime,
When you from Head to Foot all o'er,
Were stinking pestilential Sore,
Abomination to God's purest Eyes,
Provoking boundless Wrath, your Outrage to chastise.

God's Glories Thought exceed,
God of your Service has no need,
Not the least Mite
Your Hymns can add to Infinite;
God would adorable abide,
Should you be damn'd, or glorify'd,
You nought could plead your Ruin to repeal,
And justly might be doom'd, eternal Wrath to feel,

In this your woful State,
God eyes the Object of his Hate,
God first relents,
His tenderest Love your Love prevents,
He Darts on you all gracious Beams,
Supplies your Head with mournful Stream

Think

Think on that Love with Application due,
And you will God re-love, for God's first loving you.

Love fought you when you stray'd,
In all your Wand'rings you Way-laid,
Love kept you back
From many a destructive Track,
Love call'd, invited, and adjur'd,
With Bliss eternal you allur'd,
With boundless Pity, Love for pure Love's sake,
Mov'd that you on your self, would some Compas-
(sion take.

Pure Love when you delay'd,
Would argue, draw, beseech, persuade,
Year after Year
Would wait, and knock to make you hear:
Love all Night long for Entrance su'd,
Till Morning Drops his Locks bedew'd;
Love with Paternal Yearnings oft wou'd cry,
Return, return, dear Child, Why will my *Psyche* die?

Your Outrage still increas'd,
Yet Love to court you never ceas'd,
Love you sustain'd,
From Love you daily Blessings gain'd;
Long-suff'ring Love prolong'd your Breath,
Kept you on this side Hell and Death;
Yet Love's sweet Tenderness you still repell'd
Against unbounded Love, outrageously rebell'd.

Love

Love to the Heart was griev'd,
At the Repulses he receiv'd,
Yet Wrath restrain'd,
Still reconcileable remain'd,
Protested he took no Delight,
In damning you to endless Night,
The God of Truth and Love, vouchsaf'd to swear,
He long'd that *Psyche* should in Joys eternal Share,

When you faint Offers made
Which the least self Remorse betray'd,
You oft have felt,
How God would into Pity melt,
Before your Pray'r was spoke, he heard,
Your Heart with sweet Attractives cheer'd ;
But you turn'd back, when yearning God made haste
With the dear Kifs of Peace *Psyche* to have embrac'd.

What more could Godhead do
A laps'd free Agent to renew,
Yet one thing more,
Love infinite reserv'd in Store ;
His co-eternal Son to give,
That Sinners by his Death might live;
You long God's last Reserve frustraneous made,
God's Gift of filial God, ungratefully repay'd.

Psyche, on your Neglect,
Of free unbounded Love reflect,

You

You Love difown'd,
 And in your Heart foul Luft enthron'd,
 No Choice was 'ere fo shameful, bafe,
 Such bold Defiance to God's Face,
 So mad, Heav'n for Vexation to forego,
 To gratify Hell-powers, and purchafe endless Woe.

Psyche the Song imbib'd, with heedful Ear,
 And a devout Amazement stop'd her Tear;
Phylpenthos then to give her Spirit eafe,
 His Strings Harmonious softned by Degrees;
 Celestial Harpers in eternal Day,
 No Tunes but rapt'rous and joyful Play:
 He founded Airs, which he from Mourners learn'd,
 As *Psyche*'s Passions varying he discern'd,
 He no one sad Sonata could compofe,
 Yet to aid *Psyche* the fame Chords he chofe,
 Which on his Harp the Royal Pfalmift plaid,
 When weeping penitential Pfalms he made,
 Each Chord hit *Psyche*'s penitential Moan,
 And she ftrait fang in the fame tender Tone.

Bless'd Angel you my Grief revive,

And I to vent it ftrive,

But all Expressions fall below,

The Deluge of my Woe:

Ah! if you have the Skill,

The penitential Language now infill,

Teach me to fpeak to God's foft Ear,

My Sorrow in articulated Tear.

But

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But ah! in vain I this beseech,
No penitential Speech,
You Angels skill, from Outrage clear,
You never shed a Tear;
You never felt the Smart,
Of a Love violating broken Heart,
But yet the Movements on your Lyre,
With my griev'd Soul most tenderly conspire.

Can you call *David* from on High,
To discipline mine Eye,
Of Tears the Language he well knew,
But when I him review,
He ne'er had damning Guilt,
Till for his Lust *Urijah's* Blood he spilt.
My Sins I numberless must own,
And *David's* Tears can never reach my Moan.

Sad *Jeremy's* two Fountains fed,
By Rivers in his Head,
Seem much more proper to express
The full of my Distress,
But all his Tears were spent,
Not his own State, but People to lament;
His numerous Tears which aliens are,
Cannot a Native Agony declare.

O could I *Peter's* Tears obtain,
And feel his inward Pain,

When

When *Jesus* him with pity ey'd,
 As he his Lord deny'd,
 But his denial Trine,
 He thrice commuted into Love divine,
 Of Tears I want a greater Store,
 My Love is less, and my Denials more.

The Tears of *Magdalen* seem best,
 To suit my troubl'd Breast,
 I love, and weeping would commence,
 Co-equally intense;
 But when from God she stray'd,
 The Love Divine, but Morning Dawn display'd:
 My Sins were in Meridian Light,
 Her Tears, her Love can never reach their Height.

Ah! should I all their Griefs combine,
 They would fall short of mine,
 My Sins are numerous, wilful, known,
 And up to Habits grown;
 My Powers by God infus'd,
 I all to grieve Love infinite abus'd,
 I feel my Voice by Grief suppress'd,
 Play on kind Angel, while I sigh the Rest.

Gratian at Intervals kind Visits made,
 And gave her sweet consolatory Aid.
Phylpenthos that he *Psyche's* Heart might know,
 Watch'd hourly how her Tears would ebb, and flow,
 And

And as by Observation he descry'd,
They ready were to swell to a Spring-tide;
Her Grief he sweetly with his Lyre promotes,
And wisely chooses those affecting Notes,
Repenting *David* playd, when he on Dust,
Bewail'd in Song his Murder and his Lust
Each Note he plays, thro' *Psyche's* Spirit flies,
And open sets the Flood-gates of her Eyes,
Her Grief would to no measures be restrain'd,
While of her Guilt she thus to God complain'd.

Ah worthless Wretch, from this low Earth,
I took my Birth!

I know my despicable Frame,
And to eternal Joys could lay no Claim,
Had I as God-like, and as pure a mind
As had the Mother of mankind,
When God into her form inspir'd,
A Soul by fontal Love, which breath'd it, fir'd,
Turn, turn, my Song, from my vile earthly Mold,
And my congenial Ills with Tears behold,

Ah me, in Sin I was conceiv'd,
Of Purity original bereav'd!

Kids may as well have *Tygers* for their Dams,

Or *Wolves* engender Lambs,

Or a voracious *Vultur* hatch a *Dove*,

Or *Saul's* ill Spirit breath celestial Love,

Or wasps balsamick Hony make,

Or a sweet Stream flow from the Sulphurous Lake,

As Sinners Being give to Saints,

Clear from Parental Taints.

Ah

Ah! I am impotent, polluted, blind,
 To Error prone, Instable as the Wind,
 By Nature inconfid'rate, Vain,
 Hating what may Concupiscence restrain;
 Thou in thy likeness, Lord, didst me create,
 Till falling from that God-like State,
 Thy Image in me was defac'd,
 And all my Powers to Sin debas'd;
 The Filth I from my Parents drew,
 I heightned still by Provocations new:
 My Soul can find no proper Strain,
 My Vileness to explain.

A humane Carcase, when it lies,
 On stinking Dung, and pultrifies,
 Though by a dear Friend's Spirit once possess'd,
 Who would repose it on her Breast?

God infinitely Pure,
 Can infinitely less, foul wilful Sin endure.

My Sins raise stormy Passions in my Soul,
 I feel impetuous Billows rowl,
 Guilt raises dread of everlasting Flame,
 Filth, Folly, Madness, a confounding Shame.

To forfeit Heav'n for Trifles vain,
 Excites a just Disdain;

All my residuous Days my Grief to vent, (spent
 Should in Fasts, Pray'rs, Alms, Tears, and Agony be

When my delib'rate Sins I call to mind,
 I Lord would fain Alleviations find,

But

But on my Sins the more I muse,
The less I can my self excuse;
Thy Law is gracious; thy Rewards immense;
Thy Threats from Sin a strong Defence,
Thy Aids are Mighty; Fatherly thy Care,
All Wants may be supply'd, by filial Pray'r;
Thy Angels on our Souls attend,
Thou dost to all our Frailties condescend,
Yet I in spite of all that thou hast done,
Into new Outrages against thee run.

My God, Love is thy proper Name,
All Creatures Thee unbounded Love proclaim,
Thou Love Immense, on me dost overflow,
Numberless Loves to thee I owe;
Ah me, that I shou'd 'ere that Love despise,
And grieve thy pure all-seeing Eyes!
To the best Friend I Enmity repay'd,
The most indulgent Father disobey'd,
Against the most propitious Lord rebell'd,
While nor Rewards, nor Threats my stubborn Will
(withheld:

When I my numerous wilful Sins compute,
And feel how deeply they my Soul pollute;
When I on their Continuance reflect,
And Aggravations recollect,
Thy gracious Offers I refus'd,
Thy gracious Aids which I abus'd,

VI:

M

My

My flighting thy Paternal Stripes,
 My damping Conscientious Gripes,
 My secret Sins which I can ne'er re-count,
 Omissions, which to mighty Sums amount,
 My broken Vows, the Pleasure vile
 I took, my self, or Neighbour, to defile;
 How By back slidings I was stupid grown,
 And my Heart turn'd to Stone:

Hadst not thou Lord the Wonder wrought,
 My Change I should impossible have thought,
 Ripe Grapes as soon from a wild Thorn might shoot,
 Or Figs spring from a *Thistles* Root,
 As one sad Sigh could from my Heart arise,
 Or one soft Tear bedew my Eyes.

My God, while I thy Love repel,
 I live expos'd to Death and Hell,
 From thee I yet my Heart withdrew,
 Of thee I lost the awful View;
 My darling Sin above the rest,
 Reign'd Tyrant in my Breast,
 'Twas first alive, and last subdu'd,
 And quell'd a while, its force renew'd,
 A Thousand Stratagems it try'd,
 To pass my Conscience undefcry'd,
 O how impetuous have I been,
 To get my fill of that one Sin?
 But Lord by Force endearing, mighty, sweet,
 Thou my Deliverance dost compleat,

O happy I, that thou Almighty art,
For a less Love, had never broke my Heart.

Sad *Psyche*'s Tears were on a sudden dry'd,
Till with fresh Streams *Phylpenthos* her supply'd;
He play'd the Solemn Air, sung by the Saints,
To their soft Christ commiserating Complaints,
When they lov'd *Jesus*, whom their Sins had gor'd,
Dying for them out of pure Love, ador'd,
Never was there in *Hadadrimmon* known,
Such Sympathising, such Heart-breaking Moan,
When all conven'd, who Harmony profess'd,
And studied Chords to humour Sorrow best,
While *Judah* mourning for *Josiah* kept,
And all in Numbers, and just Measures wept,
And as he touch'd the Heart affecting Strings,
Her Angel pluck'd bright Feathers from his Wings,
In the gold Vial dipt them, and then drew
Mount *Calv'ry* on the Wall to fix her View,
There she saw *Jesus* on the Cross appear,
Painted by Art Angelical in Tear,
At Eyes, and Ears grief on her Spirit rush'd,
And out in Penitential Torrents gush'd.

My Thought seem'd at full Height,
When at Paternal God it stop'd its Flight,
But as if Infinite could have Degrees,
My Soul in filial God Love greater sees.

Methinks my Soul is at a Loss
When I God-man contemplate on the Cross,

Some tender Name I strive to find,
 To vent the Meltings of my Mind,
 But that dear Name by God himself was taught,
 And down from Heav'n by *Gabriel* brought;
 It stretch'd the Angels Faith to think,
 That filial God to Flesh shou'd shrink,
 But that God-man shou'd for vile Sinners bleed,
 Seem'd Faith Angelick to exceed:
 But when Man was on *Calvary* redeem'd,
 They saw, what they incredible esteem'd:
 And when I *Jesus* see
 Dying upon the Cross for me,
 With Christ condoling Grief possess'd,
Jesus is on my Lips, and on my Heart impress'd.

While *Jesus* that dear Name I found
 My Song will keep no bound,
 Out of my Heart it flies,
 And confluent Passions in me rise,
 For trampling on God's Law: Shame, Sorrow, Dread,
 The Pains of *Jesus* when for me he bled,
 In tumult crowd my Lips, would Passage force,
 And in Confusion stop each other's Course.

Had Mortals free from Guilt remain'd,
 And all our Race unstain'd,
 What Motive could we yet pretend,
 That Godhead should from Heav'n descend,
 With Dust and Ashes to unite
 To Purchase for us beatifick Hight!

Man-

Mankind tho' guiltless is a thing of nought,
Unworthy of God's Thought;
The Seraphims, when God they Praise,
Can nothing add to all-sufficient Rays;
And should great God in the Celestial State,
Brighter and brighter Seraphs still create,
They who ten Myriads of Ages hence,
Their being should commence,
Would all but finite be,
Bear no Proportion to Infinity :
Tho' they had Myriads of Degrees in Height,
Would little seem in God's unbounded Sight :
What then is Man, had he continued pure,
That God should Heav'n forsake, Heav'n for him to
(procure.
The Angels sinn'd, and strait their Doom was seal'd,
Never to be repeal'd,
Man sinn'd, and filial God forsook his Throne,
Cloth'd in our Flesh, God's Vengeance to atone,
From hence the Guilt of Sin is justly weigh'd,
That only dying God our Expiation made.

When e'er my Thought surveys the awful Place,
Where *Jesus* fell upon his Face,
Delug'd the Ground, with Rivers from his Eyes,
To his dread Father offer'd up strong Cries;
Felt Agony his Soul invade,
Thrice, that the Cup might be averted, pray'd,
Bath'd in a Purple Flood,
Of sweated Blood,

His unimaginable Woes,
 The fierce Assaults of his infernal Foes,
 While God an Angel purposely decreed,
 To his Support to fly with speed :
 If spotless *Jesus* with our Guilt oppress'd,
 Was with such boundless Grief distress'd,
 O with what Grief should Sinners Sin deplore,
 Which made God-man shed Tears, and Bleed at ev'ry
 (Pore.

When *Jesus* on the Cross was nail'd,
 All Heav'n his Agonies bewail'd,
 Silence was kept in the Celestial Quires, (Lyres,
 Harpers let down the Rays which strang their
 A Heav'n-quake rent the Adamantine Spheres,
 When they beheld God-man in Blood and Tears,
 Their Voice amidst their Hymn was stopt,
 And down to *Calv'ry* Tears Angelick dropt,
 All Nature into strong Convulsions fell,
 The Brimstone Lake o'er flow'd its Banks in Hell,
 Earth trembl'd, and the mighty Rocks
 To Valleys shrank, at the loud Thunder shocks,
 Wide gaping the Abyfs appear'd,
 And the Foundations on which Earth was rear'd,
 Vast Globes of Hail, mix'd with devouring Fire,
 And stifling Smoak proclaim'd *Jehovah's* Ire,
 The Sun lay buried in the Fume,
 While livid lightning Flames possess'd his room.
 Great God from Heav'n his bearded Arrows sent,
 On his beloved Son they all were spent,

Great

He bare the Sins of all Mankind,
He felt the Wrath for all design'd,
God his Paternal Beams withdrew,
Abandon'd him to Hell and *Few*,
Darkness envelop'd Majestick Light,
In Heav'n before they never knew it Night;
All Joy suspended was among the Bles'd,
They all in mourning Vehicles were dress'd,
God his Pavilion made of thickest Cloud,
And to approach the Throne no Angel was allow'd.
On the dire Cross while *Jesus* groan'd,
The Seraphims his Pains bemoan'd,
Grief was with Love, and Admiration mix'd,
That *Jesus* should for Sinners be transfix'd,
Ah! how much more should I, grieve, love, admire,
That on the Cross God-man, should for my Sins expire!

Ah! Lord each bold Offence,
Against *Philanthropy* immense,
Is infinite in Aim,
And infinite Remorse may claim;
O that my Grief to infinite could rise,
While I my Sins revise!
My Sins, which made incarnate Godhead die,
God-man re-crucify,
Each wilful Sin renews his Pain,
And wounds the God of Love again,
O when, I these Reflections feel,
Were not my Heart more hard than hardest Steel,

I to dark Solitude should fly,
In Tears to live and die!

Ye Angels, who in Heav'n abide,
A full Spring-tide
Of your Super-celestial Wave
Into my Spirit lave,
I'll both my Eyes unfluice,
Till they new Seas produce,
But ah, should I a watery heap
Equal to the Supernal Fluid weep,
Or should my Heart an Ocean bleed,
Which should the Oceans from my Eyes exceed,
Nor Tears, nor Blood, could wash my Guilt away,
Or for one wilful Sin a Ransom pay.

Psyche then stops to give a vent to tear,
Phylpenthos studied Chords her Soul to cheer,
And play'd the Minstrel's Air, at whose sweet Sound,
Elisba with Prophetick Grace was crown'd.
And 'ere he ended o'er sad *Psyche's* Head,
The *Dove* eternal Wings refreshing spread,
Whose dear consolatory Rays incline
Sad Penitents to cheerful Song divine.

When I most aimable *Jesus* ey'd,
For me griev'd, bleeding, crucify'd,
I thought that Love could never higher rise,
But beyond that it flies,

Infinite

Infinite Love divine,
Like God himself is Trine,
Paternal God gave filial God to die,
God filial God co-breath'd sent from on High,
The Loves of *Jesus* to unfold,
And Man enflame, by Nature cold;
From Heav'n fell down the Holy Fire,
God only can God's Love inspire:
Descend on me All-gracious Dove,
Shed on my Heart soft penitential Love.

But wo is me, I quench'd the sacred Heat,
I oft made boundless Love retreat,
My Heav'nly Comforter I griev'd,
I of my Heart, thy Temple, thee bereav'd,
Thy Temple, where to Lusts I Altars rais'd,
On which unhallow'd Offerings blaz'd.
But I repent, my Idols I abjure,
Thy Temple re-possess, and keep it pure,
Thou art essential Love, for thy own sake,
Shew thy self Love to me, and pity take,
Give to my Heart which Sin bemoans,
Unutterable Sighs, and Groans,
If Grief shall in Intenseness fail,
Duration the Defect may counter-vail,
Strive then my bleeding Heart, my flowing Eyes,
Your Grief to eternise.

Grief eternise! O to what strange Efforts,
My Passion me Transports!

Eternal

Eternal Grief dwells in the Shades below,
 Where the damn'd live in hopeless Woe;
 The Bless'd above live in eternal Joy,
 Which can admit no sad Alloy.

Sweet *Jesus* suffer'd for my sake,
 That I might in that Joy partake,
 Ah! did sweet *Jesus* die for me?

O unconceivable Benignity!

For me! that dear, and that enamouring Thought,
 A Miracle has in me wrought;
 Deep the All-gracious *Dove* impress'd,
 That dear, *for me*, upon my Breast,
 His Beams benign he on me shed,
 And rais'd my Love long bury'd, from the Dead:
 My Element I changing feel,
 From Penitent to Eucharistick Zeal,
 My Sighs, my Groans have breath'd their last,
 The Bleeding of my Heart is pass'd,
 My Tears seem rarify'd to lightsome Air
 Since I in *Jesus* have a Share,
 With grateful Heart my *Jesus* I adore,
 And now shall grieve no more.

Shall grieve no more? 'tis true
 I shall not grieve as I was wont do do,
 My Grief before was chiefly spent,
 God's Wrath, which I endanger'd, to lament,
 Now I true filial Grief retrieve,
 Now for offending Love Paternal grieve,

I weep,

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I weep, Sigh, Groan, and Bleed again,
Without afflicting Pain,

The greatest Saints, when they their Sins survey,
And with their Saviour's Sufferings weigh,
While in their View, their Sins abide,
Sorrow and Sin are so ally'd,
And Love such Grief will in all Lovers raise,
To think in Sin how they mispent their Days,
That it afflicting Passions will excite,
And in their Pardon more intense delight,
The more they love, sweeter will be their Moan,
More grateful their Love-offerings at the Throne;
But when their Souls shall Heav'n-ward fly,
And be absolv'd on High,
God's beatifick Sight shall ev'ry Trace
Of Sin and Sorrow quite erase,
The Joys of the bless'd Sphere,
Eternal, boundless are, annihilating Fear.

As the Song clos'd, *Gratian* the Mourner's Guide,
Who with kind Zeal, all ghostly Wants supply'd,
A Visit to her made, and brought a Lute,
That she might Chords to her Devotion suit:
'Twas one of those which in the Vestry hung,
To which the Mourners Griefs were daily sung.
Psyche with Joy the Instrument receiv'd,
Which rais'd fresh Fervours, as she lov'd and griev'd;
She, while with Vanities her Soul was fill'd,
Harmonious Hymn forgot, which once she skill'd,
But

But soon as Love divine had tun'd her Mind,
 To Hymn, and sacred Musick she inclin'd,
 She gladly both resum'd, both suiting best,
 The mournful Languors, melting in her Breast.
Phylpenthos, who beheld her broken Heart,
 With Hallelujahs took his Heav'n-ward Start,
 He knew her Lute would in like Chords conspire,
 And carry'd back to Heav'n his radiant Lyre.

Psyche, when all her Agonies were pass'd,
 Yet in her Heart, felt sinful Relicks last,
 Oft 'twould be false, weak, wand'ring, foul, or vain,
 'Twas hard invet'rate Passions to restrain,
 To cleanse her Heart, of Ill the plenteous Source,
 To sacred Song and Lute she had recourse.

Give me thy Heart, my God enjoin'd,
 And I to give it am inclin'd,
 But since a Heart impure,
 God's Eyes cannot endure,
 In strange Perplexities I live,
 'Twixt Fear to keep, and Shame to give.

To God Triune, I, when Baptiz'd,
 My Heart entirely sacrific'd ;
 But I my self betray'd,
 A Revocation made,
 I from his gentle Yoke withdrew,
 My own Perdition to pursue.

Soon as my Heart I had revok'd,
 It in hard Servitude was yok'd,

By

By Sin it was deprav'd,
To Sin it was enslav'd,
To Sin for Trifles it was sold,
And would not be by God controul'd.

This Heart, which was no longer mine,
Liv'd outraging the Love divine,
After each Bait it stray'd,
Which the curs'd Tempter laid,
If for one Minute I it quell'd,
It the next Minute still rebell'd.

O'er Hearts which humane Rule disdain,
'Tis God's Prerogative to reign;
My God, my Heart reclaim,
To dread thy awful Name,
Or else annihilate the Old,
And in my Breast a new one mould.

A Heart detesting Sin, which may,
Right Reason, not low sense obey,
Illumin'd and Upright,
Soft, Humble, and Contrite,
Prepar'd for thee its Blood to spend,
And dreading nought but to offend.

A Heart by thy own Likeness made,
With Graces stor'd, which never fade;
When such a Heart is mine,
To thee I'll it resign,

To

To serve thee with a filial Fear,
And by thy Will its Courfes steer.

My Heart will then to thy pure Eyes,
Be constant, grateful Sacrifice,
 Enflam'd by heav'nly Fire,
 It will to Heav'n aspire,
Rapt with the Joy of being Thine,
It never will from thee decline.

B O O K. II.

THE humble Mourners in their Visits kind,
Brought sweet Restoratives for *Psyche's* Mind,
All equally with her made sad Complaints,
That their Hearts rarely would endure Restraints,
Gratian at once his Penitent to ease,
And his Disciples to instruct and please,
Invites her in the Hall to take her seat,
Where with the Sisters she was sure to meet,
Where they were wont their daily Talks to bring,
And at their Work, Songs penitential sing.
To sympathise with *Psyche* all agree,
That th' Heart should of their Songs the Subject be,
 Vagantia first the Sisters entertain'd,
By singing the Heart straying, and regain'd.

Upon a solemn Day,
When Saints conven'd to Hymn and pray,
It was my fix'd design,
With them in Sacrifice to joyn,

But

But when My Heart I would prepare,
My Heart was gone I knew not where.

I went into the Street,
And there enquire of all I meet;
Saw you a Heart this way,
Which inconsiderate runs astray,
Which changes oftner than the Wind,
And will be to no Bounds confin'd?

The most make no reply,
With Air regardless pass me by,
Some would in Mock'ry say,
We meet such Straglers ev'ry day,
Others to pity me incline,
Their Hearts would stray as well as mine.

An aged Priest at last,
Of Rev'rend Visage by me pass'd,
And I fresh Courage took,
From his devout Paternal Look;
Strait I his Benediction crave,
Which he with yearning Bowels gave.

You Sir, said I, well know,
One to compassionate in Woe,
With Patience hear my moan,
My Heart is from its Mansion flown,
I tidings fain of it would gett,
Say, if a wandring Heart you met?

A thousand He rejoyn'd,
 I ev'ry Day such Straglers find,
 Men's false back-sliding Hearts,
 Make from their Duty frequent starts:
 Strict Watch and Pray'r keep mine at home,
 Else like the Multitude 'twould roam.

But if you to my Eyes,
 Can your own Heart characterise,
 I then may tell you News,
 Which Joy may over you diffuse,
 With Hearts I am acquainted grown,
 By the long Study of my own.

I then my Heart describ'd,
 What Sins, what Errors it imbib'd,
 My darling Sin confess,
 Which domineer'd o'er all the Rest.
 That Heart, said he, I newly spy'd,
 By sensual Motives lead aside.

Pray, and go frait along,
 Of wandring Hearts you'll see a Throng,
 Of Vanities there's Store,
 And yet full flock'd they covet more;
 Your Heart is ready to lay down,
 For transient Joys an endless Crown,

I Pray'd, as on I went,
Found on the World my Heart intent,
Its Madnefs I deplor'd,
The Stray I to my Breast reftor'd,
I with difdain the Bargain brake,
Its Blifs it never more fhall ftake.

Probata, who her Heart had throughly ey'd;
Sang the Delufions which ſhe there defcry'd,

Let others fail the World about,
To find ſtrange Countries out,
A Land unknown I have within,
Inhabited by Sin,
Which from my intellectual View,
Long time it-felf withdrew.

My Thought had often made eſſay,
Its Limits to ſurvey,
But ftill it found out ſomething new,
Which ne'er before I knew,
And tho' I launch'd my Thought again,
It Voyage made in vain.

It glides away like floating Iſles,
My Anchor it beguiles,
Worfe Monfters there excite my Dread,
Then *Africk* ever bred,
Proud *Babel's* Ruins never bore,
Such a mis-ſhapen Store.

To God I then my self apply'd,
 That he my Course would guide;
 Kind Heav'n a Compass to me gave,
 To steer me in the Wave,
 And coasting round the moving Sands,
 My Thought upon it Lands.

It was my Heart I search'd, unknown
 To all but God alone;
 It was by God's all-gracious Aid,
 I my Discoveries made,
 His Law my Needle, in strait Line,
 Turn'd to the Pole divine.

With that I o'er the Region stray'd,
 It was of Lab'rynths made,
 And I when disengag'd from one,
 Into another run.
 When their Amusements me aggriev'd,
 My Needle me reliev'd.

Equivocation, Mints of Wile,
 All Shapes of baneful Guile,
 Of all Impieties the Springs,
 The Serpent's Bites and Stings,
 Reserve, Lye, Salvo, and Excuse,
 The Conscience to seduce.

Lusts siding with the Powers of Hell,
 Which 'gainst great God rebell,

Strong

Strong Averfations to God's Law,
All thefe and more I faw,
I could much fooner count my Hairs,
Than all its mazy Snares.

Long time thefe Furies had declin'd
The Empire of my Mind,
A thoufand Stratagems had try'd,
Themfelves from me to hide,
But I the Rebels vow'd to chain,
My Empire to regain.

When of the Foe I had this Sight,
I then began the Fight ;
And I by Succours from on high,
Made my Heart prostrate lie,
I plac'd my Spirit on the Throne,
Forc'd all its Rule to own.

But trait'rous Luft me ftill Way-laid,
Conceal'd in Ambufcade,
They ftorm'd my Mind with new-fpun Cheats,
'Till lash'd to their Retreats;
And if I chance my Watch to flack,
My Soul they re-attack.

To gracious God I made my Prayer,
Miftruffing my own Care,
The Guardian of my Heart to be,
Which was too hard for me,

He deign'd my Offering to accept,
He safe my Spirit kept.

God will its Frauds to me impart,
Sole Searcher of the Heart,
It shall no more on me impose,
Or with the Tempter close.
The more its Powers to Thee incline,
Lord, 'twill the more be Thine.

Purgata's Heart God his own Temple stil'd,
When clear'd from Filth which oft had it defil'd.

I early to the Temple went,
My Supplications to present,
But saw no faithful there ;
I waiting for the Hour of Pray'r,
A private corner chose,
To Meditation then my Heart dispose.

God present in that place I knew,
And while my Faith had God in view,
I prostrate, God ador'd,
His Blessing fervently implor'd,
And felt like sacred Awe,
As *Jacob* when he God at *Bethel* saw,]

O Holy Seat of Pray and Praise!
Bright'ned by God's propitious Rays,

The

The world no place below,
Resembling Heav'n, like you can shew,
King *David* long'd to spend
His Life, but at your Portal to attend.

Good *Hezekiah's* impious Child
God's awful dwelling Place defil'd,
Unhallow'd Altars rear'd,
To the curs'd Idols he rever'd :
All Saints with Horrour read
The audacious Profanations he decreed.

God-man by Heav'nly Zeal devour'd,
With Scourge Profaners over-powr'd,
He from the Temple chas'd,
All who its Sacredness defac'd ;
And still his Saints it grieves,
To see God's House of Pray'r, a Den of Thieves.

But here my frail instable Mind,
Impatient to be long confin'd,
All pious Thoughts dispers'd,
And in the World it self immers'd,
I cold and indevout,
Rov'd the expanse of Vanity about.

My Guardian who each Symptom ey'd,
By which my Temper was descry'd,
And watching to instill,
Propensions good, as Satan ill,

My Deviations guess'd,
And sweetly thus to me himself address'd,

You, dearest Charge, who justly blame
Profaners of God's House and Name,
Ne'er on the Disrespect,
Your self have shew'd to both, reflect:
I starting at the Thought,
He thus to me my Desecrations taught.

When e'er from God you run astray,
Your Passions steal your Mind away,
Your Heart's a Den of Thieves,
All Profanations it receives,
You impious Altars build,
God's House is with Abominations fill'd.

Your Heart God for his Temple chose,
Each Lust which there usurping grows,
God there enthron'd degrades,
His Adoration due invades:
All-gracious God is griev'd,
And you are of his *Shechinah* bereav'd,

'Tis Sacrilege in high degree,
'Tis insolent Idolatry,
Willfully to profane
God's Temples, which should pure remain,
Wash that which lyes unseen,
Pure God ne'er dwells in Hearts that are unclean.

Ah

Ah me, said I, upon my knees,
Ghostly Vertigos on me seize,
E'en while my Pray'rs I speak,
Imagination loose will break,
My Heart will God forsake,
And foul Complacence in my wandrings take.

All Praise to God who warning sent,
My Desecrations to lament,
My Stains I will review,
Cleanse them with penitential Dew ;
My inward Temple pure,
I in the outward shall no Filth endure.

Vigilia's Heart, to wild Excursions prone,
Was in God's keeping safe, not in her own.

My God, to keep my Heart,
That it from thee may never start,
I know is thy dread Will,
But how shall I that task fulfill.
The Traytor with my Rebel Lufts will mix,
And 'tis beyond my Power, the *Mercury* to fix.

My Heart inclines to Blifs,
Yet studies the strait way to misf,
My Thoughts are loose and vain,
When I most strive them to restrain,
They fly at random all the World about,
And render my best Prayers careless and indevout.

Opinions false one while
 My fond Credulity beguile,
 In a mistaken way,
 With Pertinaciousness I stray,
 I no destructive Consequences heed,
 Am harder to reclaim, the farther I proceed,

Whether I will or no,
 Imagination out will go,
 In its licentious Flights,
 It disagreeing Forms unites,
 Forms monstrous, Atheistick, or unclean,
 And strives with darling Vice my Conscience to serene.

Ah! often have I try'd,
 My Inclinations right to guide,
 But my adult'rous Will,
 Enamour'd grows of ev'ry ill,
 All my Affections on my Will attend,
 They Reason disregard, and to my Bane propend.

Sin the internal Cells
 Invades, where my Remembrance dwells
 Past foul Ideas there,
 In lively Colours pictur'd are,
 When to recall Truths Heav'nly I design'd,
 Things sensual overspread the Surface of my Mind.

My Aims I should refine,
 In God's sole Glory to combine,

But

But my chief Ends I wave,
A thousand Projects vain I have,
I madly numerous self ends pursue,
Which I, when they succeed, eternally shall rue.

Confederate with Hell,
Thus all my inward Powers rebell;
As soon in a weak Fold,
I furious *Panthers* may with-hold,
When hunger-bitt, from their nocturnal Prey,
As o'er this Legion wild the stedly Scepter sway,

My God, thou only art,
Able to know, keep, rule the Heart,
O make my Heart thy Care,
Which I my self to keep despair,
No Rebels then will garrison my Breast,
Beneath All-mighty Wings, my Heart will live at rest.

Constantia sang how Hearts on God should stay,
And turn from giddy Vanities away.

O foolish Heart, which often strays,
And for destructive Lufts purveys,
You numerous experiments have try'd,
Yet still return dissatisfy'd,
Why seek you thus in vain,
For what you never can obtain?

All wordly Joys which glitt'ring seem,
And at a distance raise esteem,

Soon

Soon as they have Admittance to your Arms,
 Betray their meretricious Charms,
 The Cheat apparent grows,
 You only court eternal Woes.

Egypt with various Idols stor'd,
 Such idle Fancies ne'er ador'd,
 When to their Onyons they their Worship paid,
 Their hunger was by them allay'd;
 But all Things you purfue,
 Allay not Hunger, but raife new.

Would you one Minute make effay,
 Your felf againft the World to weigh,
 You then would foon perceive the World confin'd,
 And the immenfenefs of your Mind,
 'Twixt an Immense and Bound,
 Think what Proportion can be found.

It is not Narrownefs alone,
 Should make you this low World difown,
 Since it for Sin was curs'd, it is impure,
 Saints its empoys'ned Baits abjure,
 And where it once intrudes,
 It damns, as well as Souls deludes.

Fix, O my Heart, your ghofly Eye,
 On God's immense Benignity,
 God is the only Object, which can fill
 The Sphere of your capacious Will,

While

While you to God aspire,
You all possess you can desire.

In God is All-sufficient Store,
My Heart, O never wander more :
O that I had a Cherub's num'rous Eyes,
To guard me from a Re-surprise !
Lord, to my Succour haste,
To thy dear Love, O keep me chaste.

Tranquilla's Heart below could never rest,
Till in its Centre God it acquiesc'd.

God is the Centre of my Mind,
To God congenially inclin'd,
Though it distorted is by Sin,
Still it Exilience feels within ;
When in this World distress'd,
To fly to God, to seek its native Rest.

Yet oft I find a Scruple start,
How God is Centre of my Heart ;
The Centre we a Point esteem,
Lines thither from the Compass stream,
But Godhead is Immense,
God is both Centre, and Circumference.

To *Jesus* I for Guidance pray,
Jesus the Truth, the Life, the Way,
He Mediator is betwixt
God and laps'd Man, the Centre fix'd,

Through

Through him my Spirit tends
 'Tow'rds God, who all the Flight of Hymn transcends.

Thro' God Incarnate runs each Line,
 Of the Circumference divine,
 And while to *Jesus* we adhere,
 God is our circumambient Sphere:
 In boundless God above,
 Still centring, and still circling is our Love.

If to the Centre down below,
 You a full Glas of Water throw,
 It will the central Point surround,
 The wat'ry Globe the Point will drown,
 And ev'ry drop will strive,
 Which nearest to the Centre shall arrive.

Thus, to my Centre *Jesus*, I
 Will with my full Propension fly, ST
 My Spirit shall around him twine,
 My Love shall keep him ever mine,
 Love which to God ascends,
 And soars much higher than it comprehends.

Experta next sang the infernal Wiles,
 By which curs'd *Satan* heedless Hearts beguiles.

Impuls'd by God, as since I learn'd,
 Who guides us undiscern'd, I

I to a Mountain went one Day,
Like *Jesus* there to pray,
I was ambitious of that Height,
To gain of Heav'n an undiverted Sight.

My Guardian with his Charge withdrew
And while I rais'd my View,
I saw thro' Air an Angel glide,
A Key hung by his Side,
A Monster thro' the Cloudy Wave,
Hard loaded he in Chains of Darknes drive.

Guardian, behold that Sight, I cry'd!
That Angel, he reply'd,
Of the Abyfs Key-keeper made,
Rules the infernal Shade,
I'll call him that he may expose,
The horrid Dangers of your ghostly Foes.

Down to the Mount the Angel came,
With Spear of heav'nly Flame,
And to a Tree the Monster ty'd,
Three Paces from my Side,
With a strange Trembling I was seiz'd,
Till my Tempestuous Fears were thus appeas'd.

My Guardian then the Angel pray'd,
The Monster to unlade,
It seem'd a confluent Shape,
Of *Wolf*, *Goat*, *Swine* and *Ape*,

It was a Fiend by *Satan* sent,
A Saint to tempt, diffract, pervert, torment.

All gracious God his Rage to quell,
Remanded him to Hell,
The Angel to secure the Saint,
Kept him in strong Restraint,
Else he had such Temptations form'd,
Which might the Fort successfully have storm'd.

The Angel from the Monster's Back,
Took down the horrid Pack ;
There of Snares, Lyes, Thorns, Darts was store,
Mens Hearts to lure, or gore,
With Vehicles for Fraud ; or Fright,
Of *Dragon, Serpent,* and mock-Angel Light,

The Angel, bidding then Farewell,
The Monster drives to Hell.
Experta, said my Guardian, weigh,
The Pack you saw to Day ;
Such Wiles, such Force by Hell is us'd,
When their Contagion deadly is transfus'd.

For Might and Wisdom then I pray'd,
'Gainst Force and Ambuscade,
Oft thought of God's all-seeing Eye,
And what it was to dye,
Love Heav'nly, Jealous of each Ill,
Kept guard on all approaches to my Will.

Renata

Renata next Concupiscence displays,
The Foe internal which the Heart betrays.

Damn'd Spirits doom'd to endless Woe,
No joyful Moment ever know ;
Else *Satan* had been over-joy'd,
To see me by my self destroy'd ;
He 'gainst my Spirit saw my Flesh engag'd,
Insultingly beheld the War they wag'd.

Stand off, my Messengers, he cries,
I'll wave Devices, Wiles and Lies ;
I'll fiery Dart, sharp Thorn, and Snare,
All Hell's Artillery forbear :
Concupiscence *Renata's* Tendance fways,
And madly she herself her Heart betrays.

My baser Part to Sin inclin'd,
Rebell'd against my nobler Mind,
My Conscience oft would me upbraid,
I strove its Lashes to evade ;
My Spirit holy Motions would instill,
My Flesh still turn'd towards the Antarctic Ill.

My God, who Conscience in me plac'd,
Least Sense of Good should be eras'd,
In Pity kept it still awake,
Remonstrances of Guilt to make ;

Haunted

Haunted with Horrors of the dreadful Pit,
I vow'd at last the Rebels shou'd submit:

I all Propensions rendezvous'd,
My Flesh had in the Conflict us'd ;
Their past Rebellions to deplore,
And awe them to rebel no more :
All their residuous Outrage I restrain'd,
And kept them to their proper Objects chain'd.

My Heart, which all the rest wou'd yield,
My best beloved Sin conceal'd ;
To that I was by Temper prone,
That o'er all Passions held the Throne ;
I sooner could the Apples of my Eyes
Tear out, than that dear regnant Sin chastise.

In specious Shapes I it disguis'd,
A Thousand Salvo's I devis'd :
A long, long Time my sensual Will,
The Checks of Conscience strove to still :
But soon as Love Divine my Heart inflam'd,
I on a sudden felt the Fury tam'd.

I watch'd and pray'd till I prevail'd,
And to the Cross the Traytor nail'd ;
As *Samuel Agag* I it hew'd,
Lest its curs'd Life should be renew'd ;
Sweet Peace I by that Crucifixion gain'd,
And Heavenly Love since that unrivall'd reign'd.

Long

Long had Concupiscence *Valentia* griev'd,
Till in the Garden of the Spouse reliev'd,

As on a solemn Day,
My Life I strove to resurvey;
I felt upon my Breast,
A penitential Force impress'd,
My Sins I then arraign,
They raise Shame, Horror, Hate, Disdain;
And while those Passions o'er me bear the Sway,
They chase all wilful mortal Sins away.

Satan who watchful lyes,
My present Averfation eyes,
His Weapons down he casts,
While penitential Vigor lasts,
That I secure may grow,
When unassaulted by my Foe;
My Zeal by unperceiv'd Degrees grows cold,
And as Zeal cools, the Enemy grows bold.

As when the *Crocodile*,
Sleeps gaping on the Bank of *Nile*;
The *Ichneumon* which still waits
To harm the Creature which he hates,
Flies down his open Jaws,
And Passage thro' his Bowels gnaws;
Then sucks his sparkling Blood at ev'ry Vein,
Till the vile Rat *Leviathan* has slain:

Thus when my Care declines,
 Hell lurks on the unguarded Lines,
 The Tempter shoots his Dart,
 It enters Deep into my Heart ;
 'Tis headed with foul Luft,
 Oyl'd with concupifcential Guft,
 With deadly Poyfon it my Will infects,
 And Peftilence thro' all my Pow'rs trajects.

By my own Strength in vain
 I strive the Vict'ry to obtain ;
 When I the War begin,
 My imbred Traytor fides with Sin,
 And fhort-liv'd Joys to gain,
 Exposes me to endless Pain :
 O wretched Souls who 'gainft themfelves rebel,
 The Mock'ry, Triumph, and Contempt of Hell !

Still my fuperior Mind,
 Seeks all about fome Cure to find,
 Each Animal in Pain
 Is reftlefs till it Eafe regain,
 And taught by Nature fpeeds
 To fome appropriate Herbs, or Weeds ;
 When it has found them ranging o'er the Field,
 It grazes there, and the Diftempers heal'd.

My Soul above fhall fly,
 Till I the Spoufe's Garden fpy :

O thither

O thither I'll retire,
Of the fair Virgins to enquire,
Where the sweet Lilies grow,
Amidst whose Odours to and fro,
The Heavenly Bridegroom often walks, and feeds ;
I'll from that hallow'd Spot supply my Needs.

I'll ev'ry Lilly taste,
With *Jesù's* healing Shadow grac'd ;
Each Lilly will contain
A Lenitive to ease my Pain,
By Turns on ev'ry Bed,
My Meditation shall be fed,
My Spirit, when with Christ like Graces stor'd,
Shall never mortally by Lust be gor'd.

To temper all the Sisters Heart-Complaints,
Sophronia sang the Mixtures in the Saints.

Lord 'tis not in thy Church alone,
That Tares among good Corn are sown ;
Satan our Hearts to discompose,
His Tares there sows.

Soon as the amiable Dove
Sheds in our Hearts celestial Love ;
And our clear'd Heav'n-erected Eyes
This World despise.

Soon as our Powers begin to feel
The Suavities of heav'nly Zeal,
And stand propending to obey
Love's gentle Sway :

Satan his Force and Wiles collects,
Loose Thoughts into our Souls injects,
Which our Imaginations lure
To Loves impure.

Thy Word, Lord, in this Life declares,
That Corn will mingled be with Tares,
Thou Separation dost delay
Till Judgment Day.

My God, let neither Tares nor Weeds,
Choke in my Soul thy heav'nly Seeds,
Keep Lord, what thou thy self dost sow,
From the curs'd Foe.

From the curs'd Foe, for in my Heart
'Tis he would fain usurp a Part,
But I to thee my Heart resign,
Keep what is thine.

My Love shall *Satan's* Spite oppose,
And if in me his Tares he sows,
May he at Judgment bear the Blame,
I them disclaim.

Tares

Tares in the Hearts of Saints remain,
Foils to the true and beauteous Grain,
For Love they Trials are design'd
In Souls refin'd.

Our Birth Propension sensual sows
To wilful Sin, which cherish'd grows;
We all our Life must God invoke,
That Growth to choke.

To all the Daughters of laps'd *Eve*,
Eve-like Concupiscences cleave,
And 'tis by Power of Grace divine,
We them confine.

Grace, which all Vot'ries wants supplies,
Which God to no weak Soul denies,
Strengthening the Frailest to repell,
The Powers of Hell.

Live satisfy'd to be sincere,
Infirmities you'll suffer here,
None to Perfection can attain,
Till Heav'n they gain.

Lord sow Love in our Spirits deep,
That each a daily Crop may reap,
To thee a Harvest ev'ry Day,
Of Love to pay.

Psyche of Grace divine who felt the need,
 Which from Despondencies the Faithful freed,
 Begg'd that *Sophronia* would that Gift explain,
 Which she encourag'd them by Pray'r to gain.
 Grace to explain, *Sophronia* said, is Task
 Too great for me t' attempt, or you to ask ;
 The Daughters must their own good Motions heed,
 Taught by Experience more, than what they read.

When on his Field good Seed the Farmer throws,
 Which up to Blade, Ear, Corn in Season grows,
 Fed all along by Earth's nutritious Juice,
 Warm'd by kind Heat, which Solar Rays produce,
 He reaps a Harvest, though he sleeps and wakes,
 And little care of his sown Furrows takes ;
 Yet cannot by Philosophy explain
 The manner of the ripening of his Grain :
 Thus when the gracious *Dove* to softned Hearts,
 The Seeds of Light, and Love divine imparts,
 Tho' they his influential Succours feel,
 And Ardours of a Heav'n-enkindled Zeal ;
 Though they each Hour in darted Pray'rs aspire,
 And melting live for *Jesus* in Desire ;
 Yet in their Souls the Springs they cannot trace,
 Or solve all the Appearances of Grace :
 None skill th' Outgoings, and Resorts of Wind,
 Much less the Spirit's workings on the Mind ;
 It is enough for humble Souls to know,
 That all the good they think, to Heav'n they owe :
 The God of Love is bound to keep us free,
 Love never with Coaction can agree.

God

God, who Omniscient all our Tempers knows,
Can our free Wills unviolenc'd dispose,
That with God's Movements Freedom may conspire,
God will take Care, we need not to enquire;
He'll judge all our free Actions at his Throne,
Which if not free, he could not stile our own.
You'll feel no trouble, if you Hearts resign
To sweet, endearing, mighty, Grace divine.

Electa what *Sophronia* fang enforc'd,
She in the World, liv'd from the World divorc'd.

False World, I'll you no more endure,
Vexatious, transient, vain, impure,
Too long your Friendship feign'd
My ghostly Vitals ban'd ;
You nothing are but Universal snare,
I 'gainst your Charms *Antipathy* declare.

My Heart to God would fain reflow,
But I am still detain'd below,
Ah ! is there no retreat,
Secure from worldly Cheat?
If such a one dear Guardian you can find,
O thither me transport, there lodge my Mind !

Your Wings between us two divide,
Each thro' Expanse on one shall glide :
The *Doves*, their Wings to spare,
On one can swim in Air ;

Our unwing'd Arms shall round each other lie,
And our wing'd Arms shall row us in the Skie.

Long we may range, our Wings may tire,
And yet not compass my Desire ;
While God here wills my Stay,
His Grace my Powers shall sway:
Grace in a Pest-house can my Health ensure,
Or Sick with noxious Steams, my Spirit cure.

Jesus, whose Mind on Heav'n was fix'd,
Liv'd with terrestrial Joys unmix'd,
He still to Heav'n aspir'd,
To Solitudes retir'd,
He in the World, liv'd from the World, his Aim ;
Was to do good, and worldly Minds reclaim.

Thus Christ-like Charity and Pray'r
Should all my vacant Minutes share,
My busy Part I'll spend,
My Calling to attend,
When I the Poor in my Excursions meet,
They *Jesus*' Brethren are, I'll wash their Feet.

With ghostly Alms I'll Souls relieve,
Instruct, Reprove, Exhort, Retrieve,
With God my Heart shall close,
And when I die, repose :
Should any worldly Taint to me adhere,
I'll wash it off in Oratory tear.

Watch,

Watch, Reading, Meditation, Pray'r,
And Hymn, of Saints th' Employments are ;
While these we mind,
Hell can no Entrance find:
O wond'rous Goodness of the Law divine,
Preservative and Duty to Combine!

This fung, to their Apartments all withdrew,
Of their false Hearts the Searches to renew.
Psyche retiring, search'd her Heart impure,
And thus apply'd to *Jesus* for her Cure.

Bless'd *Jesus*, thy propitious Heart,
Would sympathise with ev'ry Smart ;
When Wretches to thee cry'd,
No help was e'er deny'd,
Thy wond'rous Goodness was display'd,
In giving Super-humane Aid :

I bring an Object to thy Sight,
Will glorify thy gracious Might,
A Confluence of Needs,
Here for thy pity pleads,
I of thy Miracles implore,
A mighty confluent Store.

Lord, 'tis my Heart, let thy mild Eyes
Vouchsafe commensurate Supplies,
To heav'nly Truths my Mind,
Is by the Lapse, born Blind,

My

My Ears to thy sweet Calls are clos'd,
My Tongue to Praise thee indispos'd.

By baneful Lufts I am possess'd,
Tempestuous Passions me infest,
I'm Impotence all o'er,
Invet'rate is my Sore,
With *Leprosy* I am bespread,
Love in habitual Guilt lies dead.

My Lord, my God, to thee I pray,
Unpitied fend me not away,
My Malady controul,
Command me to be whole ;
Thy Word will me to Health restore,
Speak but one Word, I ask no more.

My Eyes thy Love will then see clear,
My Ears thy gracious Call will hear,
My silent Tongue will speak,
And into Praises break,
Of Lufts I shall be dispos'd,
Sweet Peace will then becalm my Breast.

Thy pow'rful Aids will me sustain,
Of Weakness I'll no more complain,
My rocky Heart will melt,
When it thy Love has felt,

No

No *Leprous* Spots will me surprife,
My Love from ghostly Death will rise.

Thou didst our Frailties undergo,
That thou might'st soft Compassion shew,
Thy tender Heart condoles,
With all afflicted Souls ;
Oh ! for thy dol'rous Passions sake,
Haste to my Restoration make.

Thou in one single Act Divine,
A heap of Miracles wilt join,
In complicate Disease,
Give complicated Ease,
And when thou shalt my Heart restore,
With all my Powers I'll thee adore.

Among the Saints I'll Concerts raise,
To sing thee complicated Praise,
My Heart by thee refin'd,
Shall live to thee resign'd,
I Loves for Loves will strive to pay,
New Hymns I'll offer ev'ry Day.

Thy Love kept thy own Mother pure,
And from Infernal Force secure,
No Lust her Soul could harm,
Supported by thy Arm,
She in the World liv'd disembroil'd,
And God's bright Image kept unfoil'd,

She

She always ghostly Health enjoy'd ;
 My Soul is with Disease annoy'd,
 Do thou my Spirit heal,
 Do thou my Pardon seal:
 Oft a Deliv'rance more endears,
 Than an Immunity from Fears.

Phylax, who saw his Charge was safe, as long
 As she engag'd in penitential Song,
 With the Gold Vial, full of *Psyche's* Tear,
 Took speedy Flight to the Celestial Sphere,
 An acceptable Off'ring in God's Eyes,
 Who with Delight hears penitential Cries,
 That offer'd there, it might for Pardon plead,
 While of that Vial here she had no need ;
 For in her Cell she found the Vial kept,
 Which *Magdalen* oft times brimful had wept ;
 And *Psyche* all her penitential stay,
 Fill'd with her Tears the Vial ev'ry Day ;
 Of *Jesus* Crucify'd the Love immense,
 Outrag'd by her, rais'd a Heart-breaking Sense,
 And whencesoe'er she *Jesus* thought, or nam'd,
 Out in a Hymn her Heav'n-fir'd Spirit flam'd,

God-man, who on the dol'rous Tree,
 Didst Sacrifice thy self for me,
 For me! O Wonder! What am I,
 That great God-man should for me die?
 I who 'gainst Love immense rebell,
 A Slave to Sin, and claim'd by Hell,

But

But thou hast my Deliv'rance wrought,
Thou hast me out of Slav'ry bought,
Thou boundless Vengeance hast allay'd,
By price inestimable paid ;
I am by Purchase wholly thine,
And justly can stile nothing mine.

Ah wo is me ! I Lord am prone,
To rob thee Hourly of thy own,
For sensual Joys I oft purvey,
Which steal from thee my Heart away,
Thou canst no Sacrilege endure,
My Heart, O help me to secure!

God-man, while here to live he deign'd,
In self Oblation still remain'd :
Centred in *Jesus* I should live,
My self entirely to him give,
Himself he to redeem me gave,
Which makes me his devoted Slave.

His Slave ? O no, in pity he
From ghostly Bondage set me free,
By his own Blood he me redeem'd,
That I should be his Friend esteem'd.
Strange Love to Slaves, which thought transcends,
God Bleeds to raise them to his Friends !

I with my Friend should sympathise,
And live to thee in Sacrifice,

I well remember what I cost,
 Thou, Lord, shouldst all my Pow'rs exhaust,
 My Faith shou'd keep my Friend in Sight,
 His Will shou'd be my sole Delight.

The more Souls love, the more they strive,
 To their Friend's Likeness to arrive;
 My Soul, Lord, thy Veronique make,
 That I may thy Resemblance take,
 That Will may be in both the same,
 And both may have one Heav'nly Aim.

Such Elevations *Psyche* soon acquir'd,
 Still as her Eyes dropp'd Tears, her Love was fir'd;
Magdalen on her Meditation dwelt,
 Like penitential Tenderness she felt;
 She weigh'd her Sins, by Blood of *Jesus* spilt,
 And thought she ne'er enough cou'd weep for Guilt,
 But God's Benignity, and not our Moan,
 Gains our Acceptance of his gracious Throne;
 Shou'd two *Atlanticks* from our Eye-lids flow,
 Shou'd we spend Years in self chastising Woe;
 Nor Tears, nor Woe are pleasing in God's Eyes,
 But 'tis the broken Heart from which they rise.
 The God of Love saw *Psyche's* Heart contrite,
 And from that Hour, took in her Tears delight.

B O O K III.

THE Grace, which pleas'd the God of Mercy
 best,
 Was Charity, which flam'd in *Psyche's* Breast,
 God's Love, and odious Sin she kept in Mind,
 She pray'd, she sigh'd, she wept for all Mankind;
 To see Souls damn'd, and boundless Love displeas'd.
 She thought were Sorrows never to be eas'd;
 God, who in God-like Love, takes most Delight,
 With a fit Object gratify'd her Sight;
 For as she wakes to her next Midnight Pray'rs,
 And her sweet Strings, to suit her Hymn, prepares,
 She heard a Soul with pond'rous Grief oppress'd,
 Sigh deep, groan loud, and often beat her Breast;
 A thin Wall only stood their Cells between,
 But till the Morning, nothing cou'd be seen,
 In Silence *Psyche* for a while remain'd,
 Listning to hear, of what the Wretch complain'd.

Welcome, she cry'd, my only Friend, dark Night,
 Which hides me from my own, and others Sight:
 O I want thicker Darkness, there to lie
 Hid from the Wrath of God's avenging Eye:
 O Sin exceeding sinful! Bold Offence
 Against just mighty God! O Guilt immense!
 Base, shameful, odious, diabolick, curs'd,
 This Heart that bred you, shou'd with Anguish burst;
 This Heart! Alas, it rather is a Stone,
 That softens not to penitential Moan,

Yet

Yet marble Walls will weep at ev'ry Vein,
 And Earthquakes rend the hardest Rocks in Twain;
 But woe is me, this Stone no Tears will shed,
 Nor rend at Quakings for eternal Dread:
 I am a Monster, sunk to such a State,
 Which no Compassion can excite, but hate.

With that she stopp'd, and *Psyche* all in Tear,
 Invok'd God's Aid the mournful Soul to cheer;
 She strait in Song the Mourner's Thought pursu'd,
 And singing, with her Tears the Lute bedew'd.

Of all the Monsters which appear'd,
 Since God the World from nothing rear'd,
 None shou'd so odious be esteem'd,
 As Sinners by God-man redeem'd,
 Who Outrage for that boundless Love repay,
 To make themselves, to hellish Spite, a Prey.

E'er since God Man for Sinners bled,
 God his dear Love diffus'dly shed,
 Of all he the Salvation wills,
 Due Grace he into all infills;
 God reconcil'd to Sinners, Love became,
 Of Deity aton'd, the proper Name.

God who of Love the Title chose,
 Aversion to our Ruin shews,
 Love pities, and complains, and grieves,
 When e'er Repulses he receives,
 A thousand solemn Protestations makes,
 He no Delight in our Damnation takes.

Love

Love long for our Conversion stays,
Gently upbraiding our Delays ;
Love for each Soul which Torment feels,
Can make unnumber'd just Appeals:
Ah! What can Love do more to rescue One,
Who Love contemn'd, and chose to be undone ?

Love, when provok'd, to Wrath is slow,
Unwilling to inflict a Woe ;
His Anger he'll long Time suspend,
To try if Sinners will amend :
God ev'n in Wrath is of a Temper meek,
Rememb'ring he is Love, and Man is weak.

Love, when a daring Guilt provokes,
Shortens, and moderates his Strokes,
On this side of eternal Pains,
God's Wrath allays of Love retains ;
And when they hardned own to Tophet fall,
Love Wishes, they had hearkned to his Call.

Say all laps'd *Adam's* Offspring, say,
When Love of Sin to Heart you lay ;
When Men with Devils you compare,
Who have in dying God no Share :
Say, if your stretch'd Imaginations find,
More horrid Monsters than foul human Kind.

Dark Intellect, perverted Will,
 All Pow'rs, all Passions warp'd to Ill ;
 The Likeness Diabolick plac'd,
 Where God's bright Image was effac'd :
 A Hell-fir'd Tongue, a Heart of senseless Stone,
 Are the foul Shapes by which the Monster's known.

I such a Monster, Lord remain'd,
 While I 'gainst Love curs'd War maintain'd ;
 Thy Love, Lord, first propos'd a Peace,
 First made Hostilities to cease :
 Thy pure free Love created me anew,
 Till from a Monster, I a Lover grew.

Mind was enlightned, Passions tam'd,
 My Powers rehallow'd, Will inflam'd ;
 I felt thy Image re-impres'd,
 Well govern'd Tongue, a tender Breast :
 I ever will that Love immense adore,
 Who when I Monster turn'd, wou'd me restore.

Relentings in her Heart the Mourner found,
 And cry'd out, rais'd by the harmonious Sound,
 Angel, or Saint, or whosoe'er thou art,
 Who dost Impression make on this hard Heart :
 If Heaven Compassion on me designs to show,
 It through your Strings, and Voice, will on me flow :
 O leave not off, your Musick Heav'n design'd,
 O none but Heav'n, cou'd do an Act so kind :

Pfysche

Psyche then for her Lute a Subject chose,
Which best the Mourner might for Tears dispose.

When *Jesus* Truth celestial taught,
And Miracles propitious wrought,
And Humble, in a Life divine,
Display'd the Love of Godhead Trine,
That Penitents might Pardon gain,
And with God-man in Glory reign.

The tender Sex to him adher'd,
His awful Goodness some rever'd,
Some for the Loaves made up his Train,
Some Cure for Ailments to obtain;
But none 'till *Magdalen* appear'd,
To have from Guilt her Conscience clear'd.

She early to Bless'd *Jesus* came,
Lead by the Odour of his Name,
All Souls with Sins hard Bondage tir'd,
A *Jesus* ardently desir'd,
And soon as she of *Jesus* heard,
Jesus was to her Heart endear'd.

But Oh! how could a guilty Breast,
While by seven Devils 'twas possess'd,
Give Entrance to the Godhead pure,
Or God that odious Sight endure?
Jesus first drove the Fiends away,
And cleans'd her Spirit with his Ray.

Great God tho' outrag'd by our Sins,
 In pity yet our Change begins,
 O wond'rous Love, 'twas that which broke,
 The sinful *Mary's* grievous yoke,
 She instantly impatient grew,
 To keep sweet *Jesus* in her View.

From the first Moment of her Turn,
 The Love divine began to burn,
 A Sinner who her Sin bewails,
 Weighs Sin and Pardon in just Scales,
 Dear *Jesus' Name* them both involves,
 And Hearts to Love and Tear dissolves.

When Souls in Love with *Jesus* fall,
 They Consecrate to him their All:
Mary a Box of Ointment brought,
 Which for a lib'ral Sum she bought,
 Yet 'twas too mean, in her Esteem,
 For him, who should the World redeem.

Entring where *Simon* made his Treat,
 She with her Tears wash'd *Jesus' Feet*,
 Then kiss'd them, to give Love its share,
 And wip'd them with her loosned Hair,
 Then on his Head pour'd rich Perfume,
 Which sweetly scented all the Room.

O Heart by *Jesus* highly priz'd,
 Softned by Love, in Tears Baptiz'd!

From

From Sins habitual, num'rous, great,
Your Absolution was compleat,
Jesus himself to speak it deign'd,
From thence you lead a Life unstain'd.

When *Jesus* journey'd too and fro,
Seed Heav'nly o'er the Land to sow,
The Female Vot'ries by you lead,
Still follow'd his Instructive Tread,
You from your Stores his Wants reliev'd,
And for the Ills he suffer'd griev'd.

But when you thro' the dol'rous Way,
Follow'd God-man to *Golgotha*,
Your Love, your Tear, seem'd then at Height,
At that sad, wond'rous, tender Sight,
Yet both encreas'd each step you trod,
After distress'd Incarnate God.

Out of your broken Heart there came,
A Flood of Tears, a fervent Flame,
The Flood ran down, the Flame aspir'd,
One moist'ned, and the other fir'd,
Yet they in mutual Aids combin'd,
And in one Centre *Jesus* join'd.

Each Dolour which you wept to see,
Your Love cry'd out, Ah! 'tis for me,
You in his Vest beheld the Stains,
Of his late agonising Pains,

Fresh Blood, from Gorings of his Crown,
And from his Furrows trickling down.

You saw him with the Cross oppress'd,
How on Mount *Calvary* distress'd,
You on the Cross beheld him laid,
The Wounds which by the Nails were made;
Saw Blood from his wide Nailings stream,
And heard Spectators him Blaspheme.

His dol'rous Cry, you heard him make,
My God, why dost thou me forsake,
With Gall you saw his Portion mix'd,
And with a Spear his Side transfix'd,
To his bless'd Mother you stood near,
And vy'd with her in Love, and Tear.

You saw his Soul its Mansion quit,
The Lord of Life to Death submit,
Recounting then the Boundless Pain,
You saw God-man for you sustain,
You saw the Guilt of Sin display'd,
When dying God our Ransom paid.

As at dear *Jesus'* Cross you stood,
Weeping from either Eye a Flood,
'Twas then your tend'rest Love and Tear,
Fill'd all the Expansion of its Sphere,
While your compassionating Eyes,
Saw Love unbounded agonise,

of

Of *Jesus*' Love a lively Sense,
Mournful, endearing, and intense,
To Martyrs height rais'd Love, and Tear,
Love which like *Jesus* cast out fear,
In Grace your Progress was much more,
Than e'er it was in Sin before.

Eve's guilty Daughters, who shall hear
The Bliss you gain'd by Love and Tear,
Will of their Sins take strict Review,
They'll strive to love and weep like you,
You! next to his own Mother Bless'd,
Belov'd by God Incarnate, best.

With Female Saints by break of Day,
You your last Honours came to pay,
For richest Gums you spent your Gold,
In them you would have him enroll'd,
By the void Grave you weeping staid,
To learn the Place where he was laid.

God with a Vision grac'd your Sight,
You saw two Angels rob'd in Light,
An Angel you assurance gave,
That *Jesus* had unbar'd the Grave,
Jesus the more you to endear,
Would first to your bless'd Eyes appear.

You were his Envoy to infuse,
Into the Apostles the glad News,

His dearest Mother never knew,
 Her Son arose, till told by you,
 Souls purify'd in God's mild Eye,
 Thus with pure Souls in Favours vye,

O may we learn for Life mispent,
 Of weeping *Mary* to repent,
 Heav'n her for our Example set,
 Her Progress we should ne'er forget,
 We, if like Her in Love and Tear,
 Shall be a like to *Jesus* dear,

As raging *Saul* by evil Spirits seiz'd,
 Felt all his Rage by *David's* Harp appeas'd,
 Thus on a Sudden as she sang, and play'd,
 The Mourner's direful Passion was allay'd,
 She sigh'd, she groan'd, she beat her Breast no more,
 And she began God's Pity to implore:
 Angel, or Saint, the Soul afflicted cry'd,
 Rais'd by your Song, Tears from my Eye-lids glide,
 O Thou Belov'd of God, for God I know,
 Loves all who pity a poor Soul in Woe,
 Play on, till by the Force of Song, and Lute,
 This Stone you to a broken Heart transmute,
Psyche thus mov'd, of God's Long Suff'ring Sang,
 From whose sweet force, Her own Repentance Sprang,
 Is't not enough great God that Thou,
 Shouldst to forgive all Sinners vow,
 And Duty to excite,
 Shouldst all to Heav'n invite,
 Shouldst

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Should'st gracious Aids for all contrive,
That Frailty none may from their Duty drive,

But O! all-gracious what am I,
To say enough to Deity!
Thy love still overflows,
And no Enough it knows;
When of thy Goodness we have Store,
We never have enough thou still hast more,

Heav'n, Lord, thy Love to me propos'd,
O had I with the Offer clos'd!
Thou long didst Patience spend,
My will towards Thee to bend,
Had not thy Patience boundless been,
I long ago had tir'd it with my Sin.

I oft have, Lord, thy Patience try'd,
While I continued to backslide,
Oft while my Vows I made,
I my own Heart betray'd,
To tempt me *Satan* took his Cue,
When e'er faint Vows, I offer'd to renew.

My Heart so often me deceiv'd,
The Traytor I no more believ'd,
Yet Conscience would not rest,
'Till I my Sins confess'd,
And grief while I my Life revis'd,
Not for my Sin but Danger me surpris'd,

But

But as the Morning Cloud decays,
 When stab'd by the encroaching Rays,
 All the Resolves I make,
 I instantly forsake,
 My superficial Sorrow wanes,
 And I revive Concupiscential Stains.

Thus my own Heart I often cheat,
 And Mockeries of God repeat ;
 But God long-suffering, mild,
 To a revolted Child,
 Year after Year my Change expects,
 While I repay his Patience with Neglects.

My Friends God often took away,
 Still warning me to Watch and Pray,
 His Mercy pass'd me by,
 Saw me unfit to die,
 Of Life indulg'd I made no use,
 But still prolong'd of Patience the Abuse.

Still Lord thou would'st my Guilt endure,
 Would'st to Repentance me allure,
 Renew Attacks of Grace,
 Till my hard Heart gave Place ;
 Long was it e'er the Rock was broke,
 And Tears gush'd out at thy Paternal Stroke.

When my backslidings I recall
 And how I'm still Propense to fall,

Thy

Thy Mercies I adore,
Pour'd down in greater Store,
To turn my Heart so much deprav'd,
Than might a sinful Multitude have sav'd.

O Hearts obdurate, long defil'd,
Remember that God Love is stil'd,
For Pity humbly sue,
He'll to his Name be true,
That you may ne'er Despondent be,
Think how he pittied *Magdalen* and me.

Soon as the Day's loud Herald wak'd to sing,
The Morning spreading o'er the Expanse its Wing,
Pfyche a Visit to her Neighbour made,
Who let no Light her doleful Cell invade,
She *Pfyche* saw at opening of the Door,
While she lay weeping prostrate on the Floor,
Angel, or Saint she cries, which of the two,
That I may render Veneration due,
Nor Saint, nor Angel, *Pfyche* cry'd, but one
Restor'd by Heav'n, when by my self undone;
With that she kiss'd her Feet, and then was sure,
'Twas Woman who began her ghostly Cure,
Dear Sister, *Pfyche* said, your Griefs relate,
You'll feel, how they'll by venting them abate,
The Man, said she, I lov'd, for Women vile,
Lust, Love, to guild the shameful Passion style,
By Sicknes seiz'd, sometime had from me staid,
I flew to him, his Coldness to upbraid,

And

And found him dying, when my Voice he heard,
 With a strong Spring his sinking Bulk he rear'd,
 His raving, and fierce look, no Words can reach,
 He spent on me his last Efforts of Speech,
 Go cursed Woman, odious, false, impure,
 I owe my endless Torments to your lure,
 O I am damn'd, I rue the Plagues of Lust,
 Hell most Tremendous is, and God is Just ;
 Damn'd Spirits, who now tare my Soul away,
 Let that curs'd Woman next become your Prey,
 Foul Female Devil! O! but here he stopp'd,
 Shriek'd, quak'd, groan'd, howl'd, as into Hell he drop'd.
 The filthy Devils who my Soul possess'd,
 Self-murder then to damp my Grief suggest,
 And strait, as once the Swine, they hurry'd me,
 Headlong into the *Galilean Sea*.

When I was plung'd, away they from me flew,
 For fear they should their own Temptation rue,
 By sinking to the Deep where Giants groan,
 And hopeless their subaqueous Chains bemoan,
 Thought of the Danger, when the Fiends were fled,
 Seis'd me, of Death and Hell I had a dread,
 Strait I attempt to swim, my Life to save,
 When I a Plank, which floated near my Wave,
 By chance espy'd, fast hold of it I caught,
 Which to the Shoar me tir'd, and fainting brought.
 'Twas *Magdalum* I knew, knock'd at the Gate,
 Which opening, all commiserate my Fate,
 The Sisters Cordials, and warm Cloths supply'd,
 And chose this Cell where I might best abide,
 Ah! they my Danger, but my Guilt ne'er knew,
 Which I now freely will confess to you Know.

Know then, I odious Wretch *Lasciva* ftill'd,
 Have long my felf, and num'rous Souls defil'd;
 Souls, who will be my Torturers below,
 Since to my Baits they their Damnation owe:
 I with Conceit of Youth, and Beauty vain,
 Drank at all Avenues my ghostly Bane:
 Under a seeming modest Look, and Meen,
 My Heart was atheiftick, and unclean.
 Balls, Theatres, all sensual Things, or gay,
 Abforp'd my Heart, and left no Time to pray;
 Or if I pray'd, my Thoughts rov'd unconfin'd,
 Foul Songs, Plays, Pictures stole away my Mind;
 My precious Time I fquander'd in my Drefs,
 Could spare no Alms for Neighbours in Diffrefs:
 My Heart was as thick painted, as my Face,
 Studious all Sence of Duty to erase.
 I skill'd the Language of Eye, Look, and Fan,
 To manage the Regards of sensual Man:
 I feign'd barefac'd Obsceneness to detest,
 But lik'd what was implicitly exprest.
 To Church I went in Hopes to be admir'd,
 And look'd about, to fee what Hearts I fir'd:
 My Modesty at first was kept by Pride,
 But Luft indulg'd, laid Modesty aside;
 Sure Sensuality by Heav'n is curs'd,
 When gratify'd, it only heightens Thirst.
 O Luft fhort-liv'd, foul, fordid, beaftly, vile,
 How deeply you immortal Souls defile?
 O you are Horror, Rottenness, and Shame,
 And damn to raging, everlasting Flame;

Bafe

Base Women, little do you think how dear
 'Twill cost you but to shed one pious Tear!
 Oft me my Conscience check'd, but by Degrees
 I laid it fast asleep, and sun'd at Ease:
 But now 'tis broad awake, corporeal Maimes,
 Eyes boar'd, Limbs flea'd, wild Beasts, and raging
 Flames:

The Gridiron, Gibbet, Pincers, Rack, and Wheel,
 All Martyr's Pains are light to what I feel:
 I have a Worm now gnawing at my Heart,
 In Hell much more Intense will be my Smart.
 Seven Devils only *Magdalen* possess'd,
 I with a filthy Legion am distress'd:
 Pity, dear Saint, pity my sad Estate,
 O I want Words, my Vileness to relate:
 O that some furious Storm had wrought my Bane,
 When floating on the *Galilean* Main,
 Fiercer than that which frighted once the Saints,
 When sinking, they to *Jesus* made Complaints;
 I shou'd with Joy have sank, and ne'er had pray'd,
 Of *Jesus* more, than of the Waves afraid:
Jesus the Joy of Saints, had been my Dread,
 I like the damn'd from the meek Lamb had fled:
 O that some Hurricane had snatch'd my Plank,
 Some Wave devoured me! that I might have sank
 Down to the Bottom of the Mountains deep,
 There drop'd into an everlasting Sleep,
 And with the Weeds wrap'd round about my Head,
 Beneath the highest Rocks had made my Bed!

Ah!

Ah ! Wo is me ! In vain I wish to hide
 Beneath the Rocks, by Vengeance undiscry'd :
 Death down the Gulph infernal had me thrown,
 With my foul Lovers to unpity'd Moan :
 All whom I had defil'd, I there should see,
 Tortur'd themselves, and yet co-torturing me ;
 At that dire Thought fresh Horrors on me seize,
 O wretched Woman, who can give me Ease !

Our God, said *Pfycbe*, has of Pardons store,
 You'll Mercy gain, if Mercy you implore :
 Like *Magdalen* for Provocations weep,
 Sowing in Tears, you'll Joys of Pardons reap.
 In God's Philanthropy, in *Jesus* trust,
 Who raises Penitents from Tears, and Dust :
 'Twas from that deep Contrition she profess't,
 I learn'd my Sin to rate, bewail, detest.
 Think on the Plank by Heav'n in Pity sent,
 By sparing you, to move you to repent :
 Repentance is our ghostly Plank, which saves
 The Penitent, from the infernal Waves :
 Consult bless'd *Gratian*, while you here abide,
 He'll in Repentance be your faithful Guide.

O Happiness which Charity endears,
 When comforting another Soul in Tears !
Pfycbe in cheering sad *Lasciva's* Moan,
 Felt all the while strong Cordials for her own :
 Then God's sweet Mercy she in Song express'd,
 The Attribute which God himself loves best.

Of all the Race of Women kind,
 I rarely can a Sinner find,
 More Guilty than was I,
 Or who with me in Misery could vie;
 Who had of Sins a Heap,
 To sink me down to the sulphureous Deep.

Sure none e'er greater Grace repell'd,
 Or 'gainst a greater Love rebell'd:
 Sin was familiar grown,
 And all Remorse was from my Conscience flown:
 Foul Sin grew my Delight,
 And *Jesu's* Love with Outrage to requite.

My Sins innumerable, great,
 Extinguish'd all religious Heat.
 I made God long attend,
 E'er I my Ear to boundless Love wou'd bend:
 Say all, who love God's Law,
 Whether you e'er a viler Sinner saw.

I to my self no Pity shew'd,
 But God with Pity overflow'd:
 It cannot be describ'd,
 How my hard Heart his Influence soft imbib'd:
 This only I can say,
 My Heart was broke by an endearing Ray.

It sweet Upbraidings first infus'd,
Should Love immense be thus abus'd?
Can you continue Foe,
To *Jesus*' Love, who rescues you from Woe?
Strait over my whole Frame,
I felt soft Meltings at dear *Jesus*' Name:

God's Love to move me to repent,
Would sweetly thus my Love prevent,
His Mercy all the while,
I strove with Tears my Soul to reconcile,
Would ev'ry mournful Tear,
With an appendant Joy of Pardon cheer.

O wretched Souls! your Love to waste,
On baneful Follies, should you taste
One of those gracious Gleams,
Which from God's Mercy tow'rd's a Mourner streams,
You on your Knees would live
In Tears, till God should all your Sins forgive:

Our Love by Mercy Godhead gains,
Mercy his Majesty sustains,
His Greatness we revere,
Dominion, Justice, Power may raise our Fear,
God would have Lovers none,
Did not his Mercy court us to his Throne:

His Joy to Angels God reveals,
When he a Sinner's Pardon seals;

And they who Stations keep
Near God's bright Glory see no Sinner weep,
But midst their Hymns they rest,
Till their new Joy is in new Song express'd.

Lord, if my Tears can Joy excite,
In all the Denizons of Light,
If thou thy self art pleas'd,
When thy own Mercy has a Sinner eas'd,
O with what ard'rous Zeal,
Should I Hymn, Love, and Joy, who Pardon feel?

Psyche-then in her Arms the Mourner rears,
Gave her a Kiss of Peace, and wip'd her Tears,
Promis'd to make her Visits ev'ry Day,
And for her Soul, as for her own to Pray,
Of what he sang, God made Impressions deep,
Lasciva thence began to pray and weep.

Gratian who mark'd as *Psyche's* Love increas'd,
Invites her to the Eucharistick Feast,
Where all Inflammatives are at full Height,
While Crucify'd God-man is in our Sight,
Her broken Heart, as on her Knees she mus'd,
Would humbly have her Worthless self excus'd ;
But the Memorial there of Love immense,
Was that, with what her Love could not dispense,
And as she lowly there to Heav'n aspir'd,
Her Tears were dry'd her Love afresh was fir'd,

Haste

Haste to her Cell she full of Ardours made,
And try'd in Hymn her Spirit to unlade.

My *Jesus* at a Hymn I aim,
But stop, when I my *Jesus* Name,
Love, Joy, Hope, Rapture, Zeal, Desire,
In dear My *Jesus* co-conspire,
That I my *Jesus* still repeat,
Which overpow'rs poetick Heat.

Should Prophets, and should Poets join,
Assisted by the Quire divine,
O they no Poem could indite,
Which of my *Jesus* reach'd the Height,
O none but the Co-boundless *Dove*,
Can of my *Jesus* sound the Love.

Bless'd Spirit, pardon me, if pain'd,
That all my Powers are too restrain'd,
They Aid too feeble to me bring,
When of my *Jesus* I would sing :
O stretch my Powers, my Love sublime,
Till to due pitch of Hymn it climb.

Or if my Powers can never rise,
To just Poetick Sacrifice,
O of my *Jesus* may I feel,
More love than Numbers can reveal,
Love best my *Jesus* comprehends,
Who all Poetick flight transcends.

Though here my Powers too scanty are,
 I cannot of just Hymn despair,
 Thou me, my *Jesus*, dost invite,
 To thy supernal Realm of Light,
 When of my Mansion there possess'd,
 With grace of Hymn I shall be bless'd.

Yet here my Love makes faint Effays,
 My *Jesus* in love Hymns to praise,
 When Hymn and Love I sinking find,
 My *Jesus* elevates my Mind,
 My *Jesus* still is in my Eyes,
 That Name fresh Love and Hymn supplies.

Jesus in pard'ning Rays on *Psyche* shin'd,
 And to his Mother's Likeness her refin'd,
 Fresh Tears of Joy then trickled from her Eyes,
 Her Heart felt strong, and sweet Propensions rise.
Jesus still bright'ning more and more his Beams,
 She to her utmost Stretch in Love out streams,
 Long she enjoy'd Reciprocations dear,
 She was all Love, Desire, Joy, am'rous Tear,
 My Love, she cry'd, but then no more could speak,
 Into no Words she could her Passion break,
 My Love, she cry'd, then stopp'd, then try'd again,
 Till Love no longer silent could remain,
 My Love, O all my Powers to thee incline,
 My Love, my Love, I am entirely thine,
 My Heart a Holocaust to thee aspires
 In Love, which thy dear Love Celestial fires,

Jesu,

Jesu, I more would say, I more would Love,
Supply Love's Wants by thy co-gracious *Dove*,
Silent she kneel'd, her Love the while, or glow'd,
With Ardours strong, or in sweet Languors flow'd.

Dear *Jesus* pleas'd with the enam'ring Sight
Sent from the Realm of boundless Love and Light,
The Love-diffusing Spirit, who impress'd,
The Image of lov'd *Jesus* on her Breast,
His Cross, and all Inflammatives divine,
Which in his Love endearingly combine,
Into my Heart, which open stands, she cry'd,
Enter my *Jesus*, and with me abide;
Thou hadst on Earth no Place thy Head to lay,
See here my Heart which importunes thy Stay,
Enter, dear Lord, O let us never part,
Thou hast the sole Possession of my Heart,
Give me thy Self my Love, for thou hast me,
O may our Loves indissoluble be!

The gracious *Dove* into her Soul instill'd,
That her Desire lov'd *Jesus* had fulfill'd,
Jesus first lov'd, she Love for Love repaid,
In mutual Love was the dear Union made,
She from that Moment *Jesus*' Spouse commenc'd,
And *Jesus* to his Spouse fresh Love dispenc'd,
She then a Life Angelical began,
Lov'd, joy'd in nothing, but to Hymn God-man,
Wishing all Souls would her dear Rivals be,
And love her Spouse as much, or more than she.

My Love, she cry'd, is mine, I his, I claim
All that is stild by my beloved's Name,

His Love, his Grace, his Merits, and his Aid,
 All that he on the Cross for Sinners paid,
 His Spirit, Pray'rs, Bliss, God-head, all are mine,
 All to beatify my Soul combine ;
 But what returns can I to *Jesus* make,
 Nothing but Love, and Suff'ring for his sake :
 Come all ye Torments Tyrants can invent,
 Come all which Martyrs ever underwent,
 I'll suffer all, by *Jesus* Love sustain'd,
 And triumph most, when most acutely pain'd,
 How short will this of Love unbounded fall ?
 But my dear heav'nly Spouse knows 'tis my all,
 O wond'rous Love, which flows in Oceans out,
 And yet accepts Love-drops from Hearts devout !

As the blest'd Mother, who took high Delight,
 To see her Son display his saving Might,
 Yet for his Wrongs would with her Tears condole,
 And daily felt the Sword run thro' her Soul,
 Thus *Psyche* joy'd on God's dear Love to muse,
 Yet oft her Love would in soft Tears diffuse,
 'Ere to have griev'd such Love, her Spirit pierc'd,
 When tender Conscience with her love convers'd,
 But God to raise fresh Love, and Tears adulse,
 To sweet Retirement gave her Love Impulse.

Jesu, my Love, for I must style thee so,
 Some *Zoar*, where I best may love thee shew,
 Where from this Poisonous World I may retire,
 With undiverted Thought to thee aspire,
 Where I may keep lov'd *Magdalen* in Eye,
 And learn of her, in loving much to die.

Where

Where e'er thou art, 'tis Heav'n to live with thee,
 From the approach of sensual Rivals free.
 Should'st Thou once more into the Wild retreat,
 There would I dwell at my Beloved's Feet;
 To hear him speak, to feel his gracious Beam,
 Where a whole Age would scarce a Minute seem,
 My Meat should be to do thy Heav'nly Will,
 Or gracious Words which from thy Lips distill,
 My Drink, the living Waters, which thy Saints
 Drink to their fill from thee without Restraints,
 Drink never drawn from the *Samaritan* Wells,
 Which *Canaan's* Wine, Milk, Hony, far excels:
 The Soul, who takes within thy shadow rest,
 And tastes thy Fruit, Ah, should she be a guest,
 At *Babylon's* proud King's luxurious Feast,
 Made of the Choicest dainties of the East,
 Would starve and pine and Solitary be,
 Hungring and Thirsting only after thee.

Great God to Lovers no good thing denies,
 But grants their Pray'rs, e'er they to Heav'n arise,
 His Wisdom, what but casual seem'd, ordain'd,
 By which his vot'ry soon her wish obtain'd.

For as the Morning Office once was clos'd,
 And Mourners for their Cells themselves dispos'd,
 They heard loud knocking at the Castle gate,
 And in the Hall for some new-comer wait,
 The Gate was by *Modesta* open'd wide,
 But she no Person present there descryd;
 When on a sudden, where the Mourners staid,
 Two splendid Clouds a Solemn Entrance made.

Both with a Brightness so benign appear'd,
 That they by all were rev'renc'd more than fear'd,
 Both Shivers of the Cloud celestial seem'd,
 Which o'er God's House at Dedication stream'd,
 Or Reliques of the Majestick Cloud,
 Which did of old the *Shechinah* enshrow'd:
 One of the Clouds they parted saw in two,
 And from its Womb, to their amazed View,
 Came forth a Virgin, who with Saint-like Grace,
 Saluted all the Mourners on the Place,
 Her Eagles Wings dropp'd off as forth she stept,
 Which she took care should be securely kept,
 Her Guardian from the other Cloud retir'd,
 And both the Clouds in common Air expir'd,
 But as the Mourners on the Virgin gaz'd,
 Each in her Heart felt soft Compassion rais'd,
 And num'rous Wounds the lovely Virgin bled,
 A Rock would at that Object Tears have shed.
 Officious Mourners would have Salves apply'd,
 She paid her Thanks, and present Aid deny'd,
 Beg'd they would lead her to the Chapel Door:
 And leave her there God's Goodness to implore,
 They yielded, yet their Minds impatient staid,
 To hear the story of the lovely Maid.

The Virgin prostrate on the Pavement falls,
 God's gracious Wonders wrought for her recalls.
 She lov'd, she prais'd, she joy'd, ador'd, admir'd,
 All Heav'nly Passions in her Soul conspir'd,
 Till heightned into Rapture, as she arose,
 She stood towards Heav'n erect, in sweet repose.

Mean

Mean while her Angel, in Angelick Speech,
 Haſted the Caſtle-Guardian to beſeech,
 To truſt the Box of Ointment to his Care,
 Left as a Monumental Relick there,
 By *Magdalen*, fellow to that ſhe ſhed
 On our Redeemer's ſacred Feet and Head,
 Lodg'd with devout *Sophronia*, and to none,
 But to the Guardian and *Sophronia* known.
 The Guardian warn'd, it was God's Will, complies,
 And ſtrait her Angel, to the Chapel flies,
 From either Wing he pluck'd his ſoſteſt Plume,
 Waving it too and fro in the Perfume,
 With that he gently touch'd her bleeding Sores,
 To Soundneſs and to Beauty her reſtores,
 Deſcending from her Rapture ſoon ſhe felt,
 Her pleaſing Cure, the ſweet Perfume ſhe ſmelt,
 But when the Story of the Box ſhe knew,
 Her rapture then was ready to renew,
 Thus Saints are wont for deareſt *Jeſus*' ſake,
 Of his own Oil of Gladneſs to partake.

Her Angel when the wond'rous Cure was made,
 Return'd the Box, and thanks Angelick paid,
 The Guardian the Saints Story then deſires,
 Which in a train of Thoughts he ſtrait inſpires,
 Then haſtes to watch, where his dear Charge repos'd,
 Whom laid to reſt, he in his Wings enclos'd,
 The Guardian with Delight the Train imbib'd,
 And to the Mourners thus in Speech deſcrib'd.

B O O K I V.

TH E Virgin you have seen, *Philothea* sty'd,
 Is *Jesus*' Spouse, and God's beloved Child,
 Her grace Baptifinal chafly ſhe retains,
 And with no reigning Sin her Spirit ſtains,
 Yet fearful in the World of ghofly Harms,
 She pray'd to fly to her dear Mother's Arms ;
 To bleſ'd *Eccleſia*, Mother of the Souls,
 Whom *Jefus* in his Book of Life enrolls,
 That ſhe her Daughter to retreat might ſend,
 In Hymn and Love her Life ſecure to ſpend,
 And Dying might begin a Song of Love,
 To laſt to its Doxology above:
 With deep Humility; and Will reſign'd,
 She to the gracious Throne, thus ſang her Mind.

When firſt my Heart, thou Lord, didſt melt,
 And of thy Love one Gleam I felt:
 O I a thouſand Worlds wou'd give,
 In an eternal Gleam to live:
 If ſuch high Joys are in one tranſient Gleam,
 What are the Joys, of the unbounded Stream?

The more my God thy Love I know,
 I of my Heart more jealous grow:
 My Heart! Ah! Woe is me, too prone
 Some hurtful Paſſion to enthroned:
 In all *Eve*'s Daughters Pravity inbred,
 Creates of my weak ſelf a conſtant Dread.

My

My Faith which firm on thee should stay,
By Arrows it allur'd to stray :
My Love which shou'd be wholly thine,
Is apt tow'rds Rivals to decline ;
There's no Propension of my Mind, or Will,
But baited is by some insidious Ill.

My Faith and Love seem now sincere,
I pray, I long, to persevere ;
But if thou dost not both uphold,
Faith will decay, and Love grow cold :
And I no sooner from my Knees shall rise,
But both will be in Danger of Surprise.

Thou dost Support, by promis'd Might,
Ecclesia, in her ghostly Fight,
Truth and Saintship with her Rest,
O may I with her Sight be bless'd !
She'll shew some Mansion, where I may retire,
To keep Faith always firm, and Love on Fire.

God heard, and to her Guardian Warning sent
Phylacter styl'd, to further her Intent :
A cloud her Angel form'd of Force, and Size,
Like that, on which the Witnesses shall rise,
When they on Earth have their full Period spent,
And shall to Heav'n make visible Ascent :
The Saint embarking in the Cloud, it rose
As far as Earth's magnetick Virtue goes ;

Then

Then faster than it rose, it sunward dropp'd,
 Till at the solar Orb its Course was stopp'd :
 It was a Cloud of Dark, close-woven Shade,
 And of the same impervious Substance made,
 With those, which sometimes mask the solar Flame,
 Or those of which the Angels us'd to frame
 God's Chariot and Pavilion in the Sphear,
 Through which no solar Radiance could appear :
 The Side unscorch'd, *Phylacter* then unclos'd,
 And the dark Side, to solar Heat oppos'd.

Philothea through her thick aerial Case,
 Felt from a tender Hand a soft Embrace ;
 And looking out at the clear open Side,
 She in *Ecclesia's* Arms her self espy'd :
 'Twas the same Woman, whom Lord *John* of Old,
 Exalted was in Rapture to behold :
 The Spouse of God, from sensual Taints refin'd,
 To God's sole Love immutably resign'd :
 Upon the changing Moon she saw her tread,
 A Crown of twice six Stars adorn'd her Head ;
 The radiant Sun she for her Mantle wore,
 And had of amiable Graces store,
 While bloody Persecution kept the Sway,
 God gave her *Eagles* Wings to fly away ;
 She in the Defart safe from Storm remain'd,
 But Calm returning, she her Height regain'd :
 She is the Mother of the Heav'n-born Race,
 To God devoted by baptismal Grace :
Philothea, in her Bosom felt sweet Rest,
 Like *John*, when Learning on his Saviour's Breast.

The

The Saint her Benediction humbly pray'd,
And she her sacred Hands upon her laid;
She knew, she thither by God's Guidance came,
That she her Faith might fix, her Love enflame;
With God's preventing Grace she still comply'd,
And the dear Mother joy'd, her Child to guide;
As bless'd *Elijah* pray'd his Servant's Eye,
Might be sublim'd the Angels to descry,
Thus she pray'd God *Philothea's* Eyes to clear,
That ghostly Things might to her View appear,
From sensual Films when free'd, she saw strange
(Sights

Of sep'rate Souls, and Angels num'rous Flights;
And ev'ry Soul, who soar'd to blifs that Day,
Flew to salute *Ecclesia* by the Way:
While she congratulating their Release,
Gave their bright Vehicles the Kifs of Peace:
All in their Speed to the celestial Sphear,
Flew singing Songs, which rapt *Philothea's* Ear:
O rapturous sweet Songs, the Virgin cry'd,
They are the Songs of *Sion* she reply'd;
Hymns sung below, the Saints in Blifs recite,
Hymns, the Employment in the Realm of Light;
The Saints in all the Churches, sing the same,
Or at sweet *Sion's* Style, in hymning aim.

Look tow'rs Earth's Central spot, that lofty
(Ground,

Is *Sion*, with a stately Temple crown'd:
There *David's* City stood, there he retir'd,
To be with Hymn seven Times a Day inspir'd;
There

There to his Harp, he sang celestial Strains,
 The Place his hymning Spirit still retains,
 His Eucharistick Feast there *Jesus* eat,
 There he vouchsaf'd to wash his Vot'ry's Feet;
 There valedictory Discourses made,
 Gave Promise of the Spirit's mighty Aid:
 There *Jesus* risen to his Friends appear'd,
 And from Despondencies their Spirits rear'd;
 There *Jesus*' gracious Promise was fulfill'd,
 There th' Holy Ghost his wond'rous Gifts instill'd.
 There the Disciples in the Traytor's Room,
 Were mov'd by Lots *Matthias* to assume:
 There Saints of humble *James* by common Voice,
 For *Salem*'s past'ral Chair, made happy Choice:
 There *Stephen*, who the Martyr's Crown first gain'd,
 With his six Brethren Deacons were ordain'd;
 Th' Apostles sat in Council There, to guide
 The Church, and doubts Important to decide.
 There stands the upper Room, where Day by Day,
 Saints met, to take immortal Bread, and Prey:
 For confluent Consecrations fam'd,
 There Faith will best be fix'd, and Love inflam'd.

Bless'd Mother, said *Philothea*, O that I
 Might *Sion* reach, on *Sion* live and die.
 Kind Guardian I your Charity intreat,
 To lend me Wings, the Voyage to compleat;
Phylacter could not but her Aim commend,
 But he had no superfluous Wings to lend;
 Yet fixing on the *Eagle*'s Wings his View,
 On which *Ecclesia* to her Shelter flew,

He

He beg'd that she the idle Wings might spare,
 To waite her to sweet *Sion* through the Air,
 And by some Angel who shou'd fly that Road,
 The Wings shou'd be restor'd to her Abode :
 The tender Mother yields, the Angel try'd,
 To fix them on, o'erjoy'd to be her Guide.
Ecclesia veil'd her in a splendid Cloud,
 To pass unseen, if needful, through the Crowd :
 'Twas of the like ethereal Shape compos'd,
 With that, in which her Angel was enclos'd :
 But 'ere the Saint began to Wings to wave,
 The holy Mother these wise Counsels gave.

Consult *Macario*, Pastor of the Place,
 Enrich'd by God with apostolick Grace,
 His Doctrine, and his Virtue both are pure,
 His Guidance will your Faith and Love secure ;
 God's Loveliness shines with so bright a Ray,
 That Saints in Loving never miss their Way :
 High Mysteries are overspread with Cloud,
 Hard to the Disputatious, and the Proud ;
 The humble Lover comprehends them best,
 Content with what lov'd *Jesus* had express'd,
 Abstruser Truths she waits to have explain'd,
 When beatifick Vision is attain'd :
 Love, and entirely in lov'd God confide,
 The God of Truth is ev'ry Lover's Guide,
 The Faith primæval Study, and attend
 To none, who God's pure Word with Novels blend ;
 True Love, on the lov'd God of Truth relies,
 And human Dictates never deifies ;

To

To love, dear Child, to love your Powers apply,
 In Love all evangelick Treasures lye ;
 Give God your full Propension be sincere;
 Perfection is reserv'd for Vision clear :
 Sweet *Jesus* to espouse your Spirit deigns,
 Keep your Love chaste, abhor adult'rous Stains ;
 Satan with Fraud and Force will you way-lay,
 Yet cannot harm you while you watch and pray.

Think how Saints spend Eternity above,
 In beatifick Sight, Hymn, Joy, and Love :
 Saints militant shou'd imitate below,
 All that they of the Saints triumphant know,
 While militant, and peaceable they are,
 They live in humble Tears, and fervent Pray'r,
 On Earth, fix'd Meditation serves for Sight,
 In both Lives, Hymn and Love are their Delight.
 Virginitie's a Heav'nly tender Grace,
 Connatural to the angelick Race :
 Learn'd from God-man, and his pure Mother best,
 The Grace which filthy Spirits most detest ;
 A thousand Snares to lure you will be laid,
 Which *Jesus* will assist you to evade.

Child, wear this Ring, for your dear Mother's
 (Sake,

Of Danger sure Discoveries to make :
 As *Aaron* when pontifically dress'd,
 He with the hallow'd Diamond on his Breast ;
 Enter'd the holiest Place, the State soon knew,
 Of *Israel*, casting on the Gem his View ;

It

It was bright shining, if they pleas'd their God,
 If sinful, black; red, if they dar'd his Rod.
 This Em'rald thus will all its Brightness loose,
 When Men approach their Poyson to infuse,
 Keep on its Colour still a stedd'y Eye,
 You'll all Occasions of Pollution fly.

Dear Child, she melting cry'd, than'bad Farewel,
Philothea at her Feet for Blessings fell,
Ecclesia rais'd her in her Arms enclos'd,
 They kiss'd, and in protracted Kifs repos'd :
 Love co-transpiring, with a strong Desire,
 To their eternal Union to aspire :
 I in your Arms; the Saint said, fain would stay,
 But, since you them uncloze, I must away ;
 When from this Flesh my Spirit shall be free'd,
 I'll you salute, as I to Glory speed.
 The Guardian here, stop'd by the Chapel Bell,
 Deferr'd till a fit Time the rest to tell.

Philothea, when refresh'd by her Repose,
 Into the Hall to thank the Mourners goes,
 Where she an amiable Saint appear'd,
 And with divine Discourse, all Hearts endear'd :
 She guess'd, they all delight in Hymn wou'd take,
 And out, she in a sudden Transport brake.

Dear providential Love my Guide,
 To this bless'd Seat where Lovers bide,
 For my Admittance to their Quire
 A Hymn inspire.

Then taking up a Lute, which near her lay,
She of her Talent gave this first Essay,

All Praise to thee, great God we owe,
To thee from whose Inspirings flow;
Our Souls immortal unconfin'd,
For Heav'n design'd.

In vain, though like the Seraph's bright,
Shou'd be our intellectual Light;
Should'ft not thou with that Light instill
Unbounded Will.

Will, which all other Powers transcends,
By native Weight to thee propends;
And when Propension is entire,
'Tis Love on Fire.

Love, O my God, my Soul esteems,
The dearest of thy gracious Beams,
Saints no Delight in Life wou'd take,
But for Love's Sake.

Thou boundlessly enam'ring Sense,
Haft of thy Loveliness immense;
And Souls who at Love boundless Aim,
Have God-like Flame,

Thy

Thy Beauty's seen obscurely here,
Our Souls transportingly endear :
In the Attractives all combine,
Of Love divine.

Soft Yearnings of a Father mild,
On his lost miserable Child.
God-man who suffer'd Pangs extreme,
Foes to redeem.

The Hov'rings of the gracious Dove,
To fire, and fuel Heav'nly Love,
Rewards, which utmost Thought exceed,
For Love decreed.

Love was God's Native, prime Design,
In mutual Love with Souls to joyn :
But God and Souls, Sin difunites,
And hate excites.

O helpless! O tremendous State,
Of Souls, who God all lovely hate ;
By like Aversion Angels fell,
To people Hell.

To love thee Lord sure human kind,
Need not by thee to be enjoyn'd :
All who thy Love but dimly know,
Must Lovers grow.

Rewards, Attractives, Object, Aid,
 Love irresistably perswade ;
 Yet Love to raise a gentle Awe
 Became a Law.

Of Laws, the dearest and the best,
 The Happiness of Spirits bless'd :
 Saints here those Hours they spend in Love,
 Taste Joys above.

That I should love thee is thy Will,
 Which I live longing to fulfil ;
 Since Lord in Love we both conspire,
 Keep bright the Fire.

Fire, which with such sweet Force may burn,
 That ev'n my Ashes in my Urn,
 Tow'rds thee, may till the Day of Doom,
 Like Incense fume.

The Song sweet holy Admiration rais'd,
 All God, for dear *Philothea's* coming prais'd ;
 She gain'd each Sisters Heart, as well as Ear,
 All long'd of Love divine more Songs to hear :
 But after her to sing no Sister dar'd,
 And each in Silence to her Cell repair'd.

When *Psyche* sin had bitterly bemoan'd,
 And *Jesus* for his Spouse her Spirit own'd :

As

As Morning Tides of Light more vig'rous grow,
 Till they up to full Sea of Splendor flow :
 Her Antepasts of Heav'n, thus still increas'd,
 And gave her Spirit a perpetual Feast ;
 Her Pray'rs with Ardency to God aspir'd,
 Her God-enamour'd Soul all 'ore was fir'd :
 Her Passions, her Devotion still obey'd,
 She by no Fears, no Scruples was dismay'd ;
 Her Heart was purify'd, her Thoughts compos'd,
 Fervent her Zeal, the Springs of Ill were clos'd ;
 Her Meditation copious, and sublime,
 She seem'd beatify'd before her Time ;
 When God her Resignation to compleat,
 Seem'd a while from her Spirit to retreat.
 Our Joys below Affliction tempers best,
 Least we on this side Heav'n shou'd fix our Rest ;
 As to *Philothea's* Story she gave Heed,
 She felt her Heart afresh began to bleed :
 Her Passion rose, she hasted to her Cell,
 Where up to Agony she felt it swell.
 Her troubled Conscience, had compar'd within,
Philothea pure, and *Psyche* stain'd with Sin :
 This rais'd a Tempest hardly to be laid,
 Which by sad outward Symptoms she betray'd ;
 Her Memory reviv'd the dol'rous Sense,
 Of every voluntary pass'd Offence.

Her Hours in silent Angours now ran waste,
 Of Heav'nly Things, she lost the grateful Taste :
 All Consolations seem'd away to fly,
 Her Zeal grew cold, and Meditation dry ;

Her Mind instable, her Devotion dead,
 Cares seiz'd her Heart, and impious Thoughts her Head,
 Perplexing Scruples gave her Soul no rest,
 And causeless Fears her Spirit fore oppress'd,
 Her Passions strove 'gainst Reason to rebell,
 She seem'd to drop from heavenly Bliss to Hell ;
 When she to sing a Hymn, took up her Lute,
 Her Strings discordant were, her Tongue was Mute,
 Oft she attempted Grief by Pray'r to vent,
 Oft call'd her Tears her mis'ry to lament,
 Oft she to fix her Thought on God essay'd,
 Oft Sighs and Groans she Summon'd to her Aid,
 Nor Pray'rs, Tears, Thoughts, Sighs, Groans, obey
 She into universal Horror falls, (her calls,
 Tedious the Day, and sleepless was the Night,
 Or if she slumbred, Dreams would her affright,
 Her faculties their Functions would not ply,
 Heav'n seem'd all Light, all Succour to deny.
 These only Words remain'd which oft she spake,
 My God, my God, Why dost thou me forsake,
 The Mourners oft condoling Visits made,
 But she strove all their Comforts to evade,

As thus she seem'd from gracious God exil'd,
 God's sweet Compassion yearn'd upon his Child,
 And sent good *Gratian*, who her Soul advis'd.
 And sweetly with her sorrows Sympathiz'd,
 Ah! Father, said sad *Psyche*, you condole,
 And labour to support a sinking Soul,
 Some Solitary Dunghill to me shew,
 Where I like *Job* may linger out my Woe,

I more compleatly wretched of the two,
 Shall all his Lamentations far out do,
 Sore Boils created to his Body pains,
 My Soul an anguish more acute sustains,
 His earthly, but my heav'nly Joys are cross'd,
 He the World only, I my God have lost,
 He his Redeemer, tho' at distance ey'd,
 I once enjoy'd my *Jesus* Crucify'd,
 But *Jesus* of his Love has me bereft,
 His Cross he only to my Soul has left,
 Ah ! had he left his Resignation too,
 I not so much should his lost Presence rue,
 But Words fall short, this only I can say,
 My God is gone, my Love is fled away :
 Had God withdrawn, and left his Love behind,
 Love in his Absence would have cheer'd my Mind;
 But God and Love, my Spirit both desert,
 I no one am'rous Languour can exert,
 God is still lovely when he hides his Face,
 I in Desire, should fly to his Embrace,
 But a dead Palsy has benum'd my Heart,
 I scarce can one Ejaculation dart.

O Daughter, said good *Gratian*, grieve no more,
 They may love God, who want of Love deplore,
 You venial Infelicities bewail,
 And your laps'd Nature blame, because 'tis frail,
 Were your Zeal cold, you would indifferent grow,
 Whether you should abandon God, or no,
 Your Meditation which exhausted seems,
 Will soon gush out in overflowing streams,

A various Temper constant may abide,
 We then instable are, when we backslide,
 Low transient Cares may on your Spirit float,
 While you your Sovereign care to God devote,
 All impious Thought, when we withhold consent,
 Our Souls pollute not, tho' they may Torment,
 Your Fears and Scruples lester when conceal'd,
 But when they are discover'd, soon are heal'd,
 Strong Passions some rebellions may maintain,
 But by the Saints resisted, never reign,
 Distractions which Involuntary rise,
 No human Actions are, but meer surprize,
 Were your Devotion dead, it could not strive,
 The very Struggle argues it alive,
 The Tempter in his Range, Wounds only those,
 Who to his fiery Darts their Souls expose,
 Our Food may nourish, tho' we lose our taste,
 And Love may live, when with no relish grac'd.

Bless'd *Jesus*, since all Persecution ceas'd,
 Has not his Vot'ries from the Cross releas'd,
 Some he thinks fit to try, by short liv'd Woes,
 Some worried are by their infernal Foes,
 Some daily griev'd with a deceitful Heart,
 Others of Dereliction feel the Smart,
 Such Martyrdom's as these, the Saints endure,
 Bless'd Martyrdoms, their Graces to secure,
 Love always has the most celestial Glos,
 When it like *Jesus* hangs upon the Cross,
 Your love is in Eclipse, but not extinct,
 The Cross to *Jesus* faster has you linck'd,

Your

Your heav'nly Lover for a while retires,
 To raise by Absence more inflam'd Desires,
 Or he withdrew your Joys to let you know,
 That they their relish to Affliction owe,
 Your Virtues by this Trial to refine,
 Or teach Submission to the Will divine,
 Some great Spiritual Danger to prevent,
 Or make you more on heav'nly Things intent,
 Your Weakness the more clearly to disclose,
 Or that more fix'd you should on him repose,
 Think of God-man, out of pure Love to you,
 Surrend'rd to the Rage of Hell and *Jew* ;
 Think what he on the Cross for you endur'd,
 All inward Sorrows by that Thought are cur'd.

If by Desertion you more humble grow,
 Or learn to Value less, all Things below,
 Or most esteem God's Love, 'tis a true Sign
 Your dereliction came from Love divine,
 You like Complaint may with lov'd *Jesus* make,
 My God, my God, why dost thou me forsake?
 This said the filial Man, not filial God,
 When he of God's fierce Wrath the Wine-press
 (trod,

Will sensitive abhor'd the bitter Cup,
 His Will Superior chose to drink it up,
 Our mortal Nature, to our Ease propends,
 Our nobler Reason God's sole Will attends,
 When you of your Desertion make Complaint,
 'Tis utter'd by the Mortal, not the Saint,

If

If my chaste Heart no Rival entertains,
 I am still God's, and God My God remains,
 And if my God, he is my Love, and none (bemoan,
 Whom Love shall wound, should that dear Wound
Psyche reply'd, O let Love wound me still,
 Till I all o'er am Wound, if 'tis Love's Will,
 The Good Man then retiring for a while,
 On mournful *Psyche*, Heav'n began to smile.

The Mourner's who to *Gratian* had resign'd,
 The Cure of *Psyche*'s fore afflicted Mind,
 Begg'd the fair Saint to enter her retreat,
 To drop soft Comforts in her Language sweet,
 And while *Philothea* with sad *Psyche* staid,
 Their Guardian they importunately pray'd,
 Of the Saint's Story to relate the rest
 As yet untold, who answer'd their Request.

Angel and Saint took Wing, and in their Flight,
 They stopp'd, beholding an amazing Sight,
 Curs'd *Satan*, who had various Ways devis'd,
 How that dear *Jesus*' Spouse might be surpris'd,
 About the Region, as his Eyes he cast,
 Saw an old *Clinick* breathing out his last,
 And his evocatory Fiends enjoin'd,
 Whom he to tare away his Soul assign'd,
 By the precarious Power he claim'd of Death,
 When thronging round him, to protract his Breath,
 Till they *Philothea* saw, then kill outright,
 To meet *Philacter* in the airy Height,
 Just as the *Clinicks* Guardian pass'd with speed,
 To waft the dead Man's Soul, from Matter freed,

While

While his curs'd Troops in cloudy Ambush lay,
 From his kind Wings to tare the Soul away,
 The whole Design was by the Tempter laid,
 He knew *Phylaxer* would the Guardian aid,
 And aiding, while the Saint alone remain'd,
 His baneful Project might with ease be gain'd,
 To keep his Charge, the Guardian took due care,
 While thus upbraided by the Prince of Air,

What Spirit do I see, who thus presumes,
 To save the Soul, which Heav'n to *Tophet* dooms!
 Say, Are you one of us who bravely fell,
 Why do you then against our Realm rebell?
 One of the Heav'nly Host, you cannot be,
 Who thus contend a hard'ned Wretch to free,
 His Climacterick he in Vice has past,
 Ne'er said a *Miserere* till his last,
 Till he saw Death prepar'd to give the Stroke,
 He was too Stubborn God-head to invoke,
 Should the Triune, save such a Wretch as this,
 Devils will plead to be restor'd to Bliss,
 If you are Angel, quit this Soul for shame,
 Hell to the Wretch has much the juster Claim,
 The Angel with a Zeal disdeignfull, meek,
 Like *Michael*, mildly thus began to speak.

Fall'n Cherub, whom I once in Beams beheld,
 Which all the other Cherubs far excel'd,
 But O how chang'd! you pity would excite,
 But since God damn'd you to eternal Night,
 His Justice we adore, his praise proclaim,
 Who thus took Vengeance worthy of his Name,

In vain God's boundless Mercy you oppose,
 To purchase Augmentation of your Woes,
 This Soul, who a Life long and vitious led,
 Had his Heart broken on his dying Bed,
 'Tis not impossible when Death appears,
 For Clinicks to shed penitential Tears.
 Delay is dangerous then, Repentance rare,
 The good Thief pard'ned yet prevents despair,
 Against the Force of all your dark Abyss,
 I'll waist my Charge to everlasting Bliss.
 Then in one Arm his Charge he safe enclos'd,
 And with the other Arm the Fiend oppos'd,
 His Sword of heav'nly Flame as out he drew,
 The ambuscade of Devils on him flew,
 Phylacter passing by, the odds survey'd,
 And stops, to give his Brother Angel aid,
 Mean while to *Thabor* guides *Philothea's* Eye,
 That thither while they fought, the Saint might fly,
 In one of the three Oratories there,
 During his Absence to perpetuate Pray'r,
 Satan with Clouds precipitated Night,
 On the Saint now alone to wreak his spite,
Philothea, on the Mount the Temples spy'd,
 And for a while laid Cloud and Wings aside,
 'Ere she one Temple reach'd, the Fiend who flew
 Behind her all the Way, appear'd in View,
 Clad in a Vehicle new form'd of Air,
 To ape what he had seen *Phylacter* wear,
 'Twas hard for unsuspecting Eyes in Night,
 To know the False *Phylacter* from the Right,

Fair

Fair one he said, the Fav'rite Saint on high,
On whom Bless'd *Mary* casts a jealous Eye,
The Soul is rescu'd, and the Fiends subdu'd,
And 'tis high time our Flight should be pursu'd,
Thus hast'ned, she of Wings, Cloud, Ring, ne'er
(thought

He *Psyche*, as he, *Jesus* once upcaught,
And roving too and fro along the Skies,
He with the Saint to *Liban* Forest flies:

'Twas now the Hour when Savage Beasts awake,
And Hunger bit, their murd'rous Ranges take,
When ill-aboding Birds who hate the Day,
Fly rav'nous o'er the Air, to hunt for Prey;
The Land of Anguish, where fierce Lyons roar,
Where fiery Serpents fly the Region o'er,
Fall'n *Babel*, where the horrid Dragons bide,
And Satyrs dance, insulting o'er her Pride,
Where Desolation and Confusion reign,
Void of all Checks, the Horrors to restrain,
Were quiet Seats, when with the Wild survey'd,
Which Satan chose for the devoted Maid,
The *Dragon* with Ten Horns, and Seven-fold Head,
Could not excite a more Tremendous dread.

The dismal Place, and all the Savage kind,
Which in loud Yells, Roars, Howls, and Barkings
(join'd,

Opening their Throats much wider by Degrees,
Just ready seem'd on the dear Saint to seize,
While Darkness made the Terrors more intense,
Void of all Hope, all Succor, all Defence,

Nothing,

Nothing, O nothing but the Woes of Hell,
 Could sweet *Philothea's* Misery excell,
 She well assur'd of Satan's curs'd Design,
 Her self devoted to the Will divine,
 For Pray'r then falling prostrate on the Ground,
 Fresh instance of the Tempters spite she found:
 The Place with unseen Bryars was o'er-spread,
 And gor'd by them she was all Wound, and Bled,
 Yet knowing *Jesus's* bloody Sweat, and Pain,
 She joy'd, in Pray'r, like Dolours to sustain.

Satan who guess'd her Horrors were compleat,
 Thought it high time to try his Sov'raign cheat,
 And re-appearing to the Virgin's Sight,
 Known by his glittering Vehicle of Light,
 My dearest Saint, he cry'd, 'twas Heav'n's high

(Will,
 That I should waite you to endure this Ill,
 I with soft pity melted all the Way,
 When charg'd, I you, should to this Wild convey,
 Ah, while you here remain'd, to Heav'n I flew,
 The Book of Life impatient to review,
 Your Name I to my Sorrow could not find,
 Sure you for Reprobation are design'd,
 'Twill be lost time with God in Pray'r to plead,
 God cannot alter, what he once decreed,
 Adieu dear Soul, advice from *Jesus* take,
 'Ere you expire, a Friend of Mammon make,
 That when you sink into the Shades below,
 He may assign a tolerable Woe,

And

And to engage the Fiends peculiar Care,
Conform to him, you must indulge Despair,
Despair, which damps both Hope, and endless
(Fire,
And leaves of Heaven, no dol'rous vain Desire.

Curs'd Fiend, reply'd the Saint, thro' your dif-
(guise

I see your Malice, and abhor your Lies,
Lies, which outrageous Contradictions are,
You soar to Pride, yet grove to Despair,
I sacrific'd to God the Will once mine,
My Love has now no Will, but Will divine.
I joy that his dear Love, my Love has try'd,
I firmly in my Heav'nly Spouse confide,
His Wisdom loofens for a while your Chain,
That Love a Victory entire may gain :
God all from Danger who invoke him frees,
Mercy Preponderates in his decrees,
Though all the Beasts voracious which here dwell,
Infuriated by all your Fiends in Hell
Should tareing Limb from Limb, this Flesh devour,
I should be safe in Love's Almighty power,
Freed from Restraints of Flesh, my Soul would fly,
To full Capacity of Love on high,
Sweet mighty Force of Love, which thus endears,
This horrid Wild, and these surrounding Fears.

Satan thus vanquish'd from *Philothea* flew,
His fierce Assaults projecting to renew,
In vain he try'd the *Tygers* to possess,
That by their Jaws he might the Saint, distress,

The

The tender Love divine, to guard, the Saint,
 On all wild Beasts there ranging, laid restraint,
 None durst approach the Bryars where she stood,
 Praying with filial Tears, and weeping Blood.

The Tempter then flies all the Air about,
 The Spirits most impure to single out,
 And shew'd of the *Banditti* the Abodes,
 Accustom'd to infest the neighb'ring Roads.
 Where they for safety from Pursuits retir'd,
 The Prey divided, and fresh Ills conspir'd,
 These he Commands should be by them possess'd,
 To kindle burning Lust in ev'ry Breast,
 For his own entrance, he their Captain chose,
 And vow'd for Rape his Spirit to dispose,

Soon as the Sun began his radiant Race,
 The Villains by impulses reach'd the Place,
 The Virgin on her Ring strait cast her View,
 And saw her Danger in its dark'ned hue,
 At her first sight the Villains felt a dread,
 She pray'd, she wept, she languish'd, and she bled,
 The Captain bolder then the rest drew near,
 Saw through her Wounds, her loveliness appear.
 So sweet it seem'd, so awfull, so divine,
 That *Satan* soon perceiv'd his Lust decline,
 With that afresh he rais'd the sinking Fire,
 But still her look, made the bold Thief retire,
 His Lust which furious as *Vesuvio* burn'd,
 Was on a Sudden into rev'rence turn'd,
 And *Satan* rav'd, the Saint should have more Might,
 Lust to suppress, then he had to excite.

A Second then impuls'd by *Asmod* came,
 Burning with inextinguishable Flame,
 His poyfnous Steel he through the Captain thrust,
 Proudly upbraiding his degen'rate Lust,
 Rudely the Virgins Breast he open tore,
 But e'er the Force he offer'd, which he swore,
 A Herd of fiercest Unicorns, which fed
 In neighbouring Glades by the Saint's shriekings led,
 Fly to her Aid, the Virgin they surround,
 The Ravisher they gore, and tread to Ground:
 Then all the Rest of the accursed Cruel,
 They with their Terrible wreath'd Hornes pursue;
 The Villians frighted ran, or wounded fell,
 And all the Fiends confounded sank to Hell.
 O happy Lovers! who when most distress'd,
 Feel themselves most by Love Almighty bless'd,
 Soon as the Coast was of the Villains clear,
 To the fair Saint the Unicorns drew near,
 Their Heads they in her open Bosom laid,
 And all low Rev'ence to the Virgin paid.
David of Unicorns had ne'er complain'd,
 Had he a Virgin liv'd, like her unstain'd,
 She knew the Love they to pure Virgins bore,
 Led them to cure the Captains poyfned Sore,
 With their kind Horns, his Wounds they gently
 (kiss'd,
 Antidotes, which no poyson can resist,
 She sweetly him exhorts to Sin no more,
 And he grew willing Mercy to implore,

Happy's the Sinner whose hard Heart relents,
 At softening Moments which kind Heav'n presents!
 At *Sion*, she to meet her him besought,
 Where saving Truth he should be fully taught,
 Then tow'rd the lustfull Wretch she turn'd her
 (Eyes,

And to secure his Soul soft Zeal applies:
 He Wounded bleeding lay in fierce Despair,
 And with a Curse repay'd her tender Pray'r,
 His Bowels, *Judas* like, gush'd out, he roar'd,
 And all Hell Powers, to hasten Death, implor'd.
 Such is the hard'ned Sinners hopeless Fate,
 To think, that his Damnation comes too late,

Mean while *Phylacter* flew great Tracts of Air,
 Of his dear Charge to re-assume the Care,
 Her Wings, and Cloud on *Tabor* up he took,
 And flew with them the Virgin Saint to look,
 She fully try'd, God shew'd her to his Sight,
 And he began a glad and speedy Flight,
 The *Unicorns* to him resign'd the Maid,
 And strait return'd to their accustom'd Shade.
 The gracious Wisdom of the Love divine,
 Makes all Events in Lover's Bliss combine.
 A Eucharistick Hymn she then compos'd,
 Mixture of Joy and Love, which as she clo'd,
 Both wing'd and rob'd in Cloud, remount the
 (Skie

And as in Flight they *Magdalum* descry,

Phylacter

Phylacter there to rest the Saint design'd,
Where he choice Balsam for her Wounds should
(find;

But gracious God ordain'd the Angel's Flight,
The Love divine in Mourners to excite,
You saw her open the resplendent Cloud,
With which her ghostly Mother her endow'd,
You saw her lay the *Eagle's* Wings aside,
Which bless'd *Ecclesia* for her Flight supply'd:
Their Hearts the Guardian with this Story fir'd,
And int' Invisibility retir'd.

Mean while *Philothea* enter'd *Psyche's* Cell,
Where into mutual dear Embrace they fell,
The Love divine sweet Sympathy had wrought,
In a long Kiss, they both convers'd by Thought;
But when to Hymn their Voices they would sute,
Philothea was dispos'd, but *Psyche* mute,
The Saint well knew the Cause of *Psyche's* Moan,
By Love Eclipses which her self had known;
Both took in styling God, My God, delight,
And that she thought would *Psyche's* Joy excite.

Great God, my Body, Spirit, all
That in the World I mine can call,
To thy Propitious Eyes,
I offer'd up a Sacrifice,
When I was born again,
And vow'd I'd ever thine remain;

Yet one Propriety I left,
 Of which I ne'er will be bereft,
 I all to thee resign,
 And in Exchange Thou Lord art mine,
 Eternally I'll claim,
 Appropriation of thy Name.

My Love, for I must call thee so,
 To thy pure Love that style I owe,
 My God! O Bliss divine,
 To be possess'd of God-head Trine,
 The Beatifick Coast,
 Can of no greater Honour boast.

My God, no Seraph comprehends
 The Bliss which on that Style depends,
 My Powers assist my Verse,
 While I in that Abyfs immerse,
 And when my Thought is lost,
 My Love shall the Immense exhaust.

My God! to me thou dost impart,
 In being mine, all that Thou art,
 Thy Attributes are mine,
 All sweetly to my Bliss incline,
 Beyond God to aspire
 Transcends the Sphere of all Desire.

To

To My most Holy I address,
His Image on me to impress,
My All-wise is my Guide,
In My Almighty I confide,
When e'er to Heav'n I cry,
My Omnipresent still is nigh.

My most Veracious me assures,
My Patient my delays endures,
In penitential Woe,
My Merciful will pity shew,
My Gracious will forgive,
My Source of Life will make me live.

On My Immutable I stay,
To fix my Spirit apt to stray,
And to relieve my need,
My most Munificent will speed,
'Tis My All lovely's Aim,
Me by first loving to inflame.

My most Benign my Glory wills,
My Infinite my Spirit fills
Eternal Joys on High,
My Everlasting Will supply,
To answer ev'ry Pray'r,
My All-sufficient will take Care.

My Father is Long-suffring, Mild,
 Propending to be reconcil'd :
 My *Saviour's* Cross I plead,
 When I for Pardon intercede ;
 My Holy Ghost is prone,
 To comfort me in every Moan.

My God, in that Relation dear,
 I nothing can or want, or fear ;
 But while I live below,
 Some Strangeness may between us grow :
 I may from thee decline,
 And move the not to call me thine.

Though Weakness Lord may dull the Fire,
 It ne'er shall totally expire,
 With penitential Dew,
 The dear Relation I'll renew ;
 And long to fly to Rest,
 For ever of my God possess'd,

The Stile on which sad *Psyche* oft had dwelt,
 And daily, of My God, the Comforts felt,
 The Voice, the Lute, the Passion sweet and strong,
 The timing, the adapting of the Song :
 Quick Sense of Love Divine to her restor'd,
 And thus God's soft Compassion she implor'd,

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O Love Immense! Ah! Pity to me shew,
I may offend, and my Offence not know;
I have my Heart with utmost Care survey'd,
And singly ev'ry Inclination weigh'd :
My Conscience can no lurking Passion find,
Which may usurp the Empire of my Mind :
Ah, could I search it out, I ne'er wou'd rest,
'Till thou, my sovereign Love, wert repossess't :
If thou for Tryal dost withdraw thy Light,
And Desolation must my Soul benight,
I'll strive with Patience to endure the Cross,
Permit me only to bewail my Loss :
In thy true Lovers, 'tis a grievous Pain,
Not to long, to enjoy thy Love again :
Thou Lord, mayst love me, yet thy Love conceal,
I fear I love not, when no Love I feel ;
But Lord in Heav'n, thy Love thou canst not
(hide,
Love full Assurance gains, when glorify'd.

Thy Presence, O my God, for thou art mine,
I must desire, and yet desire resign,
And in resigning, still I must desire,
Unbounded Goodness sets my Heart on Fire ;
Thou of my Love the proper Object art,
'Tis thy own Loveliness, that charms my Heart ;
If thou canst lay thy Loveliness aside,
Desire away, with what it loves, will glide ;
But since thou must for ever lovely be,
Desire connaturally tends to thee.

Since for my good thou all Things dost ordain,
 My Will to thine shall Holocaust remain ;
 But while it on the Altar shall consume,
 'Twill with Desire tow'rd's thy dear Presence
 (fume.

Thy Wisdom, and thy Love in thee unite,
 They both Submission and Desire excite :
 Ah ! How can I desire, and yet submit,
 To thy wise Choice, what I desire to quit ?
 I am all Resignation, all Desire,
 How can these Incompatibles conspire ?
 And yet they both will struggle in my Breast,
 Till thy Return sets my Desire at Rest.

Lord thy paternal Pity on me yearns,
 My Soul though at a Distance thee discerns,
 My Pray'rs, Tears, Sighs, and Groans are come
 (again,

All Praise to thee for easing thus my Pain :
 Thy Harbingers, Lord, repossess my Mind,
 My God, my God, O stay not long behind !
 My Pray'rs, Tears, Sighs, and Groans shall storm
 (thy Ears,

No Rest I'll give thee till thy Love appears,
 Return the Wound that thou hast made to cure,
 I cannot long without Thee Life endure,
 Return, Lord, though thou woundest me once more,
 Though I thy Presence purchase with new Sore ;
 Return, see how I Languishing decay,
 I faint, I bleed, I sink, I die away.

Return

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Return, Re——— in this Syllable she fail'd,
Her Pow'rs in Liquefaction soft exhal'd :
She into amorous Deliquium falls,
Philothea to the Saint *Phylacter* calls :
Phylacter fetch'd good *Gratian* to her Aid,
All in devout Prostration found her laid ;
They gently from the Ground her Body rear'd,
She had no Motion, nothing saw or heard :
As they beheld her, all joint Notice took,
Of a celestial Languor in her Look.
To shining *Moses* they her Face compare,
He had the brighter, she the sweeter Air,
That she was sick of Love, they all agree,
And only God cou'd her Physician be :
Phylacter was entrusted with her Care,
The other two back to the Hall repair.

The Sisters hearing of her Sickness, pray'd,
Her Cure from Heav'n might not be long delay'd :
Delay'd ! Reply'd *Philothea*, O she feels
Most Health, when thus most sick, God-man re-
(veals
Some gracious Things, which raise intense Delight,
And o'er all Loves Expanse she takes her Flight,
My Heart, *Vagantia* cry'd, too oft has stray'd,
And o'er the Globe free numerous Ranges made ;
But the Expanse of Love I ne'er cou'd find,
Dear Saint, describe it, to right guide my Mind ;
Search

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Search your own Heart, she said, 'twill there ap-
(pear,
With this sweet Song she then engag'd their Ear.

I long had sought the World about,
To find some master Lover out,
Who understood the Heav'nly Lover's Speech,
And Love Divine cou'd teach.
To Saints on Earth I Visits made,
Alas! they gave me little Aid;
I heard them Damps, and Coldnesses deplore,
With Shame and Grief, that they cou'd love no
more.

My State I to my Guardian told,
He tenderly with me condol'd,
And vow'd his Love unspeakably like mine,
Fell short of Love Divine;
Yet if I love wou'd fully know,
I to the Realm of Love must go,
The Saints who live in beatifick Sight,
Can best transfuse celestial Heat and Light.

I pray'd my Angel to prepare,
Some swift Conveyance thro' the Air,

He

He brought the *Eagle*, on which heretofore,
 Lov'd *John* was wont to soar,
 My longing Spirit th' *Eagle* took,
 My Flesh, and this low World forsook,
Of Love divine, *John* taught him the Abodes,
And in th' Expanse he flew the ready Roads.

A Stop my swift wing'd *Eagle* made,
 Where *Enoch*, and *Elias* staid,
Where God with previous Joys the Saints supports,
 In outwar'd heav'nly Courts,
 I beg'd they both would undertake,
 To teach me Love for Love's dear sake,
They said they liv'd too distant from the Throne,
And Love by them was but obscurely known.

I gave the *Eagle* then the Rein,
 He soar'd through the supernal Main,
To Paradise, and when I there appear'd,
 Nothing but Love I heard,
 There sep'rate Spirits sing God's Praise,
 And at a distance see his Rays,
Still languishing to love God Face to Face,
Love's the sole Business of that happy Place.

I then besought the Saints above,
To teach my Soul celestial Love,

They

They in sweet Ecstasies of Love complain'd,
 Their Love was too restrain'd,
 They Hymn the Lamb unspotted slain,
 And strive sublimer Heights to gain,
 The more they Hymn, the more they Love admire,
 To nobler Heights eternally aspire.

The sweet Complaints the Blessed vent,
 Arise from Love, not Discontent,
 Their Powers of Love, the God of Love confin'd,
 They live to Love resign'd,
 If God requir'd Love more intense,
 His Love would nobler Powers dispense,
 In this they all agree, that Love Divine
 Was only learn'd from the co-lovely Trine.

With that a Seraph passing by,
 Who waited next the Throne on High,
 And best knew heav'nly Love, I beg'd that he
 Would teach that Love to me,
 His Love to God he strait replies,
 Was too, too mean a Sacrifice,
 Should all Angelick Orders Loves unite,
 All would be Cyphers to Love infinite.

His Bird the lov'd Disciple ey'd,
 And me preparing down to ride,

The

The Throne I could not reach, to blissful View,
No mortal ever flew,
He told me I for Love must seek,
In Hearts devout, pure, humble, meek,
Souls in themselves Love better learn by Pray'r,
Than Saints above, their Raptures can declare.

Down then my Spirit takes its flight,
Soon as I with Flesh unite,
With penitential Zeal my Heart survey'd,
Wash'd with Tears and pray'd,
Thee, lovely *Jesus*, I adore,
Love, Love, Love only I implore,
Jesus and Love I utter'd at each Tear,
And with meek Violence forc'd God to hear.

This sung, *Philothea* on the Table nigh,
Of Heav'n-taught Love seeing the Volume lie,
Could not the Force of gushing Hymn withhold,
But in a Song her sweet Experience told.

When in my Closet Lord I took,
Into my Hands thy hallow'd Book,
I felt as I they Word perus'd,
Strange Warmth infus'd,

For

For heav'nly Aid I made my Pray'r,
Thou sweetly didst my Heart prepare,
With human Glosses unperplex'd,
I read the Text:

I turn'd thy Volume o'er, and o'er,
The more I read, I fir'd the more;
Though burning, to encrease my Flame,
Was still my Aim.

The Fire that in my Bones was pent,
Like thy great Prophets strove for vent,
With soft Impatience it broke out,
In Song devout.

O Amiability Immense,
Of Love Thou Trine co-effluence,
Throughout thy Word Love's Signatures,
Its Truth assures.

An Angel's Light some Love may teach,
A Christian's Love it cannot reach,
By Blood of God vile Sinners bought,
Transcends their Thought.

Such

Such an inflammative, no Mind,
Could think, but God-head unconfin'd,
Divine *Philanthropy* can best,
God's Voice attest.

Upon thy Love which has no bound,
My Faith of Holy Writ I found,
God can no Lover's Soul misguide,
For whom he dy'd.

They who thy God-head, Lord, disown,
Love's Sovereign Motive ne'er have known,
They to thy Love can ne'er attain,
They read in vain.

Who can to love thy Book forbear
In which thy Loves recorded are?
Though other Truths it comprehends,
Love all transcends.

Thy Love preventing to incline,
Vile Sinners to thy Love divine,
Is there with a Meridian Light,
Expos'd to fight.

Love then, my God, shall be my Clue,
Midst various Creeds to keep the true,

By

By their Confidence with thy Love,
I'll all things prove.

Whene'er my Love with Damps shall meet,
And feel Remissions of its Heat,
On thy Love's History I'll muse,
Fresh to infuse.

Love's History in Song at large to paint,
The Sisters ardently besought the Saint,
She to Love's Vot'ries nothing could deny,
But sweetly thus did with their wish comply:



PSYCHE: or, MAGDALEN.

BOOK V.

TWas pure Benignity immense
 Mov'd Deity to Effluence;
 Benignity immense when known,
 All infinitely lovely own,
 In that to centre all Mankind
 Are by connat'ral Love inclin'd.

Thou, LORD, art Goodness infinite,
 In thy own Love is thy delight;
 And thou art pleas'd when Love is paid
 To Loveliness immense display'd,
 When thy benign Propensions find
 Propensions mutual in the Mind.

Our Mother, soon as Air she drew,
 Thy amiable Goodness knew,
 Towards thee her *Pondus* turn'd entire,
 E'er Sin distorted her Desire;
 Curs'd Sin God's Law of Love transgress'd,
 The prime of Laws wrote in her Breast.

The Moment that the fatal Will
 Was turn'd from God, and sway'd to Ill,
 The Love Divine gave up the Ghost,
 Hell Powers made of their Conquest Boast,
 The whole Creation deeply groan'd,
 And sadly dying Love bemoan'd.

Bright *Michael*, who the Garden kept,
 Towards Love, as she lay gasping, stept,
 Love dimly with her sinking Eye
 Saw the Arch-angel drawing nigh,
 She thank'd him for his Visit kind,
 And dying thus discharg'd her Mind.

I happy liv'd while I possess'd
 Of new-created *Eve* the Breast,
 I made her Virgin-powers incline
 To love, and hymn the Love Divine;
 But she by the false Serpent lur'd,
 To her own Bane my Death procur'd.

It gores my Heart to think what Train
 Of Ills her Off-spring must sustain;
 Hell in their Conquest will exult,
 And o'er their Miseries insult;
 Their Death shall, as I die, begin,
 And light Hell-fire to torture Sin.

God is provok'd, and who can stand
 The Vengeance of his thundring Hand?
 Their Pride, by which the Devils fell,
 Against God's Goodness will rebel;
 All Vices on their Souls will prey,
 But Lust will bear the sovereign Sway.

Lust, which from Reason's Curb broke loose,
 Shall a degenerate Race produce;
 Chaste mutual Heat by God design'd
 To propagate a God-like Kind,

Will

Will up to violent Burnings shoot,
Great Godheads Temples to pollute.

Ah cursed Sin! her Voice here fail'd,
Michael, the Moment Death prevail'd,
Clos'd with his downy Wings her Eyes;
Yet hoping she again might rise,
Just at the Tree of Life her Grave
Dug with his Spear, and Farewel gave!

His Spear, with which e'er he retir'd,
He wrote these Lines o'er Love expir'd:
Here of all Graces lies the prime,
Love dead of Sorrow for Eve's Crime,
'Tis holy Ground, which none should tread,
Pray for her rising from the Dead.

Their chearful Hymns the Choir above
Forbore, to wail the Death of Love;
All in pathetick Song implor'd
That Love might be to Life restor'd;
Fall'n Angels Mansions would stand void,
Were Love, which peoples them, destroy'd.

The rolling Orbs made sudden stop,
The Stars seem'd from their Spheres to drop,
The Sun from his diurnal Track,
Struck with Abhorrence, started back,
Stood not, as once at *Gibeon*, still,
But flew the sight of mortal Ill.

Spouts, Hurricanes, and lambent Fire,
 Storms, whirling Winds, and Thunders dire,
 Air pestilential, Meteors dread,
 O'er the Expanse their Fury spread;
 The raging Sea disdain'd its Bound,
 And pois'nous Plants o'er-ran the Ground.

All Creatures in Rebellion rose,
 Man's sovereign Empire to oppose,
 A State of War they all began
 With one another, and with Man,
 Man, who endur'd unnumbered Harms
 From or their Venom, or their Arms.

Damn'd Ghosts brake from their Dungeon loose,
 Man to insult, defile, seduce;
 Tyrannick Death commenc'd its Reign
 With Legions of Disease and Pain,
 And guilty Conscience void of Rest
 Made Hell in every Sinner's Breast.

Lust, Avarice, Pride, our Passions sway'd,
 To God flat Contradictions made:
 Of Lepers, the foul leprous Race
 Were stript of pure salvifick Grace,
 God saw them to his Hate inclin'd,
 And turn'd ayerse to Human Kind.

Hell gap'd wide open to devour
 What Heav'n surrendred to their Power;

Angels

Angels from Pity could not hold,
 But the damn'd future Race condol'd;
 Griev'd for *Eve's* Love when dying, more
 Than for Angelical before.

Each Angel singly fell, and left
 No Off-spring of their Blifs bereft;
 But all the Off-spring were to rue
 The Sin of the primæval two,
 And of that two our Sex first fell,
 First wounded Love, and open'd Hell.

At dying Love all Hearts began to break,
 Deeply they sigh'd, but were too full to speak;
 The Sisters to Extremity were griev'd
 That from their Sex, Love her first Stab receiv'd;
 Rivers at last ran from their mournful Eyes,
 As if they *Mary's* Tears would equalize,
 When on the Cross she saw dear Jesus dead,
 Or at his empty Grave when Tears she shed;
 The Death of Love they knew provok'd God's
 [Hate,
 The Universe could not survive Love's Fate;
 Love Heav'n and Earth, and all the various Kinds
 Of Creatures, in harmonious Friendship binds;
 Primeval Night and Chaos would re-spread
 Nature untun'd, should Love continue dead;
 May Love, they cry'd, Lord, re-enliv'ned be,
 'Twere better not to live than not love thee.

Philothea's Song, which a deep Sorrow wrought
 In all the Sisters, strait their troubled Thought
 From dead to rising Love began to rear,
 To teach them *Mary's* Love, as well as Tear.

The Heav'ns in Silence longer staid
 Than at the seventh Seal open laid,
 The Angels trembling kept their Range,
 And durst no Whisper interchange,
 Till filial God arising, brake
 The solemn Silence, and thus spake:

Paternal God, though it is just
 To reprobate infected Dust,
 Should there a Sacrifice be paid,
 And for curs'd Sin Atonement made,
 For that Equiv'lent Mercy shew,
 To all who from foul Parents flow.

Of an Equivalent to hear,
 Amaz'd all the Angelick Sphere,
 Ah, what Equivalent they cry'd,
 Can offer'd be for God defy'd?
 But filial God again arose,
 His gracious Purpose to disclose.

My Father, I'll Man's Flesh assume,
 And suffer Vengeance in his room;
 Give me, and I myself will give,
 That the degen'rate Race may live;

Hell

Hell of its Aims shall be depriv'd,
And Love, now dead, will be reviv'd.

Paternal God laid Thunder by,
And to God filial made reply,
My Son, to me immensely dear,
Co-equal in this glorious Sphere,
We in Philanthropy delight,
Philanthropy co-infinite.

Were not my Love to Thee immense,
This Act would make it more intense;
Of Godhead 'tis the brightest Beam
Laps'd Man in Pity to redeem,
I with that Pity sympathize,
Be Thou for Man the Sacrifice.

Love, who in Paradise lay dead,
Rear'd at that gracious Word her Head,
And in new Hymns the Angels prais'd
The God of Love, who Love had rais'd;
And the original guilty Pair
In Love when rais'd besought a Share.

God, who from fontal two decreed
That Human Race should all proceed,
Would not his first Intent re-call,
But from the Evils of the Fall
With such Inflammatives Love fir'd,
To which Creation ne'er aspir'd.

Yet Sin still free Permission gain'd
 That heav'nly Love might be obtain'd.
 Should God determin'd Wills create,
 Love had not been our Choice, but Fate;
 Glory to God, who Sin permits,
 And Souls for Heav'n by Trials fits.

Love risen from the Dead, ador'd
 God filial, who her Life restor'd,
 Begg'd she no more might murder'd be;
 God from that Fear to set her free,
 To the bless'd Spirit her resign'd,
 To Temple in each Lover's Mind.

Till the last Trumpet sounds on high,
 Love may be storm'd, but shall not die;
 The Death of God in every Age
 Shall faithful Souls to Love engage:
 Death shoots his Darts at Love in vain,
 Love shall be glorify'd, not slain.

As *Magdalen*, where her dear Lord was laid,
 A supereffluent Flood of Sorrow paid,
 Till Jesus with enamouring Surprise
 Made Tears of Love and Joy gush from her Eyes;
 Thus Tears of Love and Joy *Philothea* drew,
 Placing the great Inflammative in view;
 The Sisters all from that affecting Sight
 Learn'd Love and Tear, like *Mary*, to unite.

Philothea

Philothea thinking *Psyche* might her need,
Strait to her Cell made charitable Speed;
She left the Sisters full of Tears for *Eve*,
That Love should from their Sex its Wound receive.

The wise *Sophronia* soon their Grief allay'd,
And taught them how Man's Crime their Crimes

[out-weigh'd:
To wound our Love, she said, is far less Guilt
Than what the Blood of God incarnate spilt;
The Death of God our tender Sex bewail'd,
Men only to the Cross dear Jesus nail'd;
Our Sex with bleeding Hearts saw God expire,
They weeping kept their Heav'n-born Love on
[fire;

O may we never let that Fire go out,
But fuel it with Tears and Zeal devout.
One of our Sex, Heathen, and Heathen's Wife,
Conjur'd the Judge to save bless'd Jesu's Life;
Our Sex in Love got then of Man the Starts,
They brought the earliest Off'rings of their Hearts,
May we those Off'rings Day by Day repeat,
Of Love and Tear with like Celestial Heat!

Yet Love, dear Sisters, in Exile below,
Will in the best of Lovers ebb and flow,
One while 'twill be at full, one while 'twill wane,
And then by Tears renew its Fire again.
The God of Love, while in the World, foretold,
That Love, as Faith decreases, will grow cold;

Not

Not only cold, but in its Gore will roul,
 Wounded to Death in ev'ry sensual Soul;
 And while in Death-pangs it unpitied lies,
 In hardned Hearts die, in Despair to rise;
 But for Love's Sake, lov'd Sisters, we must strive
 In all our Hearts to keep our Love alive;
 Think how in the regenerating Wave
 Your Love entire you to bless'd Jesus gave;
 You with your Christian Name a Christ-like Grace
 Receiv'd, to run of Love a Christ-like Race;
 You solemnly Love's Enemies abjur'd,
 And by your Vow both Love and Bliss ensur'd;
 Christ's Unction then on your devoted Head
 By God co-effluent was benignly shed;
 You to your Name, Vow, Unction, should be
 [true,
 And, as a Christian, still keep Christ in view;
 You'll find Invigoration from your Name,
 To love the God of Love will be your Aim.

Mean while *Philothea* sat to *Psyche* near,
 Waiting to see her Spirit re-appear,
 While *Psyche* panting lay for God, as oft
 As he perspir'd, dissolv'd in Languor soft,
 When fontal Godhead from his Throne above
 Sent to her Aid the co-eternal Dove,
 The Comforter, with healing in his Wings,
 Restoratives for her *Deliquium* brings;
 Love-breathing God, her Spirit overflows
 For Love Divine her sweetly to dispose,

White

While Jesus breath'd sweet Speech into her Heart,
 Frail Flesh take Rest, awake immortal Part;
 Come, my lov'd Spouse, all other Lovers leave,
 To my sole Love unalterably cleave;
 With that her Spirit treble Vigor gain'd,
 While motionless her mortal Part remain'd;
 Co-effluent God fresh Languishments infus'd,
 The Soul in Vision seem'd from Flesh unloos'd
 To fly abroad, and spatriate unconfin'd,
 Leaving its Flesh a Widower behind;
 Bles'd *Paul* to the third Heav'n was thus up
 [caught,
 And heav'nly things unutterable taught;
 She to the Spouses Garden seem'd convey'd,
 To seek her Love, who Invitations made,
 She knew 'twas Jesus spake, ah, none but He
 Could speak with such endearing Harmony:
 But Jesus had a while himself withdrawn,
 And of his Glory left no trailing dawn:
 His Charge *Phylacter* follow'd all the way,
 While she took pleasure in the Walks to stray:
 Ah, dear *Phylacter*, said she, can you tell
 In what sweet Arbor Love is pleas'd to dwell?
 See, th' Angel said, *Charissa* comes, who best
 Can you inform where Jesus takes his Rest.

Charissa walks unwearied o'er these Shades,
 And gives to lovers all Sufficient aids,
 More constant She, and brighter than ten Suns,
 Diffusing nobler rays, her Circle runs,

Rays

Rays, which all lovers deviations trace,
 Whom She recalls by Sweet Victorious grace,
 The first propension She to love inspires,
 Before Souls ask, She answers their desires,
 Illuminates dark minds, invig'rates weak,
 Strong comforts to the sad is wont to Speak,
 Assists Souls progress, quickens their delays,
 Wont infant love to its full growth to raise,
 She from the Love Triune her love derives,
 And love when dying, at her Voice revives.

Charissa, *Psyche* said, I you embrace,
 And kiss this sweet, this Amiable face,
 We'll never part, I'll hold my dearest fast,
 Into what mould you please my Spirit cast,
 O Lovely Virgin to my heart disclose,
 Where *Jesus* my Belov'd now takes repose,
 I languish till I kiss his feet Divine,
 More dear to me, than to the thirsty Wine,
 His very name much sweeter Odours spreads,
 Then the perfume *Engaddi's* balsom Sheds,
Psyche, *Charissa* answer'd, follow me,
 I lead you where you shall lov'd *Jesus* see,
 A Quire of Virgins in that grove resides,
 There *Jesus* with his fav'rite Saints abides,
 There sweeter flowers, Fruits more delicious grow,
 And more perfumes than Eastern Regions know,
 Instead of birds you'll there the Virgins hear,
 For whose sweet Songs, ev'n *Angels* leave their
 [Sphear,
 Soon

Soon as they *Psyche* saw, they ceas'd their voice,
 For *Psyche* all began to co-rejoyce,
 All shew'd kind Zeal, the Stranger to assist,
 Each in her turn *Psyche* embrac'd, and kiss'd,
 All Sang her wellcome to their happy Shade,
 And she thus Spake, soon as her thanks She paid.

Daughters of God, saw you my Love to day?
 I charge you tell me, where He makes his stay,
 He only can my fainting Spirit cheer,
 I'm Sick for Love, and languish for my Dear,
 What powerful charms, said they, your heart allure?
 Who is your Love, that thus you us adjure?
Psyche return'd, my Love is white, and red,
 Pure Innocence with drops of Blood bespread;
 For Love of me He dy'd, and Rose again,
 I long his Dearest presence to obtain;
 Of all who ever yet Suck'd Womans breast,
 He is the Fairest, Sweetest, and the best;
 He is Ideal Loveliness, and all,
 Who *Jesus* know, in Love with *Jesus* fall;
Jesus, said they, is both your Love, and ours,
 He's 'thron'd amidst the Effluvia of those
 Flowers;
 Love *Jesus* all, said She, as much as I,
 Celestial Lovers know no jealousy;
 O let some Lover lead me to the place,
 Where these glad arms may his dear Feet embrace;
 The Virgin styl'd *Aethia* then reply'd,
 Choose one, whom best you like, to be your guide:
 And

And by the gracious tendence of her Eye,
 Shew'd her to whom She should her self apply;
Psyche with heed Survey'd the Virgin Quire,
 And for *Agapia's* aid had most desire;
 I your Choice happy, said *Alethea*, call,
 In choosing that one Virgin, you choose all;
 All colours are but Variegated light,
 All Graces are but love in different site;
 The Virgins on *Agapia* all depend,
 And on her motions Zealously attend;
 From Fontal Love Triune her passion Streams,
 She to the rest Communicates her beams.

Knowledge inspir'd by Love enlightens hearts,
 Wisdom is folly, when from love it parts;
 Love always is to the belov'd attent,
 Faith gives to the Belov'd entire assent;
 Hope is Love, and Love's Truth with pleasure
 [eyes,
 And Trust is Love, which on Loves power relys;
 Desire is love, when She in absence pants,
 And Joy is Love, possessing what She wants;
 Love, for Gods honor, a warm Zeal excites,
 And Courage which no terror er'e affrights;
 Her rappts to Love Divine devotion owes,
 She is Loves Poet *Anthems* to compose;
 Fear terrifys, unless by love allay'd,
 Obedience best by ductile Love is paid;
 Love sweetens patience Crosses to endure,
 Love perseverance duly can Secure;

Love

Love Resignation absolute instills,
 Makes lovers Sacrifice to God their Wills ;
 Love lowly Thoughts creates with highest aims,
 Humility which Heavenly Glory claims
 Love best attemperates both Food, and Sleep,
 Immortal Souls dispos'd for God to keep ;
 Love best to Chastity can Souls inure,
 To keep the Temples of Gods Spirit pure,
 Love is alacrious diligence to please,
 Serene Contentedness is love at ease ;
 All Charity from Love, her rise must take,
 Loves the redeem'd, for the Redeemers Sake ;
 Love is soft meeknes, anger to assuage,
 Love is sweet peace all tempers to engage ;
 Love to Beneficence the Lover moves,
 Love tenderly a Soul belov'd reproves ;
 Love a true gratitude is wont to raise,
 And Love, with Love reciprocal repays ;
 Love universal Justice keeps in view,
 And loving all, gives all She loves their due ;
 These Virgins who *Agapia* still obey,
 With her, to the Belov'd, will shew the way.

Psyche to dear *Agapia*'s bosom ran,
 And an eternal Friendship thence began ;
 They mutually embrac'd, kiss'd heart to heart,
 And neither from the other would depart ;
 Their tender Arms they round each other twin'd,
 And as they walk'd, they never were disjoyn'd ;

Soon

Soon as they *Jesus* saw, they Arms unloos'd;
 And both their Loves on *Jesus* was diffus'd;
 Among white Lyls He walk'd to and fro,
 Which breathing Sweets, towards Heaven still
 [higher grow;
 Emblems of Love, which in this earthly Sphear,
 Is pure, aspiring, breathing towards her dear;
Psyche, as near She to lov'd *Jesus* drew,
 Was ravish'd with his Soul endeating view;
 Words in her lips unform'd, and crowded hung,
 Till *Jesus* by kind rays unloos'd her Tongue;
 Adoring him She kisses his blest'd Feet,
 Her lips her kisses or'e and or'e repeat;
 And midst her kisses Softly she bewails,
 In his dear Feet the gorings of the nails,
 My Love, my Love, She crys no other name,
 My heart can utter to express my flame;
 My Love, my Love, why would you from me go,
 And leave me in Strong Paroxism below.

You, *Jesus* then reply'd, my love mistake,
 Oft I from Saints withdraw, but ne'er forsake;
 Self Resignation is the noblest love,
 Which Saints on Earth can offer me above;
 Uuncertain there your Comforts ebbe and flow,
 That you the diff'rence of both lives may know;
 My Cross on earth my Lovers best adorns,
 My Lovers there are Lyls midst the thorns;
 I when below to Solitudes withdrew,
 And oft retir'd from my dear Mothers view;

But

But absent I as deep with love was pierc'd,
As when with my Sweet Mother I convers'd;
In my ascension I bid earth farewell,
Yet still Invisible with Lovers dwell;
I present am when you my loss bewail,
My Love is Strongest when it seems to fail;
Your love is Strongest when it Suffers pains,
Mine strongest when it suff'ring Souls sustains;
I your Beloved am, and you are mine,
We to each other mutually incline;
Since you, first lov'd by me, love me again,
You shall in me, and I in you remain;
We by this Union both one Spirit are,
My Friend, my Spouse, my Dove, my tender Care.

Psyche, while with lov'd Jesus at Repose,
All Joy; all amorous Effluvium grows,
As Eastern Virgins on a spicy Hill
With Bundles of sweet Myrrh their Bosoms fill,
Which melting by the kind and vital Fire,
Balsamick Dew and od'rous Fumes perspire;
Psyche at Jesus Feet thus melting lies,
Where she all out in sweet Propension flies.

Psyche, bless'd Jesus said, I have decreed
You to your Body back again should speed:
Psyche reply'd, tho' your dear Sight to leave
She hardest Trial is I can receive,

Your Will is mine, I'll readily obey;
 And leave this Bliss to sink into my Clay;
 The Virgin-Choir then Hallelujah sings
 While he ascends on a bright Cherub's Wings,
 And compass'd by his Host incarnate God
 To Glory on his four-wing'd Cherub rode;
 Into *Agapia's* Arms then *Psyche* rush'd,
 And both their Hearts into each other gush'd;
 She kiss'd the Choir, and bid them all adieu,
 No, said *Agapia*, we must dwell with you,
 We'll Conversations with you still maintain
 Invisibly, till you your Glory gain.

Psyche then left the lovely Virgin-Choir,
 Towards her abandon'd Organs to retire:
 During her Flight *Philothea* for her pray'd,
 And from her Friend her Eyes scarce ever stray'd;
 She kiss'd her oft, Kisses seem spent in vain;
 Then taking up the Lute she sang this Strain:

You, my dear *Psyche*, in your Flight
 Are traversing the Realm of Light,
 You to superior *Hades* mount on high,
 Or Paradise o'er fly
 Or through the deep Supernal swim
 To the bright Sphere of Love and Hymn,
 Your Gains of Love, yet when you highest mount,
 Drein'd from the Saints, you easily may count.
 Above the bright Seraphick Choir,
 To Jesus, your Belov'd, aspire,
 He all Capacities of Love can fill,
 He terminates the Will.

Descend

Descend when you full freighted are,
Let your *Philothea* with you share,
When Jesus shall with Love our Spirits store,
We may love ever, but shall will no more.

Methinks I now, dear Soul, disclose
Where in your Voyage you repose,
O 'tis among the Spouse's Garden Sweets,
There, there you make Retreats.
Ah, whether should a Spouse Divine
But to her heav'nly Love incline?
Should I by Heav'n to seek you be enjoyn'd,
Among the Lillies I should *Psyche* find.
I long to see my ghostly Friend
Into my open Arms descend;
Your Absence Joy, not Sorrow, shall create,
While you on Jesus wait.
I wish not you should Bliss forego
To languish longer here in Woe,
Yet I your Voyage, should you glad my Sight,
Should hear with an incredible Delight.

Should you now rest where Heav'n-born Mind
Is most at Freedom while confin'd,
Ah, can you not dart down a Thought below,
That I your Joys may know;
But if you yet not wear your Crown,
With Voice, Lute, Song, I court you down;
Life in my *Psyche*'s Looks methinks appears,
Haste, my lov'd *Psyche*, haste, and dry my Tears.

Tears! *Psyche* starting, on a sudden cry'd,
 All Tears, dear Saint, but Tears of Love, are dry'd,
 Give me the Lute, but O, nor Voice, nor String,
 Can reach the boundless Love which I should sing;
 Seraphs fall short of God as well as I,
 My Love to emulate their Songs shall try:

You blessed Angels at the Throne
 Sing when a Sinner makes his Moan;
 Have you no Song to sing above
 When Penitents begin to love,
 In which you blisful Love and Joy
 To hymn the God of Love employ?
 O if you have, teach it my Heart,
 That I with you may sing my Part.

But when with you my Part I've sung,
 I yet shall want a nobler Tongue;
 God's Love to Souls you cannot reach,
 It far transcends Angelick Speech;
 The Seraphs sing the loftiest Tune,
 And nearest are to God triune,
 Yet never could a Hymn compose
 Which to the Height of Saints arose.

Can you conceive the Love Divine
 Essential to the Godhead trine?
 The boundless Love the Father shews
 To filial God, who from him flows?

The

The boundless Love the Son repays
For his communicated Rays,
A Love like this God deigns to bear
To all who his chaste Lovers are.

To be belov'd to this degree
Is nearest to Infinity;
You Angels, though confirm'd in Bliss,
Feel you a Love sublime as this?
Say, ye Celestial Orders nine,
Should your Poetick Powers combine,
Say, can ye all a Hymn indite
Of such a Love to reach the height?

You in the heav'nly Temple wait,
You hymn God's Majestick State,
You keep with God a distance due,
And cannot bear too bright a view;
God in his Lovers Hearts appears,
There he his Throne and Temple rears,
And here they blisfully unite
With God by Love, as you by Sight.
Since Songs of Seraphs fall too low
The Praises which to God I owe,
Teach me, eternal Dove, to sing,
Of sacred Song thou boundless Spring,
All I derive from thy sweet Aid
Shall be in Hymn to thee re-pay'd;
Thus, Lord, between thy Love and me
Shall dear Reciprocations be.

I know, dear Saint, said *Psyche*, you have guess'd
 Where I have been, and you can tell the rest ;
 At first the sacred Virgins thought me you,
 But saw their Error at a nearer view ;
 The Vest you wear its native white retains,
 Mine visibly is wash'd from former Stains,
 Wash'd in the Blood of dearest Jesus white,
 To mention whose sweet Name is my delight,
 And sing his Love, who Pity on me took,
 When I his Love and my own Bliss forsook.

Dear Moment when my Heart I felt
 By Love Divine preventing melt,
 A sweet, transporting, mighty Ray
 At Midnight made Meridian Day,
 It cannot be by Words express'd
 How on a sudden I was blest'd.

The World I by Experience found
 Had for my Soul too scanty bound,
 Yet what deceiv'd me I still crav'd,
 To Sensuality enslav'd,
 Which strove all Motions to erase
 Of God's inflammatory Grace.

But how I know not, on my Mind
 God on a sudden brightly shin'd,
 My Conscience started broad awake,
 I griev'd I e'er should God forsake,

Of

Of Love triune one short sweet Taste
The Relish of the World effac'd.

Jesu enthron'd above the Skies,
While Conscience here thy place supplies,
When with myself I hold converse,
Gleams of thy Love still intersperse,
Love which is never understood,
But by sweet Taste, that thou art good.

Philothea to the Hall then *Psyche* led,
She seem'd just newly risen from the Dead ;
The Sisters, who sang Praises at her Sight,
Begg'd that in Song she would impart her Light :
Sisters, said *Psyche*, Jesus taught to pray,
That we, like Angels, might his Will obey ;
Angels, who of no Sex the diff'rence know,
To both like Friendship, like Example shew ;
In all my Flights my dear Angelick Friend
Was ready ev'ry Motion to attend,
I dearly love him, and the Love Divine
For ever will adore, which made him mine ;
What he taught me, I'll to your Zeal suggest,
Its Practice will preserve you ever bless'd.

I, by my lov'd Redeemer taught,
Have daily God for Aid besought,
That I his gracious Will
Like Angels might fulfil ;
O then, dear Denizon of Glory, say,
How you, bless'd Angels, spend eternal Day.

If I one Day like you could live,
 That Day would a just Model give,
 And all my Days behind
 By that should be refin'd ;
 Below I should the Joy Angelick feel,
 Had I throughout my Life Angelick Zeal.

Angels, said he, have Trial pass'd,
 Enjoy that Bliss shall ever last,
 Live in Meridian Light,
 With them 'tis never Night,
 Of all-sufficient God they are possess'd,
 And to their stretch'd Capacities are bless'd.

They feel no Tedium, Damp, or Chill,
 God totally exhausts their Will,
 They ne'er can God displease,
 No Frailties on them seize,
 They the united Force of Hell contemn,
 Curs'd Satan shoots no fiery Darts at them.

They keep perpetual Watch on high,
 And when to Saints below they fly,
 They watchful them attend,
 No Minute they mis-spend,
 They Watchers are, and with obsequious Wing
 Leave Heav'n for Earth, God's Messages to bring.

They wholly at God's Glory aim,
 In Heav'n each other co-enflame,

They,

They, free from Clogs of Sense,
With constant Zeal intense,
Love, joy, sing Hymns, contemplate, and obey,
And thus the Angels live in endless Day.

The odious Pride in mind they keep
Which opened the infernal Deep,
And down proud Rebels cast
To the sulphureous Vast,
And with Humility they God revere,
The Grace to God, and to good Angels dear.

You in Probation live below,
Feel Passions Angels never know,
Want, Sorrow, Sicknes, Care,
Repentance, Fast, and Pray'r,
Temptations from without, fierce Strife within,
A dread of Judgment, Death, and Plagues for Sin.

In Love and Hymn would you delight,
Live humble, and keep God in sight,
Off'ring to God your Will,
Propending to no Ill,
To Angels Likeness you'll your Life sublime,
And antedate Eternity in time.

Pfyché then begg'd *Philothea* to permit
That the vain World they might together quit,
Philothea had towards *Sion* turn'd her Face,
And *Pfyché* long'd to see that sacred Place,

Where

Where Jesu's Mother Life seraphick led,
Ambitious both in her bright Track to tread,
With *Sion's* Daughters in their Songs to join,
And sacrifice themselves to Love Divine.

The Sisters took of both their solemn Leave,
None at the parting could forbear to grieve;
Good *Gratian* wept that they two Saints should lose,
Who by sweet Song could heav'nly Love infuse;
Both then resum'd the Wings they had before,
Eagles and Doves, on which aloft they soar;
Above the Air their Guardians rais'd their Flight,
To give them Prospects from Ethereal Height;
The Saints sang Hallelujahs all along,
The Angels flying by join'd in their Song.

The Guardians as o'er *Palestine* they flew
Gave them of ev'ry holy Place a view;
That's, say they, *Calv'ry*, stain'd with Jesus Blood,
And there the Cross of suff'ring Jesus stood,
There, there the chief Inflammatory you'll find
Which boundless God could give to Human Kind;
That's *Olivet*, on which bless'd Jesus rose
To Heav'n, triumphant o'er infernal Foes.

By this they *Bethlem* reach'd, of all the Earth
The happiest Spot, where Jesus had his Birth;
Their Angels them attended all the way,
Guiding to *Bethlem*, where they chose to stay,
And by two Angels passing thro' that Air,
Both to restore their borrow'd Wings took care.

S I O N:



The Second P A R T.

SION: or, Philothea.

B O O K I.

Pfal. cxxxvii. 3.

Sing us one of the Songs of Sion.

UPON a pleasant Hill, where all around
 Milk, Honey, Wine, and rural Sweets abound,
 Which thro' a Vale bedew'd with Chrystal Brooks,
 Shaded with Fruit-Trees, *Salem* overlooks,
 Where Flocks and Herds on verdant Plains are fed,
 And the rich Soil with od'rous Plants is spread,
 Able to make a transient Eye presume
 That Heav'n had cancel'd Earth's primæval Doom,
 There *Bethlem* stands, where when the Saints alight
 They sing God's Praises for their prosp'rous Flight,
 There in a Stable the sweet humble Maid
 Brought forth God-Man, and in a Manger laid,
 In a poor Chappel it had lain enshrin'd,
 But Heav'n a Pile magnificent design'd,

Which

Just where the happy Shepherds kneel'd of Yore
 They saw an ancient Swain God's Grace implore,
 And the best Lamb he in his Flock could find
 To feed the Poor he to the Priest resign'd,
 Then rising entred on his homeward way,
 But the New-comers importun'd his Stay,
 And begg'd at their Repast to be their Guest,
 He lik'd their Mein, and granted their Request;
 Their temp'rate Meal when clos'd, *Philothea* cry'd,
 You happy in sweet *Bethlem* Plains abide,
 To your Forefathers Angels here appear'd,
 And with the News of God incarnate cheer'd,
 The Grace of Song to them the Angels taught,
 Tradition down to you their Past'ral brought,
 O may a lowly Virgin you intreat
 One of their Songs primæval to repeat,
 Ready Consent her Saint-like Person gain'd,
 He both with an old Past'ral entertain'd.

It was the happy Morning when bright Day
 Had two full Hours out-ran the Solar Ray,
 When heav'nly Hosts in the Expanse appear'd,
 And by their Beams the Shades nocturnal clear'd,
 And to the Shepherds watching in the Field
 Of God incarnate the glad News reveal'd,
 And they to neighb'ring *Bethlem* had repair'd
 To see the Wonder Heav'n to them declar'd,
 When *Jethro*, who at Home all Night had stay'd,
 Sought them in vain o'er Hill, Vale, Plain, and
 [Glade,
 Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd to see the quite abandon'd Fold,
 Suspecting Harm he their just Number told,
 Three Lambs he miss'd, and yet no Ewes com-
 [plain'd,
 Amaz'd that silent they their Loss sustain'd,
 But more amaz'd among the tender Lambs
 To see Wolves playing with their fearless Dams,
 Sore griev'd that Shepherds should the Flock for-
 [take,
 At their return he warmly them bespake,
 To *Jesse* chiefly he his Speech apply'd,
 Who o'er the rest was chosen to preside.

Jethro. Ah, *Jesse*, can you Shepherds go astray,
 And leave your Flocks unguarded for a Prey?
 Chas'd you some rav'nous Wolf, or crafty Fox,
 Who came to make dire Slaughter of our Flocks?
 Or warm'd with a provok'd and Past'ral Zeal,
 Pursu'd you some rude Thieves, who came to steal?
 Or were you frighted by some armed Band
 Of *Herod's* Soldiers, who infest the Land?
 Nor Chase, Pursuit, nor Fright drew you away,
 Your Looks no Fear, but wondrous Joy betray.

Did some near neighb'ring Shepherds you invite
 In rural Jollities to spend the Night?
 Or have you some fair Shepherdesses seen,
 Who have allur'd you to a flowry Green,
 Like Nightingale, to charm you with sweet Air,
 Which made you of your Flocks forget the Care?

Trod

Trod you soft Measures in some pleasing Shade,
While to your Dance an artful Shepherd play'd?
Or did you Concerts vie on Oaten Reed,
And strive who should in Harmony exceed,
Consenting that the Swains who best could found,
Should by the beauteous Maids with Flowers be
[crown'd;
Say, dearest *Jesse*, for I long to know
What made you from your Flocks thus careless go?

Jesse. O *Jethro*, you your blameless Friends
[mistake,
And random Guesses at our Absence make,
Nor fair one, Mirth, Song, Dance, nor Piping-
[Match,
Drew us thus late from our accustom'd Watch,
Yet something like all these we saw this Night,
Which rais'd our inexpressible Delight,
And ever since those Pleasures rap'd our Eyes
All rural Entertainments we despise.

Jeth. Ah, *Jesse*, have you found out Pleasures
[new,
Which our Forefather Shepherds never knew?
Three Lambs I missing find, and justly fear
That you your new-found Pleasures bought too
[dear;
Tell what those Pleasures are for Friendship's sake,
That I may in the Happiness partake.

Jesse.

Jesse. You, *Jethro*, have too hard a Task im-
 [pos'd,
 Joys may be felt which cannot be disclos'd;
 Melodious Musick, and transporting Strains;
 A Dance beyond all Measures of the Plains;
 Sweet Concerts vying their harmonious Powers;
 A Crown of glorious Rays, not fading Flowers;
 A Maid, who would our Beauties far out-shine,
 Should they their Features in one Face combine;
 A Shepherd with all Past'ral Graces stor'd;
 A Lamb, which by all Shepherds is ador'd;
 These are the Charms which drew us from the
 [Field,
 And to such Charms what Shepherds would not
 [yield?
 Three goodly Lambs we on our Shoulders laid,
 And to the Sovereign Lamb our Presents made;
 Our Ewes seem'd by Instinct to co-rejoice,
 Their Young they gladly offer'd to our Choice;
 Mean while we left the Wolves our Flocks to keep,
 They all this Night watch'd Guardians of the
 [Sheep.

Jethro. Ah, *Jesse*, why with such unlikely News
 Try you my Faith, and your Neglect excuse?
 Our Past'ral Race their Pedigree have kept
 E'er since his last our Father *Judah* slept;
 Of ev'ry Age I rural Annals have,
 Which they on Trees could artfully engrave;
 And when they saw a dead-top Oak decline,
 On youthful Standards copied ev'ry Line;

And

And all along the Story of the Plain
 No Shepherd ever could such Heights attain ;
 Bless'd *Amos*, who of all the highest climb'd,
 And to a glorious Prophet was sublim'd,
 Such bright Communications never knew
 As you pretend this Night you had in view ;
 O for God's sake, who watches o'er our Flock,
 This Riddle, which amuses me, unlock !

Jesse. O *Jethro*, I no longer can with-hold,
 To you I will glad Mysteries unfold :
 An Angel from high Heav'n proclaim'd this Morn
 God-man would with his Birth the World adorn ;
 The Air was all supercelestial Ray,
 We heard whole Hosts of Angels sing and play ;
 O'er the Expanse on their bright Wings they

[danc'd,

Our Voices we, like them, in Hymn advanc'd ;
 An Angel sent us from our native Down
 To venerate the Babe in *Bethlem* Town ;
 His Virgin-Mother had Angelick Grace,
 And while she held him in her soft Embrace
 Celestial Beams around their Heads were wreath'd,
 Celestial Sweets they on each other breath'd ;
 Our Lambs we offer'd to the heav'nly Child,
 Christ, Saviour, Lord, a Lamb, and Shepherd, stil'd.

Jethro. O mighty Joys, Ah, *Jesse*, wo is me,
 That I with you should not those Wonders see !

[speed,

Jesse. You, *Jethro*, yet to *David's* Town may
 And your glad Eyes with gracious Wonders feed:

Jethro. None yet a Virgin-Mother ever knew,
 Or one who should be Lamb and Shepherd too ;
 Did ever Lamb a num'rous Flock o'er-look ?
 Did ever Lamb manage a Shepherd's Crook ?
 And yet you have a greater Wonder told,
 In leaving rav'nous Wolves to watch the Fold.

Jesse. We, *Jethro*, oft as on the Plain we sit
 On Sabbath-days peruse the sacred Writ,
 That shews, that of a Virgin undefil'd
 Our long expected Saviour should be Child,
 The Heav'n-taught Prophets our Messias there
 Both to a Shepherd and a Lamb compare.

He Shepherd is of the supernal Plain,
 He'll o'er his under Shepherds mildly reign,
 His Flock will all obey his sweet Command,
 He'll teeming Yews support with gentle Hand,
 The new-yea'd Lambs he'll in his Bosom lay,
 He'll with endearing Voice re-call the Stray,
 His Sheep to beatifick Pastures lead,
 And with immortal Food their Hunger feed.

He is the Lamb of God, innocuous, pure,
 He patient *Jewish* Outrage shall endure ;
 He, Lamb-like meek, shall be to Slaughter led,
 Have Human Guilt translated on his Head ;
 He'll unrepining on the Altar lie,
 For Shepherds and for Sheep contented die ;
 His Meekness will Antipathies erase,
 The Wolf and Lamb shall feed in the same place ;
 A Lamb he will eternally remain,
 The Choir above shall worship the Lamb slain ;

From

From Hellish Wolves, which our dear flocks would
 [rend,
 His mighty love, shall Sheep, and Lambs defend :
 He to do good to all, shall go about.

Jeth. O my dear *Jesse*, now my dream is out ;
 I dream'd this Night, that Slumbring in a Glade,
 An Evening Wolf approaches to me made ;
 And just as he was Seizing on the Prey,
 A New-yea'n'd Lamb drave the fierce Wolf away.

[was Sent,

Jesse. *Jethro* your Dream from gracious God
 And by the lamb, the Lamb of God is meant ;
 The Wolf paints out our dire Infernal Foes,
 Our danger this ; that our deliv'rance Shews.

Jeth. I languish *Jesse*, and shall never rest
 'Till the Almighty Lamb these Eyes has Blest,
 I'll haste to *Bethlem*, prostrate at his Feet,
 I'll the acceptance of my Lamb entreat ?
 To him my Self, and Flock I'll freely give
 We'll his devoted Sacrifices live.

[Child

Jesse. God Speed my *Jethro*, when the mighty
 Sweet as He is, has on your off'ring Smil'd ;
 Return, and with your fellow-Shepherds joyn,
 In Hymning the Benignity Divine ;
 We all our Pastrals will henceforth accord,
 To Sing our new-born Saviour, Christ the Lord.

[Dome,

Both thank'd the Swain, who in the hollow
 Renew'd his Pray'r, before his going Home ?

The *Pilgrims* then back to the Chapel went
 Fresh hymns, and vows to *Jesus*, to present ;
 This Sung, the *Votrys* took the Sion way,
 And Stopt where er'e they heard a Past'ral lay ;
 Few paces they had gone, when they drew near
 Two harmless Shepherds, who allur'd their Ear.

[view,

Joseph. I on this hillock, where your flock's in
 Heard Pipe, and Song, yet saw no Swain but you ;
 And which is Stranger, though you are alone
 Perceiv'd in the same breath more Pipes than One.

Jacob. *Joseph* you did, *Jos.* your art kind Friend

[disclose,

Jac. These little brasen Pipes, are Set in rows ?
 As on these Turfs I sit, my Foot at Will
 The little Bellows can discharge, and fill,
 From that Conveyance, Wind has entrance free
 Into each Pipe, by putting down the Key,
 The Instrument is a small Organ nam'd
 Old *Jubal* is for the invention Fam'd ;
 The Shepherds Well this Musick understood,
 And us'd it on the plain before the Flood.

Jos. You entertain me with a pleasure new
 Till now, what Organ was, I never knew,
 At first approach, it seem'd a wondrous Thing,
 At once to hear a Shepherd pipe, and Sing.

[use

Jacob. 'Though strange to you, it was the daily
 Of the first Age, from whom we Song traduce,

I've

I've heard old Book-learn'd Swains of Hymn Dif-
 [course,
 From *Adam* tracing its primeval Source ;
 How into life he Sprang with lively Sense
 Of Gods Creative gracious Effluence,
 Strait felt Harmonious Praise his Lips unclofe,
 And up to Hymn connaturally Rose ;
 How *Abels* hallow'd fume to God aspir'd,
 When his devoted heart by Hymn was fir'd ;
 He Sang Gods praise, when impious *Cain* was mute
 That Sacrific'd the heart, this only Fruit ;
 Hymn was deriv'd to *Seth's* Religious line,
 And Shepherds daily then Sang Songs Divine :
 For all were Shepherds in those harmless Days,
 And in the open Field Sang Heav'nly lays ;
 All the melodious Denizons of air
 Then liv'd Secure from arrow, fear, or Snare :
 The rest by Day, and *Philomel* by Night,
 In concerts with the Shepherds would Unite ;
 Pastorals were Polite, not clownish then,
 And Shepherds the best bred, most knowing Men ;
 Till Pagan Bards primeval Verse debas'd,
 And to lascivious love, perverted chaste,
 Ap'd by foul Christians, who their Passions vile
 Strive to Transcribe, but fall below their Style,
 But shou'd it e're retrieve its first renown,
 It would have more good Manners, less of Clown ;
 Man from the airy Quire, was Singing taught,
 The whistling winds Suggested pipe to Thought ;

A Trial first was made on Single reed,
 Wise *Jubal* Seeing the Essay succeed;
 To joyn the Reeds together first contriv'd,
 And 'tis from Him the Organ is deriv'd:
 This little Tent, shou'd any Storm arise
 A Shelter to my Pipes and me Supply's.

Jos. What the old Shepherds said I, *Jacob*, own,
 And our degen'rate Poetry bemoan;
 How shall we Pastoral, and Hymn restore
 To th' Innocence, and Height they had before?

Jac. Should we to God re-consecrate the mind
 Our Verse would now be, as at first, refin'd,
 When from Devotion, or chaste love it Springs,
 High, or Soft Strains, it with true genius Sings;
 Its Pastorals are tender, easy, Sweet,
 Have delicate, pure, pleasing, gentle heat;
 Its Hymns to Sweetness add a noble height,
 More copious Fancy, and a freer Flight;
 Those seem of level with our native Thought;
 These more to Transport, and heroick wrought;
 Chaste conjugal soft Love they sang in those,
 But Hymn God for his own Peculiar chose.

Joseph. Our Natures us to Pastoral incline,
 I fain would learn to make an Ode divine.

[Will,

Jacob. Love God with the full Bent of Mind and
 Of Hymn you then shall gain the perfect Skill;
 The Good, the Great, in God are both immense,
 And all true Hymn derives its Rise from thence,

Both

Both join'd a reverential Love excite,
 And Hymn grows our Ambition and Delight ;
 When in our Hymns we the Triune adore,
 We have in God's Perfections boundless Store ;
 Our Meditation that vast Store surveys,
 And fires our Souls with God-enamour'd Praise ;
 When once of Hymn you have the heav'nly Taste,
 Verse on the World will never more run waste.

Joseph. Ah, *Jacob*, I neglect of Hymn bemoan,
 O that I sooner had its Value known ;
 In idle Sonnets I my Hours have spent,
 But from this happy Minute I repent ;
 Sing to your Pipes a Hymn before I go,
 And I the sooner fit for Hymn shall grow.

Jacob. To perfect your Conversion now begun,
 What you desire, dear *Joseph*, shall be done.

My God, since I in Exile here,
 Live from the beatifick Sphere,
 And thou above
 Hast the sole Title to my Love,
 I must my Envoys send,
 Who shall on thy dread Throne attend,
 And there relate
 Of my devoted Love the various State.

My Pray'rs I send up ev'ry Day,
 They meet with frequent just Delay,
 Yet oft Desire
 Will in a Pulse to Heav'n aspire,

And in a Pulse re-fly ;
 But that which soonest mounts on high,
 I all my Days
 Have found to be ejaculated Praise.

Fast as a Thought Praise soars direct,
 God his own Praise will not reject,
 While Praise I sing,
 No Seraph has a swifter Wing,
 When it has made its Flights,
 It brings a Taste of Heavn's Delights,
 My Gains below
 I more to Praise than Supplication owe.

Since darted Praises had such Force,
 And mounted with so swift a Course,
 I thought to try
 To send a solemn Embassy,
 And while I Pray'rs design'd,
 For common Envoys of my Mind,
 Turn'd round my Eye
 To chuse some fit Plenipotentiary.

Of sacred Hymn I strait made choice,
 With Organ equipag'd, and Voice ;
 Soon as my Hymn
 Reach'd the supernal Ocean's Brim,
 The Angels, who before
 Stood ready on the heav'nly Shore,
 Their Friend embrac'd,
 And its high Entrance with their Chariots grac'd.
 My

My Hymn its publick Entrance made
With an Angelick Cavalcade,
It pass'd along
Thro' an immense God-hymning Throng,
While the Celestial Choir
To welcome sacred Hymn conspire,
Which sung on Earth,
Yet from Divine Extraction took its Birth.

Soon as my Hymn had reach'd the Throne,
Adoring low the three in one,
The glorious three
Acceptance gracious co-decree,
Its Failings overlook,
The well-meant Song benignly took,
It brought rich Store
Of Love, and I strait sent it back for more.

Since that I ev'ry Night and Morn
A new Ambassador adorn,
A Hymn prepare,
To lie my daily Leiger there,
It at the Throne remains,
Still sacrificing grateful Strains,
With Languors strong,
Till I in Heav'n shall perfect ev'ry Song.

Joseph. Farewel my Pipe, you there shall bro-
[ken lie,
Celestial Hymn shall now your room supply ;
Piping's

Piping's an idle thing, by Shepherds us'd,
 Who never had the Grace of Hymn infus'd;
 Since I have learn'd to hymn, I will devote
 My Breath to God, my Fingers to the Note.

All that the pious *Jacob* sang and play'd
 Lively Impressions on the Pilgrims made;
Philothea, the kind Shepherd to repay,
 To sing a Past'ral Life made this essay.

Thrice happy Swains, who in the Field abide,
 Far from the Town, from Trouble, Noise, or Pride,
 Satan can rarely here a Vice instil,
 Your State is a Preservative from Ill,
 You constantly your watchful Care pursue,
 Shram'd with cold Nights, and wet with Morning

[Dew,

You in all things a Moderation keep,
 In Recreations, Diet, Clothes, and Sleep,
 You in an humble Competence at Rest,
 Envy no great ones with abundance bless'd,
 You only with your harmless Flocks converse
 You ne'er in the insidious World immerse,
 Your Duty's easy, your Accounts are few,
 You always keep your God and Heav'n in view.

In sacred Writ the co-eternal Trine
 To magnify the Past'ral Care combine,
 From your Idea's the bless'd Spirit paints
 Paternal, filial God, Kings, Prelates, Saints;
 God, *Israel's* Shepherd stil'd, his Flock inspects,
 And with Almighty gracious Care protects;

God

God filial when he honoured mortal Eyes,
 Made Lamb and Shepherd sweetly harmonize,
 Endearingly his Flock the Shepherd fed,
 The Lamb, to save fierce Wolves *Judaick*, bled ;
 The great Arch-Shepherd sits in Glory crown'd,
 While Hymns supernal the Lamb slain resound ;
 Kings must, like you, benign and watchful be,
 And learn to sheer their Subjects, not to flea ;
 Prelates, like you, must learn their Flocks to tend,
 And from infernal Wolves each Lamb defend :
 The Saints, who shall at Jesus Right appear,
 Took from your Sheep and Lambs Example here,
 Liv'd with an humble, meek, contented Mind,
 To their eternal Shepherd's Will resign'd.

To Shepherds watching o'er their Flocks by
 [night
 An Host Angelick, Rob'd in Splendor bright,
 Sang Jesus born ; you first of Human Race
 Heard the glad Tidings of salvifick Grace ;
 You, taught by Angels, as you Flocks attend,
 Hymns to the Throne for daily Off'rings send ;
 You sing the Lamb of God like Saints in Light,
 You are inspir'd by Faith, as they by Sight ;
 May I, like you, sing the Lamb-Shepherd's Love,
 And with his Fellow Lambs be rank'd above.

Then to the Swains the Virgins bad adieu,
 But God's preventing Love his Vor'ries drew
 To a young Virgin, who charm'd both their Eyes
 With a devout and wonderful Surprize ;

The

The vacant Hours she from her Flock enjoy'd
 She on a pleasant sacred Work employ'd ;
 The Danger she of Idleness well weigh'd,
 Of which she liv'd as of the Plague afraid ;
 From various Flowers which she together brought
 In sweet *Mosaick* she a Story wrought ;
 They begg'd the Story of th' ingenious Maid,
 She modestly the Motion thus obey'd :

See there a *Jew* from th' hallow'd Town
 To *Jericho* is going down,
 Unguarded as he goes thar way,
 To bloody Thieves becomes a Prey,
 They rob, strip, wound, and bruise him sore,
 There he lies welt'ring in his Gore ;
 A Priest and Levite see his State,
 But fearing like disastrous Fate,
 Left him half dead, and gasping lie,
 And pass in haste their Brother by ;
 But a *Samaritan*, a Name
 To *Jews* most hateful and infame,
 When he sees where the *Jew* was cast,
 Who bleeding seem'd to breath his last,
 Soft Pity pierces deep his Breast,
 He there draws near his Foe distress'd,
 With Wine and Oil, which by his Care
 For his own Health provided were,
 He trys the Helpless to relieve,
 And in the Hopeless Life retrieve,

His

His Sores he searches with kind Hand,
 Cleanses with Wine from Dirt and Sand,
 Pours Oil to ease and heal each Wound,
 Which there is with soft Swathing bound;
 To save the Jew he freely chose
 Himself to Danger to expose;
 There on the envious naked Jew
 He his own upper Garment threw,
 On his own Beast the Wretch he lays,
 And to a distant Inn conveys,
 To walk a-foot to tend him deigns,
 And with kind Arms his Bulk sustains;
 There of the Inn defrays the Scores,
 Charg'd them to tend his painful Sores,
 There promises the rest to pay
 Soon as he should return that way.

From the kind Maid this Story they imbib'd,
 Who pointed to each Passage she describ'd,
 This Parable by Jesus was design'd
 By Picture to inform and please the Mind,
 To copy the Philanthropy Divine,
 Who on the worst of Sinners deigns to shine;
 Each Saint the Story to herself applies,
 By Jesus taught, Go, and do thou likewise.

Next with an am'rous Song set to his Lute
Satyro stepp'd the fair ones to salute,
 His Bows were low, his Compliments were high,
 He begg'd they would not pass his Arbor by;

Philothea's

Philothea's Gem grew pale, and in Disdain
Both Pilgrims flew from the lascivious Swain.

They next were by a young fair Virgin drawn,
Who kept a Flock upon a pleasant Lawn,
Bless'd *Rachel* thus was wont the Day to spend,
Virgins are fittest harmless Sheep to tend,
Sweetly she sang, but stopt as they drew near,
Philothea saw her Gem most bright appear,
And warm Desire to hear her sing express,
Who modestly comply'd with her Request.

With Nerves of Lambs, Soul, string your Lute;
They'll best with Lamb-like *Agnes* lute
Then strive to emulate the Strain
Sung to the Lamb incarnate slain,
With whom his Fellow Lambs repose,
And follow wheresoe'er he goes.

Or should that Strain appear too high,
To copy *Nathan's* Sweetness try,
When from a murder'd Lamb he drew
A Picture for King *David's* view ;
Then sing the Lamb of Jesus Flock,
Of hellish Rage who stood the Shock.

Sweet *Agnes*, of the Virgin bless'd,
The Image on her Heart impress'd,
Three Lustres *Mary* had attain'd
When Mother of God-man ordain'd ;
Agnes reach'd Jesu's Age, when sought
By *Mary*, he the Doctors taught.

Sweet

Sweet *Mary* by a Sword was gor'd
When her Son's Sorrows she deplor'd;
On Jesus Cross young *Agnes* mus'd,
With Zeal to bear his Cross infus'd,
Both from the Womb to God endear'd,
Both firm to their first Love adher'd.

In Footsteps of the Lamb of God
The Lamb-like Virgin-Lover trod,
One of the meekest of the Fold,
And yet, like *Judah's* Lion bold,
No Outrages could her provoke,
She trembled at no dreadful Stroke.

The World its strongest Charms display'd,
All scorn'd by the sweet heav'nly Maid;
Go seek, she said, some earthly Mind,
There Entertainment you may find;
A Soul absorb'd in Love divine
To none but Jesus can incline.

The cruel Judge with Threatnings dire,
Of Rack, wild Beasts, Wheel, Pincers, Fire,
With all things which could Fear excite,
Strove the young Virgin to affright,
Their very Names the *Pagans* scar'd,
She stood to suffer all prepar'd.

To Stews, which Virgins chiefly dread,
He then commands her to be led,

And

And Spite infernal to compleat,
 Expos'd her naked in the Street ;
 Sweet Virgin-Jesus, cry'd she, haste
 To guard thy Spouse from Eyes unchaste.

Heav'n kept the Infidels in awe,
 And made them from her Sight withdraw,
 One only shameless brake Restraint
 To gaze upon the naked Saint,
 But God an Angel strait enjoin'd
 To strike him down half dead, and blind.

A torvid Fury then appear'd
 His naked Sword aloft he rear'd,
 She pointed to her Throat and Heart,
 Bid him on either act his Part ;
 I, who Youth's Courtship, cry'd she, flew,
 To make me happy now court you.

The holy Virgin kneeling pray'd,
 Gave Thanks to Jesus for his Aid,
 For her Tormentors God besought,
 That they might saving Truth be taught ;
 The Sword then wounding her, she cry'd,
 Jesu, my God, my Love, and dy'd.

From *Mary's* open Box the Fume
 Ascending, scented all the Room ;
 Thus at the opening of the Wound
 Her Soul to Bliss swift Passage found,

And

And exemplary Graces shed,
Whose Odours still the Church o'erspread.

The Saints were rap'd to hear the humble Maid,
Who taught you that sweet Song? *Philothea* said,
A Daughter of bless'd *Sion*, she reply'd,
Who, tir'd with walking, rested by my side;
All modest Daughters of this spacious Plain
With *Sion's* Daughters Amity maintain,
Daughters, whom virtuous Shepherds strive to wed
To heav'nly Love, as well as nuptial bred,
You'll know them by their Songs, the Daughters
[chaste

In all they sing of *Sion* keep the Taste;
Some on the Plain to sing Saints Lives incline,
Some nuptial Love, some Psalms, some Love divine:
My pious Mother at our parting Kiss,
Just as her Soul was ready wing'd for Bliss,
Warn'd me, that while below curs'd Sin shall reign
Tares will be always mix'd with wholesome Grain;
That all are not the Saints they seem to be,
That none but Saints above from Sin are free;
That 'midst the Natives of our *Bethlem* Plain,
Where Patriarchal Saintship some retain,
There others are false, sensual, worldly, rude,
Who will a Maid pollute with Sonnets lewd;
The Innocent from *Isaac's* Race descend,
Their chaste Love Songs no modest Ear offend;
The Vicious are of *Ishmael's* spurious Line,
They scoff at Virtue, and at things divine;

Sion chaste nuptial Love with Honour treats,
 It peoples Heav'n, and cools intemp'rate Heats;
 Lust they abhor, God's Temples it pollutes,
 And sinks immortal Souls below the Brutes;
 They there engage no Virgin in a Vow,
 The Rules of *Sion* a chaste Love allow;
 Chaste Love religious Patriarchs sang of old,
 Made modest Courtship as they watch'd the Fold,
 A Courtship which true nuptial Love design'd
 For mutual Help, and to increase their Kind,
 That when they dy'd there might a Past'ral Race
 Succeed, to hymn the Godhead in their place;
 They who their Virgin-Love to God devote
 No Children leave his Glory to promote,
 But to Posterity transmit his Praise
 In the Equivalent of heav'nly Lays;
 Hymns are the Virgins Off-spring, 'tis in Song
 Among the Saints they Memories prolong;
 You may serve God, she said, in either Life,
 Live a pure Virgin, or a virtuous Wife.

Since that I never could the Point decide,
 But daily pray to God my Choice to guide,
 E'er long a Walk to *Sion* I intend,
 And Counsel take which way I shall propend;
 Some, said *Rebekah*, I now hear are there
 On their late Ties to beg *Macario's* Pray'r;
 You'll go direct, a Compass I intend,
 To visit here and there a rural Friend,
 And some chaste Pairs, whose Virtue I well know,
 To glean instructive Lessons as I go.

The

The Saints then taking leave towards *Sion* went,
Philothea's Eyes were on the Gem intent,
When e'er a Shepherd singing they descry'd,
If the Gem faded, strait they turn'd aside ;
At length they near a Shepherdess stood still,
Who, *Miriam*-like, the *Timbrel* touch'd with Skill,
She and her Confort sang their Morning Lay,
It was the Psalm appointed for the Day.

Thrice happy Man whose Soul is staid
On God's unseen, but certain Aid,
Beneath his Shadow he'll retreat,
And never fear afflicting Heat.

I am by sweet Experience sure
My God a Refuge is secure,
He is my Fort against my Foes,
In God I trust in all my Woes.

My Soul, he'll save thee from the Snares
Which hellish Spite for thee prepares ;
When noisom Pestilence shall reign,
Infection he'll from thee restrain.

His gracious Plumes shall thee enclose,
Thy Trust shall in his Wings repose,
His Truth shall Arms defensive yield,
It shall thy Buckler be and Shield.

Thou shalt no Terrors fear by Night,
No Arrows which are shot in Light,

No Dangers which in Darkness rise,
Or at Noon-day shall thee surprize.

Amidst ten thousand round thee slain
Thou unassaulted shalt remain,
And see when Sinners outrage God
The just dire Vengeance of his Rod.

My Soul, thou dost on God rely,
And hast thy Shelter from on high,
No Evil shall approach thy Bed,
Thou no judicial Plague shalt dread,

God will Command on Angels lay
To guide and guard thee Night and Day,
They'll thee uphold in tender Arm,
And no rude Stone thy Foot shall harm.

Thou shalt on fiercest Lions tread,
Shalt bruise the Asp's and Dragon's Head,
With the old Serpent doom'd to Hell
Their Venom damp, their Fury quell.

Hear what God utters from above,
Since he has fix'd on me his Love,
Has known, and has obey'd my Will,
I'll place him out of reach of Ill.

When e'er he prays his Pray'rs I'll hear,
I'll in his Trouble still be near,

Not.

Not only him from Guilt redeem,
But raise him in the World's Esteem.

He long shall happy live below,
My Blessings here shall overflow,
When languishing for Heav'n he dies,
Eternal Joys shall glad his Eyes.

Thus rural Saints, said *Psyche*, sang of old,
E'er Lust grew flaming, and Love-heav'nly cold;
Both lib'ral Thanks return'd to the kind Pair,
Who let them in their Psalm and Musick share:
If Jesus, said *Philothea*, condescends
To be thus gracious to his married Friends,
Much rather he's to Virgin-Vot'ries kind,
Who live entirely to his Love resign'd ;
The Heart by nuptial Love divided grows,
Our Love no Mixture, no Division knows,
We nothing have at Jesus heavenly Call
To pluck us back, who sacrific'd our All.
Scarce had *Philothea* these Reflections made,
But at the Entrance of a pleasant Glade
They drew to a virtuous Past'ral Couple near,
Who with their Conversation charm'd their Ear.

[this Shade,

Milcha. While our Sheep graze, *Zaccheo*, near
I my own Soul will on your Soul unlade :

Zaccheo. Begin, my dearest *Milcab*, of the two
The Load should rather lie on me than you.

Mil. In Love, my dear, you *Milcab* first assail'd,
You over me, I over you prevail'd,

We both were conquer'd, and both Conquest won,
 I never wish'd the Knot I ty'd undone ;
 To Love I own I was at first inclin'd,
 Yet I Misgivings in my Heart could find,
 I knew not how Man would his Empire use,
 And Thoughts of Tyrant would my Soul amuse,
 Yet what I fear'd I had desire to try,
 And thought I safely might on you rely,
 You with such gentle Hands the Scepter sway,
 That I most govern when I most obey ;
 Still, Dear, my Love to you fresh Heights acquires,
 More it *Zaccheo* knows, the more it fires ;
 Yet one sad Thought haunts frequently my Mind,
 That we one Day by Death shall be disjoin'd,
 That mournful Separation oft I fear,
 Ah, give me leave to speak the rest in Tear.

Zac. Ah, *Milcab*, I with you should sympathize,
 But Love keeps shut the Flood-gates of my Eyes,
 Both should at once, nor angry be, nor grieve,
 That one the other sweetly may relieve ;
 What you, my dearest, Separation stile,
 Is but a parting only for a while :
 Imagine I should a few Days repair
 To some far distant Town or noted Fair,
 Would you such parting with sad Tears deplore ?
 And yet, believe me, Death is little more.

Mil. How, dear *Zaccheo*, can I that conceive ?
 I at our shortest Separation grieve,
 When e'er we but for a few Minutes part,
 Away you carry with you *Milcab's* Heart,

I all those Minutes am but half alive,
 Till *Milchah* you with glad return revive;
 But should pale Death work my *Zaccheo's* Bane,
 Ah, I *Zaccheo* ne'er should see again.

Zac. Fondness in Love, dear *Milchah*, is Excess,
 We both should love God more, each other less,
 To God's dear Love we should our Loves submit,
 And acquiesce in what God's Love thinks fit,
 If God for Blis of either should make choice,
 A Lover should in Lovers Blis rejoice,
 Repos'd on God by a Submission sweet
 Till 'tis his pleasure both in Heav'n should meet.

Mil. And shall we meet, my dear *Zaccheo*, there?
 I better then *Zaccheo's* loss could bear.

[Sphear,

Zac. Heaven, *Milchah*, is of love the Native
 Our Love can never reach Perfection here.

Mil. O but in Heaven shall I *Zaccheo* know?
 And shall we love in Heav'n, as here below?

[hight,

Zaccheo. All joys in Heaven, are at the utmost
 And since it Joy will in us both excite;
 To know each other is of Blis possess'd,
 We with that Joy shall certainly be Bless'd!
 Love there, will be Transporting, and intense,
 And purify'd from all the Dross of Sense;
 Should I be happy first, and looking down,
 See *Milchah* Soaring to her Heav'nly Crown;
 I'd take my *Milchah* from her Guardians Wing,
 I'd first your Wellcome into glory Sing:

And gracious God our Loves would not disjoyn,
To Loftie hymns, our hearts to co-incline.

Mil. Forgive me, dear *Zaccheo*, if I Thirst
That God would please to make me happy first,
I dearly here should my *Zaccheo* miss,
While I congratulated you, your Blifs.

Zac. Gods holy Will is all that we should mind,
And to go first or last should live resign'd:
But should it be Gods Will I go before,
You need not miss me, or my loss Deplore;
You'll have a tender Husband in my place.

Mil. No Dearest, I no other will embrace.

Zac. You will, dear *Milcab*, let me add you must,
To his kind arms my *Milchah* I'll entrust.

Mil. You of my heart *Zaccheo* me bereft,
I for another have no Relique left;

Zac. You have, dear *Milchah*, if you will reflect;

Mil. Ah are you Jealous, and my Love Suspect?

Zac. Not jealous, I shall give my free Consent,
And you in parting will have full Content;
Our Babes will of a Father feel no need,
He'll my Paternal Tenderness exceed.

Mil. Enough, *Zaccheo*, you afflict my Ear,

Zac. No, I your Spirit rather strive to cheer;

Mil. To cheer my Spirit, dear *Zaccheo*, how?
To think I can another Love allow?

Zac. You can, and when the Riddle I explain
You'll at first word this Lover entertain.

Mil. I fear to ask what you incline to speak,
As you pronounce his Name my Heart will break,

O add no more, I can no more endure.

Zac. The Wound I gave my *Milcab* now I'll cure,
'Tis gracious God. *Mil.* Since gracious God you
[mean,

All Storms of Passion cease, my Mind's serene ;
But why, my Dear, us'd you the Husband's Name ?
[Flame.

Zac. God pictures his own Love by nuptial

Mil. Chaste nuptial Flame, my Dear, I know full
[well,

God's boundless Loves all nuptial far excel.

[use,

Zac. 'Tis true, but God that Picture deigns to
Thoughts of his Love the better to infuse ;
Each Lover is God's Spouse, with God unites,
Of blissful Love foretasting the Delights ;
Think then, my Dear, what Love we two have felt,
How our two Hearts into each other melt,
How to each other's Good we co-propend,
How both to love each other best contend,
How daily we to please each other strive,
How in each other mutually alive,
How sweetly we in all things sympathize,
How the full Bliss of both in either lies,
How we, tho' two, by nuptial Tie are one,
How we co-transubstantiated are grown ;
When you have thought the Love between us two,
Give to it then Purifications due,
Cleansse it from all Indecencies, Defects,
Spots, Fondness, Frailties, sensual Respects,
Which

Which blend it here below with earthly Taints,
Such is the tender Love God bears to Saints,
And should I first be call'd my last to breath,
I to that Love my *Milcab* would bequeath.

Mil. And should I first be call'd this Life to quit,
I to that Love *Zaccheo* would commit.

[*spire,*
Zac. Since then in God's dear Love we both con-
We'll to that Love surrender all Desire;
Yet one Desire we must continue still,
More to inflame our Love, and damp our Will.

Both Pilgrims God ador'd, who on the Plain
Made Patriarchal Sanctity remain ;
As on they went they on a pleasant Green
Two Shepherds saw sitting their Flocks between,
They seem'd to Song each other to provoke,
Till the Contest was thus by *Jotham* broke :

Oft have I seen a Lover griev'd,
Complaining Love had him deceiv'd,
Who Verse and Years had spent
In learning to repent.

Many a Song he had compos'd,
In softest Lines his Love disclos'd,
And yet his humblest Strain
Got nothing but Disdain.

The Idol which his Love allur'd
The grossest Flatteries endur'd,

And

And 'twas her native Pride
Still to be deify'd.

She manag'd in short time her Eyes
Not to disdain, but sympathize,
The Lover from her Look
Strait a glad Omen took.

To nuptial Tie she then agreed,
He when he saw his Love succeed
Reviv'd Poetick Heat,
And fang his Blifs compleat.

His Blifs he had not long enjoy'd,
But Sensuality soon cloy'd,
He on his Love reflects,
Sees its conceal'd Defects.

He by fond Inclination sway'd,
To God for Guidance never pray'd,
All always unblest'd Joys,
Have punitive Alloys.

The kindest Intervals they had
Were interspers'd with Tinctures sad,
That Death would soon intrude,
And their short Joys conclude.

I who had lov'd as much as they,
Oft heard their lamentable Lay,

The

The Beauty I admir'd,
True Joys and Hymn inspir'd.

Urania was my lovely Saint,
Who never caus'd me one Complaint,
My Passions centred were
In her Perfections rare.

She kindly of my Love allow'd,
She nor disdainful was, nor proud,
Her Eyes were still sincere,
And drooping Love would cheer.

I fang her Graces ev'ry Day,
And the fresh Graces would display,
My Spring was never dry'd,
She still my Verse supply'd.

I no one Disappointment knew,
Love by Converse still stronger grew,
Our Love from Discord free
Was perfect Harmony.

Death never could our Loves divorce,
Death to our Love gave vital Force,
Death would my Soul unloose,
And nobler Love infuse.

My Love below in Languor lies,
Till I with clear unclouded Eyes,

From

From Imperfection free,
Shall my *Urania* see.

Secure I of Fruition rest,
With that I shall in Heav'n be blest,
And glorified above,
Shall have my Fill of Love.

Laban with *Jotham* could not well agree,
And for his Choice in Song compos'd this Plea.

To love fair *Thamar* I incline,
But earthly Love with Love divine
I puzzled was for a long while
To reconcile.

Urania then to me appear'd,
And with sweet Speech my Scruple clear'd;
Chaste Love, she said, good God design'd
For Souls refin'd.

In Innocence chaste Love began,
To comfort, not defile the Man,
And when chaste Love a Heart has seiz'd,
Good God is pleas'd.

Lust Surfeit is, Love wholesome Meat,
That Calenture, this temp'rate Heat,
That is Disease, and this is Cure,
Health to ensure.

That

That eyes the Face, and this the Mind,
 That seeks false Joys it ne'er can find,
 To Lovers this true Pleasures brings,
 Which have no Stings.

When Love divine your Passion steers,
 Well-grounded Love is void of Fears,
 'Tis Lust all nuptial Ills creates,
 And Joys abates.

Thamar is as devout as fair,
 You two may prove a happy Pair,
 You'll not *Urania* jealous make
 If her you take.

I to you both shall Lover be,
 You'll both one Lover be to me,
 You'll be one Person in Mankind,
 By Marriage join'd.

Each will in each God's Love excite,
 In heav'nly Love will co-delight,
 And your submissive Loves resign
 To Love divine.

Soon as in Heav'n your Souls shall meet,
 You'll kindle Love more pure, more sweet,
 Eternal Joys shall fill each Heart,
 You'll never part.

The Saints both Shepherds heard, and had
[Contest
Which of the Songs should be esteem'd the best;
But their Contention soon was at an end
When drawn two other Shepherds to attend.

B O O K II.

BARZILLAI *and* BENAIAH.

Bar. IF I mistake not, 'tis no holy Day,
Why, young *Benaiah*, is your Dress so gay?

Ben. *Barzillai*, you in Past'ral Cares grown old,
Most pleasure take in tending of your Fold;
T' a Wedding call'd, I set my Sheep to graze,
And now I am return'd, can see no Strays;
To Church I went with Bridegroom and with Bride,
And pray'd for Blessings on the Knot they ty'd.

[youthful Pair,
Bar. Whose Wedding was't? *Ben.* You know the
Young *Caleb* wedded is to *Rachel* fair.

Bar. They virtuous may in happy Bands engage,
Have equal Flocks, and just proportion'd Age;
May our benign Arch-Shepherd on them heap
All Joys, all Blessings, which chaste Lovers reap.
How came the Match thus suddenly advanc'd
So long depending? *Ben.* O it one Day chanc'd

As

As *Rachel* milk'd the Ewes, on her Straw Hat
 A Swarm of Bees down on a sudden fat,
 And *Caleb*, who that moment reach'd the Vill,
 To take his Dinner, and his Bottle fill,
 Beholds the frighted Maid in that Surprize,
 And for a Hive swift to his Cottage flies,
 And all the way, till he her Rescue brings,
 Feels in his Heart all *Rachel's* threatned Stings;
 Full speed he runs, his Lover to revive,
 And turns her Hat over the empty Hive,
 And to secure from Harm her naked Head,
 His Shepherd's Cloke all over her he spread,
 The Bees which were the Borderers flew out,
 And hover'd in the Region round about;
 Then from his Back he took his Shepherd's Lyre,
 And the same Tune play'd on his artful Wyre,
 In which the Bees, when ready to change Seat,
 For their Dismission to their Queen entreat;
 Charm'd by that Tune, all to their Mansion haste,
 But one ill-natur'd Stragler *Caleb* fac'd,
 And as he went to force her to her Wing,
 Fix'd in the Shepherd's Hand her angry Sting.

The Maid, uncover'd when the Coast was clear,
 Thank'd the kind Swain for rescuing her from Fear,
 Yet griev'd his Harp lay still, but strait beheld
 That by the Sting his tuneful Hand was swell'd;
 Into her Father's rural Hutt she stept,
 To fetch the Pot which Virgin-Honey kept,
 Out of his Hand she pluck'd the venom'd Dart,
 Then the Wound ointed to allay the Smart:

The

The Youth, who long had courted her in vain,
 Before she knew to rate a Lover's Pain,
 A thousand Thanks gave to the tender Maid,
 And begg'd her Stay to be in Song repaid ;
 The Virgin grateful for his timely Care,
 Strait yields, and to his Harp he sang this Air.

O cruel Creature, thus unkind
 To *Caleb*, who your Good design'd ;
 I courted you with Song and Lyre,
 To please you made them both conspire,
 I sang and play'd the very Note
 You in your Kingdom learn by rote,
 All your Companions passing by
 Humm'd to my Strings harmoniously,
 No Verse, no Chords can you affect,
 You pay your Lover with Neglect,
 Neglect ! Ah, which is worse, your Sting
 You into your true Lover fling ;
 Out with your Sting your Bowels gush,
 On your own Death you madly rush,
 Fond Rage, in unprovoked Strife
 Wounding your Friend to lose your Life !
 Yet you who made, may cure the Sore,
 One Drop from your balsamick Store
 Shed on the Wound, the Wound will heal,
 I shall no future Anguish feel.

Fair *Rachel*, you, I know, will blame
 The Bee which thus to harm me came,

You little think you are that Bee,
 And you thus cruel are to me ;
 A Wound your Beauty gave me deep,
 And you the Wound still bleeding keep ;
 I strove the tend'rest Chords to chuse,
 The softest Verse Love could infuse,
 Nor Verse nor Strings Acceptance gain'd,
 My Love, Verse, Musick, you disdain'd ;
 My Song I tore, my Strings I brake,
 These will not do, I'll others take ;
 I fifty times my Harp new strung,
 Fifty new melting Songs I sung,
 And when you should my Pain allay,
 You dart a Sting and fly away ;
 The Bee when she her Sting had shot
 Dy'd in few Minutes on the Spot,
 You shall, unless my Life you save,
 Die of the Wound you to me gave ;
 Drop Pity then, 'twill cure my Heart,
 Love, and we neither shall feel Smart.

This sung, the Maid began to sympathize,
 She spake it by compassionating Eyes,
 She Love had never understood before,
 She Pity dropt, and *Caleb* ask'd no more ;
 Chaste Love by tender Pity was soon fir'd,
 And both this Day in nuptial Bands conspir'd.

Bar. This Match we providential must repute,
 Heav'n to our Stations deigns Events to sute,

Both

Both pray'd for Guidance, and kind Heav'n de-
 [creed
 To make their innocent chaste Love succeed,
 And this fair Opportunity supply'd,
 Happy's the Knot which Heav'n approv'd and ty'd.
 The Saints to the four Swains Attention gave,
 Yet thought the Virgin-life should Pref'ence have;
 Th' Experienc'd, said *Philothea*, find it true,
 'Tis harder to rule Passion than subdue;
 No Saints in nuptial Tie from Cares are freed,
 The Virgins Lives next to Angelick lead;
 The Tow'rs of *Sion* now were in their Eye,
 Yet they could pass no singing Shepherds by;
 Once more they stopt, by a kind Pair detain'd,
 Whose Harmony their pleas'd Attention gain'd;
 A Pair, *Josiah* and *Elisa* stil'd,
 Both humble, peaceful, charitable, mild;
 Belov'd by all, and with their Lots content,
 Who nothing more desir'd than Heav'n had sent;
 T'wards them they walk, and the kind Pair salute,
 Perceiv'd he skill'd the Harp, and she the Lute;
 The happy Couple strait their Welcome spake,
 Desir'd them at their Bush short Rest to take;
 But e'er they could a Song entreat, they saw
 A lovely Youth t'wards the dear Couple draw;
 The Saints with Joy observ'd the Jewel clear,
 And knew no danger of Pollution near;
 The Youth with low Respects entreats their leave
 Out of their Flock his Stragler to retrieve;

His Stray, he looking round, descry'd, and caught,
 And to the Bush when he the Stragler brought,
 Ah me, he said, there is another Stray,
 Which all my Flock besides will much outweigh,
 If to recover that you me could aid,
 Your Love by Heav'n would richly be repaid;
 Both at their Bush invite him to repose,
 And of the precious Stray the Marks disclose;
 Alas! 'tis I myself he sighing cry'd,
 By Vice and Error lur'd on ev'ry side;
 Then, that he fully might his Grief explain,
 He to the Harp sang this affecting Strain:

In what a labyrinthal Maze
 Does Youth mis-spend its Days,
 Both Vice and Error me way-lay,
 I fall, or else I stray,
 This my immortal Mind beguiles,
 And that my Will defiles.

Great God, thou vail'd in Clouds, below
 Thy Loveliness dost shew,
 Lusts and Delusions in disguise
 Here fascinate our Eyes,
 The thought of thee when e'er we lose,
 Their Poisons they infuse.

Concupiscence a thousand ways
 My Soul to Vice betrays,
 Foul Shepherds often me assail,
 And will I fear prevail,

Thre'

Thro' a Fool's Paradise they train
Souls to eternal Pain.

Sins in each Age the same remain,
Tho' they by turns may reign,
But daily up new Errors grow,
Which giddy Spirits sow,
And Heav'n to their peculiar Lies
They all monopolize.

My Soul oft to and fro is tost,
In danger to be lost,
In Errors the absconded Guile
Usurps the sacred Stile,
In Vice false pleasing Baits allure,
To swallow what's impure.

O might a Pillar in the Sphere
Of Fire and Cloud appear,
Such as God's *Israel* kept in fight,
To lead them Day and Night,
That in this darken'd World I may
T'wards Blifs discern my way!

Or from kind Heav'n O might there stream
On me a moving Beam,
Some perpendicular clear Ray,
Truth-saving to display,
Like that which once the *Magi* drew
To their Redeemer's View.

But what am I that I should dare
 To aim thus high in Pray'r?
 Shew, Lord, the plain, safe, narrow Road,
 Which leads to thy Abode,
 Should Sin or Error draw me back,
 Still keep me in the Track.

An Angel as *Cornelius* kneel'd
 His heav'nly Guide reveal'd,
 Lord, may some Pilot be assign'd
 To steer aright my Mind,
 In whom each Grace which he enjoins
 In bright Example shines!

My Spirit, Lord, with Light divine
 Irradiate and refine,
 With Light may ardent Zeal conspire
 To set my Love on fire,
 From Spirits lying and impure
 Love only rests secure.

I things then in just Light shall view,
 On all pass Judgment true,
 All Vanities which flatter Lust
 My Spirit will disgust,
 And my illuminated Eyes
 Will all but Heav'n despise.

The tender Pair the Youth with Pity ey'd,
Eugenio nam'd, and the kind Swain reply'd;
 Shepherds

Shepherds were wont, when doubtful heretofore,
 A sacred Seer's Guidance to implore,
 And we, who good *Macario's* Children are,
 To him, as to our Oracle, repair;
 Oft as we can we Visits to him pay,
 And wiser than we went we came away;
 He is our Pastor, whom Heav'n sets to keep
 Like Watch o'er Shepherds as we o'er our Sheep;
 His Monthly Round he o'er our Region goes,
 That he for Heav'n the Shepherd's may dispose;
 He has the hallow'd Keys, hard Truths unlocks,
 Skills Human Souls as much as we our Flocks;
 From Heav'n he has Irradiations bright,
 He fires our Spirits while he gives them Light;
 He Jesus for his sole Idea chose,
 And daily to his Likeness nearer grows;
 He Counsel to no Stranger Swain denies,
 Who with upright Intentions to him flies;
 In pow'rful Notes and Numbers he excels,
 And, *David*-like, infernal Fiends expels;
 His Chords put Souls in tune, who never rest
 Till they, like *Saul*, with Grace of Hymn are blest;
 Repentance he harmoniously instils,
 And melts into soft Tears obdurate Wills;
 Then gently changes into cheerful Keys,
 To Joys of Pardon rising by degrees;
 On *Sion* Hill, the Centre of his Care,
 His well-stor'd Study joins the House of Pray'r;
 And all his Hours of ghostly Guidance void,
 Between these two are constantly employ'd;

There with blest'd *Sion's* Daughters he abides,
 And with a **T**enderness Paternal guides ;
 Haste to that Saint, to him unload your **H**eart,
 Yet of our Song accept before we part.

Great God! to err and to do ill
 Are the **P**ermissions of thy Will,
 And thy **P**ermissions are design'd
 To try, not to ensnare **M**ankind ;
 Were Faith and Love by thee decreed,
 No **M**ortal for Reward could plead.

To sin and err were I not free,
 All **D**uty would **C**o-action be ;
 Force and true **V**irtue ne'er combine,
 From **F**reedom springs our Love divine,
 Freedom which **H**eav'n and *Tophet* fills,
 Man nothing reaps but what he wills.

E'er since our fontal Sire seduc'd,
 The **D**eluge of all Woes unsluc'd,
 Dark **I**gnorance o'erspread our **M**ind,
 Our *Pondus* t'wards false Joys inclin'd,
 Error and Sin their Sway began,
 Both are **I**ngredients of fall'n **M**an.

The **A**ge was dark and unrefin'd,
 When out the **S**un **E**ternal shin'd,
 No **B**eams thro' clouded Souls could dart,
 Or soften the obdurate **H**eart ;
 If Sin and Error then could reign,
 They now with ease may **C**onquests gain.

And

And gain they will our Lord foretold,
 Their Usurpations spreading, bold ;
 Our Lapse, our Freedom, both infer,
 Man, till reclaim'd, will sin and err ;
 But Souls to Jesus who adhere,
 Safe from those Rocks their Spirits steer.

Their Saviour's Praise his Vot'ries sing,
 Of Grace and Truth the boundless Spring ;
 Dear Grace, dear Truth, our Soul's Defence
 'Gainst Error and Concupiscence ;
 None who to Jesus Pity fly,
 In damning Sin or Error die.

Eugenio all that him befel re-thought,
 The gracious Train in which his Cure was wrought,
 His Danger, Fear, Pray'r, the kind happy two,
 With bless'd *Macario*, all he kept in view ;
 With that a Eucharistick Psalm he sings,
 And his stray Sheep to the dear Couple brings,
 Which for his Alms-Oblation he decreed,
 The neighb'ring Swains who were in want to feed ;
 Then to the friendly Couple bids farewell,
 And walks direct to good *Macario*'s Cell.
 The Saints gave Thanks to the kind, humble Pair,
 Who let them in their Song instructive share.

And now they *Sion* reach'd, and gave God Praise,
 Who brought them thither to devote their Days ;
 Both

Both to *Macario* for his Blessing kneel'd,
 To whom *Ecclesia* had their Flight reveal'd ;
Macario both with Love Paternal treats,
 His Blessing in the Name triune repeats ;
 Then to the Chappel both conducted are,
 And with the Daughters join in Hymn and Pray'r.

Soon as the Faithful pass'd the sacred Door,
 They all fell humbly prostrate on the Floor,
 A Priest devoutly the Confession read,
 While all Eyes dropt, all wounded Spirits bled,
 Till good *Macario* from his Past'ral Throne
 The Absolution gave, and eas'd their Moan ;
 The Book of God, then standing up, they heard,
 Each saving Truth they ponder'd and rever'd ;
Macario all dark Passages explain'd,
 From ev'ry Sermon Saints fresh Knowledge gain'd ;
 They all aloud their holy Faith declar'd,
 To die for that they always liv'd prepar'd ;
 Then they all lowly kneel'd, began warm Pray'r,
 That all in God's Philanthropy might share ;
 For the whole Church they Supplications made,
 For all Degrees they begg'd proportion'd Aid ;
 They interceded for all Souls distress'd,
 And tend'rest Pity for their Griefs express'd ;
 Pray'd God his Truth to *Pagans* to disclose,
 And to shew Mercy to their greatest Foes.

When Pray'rs were made respecting Saints below,
 Who live a Life of Indigence and Woe,

The

The Worship then more heav'nly they commence,
And sing their Hymns with Zeal and Love intense,
Harp, Organ, Lute, all the sweet Singer us'd,
When God the Grace of Psalmody infus'd ;
Play'd to the Hymn *Macario* had compos'd,
Which with Doxologies the Chorus clos'd ;
The Love divine he chose for that Day's Theme,
Which Saints their chief Inflammative esteem.

From all Eternity when God alone,
Sat self-sufficient on his Throne,
E'er Time, and Space from Chaos rude,
Arose, this World to measure and include,
When all that God design'd,
Lay only in Idea's in his Mind
God out his Son (his Image) shin'd,
His Son, in whom all his Perfections join'd.
And both co-breath'd th' Eternal Dove,
Which made Tri-unity of Love.

God in this World's Foundations laid,
His Wisdom, Goodness, Pow'r display'd,
He out of nothing Choirs Angelick rais'd,
Who as they rose their Maker prais'd,
All these he into Being spake ;
But when he Man would make,
The great Triune in Counsel sat above,
To form him worthy of their Love,
All three co-breath'd his God-like Mind,
To love Trine God inclin'd,

Man

Man a Propension felt entire,
 Like filial God to love his boundless Sire,
 Love finite thus from infinite arose,
 And to its Source connat'rally re-flows.

Ah, how could such a Love as this
 E'er grow remis,
 By Loveliness Paternal fir'd,
 By Love co-breath'd inspir'd,
 By the Example of Love filial steer'd,
 To live to God endear'd?
 Ah me, I agonize when I re-call,
 Of Heav'n-born Love the Fall,
 Man by the Tempter lur'd,
 His Birth-right Love abjur'd,
 In vain the Wretch to Heav'n for Pardon cries,
 Who dares that Love which pardons him despise.

Love Deity eternally employ'd,
 God in Self-love himself enjoy'd,
 The more the Soul the Love of God attains,
 The more it God-like still remains,
 Trine Love fall'n Man's Redemption co-decreed,
 Immensely Love creating to exceed,
 Paternal God for Sacrifice design'd
 God filial to redeem Mankind,
 Co-effluent God with both conspir'd,
 By Trine Inflammatory our Love is fir'd,
 Lost Man thus lov'd should Love for Love repay,
 And God without Reserve obey.

And

And we, like Saints, who at the Throne remain,
 Should love and worship the Lamb slain,
 All Praise to God, who only Love requires,
 And makes that Duty, which himself inspires.

Macario saw the holy Rites compleat,
 And gave the Blessing from his Past'ral Seat;
 To the large Hall he then the Strangers brought,
 Where Labours of pure Love the Daughters
 [wrought;
 Clothes for the Poor they spun, sew'd, wove, or knit,
 Each Age, each Sex, in ev'ry Need to fit;
 Some gather'd Plants, which grew their Garden
 [round,
 Salves, Cordials, Balsams, Med'cines to compound;
 Sick, Naked, Maim'd, they tenderly reliev'd,
 And Virgin-Strangers in kind Arms receiv'd;
 Endearingly their Guests they entertain'd,
 To *Sion's* Laws ambitious to be train'd;
 All at their Work of heav'nly things convers'd,
 And *Sion's* Songs were always interspers'd;
 Each sang the Song she first could call to mind,
 Wont there to no set Rule themselves to bind;
 Of both the Saints, for Entrance in their Choir,
 They a probationary Song desire.

Philothea the bright Acts in native Verse
 Of Female Saints and Martyrs could rehearse,
 But to bless'd *Mary's* Story most inclin'd,
 The true Idea of all Woman-kind;

And

And to the Lute sang the bless'd Virgin's Praise,
To warm the Daughters by her lovely Rays.

O Jesu, who bless'd *Mary* didst revere,
Near thee enthron'd in the celestial Sphere;
Help me to sing the Plenitude of Grace,
Exalting her above all Female Race,
The mighty Love thou didst on her diffuse,
Whom thou God-man didst for thy Mother chuse.

Great God, to a religious marry'd Pair,
United by chaste Love and mutual Pray'r,
When on the Womb he lays a long Restraint,
Oft gives the Blessing of an Infant Saint;
God's Friend and *Sarah*, when no Hope appear'd,
In their Old-Age were with an *Isaac* cheer'd;
Elisa to Old *Zach'ry* brought an Heir,
Who for *Messias* should the way prepare;
The Favour God on other Saints bestow'd,
In *Joachim* and *Anna* overflow'd,
God with a Daughter their Devotion bless'd,
In whose pure Womb incarnate-God should rest.

God, who is pleas'd bright Angels down to send,
On purpose little Children to attend;
When blessed *Mary* first drew vital Air,
Entrusted her to a bright Seraph's Care;
The Aged Saints, who for a Child had pray'd,
Sang Hymns to God when joyful Parents made;
Devoted God's free Gift to God alone,
And more God's Child esteem'd her than their own;
Her Seraph kept her in his sweet Embrace,
No one foul Spirit durst approach the place;

The

The Holy Ghost his Temple in her built,
 Cleans'd from congenial, kept from mortal Guilt ;
 And from the Moment that her Blood was fir'd,
 Into her Heart celestial Love inspir'd

The Babe, when she began to speak, was taught
 To consecrate to God her Tongue and Thought,
 And, prompted by her Seraph, took delight
 Continual Hallelujahs to recite ;
 Her Phylacteries next she by degrees
 Had learn'd, and to repeat them on her Knees ;
 Those which the Love of God sincere enjoin'd
 Affected most her Heav'n-enkindled Mind :
 When she began to read God's holy Book,
 In which she her Initiation took,
 Her Soul was with a heav'nly Manna fed,
 Her Spirit tasted ev'ry Truth she read ;
 And e'er she saw two Weeks of Years compleat
 She the whole Psalter could by heart repeat ;
 From Types, and what the Prophecies foretold,
 Which she, by Heav'n enlighten'd, could unfold,
 She the Idea of *Messias* drew,
 Pray'd for his Advent, kept him still in view ;
 Seven times a-day she to her Closet went,
 Her fervent Love in fervent Pray'r to vent ;
 And her unweary'd Zeal was wont to pray
 By warm Ejaculations all the day ;
 She in the depth of her serene Repose
 At Midnight to her solemn Office rose :
 As she grew up Love daily gain'd new Hights,
 And she from them began sublimer Flights.

No Angel who e'er Human Likeness took
Had a more chaste, sweet, charming, heav'nly

[Look,

A Look, which all at the first sight rever'd,
And while it struck, a sacred Awe endear'd ;
Plain, cleanly, and becoming, was her Dress,
Had nothing curious, nothing of Excess ;
She Idleness, the Pest of Souls, to shun,
In Intervals of Pray'r her Garments spun ;
Soon as herself she decently array'd,
She Vestments for the Poor and Naked made ;
Charity, next to Heav'n, absorb'd her Care,
The Poor, in ev'ry Meal she eat, had share ;
Her Closet-Meditations most sublime,
Where with her God alone she spent her Time ;
Her Languors, bléss'd *Messias* to behold,
Spring-tides of Heav'n, which o'er her Spirit roll'd ;
Humility, which all proud Thoughts suppress'd,
As if no one Perfection she possess'd,
Her Will transfus'd into the Will divine,
Accustom'd with God's Will to co-incline ;
Her Sanctity to God's true Likeness grown,
Her frequent Visits from the glorious Throne
A silent Admiration may create,
None but her Guardian Seraph can relate.

To Parents, next to God, she Rev'rence paid,
They sweetly rul'd, as sweetly she obey'd ;
She was the Subject of their Pray'r and Praise,
Their tender Nurse in their declining Days ;

Heav'n

Heav'n warn'd them their dear Daughter to com-
 [mend
 To Reverend *Joseph's* Care, their ancient Friend;
 A Saint, who would her Purity protect,
 And treat her with Angelical Respect ;
 To her dear Parents Choice she chose to yield,
 And the Espousals solemnly were seal'd ;
Gabriel mean while from Bliss flew down full-speed,
 To tell her as she pray'd that Heav'n decreed
 She the *Messias* in her Womb should bare,
 Whose sight had been the Subject of her Pray'r ;
 The boundless Might of fontal Love divine
 The Love co-breath'd, third of the glorious Trine,
 On thee descending shall thy Womb dispose
 Great filial God incarnate to inclose ;
 She scarcely could believe her Ears and Eyes,
 The Message had such rapturous Surprize,
 Till *Gabriel* her assur'd it was God's Will,
 Which 'twas her sole Ambition to fulfil ;
 And as he back to Heav'n his Flight began
 In a Love Transport she conceiv'd God-man ;
 While Godhead templing in her Womb remain'd,
 What Influence from God within she gain'd,
 What Suavities, Loves, Languors, Ardours, Lights,
 Joys, Jubilations, beatifick Sights,
 What Rappts when she Magnificats compos'd,
 Or when t' *Elisa Gabriel's* News disclos'd,
 Her Spirit fill'd, no Poetry can guess,
 Herself could never what she felt express.

Joseph with jealous Eye her Change beheld,
Till a bright Angel all his Doubts dispell'd;
Then both at *Naz'reth* liv'd a blisful Life,
Most tender Husband, most submissive Wife;
Their Chastity was free from sensual Taints,
Their mutual Love pure, as in heav'nly Saints;
His Angel and her Seraph could not join
In Friendship more endearing, more divine.

When she to *Bethlem* came that happy Morn,
Her Virgin-Eyes saw God incarnate born;
How high her Raptures then began to swell,
None but her own omniscient Son can tell;
God-man, who deigns to temple in pure Hearts,
A wondrous Love to common Saints imparts,
Gives them of heav'nly Love foretasting sight,
To comprehend its Length, Breadth, Depth, and
[Height;
Much greater Love to his dear Mother shew'd,
Heav'n in sweet Deluge on her Spirit flow'd;
As *Eve* when she her fontal Sin review'd,
Wept for herself, and all she should include;
Bless'd *Mary*, with Man's Saviour in Embrace,
Joy'd for herself, and for all Human Race;
All Saints are by her Son's dear Influence bless'd,
She kept the very Fountain at her Breast;
The Son ador'd and nurs'd by the sweet Maid,
A thousand-fold of Love for Love repaid;
Saints, who of God have beatifick View,
Such mighty Joys peculiar never knew;

They

They to hymn God as *Vot'ries* are employ'd,
As Mother of the God, they hymn'd, she joy'd.

But yet to temper rapturous Excess,
Her Joys below were mingled with Distress;
When she a Mother, yet a Virgin pure,
Purification legal would endure:
Simeon, who honour'd was God-man to hold,
The Sword, which should the Mother pierce, fore-
[told,

Her Son was born our Griefs to undergo,
She sweetly sympathiz'd in all his Woe:
The Wound which first check'd her ecstasick Joy,
Was *Herod's* Plot the Infant to destroy;
But warn'd by Heav'n, to *Egypt* she took Flight,
God cur'd that Wound by baffling *Herod's* Spite;
Babe, Virgin, *Joseph*, when the Storm was o'er,
Return'd to *Naz'reth*, where they liv'd before,
There humble and obscure the Parents dwelt,
And of their Son, God-man, the Blessings felt;
Above two Lustres in sweet Peace they spent,
Then with their wondrous Son to *Salem* went;
The Virgin there receiv'd a second Wound,
Which soon was cur'd when the dear Child they
[found;

All three to pleasant *Naz'reth* then retir'd,
Where *Joseph* in the Virgin's Arms expir'd;
God-man himself his Absolution spake,
His Spirit long'd its Prison to forsake;
Son then and Mother liv'd exempt from Noise,
Reciprocating heav'nly Loves and Joys.

Into the World soon as blest'd Jesus came,
 His mediatory-Office to proclaim,
 Blest'd *Mary*, who in her reflecting Soul
 Took care all Jesu's Actions to enroll,
 Who had of Sin and Love divine a sense,
 Next to her Son, most lively, most intense,
 When she his Love, which sinful Man redeem'd,
 Saw daily scorn'd, insulted, and blasphem'd,
 The Sword pierc'd daily thro' her tender Heart,
 And she of all his Sorrows felt the Smart ;
 But when she on the Cross beheld God-man,
 Up to the Hilt the dol'rous Weapon ran.

Soon as he left his Grave her Joy reviv'd,
 She from her Son fresh Springs of Joy deriv'd ;
 To *John's* dear Care she by her Son consign'd,
 To his sole Mansion her Abode confin'd ;
 The Blest'd above adore their heav'nly King,
 Contemplate, love, converse, rejoice, and sing,
 Those were her sole Employments Day and Night,
 Her Conversation darted heav'nly Light ;
 To all the Hours of Pray'r she daily came,
 When any cool'd, her Zeal refresh'd their Flame ;
 She to Devotion all her Time apply'd,
 She liv'd as if already glorify'd ;
 Her Love still languish'd for the happy Day,
 When to the Grave she should resign her Clay,
 Exulting when the World she was to leave,
 And her divine *Viaticum* receive,
 Fell sick, and dy'd of an Excess of Love,
 Hast'ning to her Restorative above ;

Heav'n

I the perpetual Motion learn'd from Love,
 I felt my Pow'rs in Circulations move,
 Love from the Source of Love descends,
 My Love to God, who fir'd it, tends,
 And Love, soon as it mounts on high,
 Brings down of heav'nly Love a fresh Supply,
 When Love returns, I send it back for more,
 Incessantly I spend, and yet increase my Store.

God in all Lights most amiable appear'd,
 Endearing most, and most to be endear'd,
 In him alone my boundless Mind
 Commensurable Bliss can find,
 I felt a Love my Soul possess,
 Congratulating God, his Loveliness,
 Love incommunicable, and intense,
 Striving with all its Force to stretch to Love im-
 [mense.

To please my Love was my chief Care and Aim,
 My tender Zeal to honour his great Name,
 To do Love's Will was my delight,
 The Thought of God would Love excite,
 Yet Love oft felt Damps, Wandrings, Cold,
 Which, tho' involuntary, I condol'd,
 And on remembrance of my sinful Years,
 The Joys of Pardon mix'd with penitential Tears.

Ah, did the World the Consolations know
 Which from the Tears of sweet Contrition flow,
 Which

With fervent Pray'r they'd Day and Night
Implore from God an Heart contrite,
And learn as the first Tear distill'd
From those high Joys which then their Spirits fill'd,
What Joys there are above, where Tears are dry'd,
When Tears shed here below so rapturously glide.

As the fair Trees which od'rous *Gilead* crown,
Secure from Harm, drop Tears balsamick down,
Perfuming all the Mountains head,
And pleasure take their Sweets to shed,
Thus when I learn'd of Love to weep,
Though free from Dread my Tears no Bounds
[would keep,
Their trickling gave me soft enam'ring Ease,
O gracious Force of Love, which makes our Sor-
[rows please!

My Heart was turn'd, dilated, rais'd, refin'd,
By the soft Breathings of an heav'nly Wind,
I felt a thousand Love-Constraints,
Yet my Free-will made no Complaints,
My Inclination took the part
Of Love, co-operating with my Heart,
My Tendencies and Temper Love well knew,
And with soft Cords my Soul connaturally drew.

The charming ways Love to inflame me us'd,
Additional Inflammatives infus'd,
As the soft Wax absorbs the Seal,
My Heart I could thus melting feel,

All Love's Impressions to receive,
 Love's lovely Image striving to retrieve,
 God loves himself, the more God sees in me
 Of his most lovely self, the dearer shall I be.

I cannot love, but I must live in Pain,
 Till of my Love I the Fruition gain,
 My Closet I frequent, for there
 I with my Love converse by Pray'r,
 The sacred Books my Spirits cheer,
 There I the Voice of my Beloved hear,
 Lord, in thy Courts with Saints I thee adore,
 There in full Measure Love communicates its
 [Store.

My Soul thy Altar with most Zeal frequents,
 Where to our Love God-man himself presents,
 I, when I thee, blest'd Jesus, meet,
 In thy poor Brethren wash thy Feet,
 Where-e'er thy Love diffuses Rays,
 There I ambitious am to spend my Days,
 My Meditation oft thy Love revolves,
 And stays till to high Sea it of fresh Love dissolves.

But, Lord, thy Amiability below,
 We but obscurely, but remotely know,
 Your Wings, kind Angel, to me lend,
 To Heav'n I'll instantly ascend,
 The Sight of lovely God above
 My Spirit will transform to God-like Love,
 But God here wills my Stay, God's Will is mine;
 Lovers to the Belov'd wholly their Wills resign.
 Should'st

Curs'd Satan ranging o'er this earthly Round,
 To spy what sinking Soul he might confound,
 Observing *Psyche's* Call to endless Blifs,
 Summon'd damn'd Ghosts out of the dark Abyfs,
 Her Soul when agonizing to molest,
 And all that might her Virtue shake suggest :
Agapia, who dear *Psyche's* Danger knew
 By Angels, as they thro' the Garden flew,
 Dispatch'd two Virgins from the hallow'd Shade,
 Who *Psyche* in her Agony should aid,
Alethia and *Charissa*, Virgins dear,
 Who 'midst the Lillies wait to Jesus near ;
 The lovely Graces stay'd on either Hand,
 While at her Head her Angel took his Stand ;
 Permission Heav'n to Hell to tempt he gave,
 That conqu'ring she the nobler Palms might have ;
 While the curs'd Feinds strove Poison to instil,
Alethia steer'd her Mind, *Charissa* Will,
 Presumption, Infidelity, Despair,
 Impatience, her Disease, her Pains to bear,
 Damnable Errors and distracting Doubt,
 Infirmities the Cross of Souls devout,
 Loss of all dearest Friends, of Joys terrene,
 For Heav'n untry'd, at distance, and unseen,
 Repinings at or Ease or Health delay'd,
 God for his want of Pity to upbraid,
 Terrors of Death, the Horrors of the Grave ;
 Not in the Number God decreed to save ;
 These, and more than Arithmetick can tell,
 Were the incessant Batteries of Hell.

Alethia

Alethia and *Charissa*, who combin'd
 In her Defence, the Feinds still countermin'd;
 All *Sion* Intercessions for her made,
Macario ghostly Counsels gave, and pray'd;
 Th' instructive Visits of her ghostly Guide
 Soon as the gracious Virgins had descry'd,
 They both revere his Character divine,
 And to his Conduct *Psyche* co-resign;
 In Jesu Grace and Truth immensely shin'd,
 And in Proportion in all Saints are join'd;
 But holy Pastors sit in Jesus Chair,
 And of both Graces have a double Share;
Macario then with *Psyche* thus discours'd,
 While the sweet Graces all he spake enforc'd.

B O O K III.

DEAr *Psyche*, made by Heav'n my tender Care,
 Whose Soul accursed Fiends would now en-
 [snare,
 Call the approv'd Preservatives to mind
 Which God for your Security design'd,
 The various Wonders of this goodly Frame,
 Where all things God and Providence proclaim,
 Philanthropy paternal and immense,
 God filial bleeding for Mankind's Offence,
 Great God co-breath'd shedding the Love divine,
 Benign Co-effluence of the Godhead trine,
 Graces

Graces for Duties by God-man enjoin'd,
 Enamouring and perfecting the Mind,
 Truth-saving by the God of Truth reveal'd,
 By Prophets, Miracles, and Martyrs seal'd,
 God All-sufficiency, which all Thought exceeds,
 Pray'rs heard for all imaginable Needs,
 A Will resign'd, an humble Self-distrust,
 A Temper charitable, meek, and just,
 Abatements made at the propitious Throne
 For Frailties to which Nature laps'd is prone,
 Death, once a Terror, now disarm'd of Stings,
 Which lays the Flesh asleep, the Spirit wings,
 To take Possession of her Mansion bright,
 With her rais'd Body sure to re-unite,
 God these for sure Preservatives ordain'd,
 Which have in fiercest Conflicts Saints sustain'd;
 But on the Death-bed brightest they appear,
 T'encounter Death with Love, which casts out Fear.
 The lovely Graces on dear *Psyche's* Breast
Macario's Speech so deeply re-imprest,
 That the bold Devils Heav'n as soon might scale,
 As over *Psyche's* Faith and Love prevail;
Psyche mean while lay longing for Death's Stroke,
 And with a sinking Voice expiring spoke:
 O may kind Heav'n on good *Macario's* Head
 Grace and Truth superfluently shed;
 May *Sion's* Daughters, like the Saints in Light,
 From Hymn and Love rest neither Day nor Night;
 You, dear *Alethia*, have my Faith assur'd,
 You, dear *Charissa*, have my Love secur'd;

May

May Jesus with fresh Favours you repay,
 When 'midst the Lillies you adore his Ray;
 My Faith I feel subliming into fight,
 My Love aspiring to its wish'd for hight;
 Give me of Peace, *Philothea*, the dear Kifs,
 'Twill not be long e'er we shall meet in Blifs.
 Go out, my Soul, and to lov'd Jesus fly,
 O what a Happiness it is to die!
 Then with the Graces on her Left and Right
 She to the Spouses Garden took her Flight,
 Where Jesus 'midst the Lillies she ador'd,
 Who by his pointing Beam t'her Mansion soar'd;
 To mend her Speed her Angel cleft in twain
 The Waves of the super-celestial Main;
Philothea her dear *Psyche*'s Requiem sang,
 And of her Heav'n-ward Flight all *Sion* rang;
 But her high Joys within the blissful Gate
 No Pow'rs on this side Glory can relate.

The Daughters their last Honours to her paid
 As she was in her Dormitory laid;
 That they might die like *Psyche* all desir'd,
 And for Devotion to their Cells retir'd.

Proba, who from all Nuptial Troubles freed,
 Like *Anna*, to devote her Days decreed,
 And *Sion* for her Sanctuary chose,
 Where she her Soul for Heav'n might best dispose,
 By Fasts, Tears, Meditations, Alms, and Pray'rs,
 And fly all worldly, all infernal Snares;
 She by *Philothea*'s Song divinely fir'd,
 To Emulation of her Hymn aspir'd;
 Like Emulation seizes Saints above,
 Striving who most shall th'Amiable love;

She

She to her hight of heav'nly Ardour rais'd,
 When next the Daughters met, in Hymn out-
 [blaz'd:

The Heart dedicated.

Love, to your Conduct I my Will resign;
 Re-consecrate it to the Will divine,
 Foul Passions long have in it reign'd;
 And all its Sacredness profan'd,
 To imitate bless'd *Mary* strive,
 All Profanations from it drive,
 O search with Care the Labyrinth around,
 Let no one Idol lurk on hallow'd Ground.

Wife *Solomon*, who to God's awful Name
 Built and devoted an illustrious Frame,
 Like Holiness by Pray'r diffus'd
 On all the Vessels in it us'd,
 Thus with my Heart, from Filth remote,
 You must my Pow'rs to God devote,
 My Pow'rs Love summon'd, they my Love obey'd,
 And Love thus at the Dedication pray'd.

O what Abominations I descry'd
 When first into my Heart-Retreats I pry'd,
 But now 'tis by Repentance clear'd
 From all the Idols in it rear'd,
 Oft with my Tears I wash'd the Stone,
 I soften'd it with Sigh and Groan,
 With Sigh and Groan by the bless'd Spirit sent,
 The native Language of Love penitent.

Since

Since, Lord, my Pow'rs are by thy Love refin'd,
I offer to the God of Love my Mind,

Thy Word with Rev'ence to peruse;
And with Devotion on it muse;
My Faith, which shall to thee assent,
With Truth reveal'd shall rest content;
My Reason, which shall to my Faith submit,
And Curiosity presumptuous quit.

My Memory Truths saving to retain,
Empty'd of things polluting or profane,
My Conscience tender and sincere,
Which by thy Law its Course shall steer;
My Fancy purify'd, restrain'd,
From false Idea's it has gain'd,
My Sov'reign Aim thy Glory to intend,
And lesser Aims concenter in that End.

My very Thought shall all Defilement fly,
And keep the Awe of thy all-seeing Eye,
My Will which shall to thee propend,
My Passions on my Will t' attend;
Thee, Lord, I chuse, to thee adhere,
No Rival Lust shall interfere;
Thy Loves, thy Enmities, shall all be mine,
My Joys and my Desires in thee shall join.

My Zeal my Pow'rs executive shall sway,
Thy Law with utmost Vigour to obey;

My

My Jealousy shall guard each Sense,
 Against all Ill secure the Fence,
 Admit no Filth in Eye or Ear,
 Keep Avenues for Duty clear;
 My Tongue, my most unruly Pow'r, I'll tame,
 Of thee it shall discourse, and hymn thy Name.

Tho' Nature weak shall of Perfection fail,
 No wilful Sin shall over me prevail,
 Involuntary Slips I'll mend,
 And t'wards Perfection daily tend,
 Self-love I utterly abjure,
 And all Complacencies impure,
 To thee I of myself an Off'ring make,
 And Martyrdom will suffer for thy sake.

Of *Solomon's* warm Dedication-Pray'r
 Great God was pleas'd Acceptance to declare,
 Down on the Temple in full Streams
 Descended Majestick Beams,
 Dazling the Priests and mortal Sight,
 Too weak to bear the glorious Light,
 And Fire celestial on the Altar came,
 Which should each future Sacrifice inflame.

Thus when my Heart devoted was by Love,
 Down to his Temple came the gracious Dove,
 Love's Glories then my Spirit fill'd,
 New-hights of Love, Joy, Hymn instill'd,
 Love

Love on the Holocaust shed Fire,
Whose Ardours never should expire,
Love, till it shall to full Fruition rise,
Lives here in ever-fuming Sacrifice.

Macario, when he both the Hymnists heard,
Their high Proficiency in Love rever'd ;
He saw their Loves both ardent, both sincere,
To Song *Philothea*, *Proba* prone to Tear ;
Philothea then he rank'd with Saints unstain'd,
Proba with those who Purity regain'd ;
Both had sweet Earnests of their future Bliss,
That Joys of Innocence, of Pardon This.

Philothea, little in her own Esteem,
Love humbly proud made choice of for her Theme,

Love humbly proud.

Of Creatures all which into Being spring,
Man is the vilest, yet the noblest thing,
Humility and Pride
His Tendencies divide,
Man laps'd the vilest is esteem'd,
The noblest, Man redeem'd,
Yet, as if both had Contradiction vow'd,
The noblest humble is, the vilest proud.

I, humbly proud, the noble and the vile
In my own Spirit strive to reconcile,

Jesus for me laid down
 His Majestatick Crown,
 From Satan's Pow'r to free a Slave
 His Blood God filial gave,
 Count by the Price inestimable paid,
 And Man's the noblest thing God ever made.

Ye Angels, who above in radiant Choirs
 Sing lofty Hymns to your celestial Lyres,
 Tho' of God's blissful Rest
 You ever live possess
 God damn'd all your Apostate Crew,
 God shed no Blood for you,
 Sinners in Heav'n to Torment hopeless fell,
 Sinners on Earth God dy'd to save from Hell.

Great God was pleas'd from Chaos to produce
 In Heav'n and Earth all things for Human Use,
 Sun, Moon, and Stars dispense
 To Man sweet Influence,
 You Angels rais'd to glorious hight
 Of beatifick sight,
 Are sent by God from your supernal State
 With ministerial Aids on Man to wait.

The Earth, the Heav'ns, determin'd Limits own,
 But God's Benignity to Man has none,
 Curs'd Sin God's Vengeance dares,
 Yet God the Sinner spares,

'Tis

'Tis Sin God infinitely hates,
For Sin he Hell creates,
Yet God, in giving his lov'd Son, gave more
Than num'rous Worlds, vile Sinners to restore.

My Soul methinks is seiz'd with humble Pride,
Sav'd by great God incarnate crucify'd,
My Heav'n-erected Eyes,
You worldly things despise,
You are short-liv'd, vexatious, vain,
You lead to endless Pain.
God me above the Angels rais'd, my View
Is too sublime to prostitute to you.

Kind Guardian, you with artful Hand I see
Would tune your Harp to symbolize with me,
But you by God lov'd less,
Cannot my Love express,
God's Mercies, which laps'd Mortals praise,
Peculiar Passions raise,
Sweet, soft, enam'ring, complacential, high,
Fit Chords to these no Angels can apply.

Bless'd Guardian, when in Heav'n you next appear,
Send down a Saint from the celestial Sphere,
She'll sing the usual Strain,
In hymning the Lamb slain,
I'll grateful Rev'ence to her pay,
And listen to her Lay,

I'll learn from her the Harmony above,
To hymn in heav'nly Chords, redeeming Love

Redeeming Love afresh *Philothea* fir'd,
With Zeal to imitate what she admir'd,
True Christ-like Love all other Loves exceeds,
By which to save a Soul Christ's Vot'ry bleeds.

Christ-like Love.

As to myself to be to others kind,
Jesu, is by thy Law enjoin'd,
And how I love myself I well
Can by my own Sensation tell,
In Grief, Want, Danger, Pain, I recollect
What Love from Neighbours I expect,
By measuring myself I know
Like Love sincere I to all others owe.

Thou, Jesu, in the Evangelick Pact
A Love much harder dost exact,
That all who thy true Lovers are
Their Love, shew'd with thy own, compare,
That they should others love to like degree,
As they themselves are lov'd by thee,
This seems of Love the utmost hight,
A Pitch transcending far all Human Flight.

Thou, mighty God, out of pure boundless Love
Didst leave thy glorious Throne above
To

To sink to Flesh, and to sustain
Successive Want, Reproach and Pain,
And after all thou didst thyself expose
To Crucifixion for thy Foes,
None but God-man such Love could shew,
Such undeserved Grievs could undergo.

But since thou, Lord, hast made this Love divine
Of cordial Love to thee the Sign,
Since thou hast thus lov'd me, I'll strive
From thee like Passion to derive,
Love will think nothing grievous, nothing hard,
While to thy Love it has regard,
Love of no Suff'rings is afraid,
Which are with beatifick Love repaid.

Lord, shouldst thou call me to the Stake to die,
To save from Hell my Enemy,
O let thy Love my Spirit fire,
I'll on the Cross for Love expire,
While I my Soul for Love an Off'ring make,
I'll love to suffer for Love's sake,
I'll joy my Suff'rings are like thine,
That I with thee shall in like Glory shine.

Sweet *Proba*, big with Hymn and Love, was seiz'd
With soft Impatience, till her Soul was eas'd;
But e'er she could her heav'nly Freight unlade
She stopt, not disagreeably delay'd;
A strange Event surpriz'd the Daughters all,
A Dove flew into and about the Hall,

A silken Cord around his Neck was hung,
 At which unsupercrib'd a Letter hung;
 Well knew the pretty Envoy to what Coast
 He was to fly aerial speedy Post;
 The Letter to *Philothea* he presents,
 Who reading it, seem'd pleas'd with its Contents;
 'Twas from *Eugenio*, who had long maintain'd
 A Friendship with her tender and unstain'd;
 Sisters, she cry'd, tho' I have still declin'd
 The sensual Applications of Mankind,
 With Saints of either Sex I Friendships make,
 God's Friends are mine, I love them for God's sake,
Eugenio is God's Friend, and Hymns indites,
 I'll sing to you the Letter which he writes.

Fond Love, the sensual Poets Theme,
 Is ever in extreme
 To Fever it by Presence grows,
 In Absence cold as Polar Snows.

But Love enamour'd of the Mind,
 Proper to Souls refin'd,
 Absent or present is the same,
 Enkindled by supernal Flame.

Such Love bless'd Jesus deign'd to shew
 To Sisters here below,
 He gracious Visits to them made,
 They all his Loves with Loves repaid.

Our Lord such Love on *John* imprest
When leaning on his Breast,
Characteristick to remain
Of all first lov'd who love again.

Lov'd *John* with such a Love was blest
T'wards his pure Virgin Guest,
When Jesus as his last he breath'd
His Mother to his Love bequeath'd.

The Saints below from Saints above
Derive this heav'nly Love,
Which *John* and his *Electa* fir'd,
By like pure Passion co-inspir'd.

Such Love the holy *Paul* inflam'd
When *Tecla* he reclaim'd,
The heav'nly Light to her disclos'd,
Which both to heav'nly Love dispos'd.

With *Jerome* in such Love conspir'd
Marcella, when retir'd,
To *Bethlem* she herself confin'd,
To keep a Heav'n-erected Mind.

Such Love the Saint to *Paula* shew'd
In their blest'd Co-abode,
With young *Eustochium* both possess
Co-equally his sacred Breast.

Had *David* felt such Love as this
 He ne'er had lov'd amiss,
 Had found blest'd Woman's Love transcend
 The Love of *Jonathan* his Friend:

'Tis in such Love that you and I,
Philothea, strive to vie,
 Love co-harmonious of the Saints,
 Free from concupiscential Taints.

Our Bodies at wide distance stay,
 Our Souls meet ev'ry Day,
 Our Ardours at each Hour of Pray'r
 Mix, and fly Heav'n-ward thro' the Air.

Seven times a day I to the Source
 Of Blessings have recourse,
 Still when for any Grace I sue,
 I beg an equal Share for you.

You the like Charity I know
 To your *Eugenio* shew,
 Our Hearts each others Wants comprize,
 Our Tongues and Spirits sympathize.

Such meeting raises more delight
 Than if we met by sight,
 Sight cannot more our Souls endear,
 'Twill rather tarnish Love than clear.

We'll

We'll both reserve our Kifs of Peace
Till God gives both Release,
If you at Heav'n shall first arrive,
I shall not long your Loss survive.

I shall discern the parting Hour
By soft magnetick Pow'r,
Your Love will Heav'n-wards draw your Friend,
And I shall up t'wards you propend.

Should I reach Blifs while here you stay,
Amidst my Hymns I'll pray,
That of each Joy I there obtain,
Some Relish may with you remain.

A Relish to transport your Soul,
Till you this Life condole,
Which keeps you from the Joys on high
In Languor till you thither fly.

In Blifs when we each other see,
Love will ecstastick be,
And tho' no Marriages are there,
We yet may, like the Cherubs, pair.

To all the Bless'd a Love intense
With Joy we shall commence,
Yet there we Friendship may renew,
And Love peculiar to us two.

In Hymn we'll still together join
 Before the Throne divine,
 We'll act with co-united Heart,
 We'll never sing or joy apart.

All to congratulate *Philothea's* Dove,
 And Happiness in good *Eugenio's* Love,
 Just ready were, when *Proba* took the Que
 In Song to turn their intellectual View
 From th' Envoy Dove, the Dove divine to sing,
 Of filial Tears, Love, Hymn, the boundless Spring.

Eternal Dove, by Jesus sent
 Love heav'nly to foment,
 Since we of Jesus are bereft,
 Thou Comforter art left,
 And thou dost in thy Saints abide,
 Their Souls to strengthen, comfort, guide.

I would invite thee to my Heart,
 Thence never to depart,
 Thou Source of Hymn and Love divine,
 To both dost Souls incline,
 But know thou never canst endure
 To temple in a Heart impure.

My Heart, blest'd *Paraclete*, refine,
 That it may thee enshrine,
 Thy tender Wings o'er me extend,
 Make me to the propend,

From

From the kind Heat thou wilt dispense,
I shall Spiritual Life commence.

Thou, boundless Love, dost Love excite
Where e'er thou tak'st thy Flight,
To raise a penitential Show'r
Thou hast the gracious Pow'r,
My Eyes, when kiss'd by thy soft Wings,
Will gush in never-ceasing Springs.

In Tears I'll bathe, then bathe again,
My Eyes I ne'er shall drain,
To Sin expos'd while I live here,
Sin will supply my Tear,
Or should my Fountains chance to stop,
One gentle Ray will make them drop.

Thou didst thy Plumes on *Mary* spread,
And glorious Influence shed,
With Hymn and Love thou didst her store,
E'er great God-man she bore,
No mortal Sin could her invade,
For Hymn and Love she chiefly pray'd.

I Hymn and Love of thee implore,
And beg one Blessing more,
Tears of Love filial, to bemoan
That I to sin am prone,
Soft Tears and Sin are so ally'd,
They ne'er can separate abide.

When

When I my Vial full have wept,
 And God shall it accept,
 O let thy Wings their Virtue dart
 From Eye-lids to my Heart,
 O Soul-intenerating Dove,
 Melt me entirely into Love.

Love will afresh my Eye-lids fill,
 In Rivers to distil,
 That on the World I love should spend,
 And Love immense offend,
 I Jesus in my Eye shall keep,
 Love will with Consolation weep.

While I dissolve in filial Tear
 Thy Wings my Soul will chear,
 Celestial Joys will me o'erflow,
 And make a Heav'n below,
 And thou, my Spirit, wilt sublime
 To love, joy, weep, at the same time.

Of Love divine *Proba* scarce sang the Source,
 But sweet *Philothea* sang its gracious Force,
 She by Experience its Attractives knew,
 And how benignly Jesus Lovers drew.

My Love of Love divine shall sing,
 My Pow'rs your Contributions bring,
 While my Song co-unites
 Your quintessential Might,
 Ambition

Ambition sacred seizes me to try
How near I can approach the Songs on high.

But, O my Love, where art thou flown,
Wont in my Heart to keep the Throne,
If thou from me retire,
I then shall soon expire,
Should heav'nly Love refuse with me to dwell,
This World would be anticipated Hell.

Love now returns, O tell me why
You would from your dear Mansion fly!
Love instantly rejoin'd
Love from the Lover's Mind,
To God still am'rous Transmigrations makes,
Lives where it loves, and where it liv'd forsakes.

Think on Attractives which combine
In boundless Love of Godhead trine,
Each Minute Love calls out
From Flesh the Soul devout,
Pure Love at that sweet Call spreads out her Wings,
And t'wards the God of Love takes vig'rous Springs.

By Nature's Voice Love ev'ry day
Is call'd all Creatures to survey,
On all the various Kinds
She Love-Impressions finds,
Had all the mute Creation pow'r to speak,
Into God's Love and Praises they would break.
Love

Love is call'd out to mount on high,
 All God's Perfections to descry,
 Love stretches Human Mind,
 To grasp Love unconfin'd,
 And where the Mind falls short, Love taking flight,
 Obtains of God a more unclouded sight.

Love by the Lapse enfeebled grew,
 And had of God but twilight view,
 We now the Medium change,
 And Love has boundless Range,
 Thro' Jesus now the Godhead we behold,
 There all his Attributes their Loves unfold.

All Love thro' Jesus is deriv'd,
 Our Bliss in Jesus is contriv'd,
 Thro' Jesus God displays
 Propitious lovely Rays,
 And when I God thro' the lov'd Jesus eye,
 I lov'd, re-love, and could for Jesus die.

Thro' Jesus while I Views prolong,
 I could endite eternal Song,
 All Blessings Love receives,
 While it to Jesus cleaves,
 Thro' Jesus all God's Dearnesses descend,
 Of Father, Saviour, Comforter, and Friend.

I in all Loves thro' Jesus share,
 Which in great God concenter'd are,

In him God Love is stil'd,
Laps'd Man is reconcil'd,
Our God is Love eternal and immense,
And all-sufficient all things to dispense.

As Godhead Love thro' Jesus shews,
Our Guilt is apt to interpose,
God angry then appears,
His View then raises Fears,
But Love suggests, thro' Blood of Jesus shed
God's Anger is aton'd, and calms our Dread.

Since the all-gracious Trine decreed
All Loves thro' Jesus should proceed,
Love made a strong essay
On Jesus Love to stay,
Was irresistibly yet sweetly drawn,
To gain of Jesus Love some happy Dawn.

With that Love to contemplate try'd
The Love of Jesus crucify'd,
Love strove to take its Hight,
View'd it in ev'ry Light,
Love, which no Hymn could to such Love adapt,
Wept, joy'd, admir'd, and highten'd into Rapt.

Charm'd with the Love of Jesus *Proba* rose,
Her Prayer for Love in Song to interpose.

Prayer

Prayer for Love.

My Pray'rs for Love to Heav'n directly fly,
 The God of Love cannot these Pray'rs deny,
 The God of Love these Pray'rs inspires,
 He first the Incense fires,
 Which, as it Heav'n-ward burns,
 What Love sent down, to Love returns,
 God is both Loveliness and Love immense,
 And loves to be re-lov'd with Love the most
 [intense.

All-gracious God, I cry'd, make no delay,
 Vouchsafe me one inflammatory Ray,
 And strait a Ray of Love divine
 Deign'd on my Soul to shine,
 I knew from whence it came,
 It kindled in me heav'nly Flame,
 I felt it gently over-shine my Breast,
 But its sweet mighty Force can never be express'd.

Down on my Spirit flew the spotless Dove,
 Pluck'd from his splendid Wings a Beam of Love,
 My Heart with that bright Beam he fill'd,
 Which heav'nly Love instil'd,
 My Heart was at one Stroke
 Of that soft Beam in pieces broke,
 I long for its Obdurateness was griev'd,
 And wonder'd how the Rock could by a Beam be
 [cleav'd.

When

When his all-glorious Wings the Spirit spread
O'er Chaos, and enliv'ning Influence shed,
As he descended his bright Rays
Made ante-solar Days,
Light on the Mass appear'd
E'er into Creatures it was rear'd ;
Thus on my Heart when down the Spirit flew,
Light heav'nly on it fell e'er 'twas a Creature new.

When Jesus to the Man born blind gave Eyes,
He all the Creatures saw with strange Surprize ;
Thus Love's diffus'd enam'ring Light
Gave an amazing Sight
I clearly saw my Heart,
Pry'd nicely into ev'ry Part,
Concupiscence had made it so impure,
Unspotted Love divine could not its sight endure.

Sin now in a true Light itself displays,
And diabolick Ugliness betrays ;
O I have liv'd till now stark blind,
Stranger to my own Mind,
Ah, I too late begin
To see the Sefulness of Sin,
My deepest Wound is, that I should mis-spend
My Strength so much, so long, Love boundless to
[offend.

When I confront my Sins, and Love divine,
The infinite free Love of Godhead trine,
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Has such sweet Force, that it endears
 The bitterest of my Tears,
 Hearts humble and contrite
 In Lamentations feel delight,
 Each Tear alleviates their afflicting Moan,
 And glad Advances makes Love outrag'd to atone.

All worldly Lufts I from my Heart expell'd,
 And the lov'd Sin which furiously rebell'd,
 I then implor'd Love's gracious Might,
 Love ardent to excite;
 Soon as my Heart was clear'd,
 Love in his Temple re-appear'd,
 My broken Heart Love fill'd, and Love re-clos'd;
 And in his Temple there Love infinite repos'd.

Philothea felt Love's Traction's sweet and strong,
 And Love attracted prompted her to Song.

When Love divine my Love excites,
 And to the Taste of Love invites,
 O all the World would strive in vain
 My vig'rous Passion to restrain;
 Love all her ghostly Sails expands,
 Till she on Love celestial lands.

Propension strong, like the Trade-wind,
 Directs her to the Port design'd,
 And soon as she has reach'd the Shore
 She humbly disembogues her Store,

Her

Her little Cargo to unlade,
With boundless Freight of Love repaid.

Love cannot long at Home remain,
But makes to the same Port again,
There the vast Treasure Love surveys
Which God up for his Lovers lays,
Love Meditation there employs
To take account of boundless Joys.

Fix'd Meditation fills the Mind
With Thoughts of Goodness unconfin'd,
Love in that Goodness takes delight,
Longs to protract that blissful fight,
She feels herself compleatly blest,
And there eternally would rest.

Love to the Love immense adheres,
Nought more than Separation fears,
To nearer Union Love aspires,
Appropriation she desires,
My Love, my Love, my Love, she cries,
And strives to noblest Hymn to rise.

When Love from Thought sublime descends,
Still she to God, her Centre, tends,
Love all things worthless sees below,
Vain Joys, with real Sin and Woe,
God in her Heart bears sov'raign Sway,
Love makes her Pow'rs God's Laws obey.

Love, while at distance she remains,
 The Image of her Love retains,
 She all the Graces calls to mind
 Which in God's Son beloved shin'd,
 He Love divine familiariz'd,
 Deigning in Flesh to be compriz'd.

Love, while in Absence here she stays,
 Feels the sweet Force of Jesus Rays,
 She melts all o'er at Jesus Name,
 Her Tears of Love foment her Flame,
 She lives in Languor to lay by
 Her Flesh, which veils him from her Eye.

But that which most of all Love grieves,
 From which she daily Wounds receives,
 Is Wandring, Tedium, Damp, and Chill,
 Which oft in Duty check her Will,
 Her Will, which never gives Consents,
 Remissions of her Zeal laments.

Love well her Heart most treach'rous knows,
 And Malice of her ghostly Foes,
 And the Out-post which guards the Lines
 She to Self-Jealousy assigns,
 She lives in constant Watch and Pray'r
 Against all Ill, Surprize, or Snare.

Herself an Holocaust she gives
 To God, by whom she loves and lives;

Thus

Thus lodg'd in God, she dries her Tears,
She no Assault infernal Fears,
God will be sure to guard his own
Till Love is to its Sphere reflow'n.

Proba to sing her Turn in vain essay'd,
Her Strength was by her Love-efforts decay'd,
She long'd to utter what her Love conceiv'd,
But sat down rather languishing than griev'd,
With Will resign'd she gave *Philothea* place,
And gave God Thanks for her more vigorous Grace,
Philothea, till sweet *Proba* Strength regain'd,
The Daughters with Love's Union entertain'd.

Union of Love.

When first by Jesus lov'd, my Mind
To love my dearest Lord inclin'd,
I felt the mighty Joys below,
Which none but Jesus Lovers know,
Too great for Lovers to relate,
Preludiums of the blissful State,
Methought my Spirit liv'd above,
Was transubstantiated to Love.

My Love, my Love, my Love, I cry'd,
Who wouldst for me be crucify'd,
No mortal Love can reach a Hight
Proportion'd to Love infinite,
I'll yet thy Love to copy try,
Thou art all Love, and so am I,

Thou art all Love to worthless me,
I am all Love to lovely thee.

By Love my God and I unite,
We in each other co-delight,
We sweetly in each other dwell,
Interpositions all repel,
O wondrous Force of Love divine,
Finite and infinite to join,
I nothing can to God dispense,
And God to me is Love immense!

A Drop is more, compar'd to Sea,
Than Finite to Infinity,
A Drop is in the Ocean lost,
But boundless Oceans I exhaust,
I Vot'ry am of Godhead trine,
The co-eternal Three are mine,
My Love, while I in God abide,
By fontal Love is still supply'd.

My Love to Love immense adheres,
And Lovers Absence never fears,
God still is near, I in each place
His gracious Effluences trace,
Were I confin'd to live alone
In th' Arctick or the Torrid Zone,
Nor Cold nor Heat could me annoy,
While my Belov'd I there enjoy.

Were

Were I from Human View exil'd,
 To live in the *Arabian* wild,
 In *Aetna's* Gulf to make my Bed,
 With dire Eruptions round my Head,
 Or up in *Babel's* Rubbish pent,
 Or to the Land of Anguish sent,
 To herd with Serpent, Dragon, Owl,
 With various Monsters fierce and foul.

No Solitude my Heart could grieve
 While I to my Beloved cleave,
 I'd midst loud Thunders sweetly rest,
 With Loves benign o'er-shadowing blest,
 No pois'nous Brute could hurt or fright
 While my Belov'd is in my sight,
 My Soul no horrid Monsters knows,
 But Sins, which Love divine oppose.

Were I condemn'd throughout to tread
 The Water of the Ocean dead,
 While I the noisom Fluid trod,
 Upheld by all-sufficient God,
 Who stretch'd his mighty Hand to save
 His Vot'ry sinking in the Wave,
 The Love divine my Soul would chear,
 Stanch, Danger, and Fatigue, endear.

Were I within a crazy Bark
 Toss'd on the Ocean in the dark,
 Or in an airy Vortex twirl'd
 Between the low and upper World,

'Midst Waves which high as Mountains roll,
 Serene would be a Lover's Soul,
 Centred in God, would persevere
 Unmov'd amidst the whirling Sphere.

Were I into the Furnace thrown
 Where hopeless Souls make hideous Moan,
 Of Love divine one pow'rful Beam
 Wou'd there perfume the sulph'rous Steam,
 The Fiends would from the Splendors fly,
 I should unsing'd and painless lie,
 'Midst Horrors of the dark Abyfs
 I should have heav'nly Light and Blifs.

My God, thou all-sufficient art,
 The more thou dost thyself impart
 The higher still my Love will rise,
 Thy Gift shall be my Sacrifice,
 Ah if, sad if! Love should decay!
 Chastize me when propense to stray!
 And for my Purgatory Pain
 The Joys of Love a while restrain.

The Angels rest not Day or Night,
 They Hymns eternally indite,
 I lov'd by thee, Lord, more than they,
 Should sing a more exalted Lay,
 Thy Beauties more and more disclose,
 For nobler Love my Soul dispose,
 Love, which still climbing new Degrees,
 By never resting lives at ease.

Proba.

Proba mean while fat silent, in her Eye
Struggles of Death and Love one might descry,
One while it sinking, fell, and dim appear'd,
Strait then it lively grew, and Heav'n-ward rear'd,
At last it lively and erect remain'd,
Love, strong as Death, the Victory had gain'd,
Speech next return'd, and with a Voice yet faint,
She made Request to the harmonious Saint,
Not to desist from God-enam'ring Song,
Which, more than Cordials, would her Life prolong.
The Saint then *Psyche* sang, whose Name she guess'd,
Since to all *Sion* dear, would please her best.

A Squadron of Hell Pow'rs combin'd
To make Assaults on *Psyche*'s Mind,
She for Assistance pray'd,
To conquer or evade,
And as the Furies near her drew,
His downy Wings her Guardian o'er her threw.

While she was in his Wings inclos'd,
The Rays of which they were compos'd,
Thro' her soft Heart conspir'd,
And ev'ry Atom fir'd,
They both in Love harmonious join'd,
And to out-love each other co-inclin'd.

My Dear, dear Angel, *Psyche* cry'd,
I'll thine unchangeably abide,
Should a high Seraph dress'd
In his most radiant Vest,

Down

Down from his Bliss to court me fly,
I for thy Sake that Seraph would deny.

O dear Embraces of sweet Plumes,
Which breath restorative Perfumes,
O kind Angelick Breast,
Safe Shelter, and soft Rest,
O Heav'n below within these Wings,
Where my Soul loves, and joys, and God-ward
[springs.
And God-ward springs for God alone,
We both a Love superior own,
And if I love not thee
Next to the blessed Three,
Let my dear Guardian not be mine,
And from my Heart be torn by Wrath divine.

In thy Embrace O may I dwell
Secure from the Assaults of Hell,
Shouldst thou thy Wings unclofe,
And me to Sin expose,
The World will damp this sacred Flame,
I thy Neglect of Guardian Care shall blame.

Psyche, the Angel mildly spake,
Thou dost my Guardian Care mistake,
The Love I have for thee
Exceeds thy Love to me,
God from my Mansion me dismiss'd,
Thy Choice not to determine, but assist.

The

The glorious Seraph, who had flown
From his high Station near the Throne;
To visit the blest'd Maid,
Lodg'd in the blisful Shade,
Of his bright Wings his Duty skill'd,
Concurring always with the Good she will'd.

When Hell's Attacks thy Strength transcend,
My Wings shall thee from Harms defend,
But for the fiery Darts
Shot daily at good Hearts,
The Shield of Faith will quench them all,
Kept wet with Tears of Love, which on it fall.

Infernal Ghosts are fled away,
Love God, and thou wilt watch and pray,
Love never takes Repose
When jealous of its Foes,
Tho' from this Shade I thee dismiss,
I'll be thy Help, Guard, Guide, Support, to Bliss.

See, *Psyche*, how my Wings unite,
How both contribute to my Flight,
This, if I that expand,
Will not contracted stand,
Thus on your Love my Love shall wait,
And sweetly with your Love co-operate.

Proba then rose tremulous, weak, and wan,
Sustain'd by Love she the next Song began;

Saints

Saints by sweet Violence, force to Heav'n their
 [way,
 And with like Violence force Death's delay.

O Jesus, thou most welcome art,
 I feel thee templing in my Heart,
 I into Hymn and Love dissolve,
 When I thy boundless Love revolve,
 Like Hymn, like Love, blest'd *Mary* seiz'd
 When God to fill her Womb was pleas'd.

Her Womb not long could God enfold,
 I'll fast my God for ever hold,
 I love thee, Lord, with all my Might,
 My Love thou solely dost excite,
 No Age can any Instance shew
 That thou didst from a Lover go.

Since, Lord, within this mortal Shell
 Thy Deity vouchsafes to dwell,
 Let no Remains of Ill profane
 The Temple where thou dost remain,
 Some Sacrifice I must invent
 To thee here templing to present.

'Tis not my Love will serve the turn,
 Love's Flames already God-ward burn,
 But a new Hymn I must compose,
 Which some fresh Ardours may disclose,
 That I must to the Altar bring,
 And sacrifice it while I sing.

Next

Next I some Priests must ordain
To offer my devoted Strain,
For Priests I my Love will chuse,
Love shall the Sacrifice peruse,
Which, if no Blemish Love can find,
Shall to the Altar be consign'd.

But who of all *Eve's* guilty Race
Of Hymn could reach such perfect Grace,
That it no Tincture should retain
Of Frailties, which our Nature stain?
The Saints in Bliss could never frame
An Hymn that's worthy of God's Name.

Yet since 'twas Love the Off'ring made,
And humbly for Acceptance pray'd,
Love will for its Defects atone,
Love gains Admittance to the Throne,
Love, which has Heav'n within its Breast
When God there condescends to rest.

Love, take the Scepter of my Soul,
All Springs of Passion to controul,
May no Desire, Hope, Joy, Grief, Fear,
Without Love's Order there appear,
Lord, all the Pow'rs of Love enlarge,
Its Functions better to discharge.

But when thy Temple Walls of Clay
Shall moulder by degrees away,

Of

Of all its dissipated Dust
 Thou wilt be an Accomptant just,
 And when the Trump the Dead shall rouse,
 Thou wilt my Body re-esponse.

Tho' Death these mortal Walls deface,
 Thou wilt not lose thy Dwelling-place,
 My Soul and Love immortal are,
 Methinks they now for Flight prepare,
 They my lov'd Jesus shall enshrine,
 And plead him at the Throne divine.

This sung, she to her Cell was strait convey'd,
 Where she for happy Dissolution pray'd,
 And strengthen'd with the Eucharistick Feast,
 Jesus her Spirit from her Flesh releas'd ;
 As two sweet Philomels in neighb'ring Nests
 Raise and continue emulous Contests,
 And with an innocent Ambition strive
 Which shall the other's final Song survive,
 Till one of them amidst her Song expires,
 And has her Requiem sung by th' airy Choirs,
 While the Survivress in soft mournful Tones
 The Death of Sister *Philomel* bemoans ;
 Thus *Proba* and *Philothea*, that dear Pair,
 In Love celestial co-harmonious were,
 Till tender *Proba* felt her Strength decline,
 And she expir'd in hymning Love divine ;
 Expir'd, but then her Soul more vig'rous grew ;
 And all her way to Heav'n she hymning flew ;

Philothea

Philothea sang her Flight to blisful Rest,
Longing to sing with her among the Blest ;
She of the two more vig'rous, yet betray'd,
By her soft Voice, her Sprightlinefs decay'd,
Yet still in sweet inflammatory Ode
Her Love, t'enflame the Daughters, overflow'd.

Love Enflam'd.

When e'er God's Loves I recollect,
Which Sinners, woe is me, neglect,
Tears up to a full Flood arife,
That Souls should God, the Source of Blifs, despise,
God, in whom all Inflammatives unite,
Which can our Love excite,
God, whom no Mortal ever truly knew,
But irresistibly his Lover grew.

When Souls to God are reconcil'd,
God calls each Penitent his Child,
She is God's dear Paternal Care,
His Attributes to her propitious are,
She to what Hights Love boundless overflows,
By sweet Experience knows,
She calls God Father, and in that dear Name
Lays to Paternal Blessings rightful Claim.

A Love all-wise my Soul instructs,
And all my Life to Heav'n conducts,
A Love almighty me supports
Against all Hell's impetuous Efforts,

A Love beneficent hears all my Cries,
 And ev'ry Want supplies,
 A Love infallible my Faith assures,
 A Love long-suff'ring my Defects endures.

From boundless Love all Blessings flow,
 Love all has promis'd to bestow,
 Love to that Promise is most just,
 None ever can Love infinite distrust,
 Love at all times is present in my Need,
 When I for Pity plead,
 When Guilt, Distress, Grief, Frailty, Souls invade,
 Love then brings Pardon, Comfort, Succour, Aid.

Love gives to all a free Access,
 Delights its Votaries to bless,
 Love all Discouragements allays,
 Love tenderly re-calls backsliding Strays,
 In doing Good Love feels the most Repose,
 And never weary grows,
 Love when most importun'd takes most Delight,
 Prone to diffuse its Goodness infinite.

Love in Chastizements Beams displays,
 Which Love in the Chastiz'd should raise,
 His Mercy tempers all their Ills
 Blunts his keen Arrows, and his Thunder stills,
 For Med'cines Love all his Corrections sends,
 Love only Love intends,
 They are the Strokes of Love divine, not Ire,
 And sweetly in his Childrens Good conspire.

God's

God's dearest Loves my Life sustain,
Not to re-love would be Hell Pain,
No Love divine can be in Hell,
Tho' all God's Loves are there remembred well,
God not to have re-lov'd is the chief Woe,
Which the damn'd Spirits know,
Justly are they eternally chastiz'd
Who infinite preventing Love despis'd.

Love the whole Universe design'd
To minister to Human Kind,
Love Pardon, Glory, Grace, ordain'd;
Love fontal boundless never can be drain'd,
Love infinite must all-sufficient be,
God shews that Love to me,
In God I acquiesce, God fills Desire,
O when shall I to God, my Love, aspire!

As *Philomel* alone in tuneful Songs
Her Voice sinks, raises, shortens, or prolongs,
And thro' the Scale's whole Compass charms the
[Ears,
And with variety her Song endears,
With grave, acute, sweet, mix'd, or double Note,
Sweetning her Air with Trillo's in her Throat,
As if she could into Mens Passions dive,
• And Tunes agreeable to all contrive,
That the harmonious Art of Pipes or Strings
Reach not the native Musick which she sings,
And while the old one sings, the list'ning young
Learn all the Modulations of her Tongue,

And then their Lessons on their Boughs repeat,
 While she sits singing in her high Retreat,
 And singing Day and Night till Voice is spent,
 And her own Nest becomes her Monument;
 Thus bless'd *Philothea* sang the Love divine,
 And to love God the Daughters to incline,
 She sang it, as it shines, in various Lights,
 She sang it as sublim'd to rapt'rous Hights,
 She sang it as it various Graces fires,
 Of Faith, Hope, Joy, Trust, Pray'r, Zeal, Hymn;
 [Desires;

All, while she sang, in Silence would remain,
 And practise in their Cells each heav'nly Strain;
 She sang till her sweet Voice, not Love grew faint,
 The Mortal was quite tir'd, but not the Saint;
 Her Soul was vig'rous, ready out to fly,
 And with unweari'd Zeal hymn God on high;
 With Jesus in her Lips she strait sank down,
 And Heav'n-ward seem'd to fly to gain her Crown:

Macario and the Daughters Rivers shed
 When they beheld the sweet *Philothea* dead,
 All prostrate fell, and with strong Ardours pray'd
 That her celestial Bliss might be delay'd;
Paul long'd to die, yet at the Saints Request
 God his Life lengthen'd, and deferr'd his Rest;
 Sweet *Sion's* Songs would sink should her they lose,
 As once they sank among the Captive *Jews*;
 With strong sweet Violence they storm'd God's Ear,
 Till in the Saint Life seem'd to re-appear;

She

She on a sudden gave a sudden Start,
 And stopt her Soul, just ready to depart,
 O cruel Pray'r, she cry'd, from th' happy Sphere
 Which forc'd me back into this Vale of Tear,
 My Soul was getting loose, and had in sight
 The Joys, the Glories, in the Realm of Light,
 I saw bless'd Souls new freed up Ether swim,
 I heard them Jesus, as they mounted, hymn,
 Their Robes were like Angelick, full as bright,
 Not well to be distinguish'd at first sight,
 The Angels flew on spreading Wings, but they
 Unwing'd, as swiftly flew the spacious way,
 By their centripetal connat'ral Force,
 To their Triune, co-amiable Source,
 Their Guardians flew before, to clear the Coasts
 From the Insults of the damn'd airy Ghosts;
 My Soul just taking was a vig'rous Spring
 To follow, but my Guardian couch'd his Wing,
 And told me I in Flesh must still abide,
 With God's Command I readily comply'd,
 But hard Command, if God benign e'er laid,
 O it was the Command I then obey'd;
 But since 'tis God's high Will, God's Will be done,
 My Days residuous I'll contented run;
 But since my Eyes a Glimpse of Heav'n have seen,
 I can no Relish take in Things terrene,
 Hymn, Joy, and Love, th'Employments are on high,
 To them my Soul entirely I'll apply,
 And if I by my supplemental Days
 Can heav'nly Passions in the Daughters raise,

One blisful Moment richly will repay
All Joys I lost by my terrestrial Stay.

Forgive me, Lord, no Joys I lost, but still
My Heav'n possess'd while I obey'd thy Will;
The Angels never heav'nly Bliss forego
When they are sent to do God's Will below;
There's but one Will in Heav'n, the Will divine,
To that all Saints, all Angels, co-incline,
Should we by that sole Will our Courses steer,
This Earth would turn a beatifick Sphere;
Dear Sisters, by *Macario's* pious Aid
Our earthly *Sion* heav'nly will be made.

Macario and the Daughters God ador'd,
Who the lov'd Saint to *Sion* had restor'd.

Philothea, who to God oft made request
With Hymn and Love, like *Mary*, to be blest,
Could not forbear, before the Daughters rose,
Their Meeting with the heav'nly Maid to close.

Of all who e'er with Heart unfeign'd
Kept Virgin-Love for God unstain'd,
Propending to no Ill,
With full Consent of Will,
Bless'd *Mary* far excell'd,
Who all rebellious Passions quell'd.

She Jesus in her Womb inclos'd,
There thrice three Months the Babe repos'd,
Then from his Prison loos'd,
His Morning Beams diffus'd,

But

But in her heav'nly Mind
God-man for ever was enshrined.

God-man his Mother pure rever'd,
And with a thousand Loves endear'd,
She form'd him in her Breast,
By that more nobly blest,
Then while her Womb him bore,
As Saint, than Mother, honour'd more.

She super-effluently grac'd,
Away the Pow'rs infernal chas'd,
Her Heart with God was fill'd,
No Thought could be instill'd.
Her Innocence to foil,
But her chaste Spirit would recoil.

In Reading, Meditation, Praise,
Pray'r, Charity, she spent her Days,
Ne'er in the World immers'd,
With her dear Son convers'd,
His Beams to recollect,
And in Love-Languors to reflect.

Her Heart blest'd Jesus Ark she made,
Where he his Loveliness display'd,
Where Love and Hymn should wait
On Majestatick State,
They like the Cherubs plac'd,
The gracious *Shechinah* embrac'd.

Her ardent Love her Hymn supply'd,
 Hymn Fuel would for Love provide,
 Alternately both fir'd,
 Alternately inspir'd,
 Alternately increas'd,
 Their Alternations never ceas'd.

All Saints, like *Mary*, are enjoind
 To form God-man in Hearts refin'd,
 Each imitable Grace
 Must there possess its place,
 May I to Jesus cleave,
 And Jesus in my Heart conceive.

When Jesus in my Heart is form'd,
 I shall no more by Hell be storm'd,
 His Graces He'll infuse,
 I ne'er shall Jesus lose,
 My Love can ne'er grow cold,
 While the Inflammative I hold.

This sung, the Daughters heard the Ev'ning Call
 To Pray'rs, and brake the Meeting in the Hall;
Philothea, *Mary* like, in Jesus joy'd,
 And in Magnificats her Days employ'd.

Urania:



U R A N I A:

O R,

The Spoufe's Garden.

*Let the Word of God dwell in you richly, in all
Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another
in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs,
Col. iv. 16.*

U R A N I A.

YOU ask *Eugenio*, that dear Name,
Which sets your *Theophil* on flame,
It is *Urania* fair,
She is above compare,
No Metaphors her Loveliness can paint,
Or how I love the Saint.

On Flow'rs, Gems, Sun, Moon, Stars, I gaze,
From them Expressions strive to raise,
But find no Hights of Speech
Her Excellence can reach,

D d 4

And

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And no Poetick Rapture can declare
The Love to her I bear.

Should you a Female Seraph see,
You at first Glance would say 'twas she,
Yet to your fuller Sight
Urania is more bright,
She the Idea seems of Woman-kind
In the Eternal Mind.

There is a Glory on her Face,
Each Motion has celestial Grace,
Her Eyes dart Love divine,
And wherefoe'er they shine
No Heart is able to resist the Rays
Which sweetly she displays.

The Sun has Spots, but she is clear,
His Beams decline and disappear,
He bury'd lies in Night,
She is eternal Light,
A beatifick Splendor she retains,
Splendor which never wanes.

When 'tis her Pleasure to discourse,
Each Word has such sweet mighty Force,
That Saints her Lips revere,
Rap't when her Voice they hear,
All Joys to which a boundless Soul propends
She only comprehends.

To her O may your Love ascend,
May she be ever my Friend's Friend,
You shall my Rival be,
Have equal Love with me,
Urania's Lovers never jealous are,
All the like Favours share.

The World will to allure you strive,
And sensual Loves for you contrive,
Strong Philtrums it distils,
Intoxicating Wills,
A whole lascivious Legion it will train
To court us to our Bane.

On fair *Urania* fix your Eyes,
You'll then all earthly Loves despise,
Contemplate Day and Night
Her dear transporting Sight,
Her Joys no Diminution have, no End,
And mortal Thought transcend.

Since you request me to disclose
Inflammatives which me dispose
Urania to admire,
Charissa light the Fire,
Your *Theophil* his Passion shall reveal,
That you like Love may feel.

The SPOUSE'S GARDEN.

IN Dream or Rapture on a Day
 Methought I carried was away,
 My Guardian me up caught,
 And gently to the Spouse's Garden brought.

There *Theonymphe's* Beauty shines,
 She, Jesus Spouse, gilds all the Lines,
 There Jesus oft descends,
 And there the Choir Angelick him attends.

There I the Spouse's Virgins saw
 Attending her with sweetest Awe,
 And on a sudden grew
 In Love with all the Virgins at first view.

Charissa's there the heav'nly Muse,
 Wont Love celestial to infuse,
 She could assist me best,
 And worthy Songs of things divine suggest.

I for *Charissa's* gracious Aid
 Address to *Theonymphe* made,
 She strait *Charissa* sent
 Song sacred to inspire, and Love foment.

With that again I look'd about
 To single a fair Virgin out,
 But in no one could rest,
 They all had equally my Heart possess.

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I then of *Theonymphe* crave
I universal Love might have,
She mildly gives Consent,
And then my Love had its desir'd Extent.

Yet I *Urania* most admir'd,
She most my Love and Numbers fir'd,
She Constellation seem'd
Of ev'ry Grace which from the others beam'd.

Chariffa on a sudden flown,
Left me disconsolate alone,
My Spring I felt was dry,
Chariffa had withdrawn divine Supply.

I tun'd my Lyre, I chose a Key
Which best might with my Love agree,
But when I try'd to sing,
Hoarse was my Voice, Love chill, down fell my
[String.

Stark cold my Heat Poetick grew,
With those Inflammatives in view,
I dear *Chariffa* miss'd,
My Love, String, Voice, and Genius, to assist.

For the fair Saint to aid my Song
I sought among the lovely Throng,
Could no *Chariffa* find,
And to the Virgins open'd thus my Mind.

CHARISSA.

Saw ye my Friend this way,
 O fair celestial Virgins, say,
 For Jesus Sake my wandring Spirit guide
 Where she may be descry'd,
 For since she from my Eyes withdrew
 No Hymn I sang, no happy Hour I knew.

The Virgins answer'd meek,
 Who is that Lover whom you seek?
 See if your Friend, whose Presence you desire,
 Is in our Virgin Choir,
 Or paint her Beauty to our Eye,
 That we may know her as she passes by.

Alas! she is not here,
 And yet in ev'ry Virgin dear
 I some bright Feature scatter'd of her find,
 Which are in her combin'd;
 In Love with you she made me fall,
 But made me love *Urania* best of all.

She charmingly me draws
 To like and chuse God's holy Laws,
 She graves in Moments opportune
 The Love of God triune,
 And mildly me upbraids, Ah, Friend,
 How can you such Love infinite offend?

She, as she sweetly speaks,
 With Love my Heart obdurate breaks,

When

When it lies broken, weeping, and in Pain,
She makes it whole again,
God's Mercy she to me reveals,
Who for dear Jesus Sake my Pardon seals.

To God when reconcil'd,
She forms me into God's own Child,
Fresh Motives of *Urania's* Love inspires,
And fresh Devotion fires,
My Mind illumines, steers my Will,
Creates a firm Antipathy to Ill.

The more she Love excites,
The more my Duties grow Delights,
Celestial Suavity my Soul o'erflows,
No greater Bliss it knows
Than to love God, and God obey,
And languish for his beatifick Ray.

My Steps she gently guides,
O'er all my Actions she presides,
Prevents, co-operates, to Perfection brings,
She opens all my Springs,
The Streams she up to God directs,
And my Propensions from the World deflects.

My charitable Saint
Invig'rates me when e'er I faint,
When I am sinking she my Spirit rears,
And when afflicted, cheers,

From

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From Sin and Danger me restrains,
And when I fall, my Standing she regains.

In all laps'd Human Race
She sows the Seeds of ev'ry Grace;
She Souls to the Similitude divine
Strives sweetly to refine,
I nothing am without her Aid,
Ah, if she leaves me, Hell will me invade.

Such is my gracious Friend,
Ah, if you saw her this way tend,
For Love of Jesus her Abode disclose,
And set me at Repose,
I cannot live from her apart,
She left the Shell, and took away my Heart.

The Virgins then reply'd,
There is no need we you should guide;
Charissa 'tis you seek, we see her stand
Next you, at your Right Hand,
When she sweet Influence suspends,
She carefully her Lovers still attends.

With that I look'd about,
And my glad Eyes soon found her out,
Dear Saint, said I, for bright *Urania's* Sake,
Care of her Lover take,
Should you withdraw your Presence dear,
Urania's Love cools when you disappear.

THEO-

THEOPHIL.

Soon as my Sight *Charissa* bless'd,
She Fire re-kindled in my Breast,
My Strings in Chords combin'd,
In easy Numbers I could sing my Mind.

Since that on all the Virgin Choir
I sing soft Dittys to my Lyre,
When I my Number fill,
Their Beauties fresh Poetick Heat instil.

I then another Round begun,
And a fresh Round when that was done,
My Verse could ne'er be drain'd,
Each time I view'd them I new Matter gain'd.

I bright *Urania* most rever'd,
But so seraphick she appear'd,
My humble Love forbore
To such an hight of Excellence to soar.

My humble Love *Urania* saw,
And with a Look forbidding Awe
Kind Intimations gave,
That I to her Addresses should not wave.

Then num'rous Songs of her I made,
My Songs she with kind Looks repay'd,
I rap't was at her sight,
She was so superfluently bright.

When

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When I of other Virgins sung,
Urania so possess'd my Tongue,
That oft besides my Aim
I for that Virgin sang *Urania's* Name.

The Virgins all high Joys exprest
To see me love *Urania* best.
And strove with Motives sweet
My Love to fix, to heighten, to compleat.

Yet tho' I lov'd *Urania* most,
Damn'd Spirits from the envious Coast
Me to strange Loves betray'd,
When for a while I left the hallow'd Shade:

Oft I the mild *Urania* griev'd,
She gently me as oft retriev'd,
Till Love, when grown mature,
Would no insidious Rival Lust endure.

Let other Poets unrefin'd
Squander on wanton Love the Mind,
Should they *Urania* see,
They'd of *Urania* sing, and love like me.

FIDELIA.

O my *Fidelia*, sweet as fair,
My Love no longer can forbear,
'Tis time that you should know
How your Attractives all my Soul o'erflow,
You

You are my Heart's Delight,
On Earth I live, I love by Faith, and not by Sight.

All lovely God his Beauties throws
In distant majestick Clouds,
And our terrestrial Race
In his seen Works his unseen Godhead trace;
You, to our Knowledge dim,
Teach an enlighten'd Faith and glorious God to
[hymn.

Bless'd were those Human Eyes of old
Who God incarnate could behold,
What they all clearly saw
We only from traduc'd Sensation draw,
It is your steady Eye
Which can by ghostly view the ocular supply.

All your strong Motives recollect,
Assist me while I all inspect,
All Prophecies fulfill'd,
Into the ancient Prophets pre-instill'd;
Those chiefly of God-man,
Who on the dol'rous Cross his Victory began.

The poor mean Persons Jesus chose
Truth Evangelick to disclose,
With Love celestial fir'd,
With super-human Mysteries inspir'd,
What Miracles they wrought,
What worthy Truths of God with God-like Force
[they taught.

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How though Hell Pow'rs their Souls assail'd,
The Doctrine of the Cross prevail'd,
And Heav'n, which lay conceal'd,
Was clearly to the *Gentile* World reveal'd,
What Tortures they sustain'd,
By Martyrdoms severe, what wondrous Conquests
[gain'd.

The Gift, the Graces, they possess'd,
In heav'nly-minded Lives express'd,
How they themselves deny'd,
All Good encourag'd, and all Ill defy'd,
Invet'rate Vice reclaim'd,
How they not at their own, but God's sole Glory
[aim'd.

Impress all these, and me advance,
Of bright *Urania* to one Glance,
Then sweet Experience join,
That I may feel the Pow'rs of Truth divine,
And I'll for Jesus die,
As much assur'd as tho' I saw him with my Eye.

S P E R A N Z A.

Fair, sweet *Speranza*, cast your Anchor here,
Lend me a gentle Ear;
To Lovers you give Hopes of Bliss,
None in Despondence you dismiss,
On your kind Anchor I'll recline,
And to your Guidance all I am resign.

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I live alas in Ignorance below,
Of Heav'n I little know,
Supernal Joys, tho' I believe,
I cannot fully them conceive,
Remote they from my Prospect lie,
My mortal Sight can never reach so high.

Go, and on all the Promises reflect
God makes to his Elect,
Infuse them all into my Heart,
Shew me in all my Part,
That when to God I have recourse,
I with a Promise may my Pray'r enforce.

Your stedy Anchor to my Spirit give,
I stay'd on that will live,
That shall my num'rous Wants supply,
On that in Dangers I'll rely,
When I to God for Pardon plead,
A Promise will make all my Tears succeed.

You must in Sorrows with a kind Effort
My drooping Soul support,
My Spirit in all Failings cheer,
With humble Hope I am sincere,
And when to God I breath my last,
I'll in my very Grave my Anchor cast.

Tho' then my Dust shall long Vacation keep,
My Death will be but Sleep,

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My scatter'd Dust in Hope shall rest,
To join, and be for ever bless'd,
And when I put off Flesh, to you
I with *Urania* rapt shall bid adieu.

PHILOTHEA.

Fairest *Philothea*, I this Day
Devote to you my Love-sick Lay,
You are the prime Ideal Grace
Which in sweet Paradise had place,
You Man, when innocent, possessest,
E'er he to Lust gave harbour in his Breast.

You sway'd the Bent of Human Kind,
You Man to central God inclin'd,
Taught how his Passions should conspire
Great God to love and to admire,
His Benefactor to adore,
Who had enrich'd him with such wealthy Store.

But Man forsook his God and you,
From your sweet Conduct madly flew,
Laps'd Human Race feel to their Cost
What with their Innocence they lost,
You still are Love, and Love's your Name,
O kindle in me that primeval Flame!

Shew me *Urania* in her Sphere,
All Motives which her Sight endear,

Shew

Shew me sweet Jesus on the Tree,
Pain'd, bleeding, gasping, dead for me,
All your Inflammatives combine
To set me all on fire with Love divine.

My Heart next help me to survey,
And how I boundless Love repay,
How I on Sin my Spirit spend,
How oft the God of Love offend,
There a sad Prospect will appear,
Fit Subject for Grief, Shame, Confusion, Fear.

Give my hard Heart a tender Stroke,
The Heart by Love is soonest broke,
My Heart when soften'd will supply
With a whole River either Eye,
I'll *Peter's* Grief for Sin exceed,
And while my Eyes run down my Heart shall bleed.

When I for all the Wounds have griev'd
Dear Jesus from my Sins receiv'd,
With his soft Love my Soul restore,
His Love can only heal the Sore,
When you my drooping Spirit raise,
I'll love him, and I'll hymn him all my Days.

DESIDERIA.

Cast on me, *Desideria*, a soft Eye,
Lest my Heart die,

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With you in Nature I conspire,
Like you, am all Desire,
Should you from me retreat
My Heart would lose all vital heav'nly Heat.

When Faith's obscure, and Hope has lost its Hold,
And Love grows cold,
Then I no Refuge have but you,
Bliss endless to pursue,
I to Desire must fly,
No other Grace their Virtues can supply.

When daily Frailties, which I oft bewail,
O'er me prevail,
When my Thought, Meditation, Pray'r,
Disturb'd and wandring are,
Nought can Relief impart,
But in Desires to ease my languid Heart.

My Constancy you never need suspect,
When I reflect
On all Things with impartial Eyes
Which Heav'n and Earth comprize,
Nothing but God I find
Fit to attract an Heav'n-born boundless Mind.

Of Love and of Fruition Heav'ns the Sphere,
Desire reigns here,
Love longs to native Heav'n to go,
In Exile here below

Can-

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Cannot Heav'n aspire,
But by ejaculated warm Desire.

You 'twixt my dear *Urania* and me
Shall Envoy be,
My *Desideria* Day and Night
Shall take an Heav'n-ward Flight,
I still have Business there,
Of Love divine you'll manage my *Affair*.

Swifter than Morning Rays you'll take your Flight
To blissful Sight,
When Death my Spirit shall unsheath,
And I my last shall breath,
I'll to *Urania* soar,
And loving Face to Face, desire no more.

C O R D E L I A.

Know you, *Cordelia*, my Abode,
Where I of Grief have daily Load?
'Tis in the Vale of Tear,
Where Eye and Ear
Can Witness be
How oft I gracious God offended see.

But that which most afflicts my Mind,
Is to behold myself inclin'd
With as deprav'd a Will
To the like Ill,

E c 4

And

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And that sad View
Pierces my Heart with Sorrow thro' and thro'.

Your Help, sweet dear *Cordolia*, give,
Tho' in the Vale of Tear I live,

Ah, look on either Eye,

My Springs are dry,

I much offend,

Yet on my Sins have scarce one Drop to spend.

From your Repository pour

Tears into me, for you have store

My Tears shall then arise

And swell my Eyes,

Which shall distil

Till you shall say that I have wept my Fill.

Yet do not then my Spirit leave,

I Tears shall want afresh to grieve,

My Eyes I still must drain;

Must weep again

When I well weigh

How boundless Love is outrag'd ev'ry day.

Still, fair one, with my Soul abide,

So constantly my Eyes supply'd,

Sweet Jesus will endear

My bitterest Tear,

For Bliss when ripe

Urania from my Eyes all Tears will wipe.

HILARIA.

O 'tis a long, a tedious Year,
Since last I saw my Dear,
For while you with me stay,
Tho' a whole Year, seems but a Day,
Yet in true Love's Esteem
One Day of Absence a whole Year will seem.

My Hours I ever since you went
In Lamentation spent,
I Troubles feel within,
Still gushing from the World and Sin,
And the sweet Taste I lose
Of Heav'n and Grace, which you alone infuse.

On bright *Urania*, fix your Eyes,
Hilaria then replies,
She'll be your constant Joy,
Which no one Trouble can destroy,
No sublunary Woes
Urania's faithful Lovers discompose.

Her Lovers live in joyful sense
That God is Love immense,
Most mighty, and most wise,
In Conduct, Aid, Support, Supplies,
That Love immense and he
In blissful Friendship should united be.

His Dangers, Sorrows, Slanders, Pains,
Love tempers and restrains,

He

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He sees the Friend in all
The Miseries which him befall,
Makes to his Friend Address,
And never fails of Succour in Distress.

Jesus a constant Cross endur'd,
Yet constant Joy secur'd,
Joy always in his Mind,
His Father all his Woes design'd,
His Father's Love he knew,
And in his Agony kept Love in view.

None who in Jesus Footsteps tread
Can feel true Grief or Dread,
But keeping God in sight,
In Love immense may take delight,
Their Woes are short which Joys
Eternal infinitely overpoise.

You'll ne'er have real Trouble more
If you your Sins deplore,
From ev'ry Tear you weep
You will the Joys of Pardon reap,
And Joy will firm abide,
When Sin, the Source of Misery, is dry'd.

E U L A B I A.

From your dear Sight, *Eulabia*, I withdrew,
And ever since the parting rue,

You

You courted me to stay,
I rashly ran away,
A sudden Passion me assail'd,
Which by my yielding over me prevail'd.

My God, *Urania*, and myself I lost,
With violent Temptation toss'd,
Methought on this World's Wave
T'wards Rocks my Vessel drave,
No Helm I had to rule my Bark,
And I t'wards Sin was hurry'd in the Dark.

Danger at last my drowsy Soul awoke,
And made me gracious God invoke,
To Pity God inclin'd,
Sent Light and prosp'rous Wind,
I by his Mercy reach'd the Shore,
And vow'd to trust Self-confidence no more.

Safe landed I gave God his Praises due,
Resolving to fly back to you,
My Conscience to me taught
What had my Danger wrought,
Ah, leaving you I left God's Fear,
And wanted Light, Skill, Helm, my Boat to steer.

Eulabia for th' adopting Spirit pray'd,
Which soon my Soul his Temple made,
O then my Heart I felt
To filial Passion melt,

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I call'd God Father, and could frame
My Tongue to call him by no other Name.

Love heav'nly, which all servile Fear excels,
Congenial with the filial dwells,
In Sin God's Sons disclaim
The Turpitude and Shame,
They, should no Torment Sin attend,
Would grieve so good a Father to offend.

[within
God, our great Judge, sees Hearts, and views
The Rise, Growth, Strength, Reserves of Sin;
O may I Day and Night
God's Presence keep in sight,
I shall no wilful Evil do
While my tremendous Judge is in my view.

F I D U C I A.

Since, fair *Fiducia*, I lov'd you,
I no one Trouble knew,
O happy Day
When you taught me the way
My God to please,
And staid on God my restless Soul to ease.

I in the World long sought Repose,
And nothing got but Woes,
Could nothing find
To fill a boundless Mind,

'Tis

'Tis a vain thing,
Of Disappointments the empoison'd Spring.

E'en my own Heart I could not trust,
Fond of insidious Lust,
Which e'er enjoy'd
In its Approach destroy'd,
All that I gain'd
Was but by fresh Vexations to be pain'd.

You taught that I should God atone
By penitential Moan,
On God to rest,
Confiding to be bless'd,
O it was you
Taught me my Vow baptismal to renew.

Soon as with God I Cov'nant made,
God was my God you said,
I call'd God mine,
Rely'd on Love divine,
And from that Hour
Sin, Lust, the World, had over me no Pow'r.

My God I cry'd, by that high Name
I laid to God a Claim,
My Soul was fill'd,
Urania Joys instill'd,
O I had Store,
I had unfathom'd Ocean void of Shore.

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In God's Perfections all I shar'd,
To call them mine I dar'd,
I all could see
Propitious then to me,
Want, Danger, Grief,
Craving before, in them found full Relief.

To my God's Wisdom I submit,
To chuse what he thinks fit,
In my God's Might
My Soul is free from Fright,
And I am sure
That my God's Truth his Promise will secure.

O I'll my God my Refuge make,
He'll never me forsake,
O the Abyss
Of the ecstasick Bliss,
Transcending Sense
In the appropriating of Love immense!

EUSEBIA.

You, fair *Eusebia*, God adore,
You all his Saints with Fervour store,
With Thanks to God I gratefully remind
The Lessons which you taught to consecrate Man-
[kind.
The Thoughts of God in Wisdom, Might,
Dominion, Goodness, infinite,

Of

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Of all Existence Source, our Souls incline
To worship, hymn, admire, the Majesty Divine:

God's glorious Excellence supreme
Excites a suitable Esteem,
Esteem and Adoration, which to none
Communicable is, but boundless God alone.

Frail Human Race on God depends,
God us sustains, supports, defends,
And our Dependance on his gracious Care,
Should to depending Souls Recumbence teach and
[Pray'r.

Had Man continued still unstain'd,
He still God's Debtor had remain'd,
Our Hymns had infinitely fall'n below
Immense Philanthropy, to which our All we owe:

Since, O my God, my All is thine,
I'll in the World stile nothing mine,
'Tis Sacrilege to alienate one Thought
From what God-man by Price inestimable bought.

I'll like *Urania's* Lover live,
To God myself entirely give,
Raise all my Pow'rs, your Vigour most intense,
To render Homage due to Majesty immense.

Thy Goodness, Lord, in ev'ry Light
Devout Affections will excite,

Thou,

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Thou, Lord, shalt have my Tongue, Hands, Knees,
[and Eyes,
With my enamour'd Heart they all shall sympathize.

To all that's thine I'll Rev'ence pay,
To Priest, Revenue, Temple, Day,
Word, Worship, Institutions, Laws, and Name,
Due Honour for thy Sake they all most justly claim.

But that in which I most shall joy,
Which most shall all my Pow'rs employ,
Shall be in hymning thee to spend my Days,
And to begin in Trine Eternity of Praise.

Primeval Worship, Lord, retrieve,
For whose Decays the Faithful grievé,
For as thy Temple-Off'rings fall or rise,
Hymnody chills or fires, Religion lives or dies.

May I, as *David* wish'd, abide
Where thou art always glorify'd,
Nothing resembles Heav'n so lively here,
As when God-hymning Saints in God's own House
[appear.

H U M I L I A.

You, sweet *Humilia*, the more lovely are
The less you know you're fair,
You strive to vail your Face,
Yet ev'ry single Grace

Its

Its Loveliness betrays,
You'll never find a Cloud which can eclipse your
[Rays.

O stay with me till in my Heart, fair Saint,
I your Idea paint,
I having that in view
Shall humble be, like you,
Shall ugly Pride detest,
When your all-charming Form is on my Soul im-
[prest.

All that is good in Man, e'en good Desires,
'Tis gracious God inspires,
Vile Men can nothing claim
But self-confounding Shame,
That Good by God infus'd
They have with Frailty soil'd, or to ill Ends mis-
[us'd.

Pride, Lord, would of thy Glory thee divest,
And thou dost Pride detest,
Urania it forsakes,
Self-love its Idol makes,
Thou, jealous of thy Name,
Next *Lucifer* in Hell for Pride hast kept the Flame.

When thy just Vengeance shalt the Proud bring
[down,
Thou wilt the Humble crown,
In Jesus they confide,
The humble Soul's best Guide,

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They all Self-love deny,
All Merit they renounce, and on thy Grace rely.
[know,
Their Distance they, and their own Vileness
And what to thee they owe,
Thy Glory they intend,
Still fearful to offend,
All Praise on them bestow'd,
They thankfully refund on thee, from whom it
[flow'd.

O may I study my own self to learn,
My Vileness to discern,
Permit no Fancies vain
Urania's Love to stain,
Still willing to be taught
By others what I am and feel, a thing of nought!

My God, tho' I unworthy am to pray,
My Jesus makes me way,
More vile I am, the more
Thy Mercy I'll adore,
In thine and my own Eyes
The lower I sink down, the higher I shall rise.

DEVOTA.

I thought her Angel at first sight
Her Look was like *Urania's*, heav'nly bright,
But at less distant view
My Saint I knew,

It was *Devota* to a Shade retir'd,
The Incense of her Pray'r was newly fir'd

My Soul I felt give vig'rous spring
To burst its Union, and to get on Wing.
Fain it to her would fly.

Her Soul to eye,
O her Devotion had most charming Grace,
O I impatient was her Flight to trace!

At last my Soul its Passage forc'd,
And from my Body seem'd a while divorc'd,
In Rapture as she pray'd
I her survey'd,
And when my Soul its Mansion re-assum'd,
Methought all o'er I with her Intense fum'd.

Her Heart in Heav'n enkindled Love,
Burns constant Holocaust to God above,
And with vivacious Might
To Heav'n takes Flight,
Alacrity Angelick she betrays
In her Obedience, Love, Devotion, Praise.

She from the World oft makes Retreats,
She there *Urania* and dear Jesus meets,
Jesus with heav'nly Strains
She entertains,
With Hymns and Pray'rs she courts his blifsful Stay,
And lives in Languor when he goes away.

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When Jesus for a while withdraws,
She then will hear him in his sacred Laws,
His holy Book will read
With rev'rend Heed,
She knows, she loves, her best Beloved's Voice,
And makes his Cross, to which he calls, her Choice.

By Meditation fix'd and deep
She of her Reading strives the Crop to reap,
With Judgment unperplex'd
Reviews the Text,
Revolves, repeats, applies, infers, compares,
Till she to all Affections gives their Shares.

Her Mind melts Truth into her Will,
Faith, Hope, Love, Joy, Contrition, to instil,
She ev'ry Truth can taste,
And none runs waste,
Of what she tastes the Relish she retains,
And holy Life enriches with her Gains.

She more to Grace than Gifts inclin'd,
Lives with *Urania* in strict Friendship join'd,
To love God she aspires,
More not desires,
And when with Love divine she brightest flames,
More at Sincerity than Rapture aims.

The Days to God devoted she reveres,
Her Life she by the Saints Memorials steers,
Attend-

Attending with due Care
The Hours of Pray'r,
She sacred Fasts and Stations strictly keeps,
And for the publick Provocations weeps.

God's House her Paradise she stiles,
Loves those Souls most whom the World least defiles.
Their Ardours to excite
Is her Delight,
'Tis her chief Joy the Altar to frequent,
With Love on Jesus crucify'd intent.

A Christ-like Zeal her Soul o'erpower'd,
By that she wholly seem'd to be devour'd.
Could not herself contain
At Acts profane,
Afflicted and incens'd when e'er she saw
Bold Desecrations of God's House or Law.

May I by her my Passions frame,
Enkindle at her Fervours sacred Flame,
When e'er my Ardours sink,
Her Zeal re-think,
And from the Damps which here my Soul molest,
Rise to the endless Raptures of the Blest!

A N O C H I A.

Revil'd, Oppress'd with causless Hate,
And persecuted by false Friends ingrate,

An Hurricane rose in my Breast,
 Which gave my Soul no Rest,
 From Wave to Wave my Bark was tofs'd,
 My heav'nly Freight in danger to be lost.

While meditating Wrath I stay'd,
Anochia mild a Visit to me made,
 Her soft, devout, endearing Eye,
 Soon made the Fury fly,
 My Blood inflam'd she gently chill'd,
 To regular from rapid Motion still'd.

Ah, Friend, she said, with Accent sweet,
 Did you from suff'ring Jesus learn this Heat?
 The Name of Jesus pierc'd me thro',
 She saw it, and withdrew,
 O to add more she had no need,
 At Jesus Name my Heart began to bleed.

O cruel Wrath, when uncontroul'd,
 In Human Gore how often have you roll'd?
 The Hearts which lodge you, you disturb,
 You strive to break all Curb,
 To angry Souls create more Woe
 Than all the Wrongs of an invet'rate Foe.

No Low'rings are in Glory seen,
 My dear *Urania* always is serene,
 God's Will to suffer or to do,
 Jesus I learn from you,

Your

Your Soul was patient, meek, sedate,
No Provocations could your Calm abate.

Your Cross you to the Saints traduc'd,
Their Wrath they never, when provok'd, unfluc'd,
To render Good for Evil taught,
And damp revengeful Thought,
They for their Foes made Christ-like Pray'r,
That they with them might in God's Mercy share,

O gracious Father, ev'ry Day
Sinners thy Love with Outrages repay,
Yet thou long-suff'ring art, and slow
To bend thy 'vengeful Bow,
I in thy Patience long have shar'd,
Which me in my Backslidings mildly spar'd.

When I am injur'd or revil'd,
May I be, like the Lamb Eternal, mild,
May I the most Obdurate break
By Temper soft and meek,
Heap Coals of Love upon his Head,
Till melting, he relenting Tears shall shed!

The holy Spirit, Source of Love,
The Likeness chose of a meek, harmless Dove,
He dwells in Hearts from Rancour clean,
Sweet, tender, and serene,
And when revengeful Tempests rise,
With heav'nly Love and Joy away he flies.

Father, Lamb, Dove, the blessed three,
 A Temper teach from all Revenges free,
 Father, may I for Jesus Sake
 Of thy sweet Dove partake,
 With Lamb-like Meekness to sustain
 All thou art pleas'd for Trial to ordain.

T H E O T R O P I A.

I, *Theotrophia*, learn'd from you
 God's wise Disposals to review,
 And to the Will divine
 Entirely to give mine,
 And ever since your sweetest Voice I heard,
 You have my troubled Spirit cheer'd.

Your Eyes to God exalted are,
 You know his Providential Care,
 All Things on him depend,
 In their Rise, Growth, and End,
 Deriv'd from his Permission or Decree,
 Of all you the Alotments see.

God pow'rful, gracious, wise and just,
 Cannot to Chance Events entrust,
 And all that Man betides
 God bounds, proportions, guides,
 We should, as coming from God's Hand, receive
 All things in which we joy or grieve.

On God's Almighty Pow'r we rest,
 His Wisdom chuses what is best,

His

His Goodness Pity takes,
And ne'er a Saint forsakes,
His Justice will no causeless Trouble give,
Recumb'g on all three we live.

From hence Faith, Hope, Joy, Fear,
On these four Wings my Soul I'll rear,
She'll strive to soar as high
As four wing'd Seraphs fly,
When t'wards *Urania* dear she spreads her Wing,
She'll of God's Love and Wisdom sing.

She sees what gracious God ordains,
She follows his mysterious Trains,
All merciful Intent,
All wonderful Events,
All Evils, from their Ranges and Restraints,
Concentring in the Good of Saints.

My Will to thee, Lord, I commit,
Do with it what thy Love thinks fit,
Secure she'll rest with thee,
In Danger still with me,
Lord, keep her safe, the World, if back she flies,
To seize her in strong Ambush lies.

Ah, should she 'scape that furious Strife,
Yet passing thro' the Waves of Life
She'd from her Polar Line
T'wards Vanities decline,

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O she would drive me on some dang'rous Shore,
O never trust me with her more.

God, who first loving, Love expects,
A Lover's Off'ring ne'er rejects,
 To God my All I ow'd,
 To God my All reflow'd,
And ever since my God my Will possess'd,
The World could never me molest.

When Providence a Lover tries,
Or will his Oversights chastize,
 Paternal Love in God
 Benignly guides the Rod,
It heals where'er it wounds, and its Design
Is not a Saint to grieve, but to refine.

Man cannot his Dependance quit,
Must to God's Sov'raignty submit,
 God's Rule must undergo
 Whether he will or no,
They only happy are who God's high Will,
Not out of Force, but Choice fulfil.

While my own Will with God shall close,
I challenge all infernal Foes
 To raise a troublous Storm,
 Or Persecution form,
Urania's Love to cool, or damp my Joy,
Or my sweet Peace in God destroy.

If

If God sends Pain, I crave no Ease,
If God sends Death, e'en Death will please,
God's Will all Woes endears,
Frees me from Dread or Tears,
In Love immensely good, just, pow'rful, wise,
My Will shall ever sabbatize.

CONSTANTIA.

'Twas in the narrow Way
That leads to everlasting Day
I often slack'd my Pace
As I my fair One strove to trace,
And finding my weak Spirit faint,
I to my dear *Constantia* made Complaint.

I sinking am I cry'd,
How shall I this Fatigue abide?
The Hardship and the Length
In this long Journey waste my Strength,
Terrors and Tediums they create,
My Love too feeble is to bear the Weight.

Constantia sweet reply'd,
Take Courage, and in God confide,
View with a stiddy Eye
Urania calling from on high,
Nothing is tedious, nothing hard,
When God is your Support, and Heav'n Reward.

All pious Souls below
Like Fear, like Frailty undergo,

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Yet none e'er humbly pray'd
To God for Vigour, and for Aid,
But both from gracious God receiv'd,
And felt his Courage and his Strength retriev'd.

How can you Length lament,
When Life is of but short Extent?
To Saints most lasting Woes
Death puts a peremptory Close,
No Tedium can a Soul molest
Who gains by short Fatigue eternal Rest.

Go on, each Step you tread
Will gain fresh Strength, and damp your Dread,
Heav'n brighter will appear,
Urania's Sight will damp your Fear,
The Bliss you purchase would be cheap,
Should you sweat Blood while you the Harvest
[reap.

The all-wise God ordain'd
Heav'n should by Conflict be obtain'd,
And a victorious Might
God gives to Saints engag'd in Fight,
We various Graces ne'er had known,
Had they not been by Opposition shewn.

Do not yourself amuse
Tho' dear *Urania's* Sight you lose,
Griefs interwoven here
Raise Languors for *Urania's* Sphere,

Keep

Keep Jesus on the Cross in fight,
And nothing can your Soul afflict or fright.

Her Speech was pow'ful sweet,
And kindled in me heav'nly Heat,
On thee, Lord, I rely,
Fresh Love, fresh Vigour, to supply,
I by thy mighty Aid made strong,
Shall fear no Foes, shall think no Duty long.

SOPHRONIA.

In the bewild'ring Ways
Of the World's labyrinthal Maze,
Where Vice and Error intricate the Mind,
And make it hard true Blifs to find,
I saw the further Progress still I made,
The more irrecoverably I stray'd.

To God I humbly cry'd,
For Jesus Sake my Steps to guide,
My Pray'r scarce ended was, when my glad Eye
Saw dear *Sophronia* passing by,
To me at first she seem'd by chance arriv'd,
But her Approach all-gracious God contriv'd.

I begg'd the Saint would please
My sad Perplexities to ease,
She sent by God to set my Soul at rest,
Sweetly comply'd with my Request,

Into

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Into my Hands she put her guiding Clue,
That I might safe pass Life's Meanders thro'.

Fix first, said she, the End
To which your Life should always tend,
God his own Glory and our Bliss designs,
Which no one wise for Heav'n disjoins,
God's Glory is as much our Business here,
As of the Saints in the supernal Sphere.

To compass that great Aim
You must all sensual End disclaim,
This Book of God your constant Clue must be;
From lying Ghosts to keep you free,
This Grace and Truth in lively Colours shews,
This Vice and Error will to Hate expose.

In gracious God confide,
Pray for fresh Aids lest you backslide,
Pride Man to Sin, Vice, Heresy, betrays,
The truly Humble rarely strays,
His Frailty may t'wards venial Errors bend,
God will his Faith from damnable defend.

All Rocks you'll see and shun,
You into no Extremes will run,
You to your heav'nly Aim will Means adjust,
Yourself into no Dangers thrust,
You'll your Behaviour form by Rules exact,
And duly circumstantiate ev'ry Act.

You'll

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You'll your own Heart suspect,
And all infernal Wiles detect,
Temptations, tho' disguis'd, you'll soon descry,
Of sinning all Occasions fly,
Of Good all Opportunities embrace,
And brighten by Affliction ev'ry Grace.

You'll with enlighten'd Mind
Good Counsels give to all Mankind,
Your Wisdom will be plain, benign, and pure,
Will no *Chicaneries* endure,
Man's Life would be of all Embroilments clear,
Would he the Wisdom learn to be sincere.

Wisdom keeps Peace within,
And ne'er extenuates a Sin,
All Actions with Consideration weighs,
Of Conscience often takes Surveys,
Time well employs, resigns to God its Cares,
Lives to *Urania* chaste, for Death prepares.

In Kingdom-quakes the Wise
Feel no disquieting Surprize,
All-gracious God they know the World controuls,
They to his Conduct form their Souls,
They, ever wise for Heav'n, to Heav'n propend,
And welcome Death, by which they Heav'n ascend.

J U S T E L L A.

Steer'd by *Urania's* pointing Hand,
Justella, lead me to a Stand,

Where

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Where my free Eyes might Human Race inspect,
My Soul thence to direct,
To all Degrees the Lines of Justice drew,
That I might render all their Due.

In one Command, she said, God join'd
The various Duties of Mankind,
Each Soul Love filial and paternal knows,
They High and Low enclose,
And due Regards all *Adam's* Off-spring claims;
Under those soft endearing Names.

The King who with just Title reigns,
The Magistrates whom he ordains,
All Fathers, Mothers, Masters, to whose Care
Others subjected are,
All Pastors who the Flocks of Jesus feed,
To be our Parents God decreed.

God gives to them a Pow'r in Trust,
They to their Stations should be just,
They for God's Glory all things should contrive,
From whom they Pow'r derive,
Should exemplary be, benign, and mild,
To treat Inferiors as a Child.

Inferiors, who Subjection owe,
Must Justice in Submission shew,
Love, honour, reverence, esteem, obey,
For their Superiors pray,

Be patient when rebuk'd, their Posts attend,
Prone to please, tender to offend,

Just are all Men who Human Race
With a fraternal Love embrace,
Do Wrong to none, and all with Sweetness treat,
Free from revengeful Heat,
Who to all others measure just the same
Which they themselves from others claim.

O happy Age, would Men unite
In giving all Degrees their Right,
Mens jarring Souls would co-harmonious be,
From War and Rapine free,
Few would be their Accounts, Death their Release,
When with the World and God at Peace.

Z E L O T H E A.

When first I fair *Zelothea* saw
I could not from her Looks my Eyes withdraw,
More I beheld more I admir'd,
And more my Love was with fresh Fuel fir'd,
She made Impressions sweet and strong,
My Love inclin'd to picture her in Song.

In her fair Hand she held a Book,
Whence she Idea's of all Graces took,
'Twas th' Evangelical Record,
Containing all the Actions of her Lord,

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At ev'ry Line her Heart was warm'd,
And she her Life by his Example form'd.

She knew her Heart wide open lay
To God's ubiquitous awful Ray,
Gave God the full Possession there;
And watch'd it with a constant jealous Care,
From sensual Aims she kept it pure,
And would no Love co-ordinate endure.

She for God's Sake her God obey'd,
By tender filial Love to Duty sway'd,
Her Conduct by God's Law was steer'd;
The same within as she without appear'd,
God was her settled Choice, her Joy,
Her Love was clean from Mixture or Alloy.

Her Eyes she on God's Glory set,
And all her Actions in that Center met,
Like God she Hypocrites abhor'd,
Against each Vice in all Disguises warr'd,
At the ador'd triunal Name
She blaz'd all o'er in a seraphick Flame.

Commands which most laps'd Nature griev'd,
She with a complacential Love receiv'd,
Her Zeal was uniform, intense,
To God or Man averse to give Offence,
God had her quintessential Might,
Her Pow'rs exalted stood at utmost Hight.

When

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When of the Saint this Scetch I drew,
And had her amiable Face in view,
Two gushing Streams of Tears I shed,
As if two Fountains open'd in my Head,
What is your Grief, *Zelothea* cries,
By God's propitious Aid I'll dry your Eyes:

'Tis you, said I, who me have griev'd,
I, fairest Saint, by you must be reliev'd,
I in my Heart your Picture wear,
And from your Picture rises my Despair,
Your Beauties faintly there express'd,
Make me my own Deformities detest.

You are alacrious, I soon tire,
You are all Act, I little but Desire,
I am instable, you are fix'd,
Your Love is pure, mine is with Frailties mix'd;
I tepid am, and you are Fire,
I sink to Earth, and you to Heav'n aspire.

Be of good cheer the Saint reply'd,
Tho' you imperfectly are purify'd,
The Gospel Human Lapse suppos'd,
And on mild Terms was by blest'd Jesus clos'd,
God nothing more requires of Man
Than to become as perfect as he can.

Urania's Lovers here are frail,
Temptations daily here their Souls assail,

468 *Urania: or, the Spouse's Garden.*

Saints may be seiz'd with a Surprize,
Strong Passions on a sudden may arise,
All that involuntary are
And unavoidable, our God will spare.

A thousand Thanks I to her paid,
Who kindly had my Spirit undismay'd,
When she had taught me to obey,
T'wards her Retreat the fair one turn'd away,
To God I gave my Heart full Bent,
Resolv'd my daily Failings to lament.

EUCRATIA.

O wretched Man, whom Sin in Thralldom leads,
And on his heav'nly Vitals feeds,
Our Food, Clothes, Pleasures, Sleep, our Souls
[ensnare,
Our Senses Sin's Purveyors are,
No Blessing God bestows but Lust pollutes,
Distorting us from Men to Brutes.

The Belly-Criticks study how to eat,
Nice and luxurious in their Meat,
Their Meals are Surfeits, Nature over-charge,
The Empire of Disease enlarge,
They starve the Soul, while they the Body feast
With Gusto's common to the Beast.

The Wretches who are potent to drink Wine,
Degrade themselves below the Swine,
They

They by Excess dull all Delight of Taste,
They precious Health and Reason waste,
Damp and deliriate the immortal Soul,
And in their own foul Vomits roul,

Our Clothes, design'd to warm, and Shame to hide,
We turn to Instruments of Pride,
Our very Sleep, which should our Strength recruit,
We to lethargick Sloth transmute,
In thoughtless Stupefaction lose our Prime,
And daily die before our time.

Lust the whole Man, Hand, Ear, Eye, Thought,
[defiles,
To num'rous Woes our Souls beguiles,
With wanton Beauty and insidious Looks,
Foul Picture, Poetry, and Books,
Saints dare not the Impurities compute,
Lest their bare Names should them pollute,

As I alone these Lamentations made,
A Virgin Saint approach'd my Shade,
She in a Vail her Beauty strove to shrowd,
Methought I lov'd her thro' her Cloud,
She to oblige me strait her Vail withdrew,
'Twas fair *Eucratia* then I knew.

Her Eyes shot heav'nly Graces, at first sight
I was all Love, and all Delight,
Each Ray she darted clarify'd my Mind,
She both enamour'd and refin'd,

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She bad me keep *Urania's* Love unstain'd,
And humbly thus to teach me deign'd.

Most gracious God, who all on all bestows,
To Man in Blessings overflows,
God all things sweetly for this Life ordains,
To raise Man's Joys, and ease his Pains,
His Health and Vigour timely to promote,
Would he his Days to God devote.

'Tis easier Lust to conquer than content,
To quench the Fire, than to foment,
The more Lufts pamper'd are, the more they crave,
Insatiable as the Grave,
'Tis Virtue's Exercise to keep them bound,
Lest they eternally confound.

Give eleemosynary Supplies
To needy Nature when she cries,
Food to refresh, not for meer Pleasure, Use,
Plain, cleanly, wholesome, only chuse,
Your Meals are Blessings when they make you more
For Duty vig'rous than before.

Due Pleasures Cordials are to drooping Strength,
Should have nor Frequency nor Length,
Clothes add no Worth, Saints oft in Rags are drest,
What most becomes each State is best,
A mod'rate Sleep repairs you for God's Praise,
Immod'rate robs him of your Days.

The

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The Chaste have bashful Looks, a modest Mein,
And keep the Heart, God's Temple, clean,
They fear God, fly Pollution, guard each Sense,
And for themselves have Reverence,
By Watching, Pray'r, Fasts, Alms, Lufts Fury quell,
And all its Re-assaults repel.

Saints to the Med'cine of chaste Marriage fly,
Who feel their Fevers growing high,
They dread Excesses, which the Lustful please,
Who turn their Med'cine to Disease,
But happy Souls, who can their Passions tame,
Reserve for God their Virgin Flame.

This said, she to Self-conquest me dispos'd,
And taking Leave, her Vail re-clos'd,
Saints call'd to Heav'n all sensual Passions quit,
My God, what Heav'n will not permit,
May I renounce, *Urania's* Love t' insure,
By living like the Blessed, pure.

A G A P I A.

Agapia coming from above,
Compos'd of perfect Loveliness and Love,
I spy'd in her late Passage thro' the Sphere
On Angels Wings with swift Career,
Whither, said I, bless'd Virgin, do you go?
Pursue my Track, she said, and you shall know.

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His Wings my Guardian to me lent,
I flew to see where the sweet Virgin went,
Observing the great Haste she made, I guess'd
She flew to visit one distress'd,
And to a Lazaretto of Mankind
We came, all griev'd in Body or in Mind.

A ministerial heav'nly Host
Flew to attend her from the happy Coast,
Between their Wings their Vehicles were wrought
With Lading, which for her they brought
From Heav'n's rich Magazine, which God decreed,
To trust to her to answer ev'ry Need.

Soon as I enter'd at the Door
I saw of miserable Wretches store,
Such pitious Sights, such confluent Woe,
Bethesda never yet could shew,
Ah, gracious Virgin, who are these, said I,
Who loud to Heav'n thus agonizing cry?

You ought to know them all, said she,
You none but Brethren here of Jesus see,
And all who Jesus love, for Jesus Sake
Compassion on his Brethren take,
'Tis out of Love to Jesus I descend,
Of all Occasions glad the Poor to tend.

Of Jesus Brethren to take care
You never should or Purse or Labour spare,
Your

Your very Life you must not dear esteem
Bless'd Jesus Brethren to redeem,
Your Purse, your Pains, your Life, are of no weight
When you the Cross of God incarnate rate.

All Kindness to his Brethren shewn,
As done t' himself he'll most benignly own,
With Jesus Love all Saints who overflow,
Joyful on him their All bestow,
Cold Water he accepts, and ev'ry Mite
With boundless Treasure pays in endless Light.

Fear not the stanch nice Sense may meet,
Or loathsome Objects tenderly to treat,
You'll find the Fumes which bless'd *Arabia* sheds
Less sweet than Prisons or sick Beds,
Where Jesus in his poor griev'd Brethren cries
For Sympathy and opportune Supplies.

With that from one to one she stept,
O'er ev'ry one whom she reliev'd she wept,
She call'd, as melting she their Wants survey'd,
The proper Angel to unlade,
And from the Load which 'twixt his Wings he bore
Took for each Want proportionable Store.

Alms for the Poor, Aids for Distress'd,
For Hungry Food, for naked Limbs a Vest,
Salves for all Wounds, Med'cines for each Disease,
Cordials for Faint, for Painful Ease,

Relief

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Relief for Pris'ners, Ransom for the Slaves,
Shrowds for the Dead, for the Unbury'd, Graves.

Blessings for Curses, Love for Hate,
Pardon for Wrongs, Kindness to the Ingrate,
Strength for the Weak, safe Guidance for the Blind,
Sweet Comforts for each troubled Mind,
To Strangers indigent she Harbour gave,
Took care that Saints should double Portions have.

The Ignorant she then instructs,
To saving Truth the Erring she conducts,
She on each Soul who cold or heedless grows,
Kind Warnings and Reproof bestows,
Her God-like Love from Jesus Love proceeds,
For sinful Souls her Heart, like Jesus, bleeds.

Urania's Love would you obtain,
Learn Jesus Love, and how to love again,
When Jesus in his Brethren you perceive,
Jesus himself in them relieve,
Count that Day lost when in your Alms and Pray'rs
Dear Jesus wants his consecrated Shares.

She, when her Cargo she had spent,
To Heav'n with the unladen Angels went,
God, who in Acts of Mercy takes delight,
With brightest Glory grac'd her flight,
No Grace on Earth more Jesus-like appears
Than Charity, none more to God endears.

T H E O -

THEOLEPTA.

O leave not off because I come,
Must those sweets Strings, that Voice be dumb?
Your Silence quenches the Delight
Rais'd by your long, long wish'd for sight,
Thanks, fair One, you resume your Lyre,
Urania's Love afresh to fire.

Of all the Gifts which Heav'n design'd
To hallow and adorn the Mind,
Sweet Poetry has suffer'd most,
By Bards from the infernal Coast,
Who in her beauteous Visage spit
The Putrefaction of their Wit.

The Gift of God, by God infus'd,
Should be for God, the Donor, us'd,
From God primevally it streams,
And should in Hymn reflect his Beams,
And ev'ry Song it strives to sing
Should have the Flavour of its Spring.

Great God, the Altar to supply,
Bright Fire commanded from on high,
The heav'nly Fire *Jehovah* sent,
Was only on his Altar spent,
And all Poetick Heav'n-born Flame
Should be devoted to God's Name.

Great

Great God intends his Gifts divine
 Should have an influential Shine,
 God is of Love and Joy the Source,
 His Gifts should have a God-like Force,
 And gifted Poets should excite
 Pure heav'nly Love, and pure Delight.

When Bards against great God conspire,
 And kindle Fervour at strange Fire,
 When they are warm'd by Pagan Heat,
 Their borrow'd Phrases they repeat,
 Mean and inglorious Aims pursue,
 And find the Pagans them outdo.

Would they to God devote their Wit,
 And borrow Lights from sacred Writ,
 Their Fancies nobler Tracks would find,
 With brighter Thoughts enrich the Mind,
 They then would take supernal Flights,
 Verse would retrieve its native Hights.

Souls rais'd to a celestial Stand
 With Freedom might their Pow'rs expand,
 Of Things divine they would discourse,
 From the eternal boundless Source,
 The Subjects would their Souls sublime,
 And keep Wit ever in its Prime.

True Poets are a Saint-like Race,
 And with the Gift receive the Grace,

Of

Of their own Songs the Virtue feel,
Warm'd with an Heav'n-enkindled Zeal,
And warm'd itself a sacred Muse,
Like Ardours may with ease infuse.

A Poet should have Heat and Light,
Of all Things a capacious fight,
Serenity with Rapture join'd,
Aims noble, Eloquence refin'd,
Strong, modest, Sweetness to endear,
Expressions lively, lofty, clear.

High Thoughts an admirable Theme,
For Decency a chaste Esteem,
Of Harmony a perfect Skill,
Just Characters of Good and Ill,
And all concenter'd Souls to please,
Instru&t, inflame, melt, calm, and ease.

Such Graces can no where be found,
Unless on consecrated Ground,
Where Poets fix on God their Thought,
By sacred Inspiration taught,
Where each Poetick Vot'ry sings
In heav'nly Strains of heav'nly Things.

Prophets and Poets were of old
Made of the same celestial Mould,
O that the Prophets now would strive
That hallow'd Union to revive,

They

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They'd sacred Poetry assert,
And the degen'rate Bards convert.

Bards, who will struggle e'er they quit
Their bold and false Pretence to wit,
They'll for a while make hideous Cries
At Priests, who them would exorcise,
But Christian Poets would gain Ground,
And Antichristians Ravings drown'd.

U R A N I A.

You, bright *Urania*, me upbraid,
That I your Love have ill repaid,
The Crime I must confess
Is heinous to Excess,
I justly lose all Claim to Bliss
When e'er in loving you I grow remiss.

You, who are Loveliness all o'er,
And have of Graces boundless Store,
Who all God's Works out-shine,
The Master-piece divine,
Of so enamouring a Frame,
Which at first sight should all Mankind inflame!

From the first Glance of your bright Look
My Heart a Conflagration took,
Each time your Form I ey'd
Inflammatives supply'd,

Which

Which circulated in each Vein,
Your Image fill'd each Cell within my Brain.

While of your Love I was possess'd
I felt myself compleatly blest'd,
You would my Love invite,
When languishing, excite,
Would guide, assist, confirm, support,
And to eternal Bliss your Lover court.

It was impossible I thought
By Rival Beauties to be caught,
I your Attractives knew,
They me so strongly drew,
All so agreeable appear'd,
That in the World I no Temptation fear'd.

Self-confident my Love to try,
How it would other Loves defy,
I rang'd secure about,
Rash, heedless, indeavour,
My Eyes I o'er the World let loose,
Where Vanities with ease Man's Love seduce.

There I a whole Seraglio met
Of flatt'ring Lufts, which me beset,
In Combination join'd
To captivate my Mind,
And they peculiar Engines form'd,
By which each Sense, each Passion should be storm'd.
Attacks

480 *Urania: or, the Spouse's Garden.*

Attacks at first they singly made,
Then all at once my Soul invade,
From you when I was fled,
My Soul they captive led;
And I a Prostitute became
To the proud Will of each tyrannick Dame.

You, fair One, pity'd me enslav'd,
Before I your Compassion crav'd,
You brake my sensual Chain,
Rais'd Love divine again,
You give me Tears which Heav'n atone,
And Re-admittance to the blisful Throne.

When you to me should be severe,
Your soft Reproofs my Soul endear,
You ghostly Strength impart,
To re-assure my Heart,
And I from your Deliv'rance date
My Title to the beatifick State.

While worldly Joys my Passions charm'd,
With deadly Sting each Joy was arm'd,
It Grief and Shame impress'd,
Wounded as it cares'd,
But when *Urania* I embrac'd,
Of Heav'n I had a rapturous Fore-taste.

U R A N I A.

When e'er my Reason was my Guide,
Terrella I defy'd,

But

But when rebellious Sense
Brake out from its religious Fence,
I would myself beguile,
Her and *Urania* strive to reconcile.

I of *Urania* then complain'd,
That she my Love disdain'd,
That she was rig'rous grown,
And would have all my Heart, or none,
Would warmly me upbraid
When e'er my Eyes on other Beauties stray'd.

Terrella then, who seem'd as fair,
I met, compos'd of Snare,
She kindled am'rous Flame,
And quickly I her Slave became,
Yet I to know desir'd
What Love-confinement she of me requir'd?

The Hagg, who by Cosmeticks smear'd,
Fair at first sight appear'd,
Her Ugliness well knew,
And fearful of too nice a View,
Insidiously declares
Urania should in Love have equal Shares.

The Freedom which *Terrella* gave
Made me the more her Slave,
Urania had such Grace
None her Idea could efface,

482 *Urania: or, the Spouse's Garden.*

Both Beauties charming seem'd,
The one I lik'd, the other I esteem'd.

Glad of this Compromise, my Heart
I strove in two to part,
But all was Labour lost,
Terrella wholly me engross'd,
She fair *Urania* made
The Gilding on the Bait she for me laid.

Soon as she was of me possess'd
I had no Minute Rest,
She fool'd me with false Blifs,
And pestilential was her Kifs,
Insidious was her Smile,
She was all Vanity, Vexation, Guile.

Experience, which my Eyes unclos'd,
For nobler Love dispos'd,
And strait I grew ashamed
That I *Urania* rig'rous nam'd,
More I *Terrella* ey'd
The less I could the Sorcerers abide.

Sooner to North and Southern Pole
You at one time may roll,
Or Light and Darkness join,
Than such Antartick Loves combine,
Urania then I chose,
In her sole Love I felt entire Repose.

Yet

Yet of Repose I weary grew,
Still kept the World in view,
Heav'n I at distance ey'd,
Propense each Moment to backslide,
Till with a gracious Beam
Urania deign'd to rescue my Esteem.

U R A N I A.

No Lover yet who ever pin'd,
Led captive by fair Woman-kind,
In Love with me could vie,
Or e'er was half so mad as I.

My Love I on an Object plac'd
With not the least Attractive grac'd,
Yet I fond Lover grew,
Tho' I the Object worthless knew.

I felt as strong and am'rous Heat
As if its Beauties were compleat,
With all the Graces stor'd
By Love's Idolaters ador'd.

Had any one of me enquir'd
What Object thus my Passion fir'd?
To tell I was a sham'd
It was myself that me inflam'd.

I with myself in love was grown,
And my Self-love would Sov'reign own,

484 *Urania: or, the Spouse's Garden.*

Myself I only priz'd,
All Loves to Self I sacrific'd.

Urania oft would me upbraid,
And with strong Checks my Love invade,
What in yourself, said she,
Can you that's lovely see?

The Question startled me a while,
But I myself would re-beguile,
With Truth she me assail'd,
But my erroneous Love prevail'd.

She then my lively Picture draws,
Confronts it with God's holy Laws,
I there beheld my Face,
Could ev'ry Feature nicely trace.

What Form is that, I then reply,
With which you thus afflict my Eye?
I never saw the like,
Its Features me with Horror strik'd.

It is a Monster, not a Man,
Which you have painted on that Plan,
O turn it from my Sight,
And damn it to eternal Night.

'Tis impotent, inconstant, vain,
Dawb'd with concupiscential Stain,

To

To its own Woe inclin'd,
Curs'd, mortal, miserable, blind.

Yet it against great God rebels,
With Pride and with Presumption swells,
Bright Conscience it disowns,
For Idol-self great God dethrones.

God never made so foul a thing,
Sure 'tis from Hell it took its Spring,
And must to Hell return,
To fry in some infernal Urn.

'Tis your own Picture, she rejoin'd,
Which I presented to your Mind,
You this your Idol make,
While your *Urania* you forsake.

My Soul surpriz'd at that sad News,
With Heed the Monster then reviews,
I self with that compar'd,
Found all was true which she declar'd.

Soon as myself I fully knew,
I from myself all Love withdrew,
Bewail'd my wretched State,
And ever since myself I hate.

Abhorring self to God I cry,
And from that Moment self deny.

486 *Urania: or, the Spouse's Garden.*

I strive myself to clear,
By penitent Heart-humbling Tear.

But finding my own Tear too weak
An Heart so hard as mine to break,
Sweet Jesus I implore
To wash me in his precious Gore.

Soon as sweet Jesus wash'd me clean,
I felt my Spirit all serene,
My Pow'rs were all refin'd,
And to *Urania's* Love inclin'd.

God his pure Image re-impresst,
I in my God could only rest,
And God with Aspect mild
Was pleas'd to own me for his Child.

Yet still the Picture I retain,
To check me, should I sin again,
O may I ne'er deface
God's Image planted in its place!

U R A N I A.

False Man, let me alone,
Make Courtship where you are unknown,
You shall no more my Love surprize
With smooth and study'd Lies.

Thus with an angry Heat
You me, O fair *Urania*, treat,

But

But Anger never long possess't
So soft, so meek a Breast.

Fairest, I come once more,
Not Love, but Audience to implore,
I'll general Confession make,
Hear me for Pity sake.

You justly me upbraid,
For tho' a solemn Vow I made
I to *Urania* would be true,
And love no one but you,

Terrella me assail'd,
Smooth'd with Cosmeticks she prevail'd,
I heedless dropt into the Snare,
I thought her kind and fair.

My Passions to beguile
She empty'd all her Stock of Wile,
Pretending Choice to give me free
Of beauteous Virgins three.

First to attract me came
Honorica, a proud, stately Dame,
And I on superficial view
Thought her more fair than you.

To Hight she still aspir'd,
With Envy and Ambition fir'd,

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On all Mankind cast scornful Eyes,
And soon would me despise.

Avidia enter'd next,
Her Look was taking, yet perplex'd,
And the bright trailing Robe she wore
Had Gold and Jewels store.

Pale Fear and anxious Care
Her troublesome Companions were,
She needy grew by rav'nous Gain,
Vexatious was and vain.

Lascivia last appear'd,
She at first sight my Heart endear'd,
And with a thousand am'rous Charms
Glided into my Arms.

She strove me to allure
With lustful Eyes and Songs impure,
I felt strong Poison in her Breath,
She Lovers kifs'd to Death.

I then perceiv'd the Cheat,
From the foul Witches made Retreat,
A thousand times myself revil'd,
By them to be beguil'd.

My Heart could never rest
Till I my Sins to you confest,

With

With bitter Tears I them deplore,
And vow to sin no more.

If you my Soul acquit,
And to your Favour re-admit,
Eternally my Love disdain
Should I backslide again.

You are all o'er divine,
Antarctick to that cursed Trine,
Of modest, humble, gentle Mind,
To the Ungrateful kind.

Pure as the blisful Light,
To Heav'n you take your daily Flight,
Like Wings to my Devotion lend,
And I'll like you ascend.

Urania Pity took,
Absolv'd me with a gracious Look,
Hell, Lust, the World, with all their Force
Shall me no more divorce.

U R A N I A.

This is the hundredth time you swore
You ne'er would love *Terella* more,
Yet by some worldly Toys
Your Spirit she decoys,
And when by her you are deceiv'd,
You fly to me, and beg to be reliev'd.

You,

You, soon as I your Spirit ease,
 Relapse into your old Disease,
 You oft have felt her Wiles,
 Yet court her treach'rous Smiles,
Terrella you your Idol make,
 And me, who seek your endless Blifs, forsake.

Be gone, false Man, enjoy your Choice,
 In your *Terrella's* Arms rejoice,
 A Blifs in her you'll find
 Which suits a boundless Mind,
 To her sole Love yourself apply,
 And t'wards *Urania* never lift your Eye.

She'll on your Death-bed you sustain,
 She'll sweetly mitigate your Pain,
 From Guilt she'll wash you clean,
 Your Conscience she'll serene,
 And when you leave this earthly Sphere
 She'll to her endless Joys her Lover steer.

Urania deep Impressions made,
 Her Ironies I duly weigh'd,
Terrella's Love I knew,
 I soon should dearly rue,
 Tormenting Poison it instill'd,
 Her Lovers she in her Embraces kill'd.

I then abjur'd *Terrella's* Arms,
 Spit in her Face, defy'd her Charms,

In penitential Vest
My Follies I confest,
Fell prostrate at *Urania's* Feet,
Who heard me with a Condescension sweet.

On me she cast a gracious Look,
Forgave me that I her forsook,
A Kiss of Peace impress'd,
I perfectly was bless'd,
The Joys I in her Pardon feel
Are too immense for Lover to reveal.

U R A N I A.

Urania led me to the spicy Bow'rs,
With Lillies strew'd, and od'rous Flow'rs,
Which in the Spouse's Garden stood,
And overlook'd a Chrystal Flood,
Where Birds sing Voluntaries sweet,
While we our mutual heav'nly Loves repeat.

Urania pleas'd with the aerial Choir,
My Guardian urg'd to tune his Lyre,
And me to sing an Hymn she pray'd,
To the celestial Air he play'd,
And while I sang of Love divine,
The warbling Birds would suit their Notes to mine.

Amidst my Hymn from the ethereal Sphere
I a strange Angel saw appear,

On

492 *Urania: or, the Spouse's Garden.*

On a black Horse he swiftly rode,
On the soft Air he lightly trod,
Holding a Balance in his Hand,
To weigh scarce Food to some obdurate Land.

Urania and my Guardian him invite
At the sweet Bow'r a while to light,
The Angel with their Wish comply'd,
His Horse he at the Entrance ty'd,
And while he heav'nly News relates,
I took his equal Balance and his Weights.

The wise *Urania* oft was wont to say,
That would I all things duly weigh,
I then should their just Value find,
And the Mistakes of sensual Mind.
God of both Lives gives Option free,
And by their Weights our Choice must guided be.

While of both Lives the Goods I weigh with Care,
The earthly transitory are,
Uncertain, false, afflicting, vain,
Promising Joy, performing Pain,
The heav'nly ravishing, compleat,
Eternal, unimaginably great.

The different Ills into the Scale I throw,
Find th' earthly to be short-liv'd Woe,
And Saints who live afflicted here
Have Comforts which their Pangs endear,
But

But future Torments ne'er expire,
No one cool Drop shall check the raging Fire.

Then present Ills and future Joys I rate,
But when I weigh the blessed State,
Should strongest Pains which seize Mankind
To torture me be all combin'd,
For Heav'n I should those Pains surmount,
And endless Joys an easy Purchase count.

The present Goods I weigh 'gainst future Ills,
But when the Scale Hell Torment fills,
Methinks I envy no crown'd Head,
Prosperity becomes my Dread,
This World's a Magazine of Snares,
Which the curs'd Tempter for our Bane prepares.

Heav'n's Envoy ceas'd, his Balance he retook,
Remounting he the Bow'r forsook,
The fair *Urania* me enjoin'd
To end the Hymn I had design'd,
My Guardian touch'd his Strings again,
And in sweet Chords Birds humour'd ev'ry Strain.

Since that of all things Human Wills pursue,
I still retain Idea's true,
When Vanities my Soul beset,
The Scales I never shall forget,
Or Competition interpose,
'Twixt transient and eternal Joys and Woes.

URANIA.

Retreating from the Spouse's Shade;
 I to the World Excursion made,
 Where Vanity had me enthrall'd,
 Had not kind Heav'n my Soul recall'd,
 Returning, I a while stopt on the Bound
 Which parts the World and Garden, to look round.

Nature her Beauty had retriev'd,
 The Flow'rs were blown, the Vine was leav'd,
 Sweet Odours had perfum'd the Wind,
 And warbling Birds in Song combin'd,
 A fair One I on either hand espy'd,
 Who with each other to allure me vy'd.

One in the Spouse's Shades remain'd
 With the polluting World unstain'd,
 The other in curs'd *Eden* stay'd,
 And, like the Serpent, Souls way-laid,
 With sensual Mists the World so dim'd my Sight,
 I neither could discern in native Light.

Two diff'rent ways t'wards me they came,
 Enkindling a divided Flame,
 On both successively I gaz'd,
 Both emulous Affections rais'd,
 I strove in vain my Eyes to dis-unite,
 That each of each might have co-equal fight.

Urania

Urania first her Charms disclos'd,
Amidst sweet Lillies she repos'd,
Lillies which on the Spouse's Beds,
Where Jesus walks, erect their Heads,
But yet the fairest, sweetest Lilly there
Could not in Loveliness with her compare.

Terrella seem'd to be beguil'd
Into a labyrinthal Wild,
Where Thorns and Briars her distress'd,
And gor'd her thro' her shining Vest,
And I at the intenerating View,
In haste to disengage the fair One, flew.

The fight I of *Urania* lost,
Sharp Thorns and Briars the Passage cross'd,
But Love no Pain, no Danger heeds
When it to the Beloved speeds,
And soon as I had her dear Presence gain'd,
She with a thousand Charms me entertain'd.

But when I thought my Love too free,
I was embroil'd as much as she,
'Twas a bewildring, goring Maze,
Had num'rous intersecting Ways,
But she so charming to my Eyes appear'd,
Her Love, her Presence, the Distress'd endear'd.

It chanc'd, as warm'd by mutual Heat,
We Co-enamourments repeat,

And

496 *Urania: or, the Spouse's Garden.*

And I with ravish'd Eyes beheld
Her Cheeks, which I thought all excell'd,
A roving Bee to her sweet Visage clung,
And what she should have softly kiss'd, she stung.

I of the Bee Revenge had took,
But that she strait the Field forsook,
With that I to her Cure made haste,
And as I gently her embrac'd,
My Lips I fasten'd on the wounded Part,
And with a Kiss suck'd out the angry Dart.

But as my Lips from her withdrew,
I soon began that Kiss to rue,
The loathsome Fucus I suck'd in,
Which fill'd and glaz'd her furrow'd Skin,
Soon as I saw her bare unplaister'd Face,
I blam'd myself, and loath'd her foul Embrace:

The Witch still fresh Cosmeticks us'd,
And with her Magick me amus'd,
Oft she diversify'd her Shape,
Urania's Loveliness to ape,
And manag'd her Angelical Disguise,
To captivate my too too yielding Eyes.

Urania, who my Folly ey'd,
Emitted Rays my Steps to guide,
I follow'd their bright pointed Track,
They clear'd my Sight, and led me back;

Her

Her heav'nly Form my Heart entirely gain'd,
And she to teach true Love benignly deign'd.

Nothing, she said, in Woman-kind
Is real Beauty, but the Mind,
Should you imagine a fair Face,
Enrich'd with ev'ry sov'reign Grace,
Which Poets and which Painters vainly boast,
Are all in her combin'd, they flatter most.

Were she the fairest God e'er made,
Had all her pow'rful Charms display'd,
Pleasingly dazzling sensual Eyes,
Which Souls would at first view surprize,
Men only would the outward Form admire,
Her Beauty rather Lust than Love would fire.

One Vice all Liking would erase,
And make Men fly from her Embrace,
Were she unchaste, of Humour ill,
Sway'd not by Reason, but her Will,
Squandring, impertinent, uncleanly, loud,
Tyrannick, peevish, envious, spiteful, proud.

Men would abhor the gaudy Shell,
In which they saw a Fury dwell,
Experience Passion would confute,
Which wav'd th' Immortal for the Brute,
Enlighten'd Souls true Beauty only place,
Not in evanid Shew, but God-like Grace.

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Grace truly beauteous and Heav'n-born,
Which shall in Glory Souls adorn,
Which when lascivious Beauty dies,
And ugly, like damn'd Ghosts, shall rise,
Shall Form resume most lovely in God's Sight,
In which God will eternally delight.

Poets, the short-liv'd empty thing
Which they call Beauty, fondly sing,
Which by Disease to ghastly sinks,
Which, when a Carcase, rots and stinks,
Which when it seems at full, is in its Wane,
And soon turns Love to Loathing and Disdain.

Let am'rous Bards the Passion strong
Of Love-sick *Amnon* paint in Song,
How fir'd by what they Love have stil'd,
He *Tamar* to his Arms beguil'd,
How her he hated soon as he enjoy'd,
'Tis on such Love their Lives are mis-employ'd.

Of old the Patriarchal Swains
Compos'd Love Sonnets on the Plains,
They priz'd an humble modest Air,
Sang more the Virtuous than the Fair,
Chaste Ties they made, which Death could not
[dis-join,
Which Heav'n would both perpetuate and refine.

King *Solomon*, while wise and good,
Who Poetry best understood,

Of

Of Numbers taught the true Design,
Was to sing Loveliness divine,
He Saintship more than fading Beauty ey'd,
And in the mortal fang th' immortal Bride.

Vain Men in Numbers idolize
What Reason moves them to despise,
None love aright, but who incline
To love and chuse 'by Love divine,
What God in Woman loves, is, you are sure,
True Beauty, and may justly Love allure.

That Witch, *Terrella*, Souls way-lays,
Bewilder'd in a thorny Maze,
'Midst pungent Cares is her Abode,
Which each deluded Worldling goad,
She to her Snares her heedless Lovers trains,
And then insults them in infernal Pains.

If me you for your Friend will chuse,
I'll pure celestial Love infuse,
On her you shall no Passion waste,
But to my Love live ever chaste,
All Joys eternal in my Love conspire,
Proportion'd to unlimited Desire.

I gave t' *Urania* heedful ear,
Saw her Attractives were sincere,
I now amidst her Lillies dwell,
Rap't with their Beauty and their Smell,

No Thorns grow there my Rest to discompose,
There, void of Prickles, springs the od'rous Rose.

There lives the Soul from Lust refin'd,
There lives the Will to God resign'd,
Amidst th' Effluvioms of her Flow'rs
Saints spend in Hymns Poetick Pow'rs,
They daily emulate the heav'nly Choir,
Till they in Hymn and Languor sweet expire.

'Tis in such Love, Hymn, Joy, that I
Wish with my Friend to live and die,
And die! for when kind *Death* we meet,
Our Loves, Hymns, Joys, will be compleat,
My Love, Hymn, Joy, will gain the greater hight
The more it can your Love, Hymn, Joy, excite.

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D A-

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DAMONET *and* THYRSIL:

O R,

CHASTE LOVE described.

P A R T . I.

Young *Damonet*, a chaste religious Swain
 As e'er kept Sheep upon the verdant Plain,
 Whose Parent Shepherds stor'd his tender Youth
 With deep Impressions of celestial Truth,
 Chanc'd, as he watchful kept his Sheep, to spy
 A Virgin at a distance passing by,
 Who drave her Sheep at Noon to graze in Shade,
 In homely Shepherdesses Weeds array'd,
 A Virgin humble, meek, devout, and fair,
 And as she walk'd she sang a rural Air,
 Sweet was her Voice, and charming was her Face,
 Each Motion had a Heart-endearing Grace,
 The Shepherd saw her with a pleas'd Surprise,
 Where-e'er she mov'd she still engag'd his Eyes,
 And when her view he lost, his Spirit griev'd
 That of her sight his Eyes should be depriv'd,
 His Soul with Love began to melt all o'er,
 And Passions rose he ne'er had felt before,
 In her alone he something seem'd to find
 Which far excell'd all other Woman-kind,
 A thousand times he wish'd she was his own,
 Admir'd, and lov'd her, tho' as yet unknown;

By Fits he flam'd, cool'd, red'ned, and look'd pale,
 And with deep Sighs her Absence would bewail,
 In her remembrance yet he took delight,
 But fear'd he never should regain her sight;
 Wakeful he grew, sometimes in broken Sleep
 He dream'd he saw her driving of her Sheep,
 Oft, that he heard her sing along the Plain,
 And pieces of the Tune possess'd his Brain;
 His Gesture various was, his Pulse was high,
 There was a constant Languor in his Eye,
 His Spirits, which his Brain inhabit, paid
 Their Homage to the Image they had made,
 He seem'd all Heart, his Heart seem'd all unloos'd,
 And would fly out, on her to be transfus'd;
 Upon the Down he thoughtful sat all day,
 His Sheep before his Eyes would go astray,
 But he no Sheep could feed, no Strays could mind,
 His Eyes, his Soul, were to her Form resign'd.

One while he with his Pipe his Heart would ease,
 But no one Air would sute with his Disease;
 Then he would break his Pipe in Discontent,
 When that Disaster timely to prevent,
 A sudden Fancy starts, he would essay
 The charming Tune the fair One sang, to play;
 In time he piece by piece the Air retriev'd,
 And by that Tune he felt his Heart reliev'd,
 He seven long Hours repeated it and more,
 Till his Hands tir'd, Breath fail'd, and he gave o'er;
 And as he ceas'd, a Fancy new arose,
 To the next Wood and tallest Oak he goes,

And

And climbing up to the top Branch, look'd round
O'er all the champion circumambient Ground,
To make Discoveries on what flow'ry Green
The fair One with her Flock might thence be seen,
But he no Traces of his Love perceiv'd,
And down he came with Disappointment griev'd.
One while he would his violent Passion chide,
And humbly pray to God his Choice to guide,
Resolv'd in God's high Will to acquiesce,
Yet hop'd God to his Love had will'd Success,
Nothing remain'd his Sorrows to disperse,
But to his Passion to give vent in Verse,
Verse, the soft Opiate, by all Lovers try'd,
When Love or Conversation is deny'd.
His Fancy her Idea kept in view,
And he in lively Verse her Picture drew,
Of each Attractive he a Sonnet made,
And sang them o'er beneath the Oaken Shade,
And as he sang a Shepherd came that way,
Who stopping short o'er-heard his am'rous Lay,
It *Thyril* was, whom *Damonet* well knew,
Who thus began as t'wards the Oak he drew.

Thyr. You, *Damonet*, your Hours in singing spend,
And not at all your numerous Flock attend,
They run astray o'er all the bord'ring Ground,
Your Neighbour Swains the Trespassers will pound,
For shame, for shame, this idle Life forsake,
Of your injurious Sheep due Care to take.

Dam. I have no Flock, my Friend, I am not here,
You in my Likeness see this Ghost appear.

Thyr. No Flock, not here, and you a Ghost, ah me,
Do I my Fellow Swain distracted see?
Or does my Sense upon my Soul impose?
My Sight is clear, and Objects truly shews,
This is your Hand, dear Friend, and this your Pipe,
I real Substance, and no Phantom gripe.

Dam. If you my Body see, my Heart is flown,
She stole my Heart, and left my Bulk alone;
Ah, *Thyrfil*, that dear, fair, sweet Maid, I well
Remember, who she is I cannot tell;
She, O 'tis she my Heart has captive led,
My Flock I never since I saw her fed;
My Love-sick Mind I ease in am'rous Lays,
While of my Love unknown I sing the Praise.

Thyr. Ah, *Damonet*, are you delirious grown?
Did ever Shepherd love a Maid unknown?

Dam. I, *Thyrfil*, know her by my Ear and Eye,
I heard her Voice, and saw her passing by,
And if a transient Glance this Flame could raise,
Ah, were she mine, how would my Passion blaze!
But I to find her Person who despair,
Her Graces sing, and to that charming Air
I learnt from her, I all my Sonnets set,
The Air I never, never shall forget.

Thyr. Dear *Damonet*, I know the Plains around,
And all the Maids for Beauty most renown'd,
Describe to me her Gesture, Looks, and Dress,
I'll wage a Lamb that I this Virgin guess.

Dam. Should you my fair one, *Thyrfil*, once descry,
You would her Lover turn as well as I;

I long to know whom I would have conceal'd,
 Much rather than t' a Rival Swain reveal'd.

[and flow'd

Thyr. Fear not, my Friend, two Moons have ebb'd
 Since I my Bliss to sweet *Fidelia* ow'd ;
 I watch'd, I languish'd, and I woo'd her long,
 To move her made full many a tender Song ;
 At last she softning, vow'd she would be mine,
 Next Holiday the Priest our Hands will join ;
 My neighb'ring Swains are building shady Bowers,
 The Maids are o'er the Gardens gath'ring Flowers,
 The Garlands are begun of Pladding fine,
 Our Wedding-clothes are made, which richly shine,
 A skilful Swain's bespoke, who all that Day,
 While the rest dance, on Oaten Reed must play ;
 Curds, White-pot, Cream, and Cheese-cakes, will

[abound,

And Wedding-drink go temperately round ;
 Each Minute seems to me a tedious Age
 Till we in the sweet Nuptial Tie engage ;
 O *Damonet*, I would not Loves commute,
 Would you give yours, and your whole Flock to

[boot.

Dam. But, *Thyrsil*, still methinks I am afraid,
Fidelia, whom you love, may be the Maid.

Thyr. O no, my *Damonet*, your Fear is vain,
 She pass'd not all that Day along this Plain ;
 Describe your Love, my fattest Lamb I'll stake
 That I of her shall glad Discov'ry make ;

Dare

Thyr. Dear *Damonet*, beyond that Mount are
 [Plains,
 Where fair *Dorilla* with her Sheep remains.

[won,
Dam. O *Thyrfil*, take your Lamb, for you have
 Of all my Flock I will except but one,
 An Orphan Lamb, which I by hand have bred,
 And out of my own Basket daily fed;
 With Lover's Speed I'll to the Mount, and try
 If I the fair *Dorilla* can descry;
 When the Priest you shall to *Fidelia* join,
 With dear *Dorilla* may as much be mine.



DAMONET and DORILLA.

PART II.

WHile to his dear *Fidelia* *Thyrfil* went,
 The Swain sat still upon his Love intent,
 And musing long, at last the Project laid
 How he might best approach the lovely Maid:
 He call'd his Boy, who *Lysis* was by Name,
 Not unacquainted with his Master's Flame;
 Next the white wicker Basket he took up,
 Which held his Dinner, Bottle, and his Cup,
 And on the empty bottom drew a Heart
 With Mulberries, deep wounded by a Dart;
 Next of the Fruits in Orchard or in Field,
 And of the Flowers which Plains or Gardens yield,
 He

He fill'd it with the choicest he could find,
 Feast and Perfume he in the Basket join'd :
 He charg'd his Boy, who to *Dorilla* went,
 With silent Bows the Basket to present ;
 The Lamb out of the Basket wont to feed,
 The Shepherd knew would follow it with speed ;
 And after both the Youth made wary haste,
 Himself he near her in a Thicket plac'd ;
 He view'd her well, and saw she was the same
 Who kindled first, and now increas'd his Flame ;
 His Boy soon laid the Basket at her Feet,
 And instantly in Silence made Retreat ;
 The Lamb behind with fair *Dorilla* stay'd,
 And t'wards the Basket for its Portion bay'd.
Dorilla pleas'd with Basket and with Lamb,
 Which she perceiv'd had lost its tender Dam,
 And sitting down the Flow'rs and Fruits to view,
 She a ripe Apple to the Youngling threw ;
 The Flow'rs she in her Bosom part bestow'd,
 Part o'er the Shade where she repos'd she strew'd ;
 The Youth, who saw them in her Bosom lie,
 Beheld the happy Flow'rs with envious Eye ;
 The Fruit she at her Meal with Gusto spent,
 Yet wond'ring, mus'd who had the Basket sent ;
 And just as she the bottom Peaches clear'd
 A wounded bloody Heart to her appear'd ;
 She starts, she falls a trembling, and looks pale,
 And strange new tender Passions her assail ;
 Ah me! she said, sure some poor am'rous Swain
 Lies now transfix'd, and languishing in Pain ;

I know not what Love is, but Shepherds sing
 'Tis an afflictive, pleasing, idle thing;
 Yet Men and Maids I see to Love incline,
 And what it is I now and then divine;
 But I desire to live in Ign'rance still,
 Lest I Repentance purchase with my Skill;
 I Shepherds hear in Pastorals complain,
 'Tis Hell to love, and not be lov'd again;
 Sure Woman-kind is not so cruel grown,
 Has not a Heart relentless as a Stone,
 That the Church-yards they ev'ry Year should fill
 With pining Lovers, whom they wound and kill;
 If Songs be true a Pow'r we Women have
 To ruin many, and but one to save;
 I pity what forsaken Lovers feel,
 The Maid who gave the Wound, the Wound must
 [heal.

'Twas by mistake sure I this Basket got,
 No Shaft in all my Life I ever shot;
 Yet Songs say we may pierce a Lover thro'
 And not at all perceive the Hurt we do,
 That in our Eyelids all our Arrows lie,
 Which when we open out at random fly;
 But none can Shot involuntary blame,
 They only guilty are who shoot by Aim;
 Men more defensively, their Hearts must arm,
 Or we live winking lest we do them Harm;
 Yet it would grieve me should a tender Swain
 Of Wounds made by my random Shot complain;
 My

My Heart to him could never cruel be
 Who I was sure had chaste true Love for me;
 But on right Choice since worldly Joys depend,
 My Pray'r to God for Guidance shall ascend.

Young *Damonet*, who in near Ambush lay,
 Still watching when he might approach the Prey,
 At her endearing Words appear'd in sight,
 And sweetly thus strove to prevent the Fright.

[Shade!

Dam. O fairest of all Maids who grace this
 Ah, wonder not I this Approach have made,
 I seek an Orphan Lamb which ran *astray*,
 And neighb'ring Shepherds said it came this way;
 No modest Shepherdess e'er thought it strange
 A Swain for Strays should o'er her Pasture range.

Dorilla, soon as she the Youth had seen,
 Could not dislike his Person or his Mein,
 Yet from his Looks her cautious Eyes withdrew,
 And by short transient Glances stole his view,
 Then made reply in a regardless Tone,
 Go, search my Flock, and leave me here alone,
 I number'd all my Sheep this very Day,
 Had it been there I should have seen your Stray.

O fairest Maid the Shepherd strait replies,
 That's my stray Lamb which in your Basket lies;
 With that he call'd it, and it knew his Voice,
 And seem'd at his glad Presence to rejoice,
 It lick'd his Hand, he much'd it, and it bay'd,
 This is my Orphan Lamb, said he, that stray'd,

Out

Out of the Basket it was daily fed,
Will o'er the Plains be by that Basket led.

Shepherd, she said, then take your pretty Stray,
Go from my unfrequented Shade away;
She, what she spake, wish'd instantly unsaid,
Hop'd inwardly she should be disobey'd.

Dam. Sweet, fair *Dorilla*, tho' the Lamb is mine,
I to your Hands my dearest Lamb resign,
Do not a faithful Shepherd's Gift disdain,
It is the prettiest Lamb e'er frisk'd on Plain.

[allur'd,
His Looks, Speech, Gift, the Virgin's Heart
She by degrees his Company endur'd,

Dam. To you I freely with my Youngling part,
The dearest thing I have besides my Heart,
That I reserve. For whom, the Maid rejoin'd?

Dam. For the best, fairest, of all Woman-kind.

[blest'd,
Dor. Thrice happy's he who shall with her be
Who of our Sex the fairest is and best:
But tho' what 'tis to love I cannot tell,
I by Swains Songs their Flatt'ry know full well;
To ev'ry Maid in all the Past'ral Tribe
Vain Shepherds those high Epithets ascribe;
Fond Maids are pleas'd those Flatt'ries to receive,
But they are Fools if they the Swains believe.

Dam. *Dorilla*, justly you false Shepherds blame,
But some there are who have a purer Flame;
All wanton Flatt'ers Virgins should disgust,
Who Courtship make not out of Love, but Lust;

I love, and to my fair One's Love aspire
 With a chaste, constant, conjugal Desire;
 I of her Virtues sing in Songs sincere,
 With no foul Flatteries pollute her Ear;
 If in my Songs I her due Praise exceed,
 Strong Passion may for an Indulgence plead;
 I love, and think I ne'er enough can say,
 My Passion on her Graces to display,
 I clothe them both in soft Poetick Speech,
 O she deserves much more than Verse can reach!

[Joy,

Dor. Adieu, dear Neighbour, God increase your
 May no one Trouble your chaste Love annoy;
 But stay, yet go, stay rather, no, farewell,
 Something I thought of, what I cannot tell.

Dam. I, fairest Virgin, have no pow'r to go,
 I long, I languish, till your Thought I know.

Dor. Bold Swain to ask a Shepherdess's Thought.

Dam. If bold I am, 'twas you that Boldness taught.
 Should I depart you'd think what you would say,
 And then repent you bid me go away;
 I'll by you sit, the Lamb shall lie between,
 And while you think I'll pipe upon the Green.

The Shepherd pip'd, that very Tune he play'd
 The Virgin sang in passing thro' the Glade.

[she,

Dor. That Tune by *Thyrfil* was compos'd, said
 Who vow'd he taught it to no one but me;
 Who taught it you? *Dam.* It was a Virgin fair,
 Who rap't my Heart by singing of that Air.

Dor.

Dor. Has *Thyrfill* then deceiv'd me? *Dam.* Fair
 [One, no,
 'Tis you alone his Composition know.

Dor. That Tune by Divination learn'd must be,
 I certain am you learn'd it not of me.

Dam. Of you alone I learn'd it I avow.

Dor. Of me? Say, Shepherd, when, and how.
 [Plain,

Dam. As you your Sheep were driving to this
 I, tho' remote, then heard you sing this Strain,
 I to your Song gave all Attention due,
 Each Note you warbled pierc'd me thro' and thro',
 And in all Songs I of *Dorilla* writ,
 I to this Tune my Numbers strove to fit;
 I saw, I heard, I lov'd at the same time,
 And sure, to love *Dorilla* is no Crime?
 I felt a strange, yet pleasurable Smart,
 You in my Basket, saw my wounded Heart.

Dor. Ah, *Damonet*! 'tis now I plainly see
 You sought not your stray Orphan Lamb, but me.

Dam. Sweet, fair *Dorilla*, what you guess is true,
 My Lamb was my Pretence to seek for you.

[you find,
Dor. Fond Swain enough, since your stray Lamb
 Take it, and leave the Shepherdes behind.

[stray,
Dam. Much rather would I let the Lamb still
 And with the Shepherdes prolong my Stay.

[depart,
Dor. No, Shepherd, you must from my Shade
 You too presumptuous are to ask my Heart.

Dam. Yet you have mine, restore my Heart again,
Or I shall of the Robbery complain.

[Breast?

Dor. Where is your Heart, fond Man, but in your
I never Harbour gave to such a Guest.

[lies,

Dam. My Heart has left me, in your Heart it
I see, it languish in your Looks and Eyes;
Will sweet *Dorilla* no Compassion shew?
I die if I from sweet *Dorilla* go.

[dread,

Dor. Fond Lovers Deaths no Shepherdes should
They'll soon have Resurrection from the Dead,
The next kind Maid whom on the Plains you meet
Rekindles all your am'rous vital Heat.

Dam. Ah me! What shall I say, what shall I do,
To give assurance I love none but you?
I have enquir'd, and know your Past'ral Race,
I love your Virtues more than charming Face;
Oft have I pray'd that God would bless my Life
With an agreeable endearing Wife,
The greatest earthly Blessing here below
God can on solitary Swain bestow,
And soon as you to my glad Eyes appear'd,
My Heart concluded God my Pray'r had heard.
If any Truth is in a Shepherd's Mind,
Who hates th' insidious Arts of false Mankind,
I love *Dorilla*, I love her alone,
And I no other Love will ever own;
I love, in that one Word I comprehend
All that chaste Lovers ever could intend;

I with *Dorilla* long to spend my Days,
With her to sing our good Arch-Shepherd's Praise,
Ourselves and Babes we would to him devote,
I'd Hymns compose, and set them to the Note,
And while we are employ'd in Past'ral Care,
You them should sing, and I would pipe the Air;
Far from th' infectious World we would remain,
With tender Hearts relieve each needy Swain ;
Our Sheep innocuous Lives would to us preach,
And our returning Strays Repentance teach ;
Our Lambs would Thoughts of the Lamb slain re-
[new,

Heav'n would be always open to our view ;
Next God we in each other would delight,
Each should each other to God's Love excite,
In conjugal, in heav'nly Love we'd vie,
So love below, that we may love on high.

When happy Marriages are made above,
Souls feel strong, sudden, sympathetick Love,
Dorilla thus by Sympathy was fir'd,
And both in chaste, dear, mutual Love conspir'd.



On the blessed B L A N D I N A,
one of the MARTYRS *of* LIONS.

DEath and infernal Pow'rs decreed
The *Gallo-Celtick* Saints should bleed,
While all-wise God from Martyrs Veins
Bedew'd uncultivated Plains,
Help me to sing, O gracious Dove,
A *Lugdunensian* Martyr's Love!

Among the Candidates of Bliss,
Assaulted by the dark Abyfs,
A Damsel entred on the Stage,
Whom Death esteem'd below his Rage,
Saints of her Constancy had fear,
Yet pray'd that she might persevere.

As when the great *Goliath* saw
The *Hebrew* Champion t'wards him draw,
It outrag'd his enormous Pride
By such a Youth to be defy'd,
Thus Death on a weak Female Head
Disdain'd the squandering of a Dart.

My very sight the Tyrant said,
If she persist shall strike her dead,

The

The humble Maid her Faith declar'd,
The horrid Fiend upon her star'd,
But strait withdrew, he could not brook
The awful Sweetness of her Look.

The Monster grim, fierce, meager, pale,
Strikes at her with his pois'nous Tail,
But the meek Soul his Malice foil'd,
And on himself his Sting recoil'd,
He then shot Arrows, but Love held
The Shield of Faith, which them repell'd.

Death raving, Hell invok'd for Aid,
Infernal Torturers obey'd,
Their Pagan Vor'ries they possess'd,
A Devil rag'd in ev'ry Breast,
And the joint Spite of Death and Hell
On young, weak, soft, *Blandina* fell.

The Saint when cleans'd from native Stain,
She at the Font was born again,
Of Love preventing felt the Force,
With Jesus kept sweet Intercourse,
He cheer'd her with enam'ring Rays,
She paid him in enamour'd Praise,

The Holy Spirit on her Head
The precious Oil of Gladness shed,
It Love diffus'd o'er Heart and Brain,
Love circulated in each Vein,

He in her Soul his Temple built,
Which she kept pure from mortal Guilt.

The Saint when into Prison cast,
With Stench, Cold, Hunger, to contrast,
The Tempter oft essay'd in vain
Connivance or Consent to gain,
Young, fair *Blandina*, would he cry,
Taste Joys of Life before you die.

You a poor miserable Slave
May Riches, Pleasure, Honour, have,
Your Youth and Beauty were design'd
To solace, not to fly Mankind,
The happiest of all Human Race
Will happier be in your Embrace.

From all the fiery Darts he threw
With chaste Abhorrence she withdrew,
When e'er she saw a suff'ring Saint
Inclining to despond or faint,
Her Love afresh his Courage fir'd,
Till he to Martyrs Love aspir'd.

Amidst the Spouse's flow'ry Grove
Pale Death and Love as Equals strove,
But since God-man his Love display'd,
Saints love by his sweet mighty Aid,
Not only conquers Death, but treads
Triumphant on the Dragon's Heads.

If you the Theatre ascend,
There Love and Death in Fight contend,
Death summons his infernal Train
To bring his Magazines of Pain,
Love eying Heav'n for Fight prepares,
By God-intenerating Pray'rs.

My Lord, my God, my Spouse divine,
All that I am is wholly thine,
Thou, Searcher of my Heart, dost see
I have no Hope, Love, Joy, but thee,
Thy Love I know will not despise
A Lover's Sighs, who for thee dies.

I am a Slave, but yet am free
From all Restraint in loving thee,
My Sex, Youth, Temper, all are frail,
O Love assist me to prevail,
Thine is my Virgin Flame, secure
Thy Spouse from Hands and Eyes impure.

My Love, deep on my Heart impress
Thy unconceivable Distress,
Which thou didst on the Cross sustain,
When thou for me didst suffer Pain,
'Twill ease my Dolours at the Stake
To think I suffer for thy Sake.

Why, my Tormentors, this Delay!
The Night is bright'ning into Day,

You may want Time to try your Force
 Me from my Jesus to divorce,
 On boundless Love my Love relies,
 I all your vain Efforts despise.

With cruel unrelenting Hearts
 Incarnate Devils act their Parts,
 Pierc'd with the Arrows of the Tongue,
 Up by her Hands the Saint they hung,
 Laid Fire beneath her, with intent
 Not to consume her, but torment.

The Flames, she cry'd, which on me seize,
 I feel now hight'ning by degrees,
 Lord, may thy Love with Ardours kind
 Still more and more inflame my Mind,
 O that with Love this Fire might rise,
 To burn me a Love-Sacrifice!

Then on the Rack the Saint they stretch,
 Her Limbs with Screws and Pulleys retch,
 They dislocated all her Bones,
 Fain would provoke impatient Groans,
 Love was, she cry'd, stretch'd on the Tree,
 He'll sweetly sympathize with me.

New Furies when the former tir'd
 To force her to revolt conspir'd,
 They on a Wheel the Virgin tie,
 Who still on Jesus fix'd her Eye,

On Iron Spikes they whirl'd her round,
Her Flesh to rake, and Love confound.

That she might this dire Torture bear,
To head each Point was Jesus Care,
With sweet and over-pow'ring Sense
Of Joys eternal and immense,
Lord, cry'd she, in this circling Pain
I center'd in thy Love remain!

Tortures on Tortures they commence,
No Respite give from Pains intense,
Her Flesh they with jagg'd Pincers tore,
Her Body was all Wound and Gore,
You cannot, said she, from my Heart
Tear Jesus, who endears my Smart.

The weary'd Furies craving Rest,
The Victory of Love confest,
Even Death himself continuing dumb,
By Silence own'd he was o'ercome,
Strange Force of Love! 'tis that alone
The King of Terrors can dethrone.

Obdurate Pagans, while they gaz'd
Upon the Martyr, stood amaz'd,
More Pains she bore than Death employs
When a whole Legion he destroys,
But Love, when grown like Martyrs, strong,
Can suffer Murder all Day long.

Angelick Convoys, who flew down,
 To waft her to a Martyr's Crown,
 With Admiration rapp'd, profess'd,
 Had they been with like Pains oppress'd,
 When Angels fell, they well might doubt
 Whether their Love would have held out.

Blandina pain'd, from Morn to Night
 Of Love celestial shew'd the Might,
 The humblest is the greatest Mind,
 By Heav'n for noblest Acts design'd,
 A young, weak, Female Slave God chose
 To triumph o'er infernal Foes.

As when fierce Tempests Earth assail
 With Lightnings, Thunderbolts, and Hail,
 And Arctick Wind, which Oaks o'erthrows,
 Fix'd on its Root a Lilly grows,
 Keeps grateful Scent and lovely Look,
 And never falls, tho' rudely shook.

The Saint thus storm'd by dreadful Pains
 Her sweet, calm Temper still retains,
 Her heav'nly Graces shine more bright,
 Her Love shoots up to noble hight,
 Jesus, who 'midst the Lillies feeds,
 Loves her the more the more bleeds.

I am a Christian, she proclaim'd,
 And Christians are unjustly blam'd,

They

They live obedient to God's Will,
They make Returns of Good for Ill;
May all, dear Lord, who me torment
Own thee their Saviour, and repent.

While tim'rous Souls, who God forfook,
Had Self-confusion in their Look,
Heard Pagans their Revolt upbraid,
Felt inward Horrors them invade,
And Pains which Martyrs far excel,
These Heav'n foretasting, and those Hell.

Blandina and the Martyrs blest'd,
Who, spite of Torture, Christ confess'd,
Had chearful, meek, becoming Grace,
A heav'nly Brightness in their Face,
E'en from their Sores sweet Odours steam'd,
That them perfum'd the Pagans deem'd.

Blandina barr'd from Human Cure,
Forc'd a foul Prison to endure,
To lie on the hard Ground in Chains,
With num'rous Bruises, Wounds and Pains,
Felt the soft Oil of Gladness glide
O'er ev'ry Sore, which Ease supply'd.

The Furies still their Rage renew,
Bring her again to publick view,
With her young Brother forth she came,
In whom she kindled Martyrs Flame,

She

She gave him a dear tender Kiss,
And cry'd, we'll re-embrace in Bliss.

She Jesus Love victorious fang
While she beheld his dying Pang,
Dear Lord, she pray'd, thy Martyr's Soul
Among thy Lovers seal'd enroll!
Angels his Soul to Heav'n convey'd,
In a bright Martyr's Robe array'd.

Lord, cry'd she, I to thee aspire,
Yet I to thee resign Desire,
If thou wouldst have me suffer more,
I fresh Supports of Love implore,
I'll stand, while shelter'd by thy Wing,
All the Artill'ry Death can bring.

Fiends all imaginable ways
Strove Terror in the Saint to raise,
Of all the Martyrs she was last,
That eying all the Tortures past,
And threaten'd with Pains more extreme,
They might constrain her to blaspheme.

But Love invincible despis'd
All Tortures by Hell Pow'rs devis'd,
The barb'rous Rabble at her rav'd,
And Tortures more infernal crav'd,
Her the more cruelly they treat,
The more they foam'd at their Defeat.

Mean

Mean while propitious God contrives
Her Sores for her Preservatives,
Her Youth, Air, Beauty, they deface,
And to her Joy her Charms erase,
And Heathen Lust her Form contemn'd,
Else she to Stews had been condemn'd.

The Fiends fresh Tortures still project,
They fix her on a Cross erect,
It was the Posture Jesus chose,
For Torment there she felt Repose,
Love on the Cross feels most Delight,
All Heav'n congratulate the Sight.

Then savage Beasts they on her set,
She made them Wildnesses forget,
And by her Look they Rage restrain,
Than Infidels much more humane,
Our lost Dominion Love retrieves,
And Homage from wild Beasts receives.

Her fair white Limbs, by bleeding red,
They lash'd with Scourges arm'd with Lead,
Each with rude Force the Saint surrounds,
Irritates old, and makes new Wounds,
Each Stripe, she cry'd, which, Lord, I feel
For thy dear Love, thy Stripes will heal.

A frightful red-hot Iron Chair
They to torment her then prepare,

My

My Lord, my God, my Love, she cry'd,
 As down she sitting was and fry'd,
 The Sun puts out terrestrial Lamps,
 And Love's sweet Flame this burning damps.

Death rav'd that Love the Day should get,
 And for his Foe procur'd a Net,
 In that while she enroll'd abides
 He a mad furious Bull provides,
 Who gor'd and tofs'd her to the Sky,
 That Wounds or Falls might make her die.

Her Love as she on high was tofs'd,
 So in Love infinite was lost,
 Her Soul in God so fix'd remain'd,
 She could not mind that she was pain'd,
 E'en Death of Grief could then have dy'd
 To see Love all his Force deride.

When at the Feet of Love all Hell,
 With the great King of Terrors, fell,
 Propension on the Lover seiz'd
 To be of mortal Body eas'd,
 She joy'd the welcome Sword to see,
 Which from her Clogs would set her free.

The Trees which fair *Engaddi* shade,
 When in their Stems a Wound is made,
 In od'rous Balsam bleed away,
 Feeling a soft and sweet Decay;

Thus

Thus wounded, as she bleeding lies
She in a soft sweet Languor dies.

Death saw her leave this mortal Coast,
Of his Success yet made no Boast,
She chose, she languish'd to expire,
The Sword fulfill'd but her Desire,
With her Belov'd to live above,
In Joys proportion'd to her Love.

Let now the Epick Bard, who sings
In haughty Numbers little things,
Learn his own Models to despise,
And if to noblest Hights he'll rise,
The Acts of martyr'd Love peruse,
Which true heroick will infuse.

See a young, weak, poor, Virgin Slave,
All Tortures, O my Soul, out-brave,
While daily you from Duty fly,
When of the Cross no Danger's nigh,
O for your Guilt dissolve in Tears,
And aim at Love, which casts out Fears!

*Go, Song, Blandina's Acts repeat
At good Ardelia's blest'd Retreat,
Hymn, a well-chosen Book, and Pray'r,
You'll find are her Employments there,
She'll to the Life the Heroine Saint
In Verse sublime and tender, paint.*

Imitations

Imitations of *Horace*.

Integer Vita.

THE Saint who God's bright Image bears
 A Conscience pure for Armour wears,
 Needs neither Sword, Spear, Arrow, Dart,
 To guard his Heart.

Thro' Desarts desolate and wide
 He feels no Thirst, he wants no Guide,
 No Staff when on the pointed Heads
 Of Rocks he treads.

While I sang Jesus, t'wards me came
 Infernal Wolves, but that sweet Name,
 Which rapt my Heart, put them to Flight
 In horrid Fright.

In Climes where Monsters most abound
 Such hideous Shapes were never found,
 Nor heard on the Atlantick Shore
 So loud a Roar.

Tho' I should in the Arctick Seas,
 In Alps of Ice encrusted, freeze,
 Where no refreshing Gleams of Light
 Approach my sight ;

Tho'

Tho' frying where the Sun all Day,
Shoots perpendicular fierce Ray,
I'll Jesus sing, whose gracious Beams
Glads both Extreame.

Dona gratus eram, Licentio & Urania.

L I C E N T I O.

While I was to *Urania* dear,
And felt the Joys of Love sincere,
Of Bliss I then arriv'd at hight,
And Kings seem'd little in my sight,
Had all the World its Charms combin'd,
Urania would have all out-shin'd.

U R A N I A.

While I, *Licentio*, had your Heart,
And saw you with lewd *Flora* part,
I felt Enamourations sweet,
Transported with a Joy so great,
That I engag'd the Pow'rs above
With Harp and Hymn to sing our Love.

L I C E N T I O.

But *Flora* me afresh allures,
No Rival Beauty she endures,

O she enchants my Ear and Eye,
O I with her could live and die,
Die! we of Death abhor the Name,
Which damps our co-endearing Flame.

U R A N I A.

I, since *Licentio* me forlook,
Into my Heart *Constantio* took,
He in my Love will persevere,
And Death we neither of us fear,
We both at Love eternal aim,
And Love which sensual is disclaim.

L I C E N T I O.

But should *Licentio Flora* leave,
And for his shameful Passion grieve,
Confess how much he was beguil'd,
Beg humbly to be reconcil'd,
Urania's Love entirely own,
And in his Heart her re-enthroned.

U R A N I A.

Tho' you than Vanity more light,
Urania's Favours often slight,
Tho' dear *Constantio* for my Sake
Will suffer Rack, or Wheel, or Stake,
Yet should *Licentio Flora* quit,
I'll to my Heart him re-admit.

Eheu

Eheu fugaces.

Swift flies, dear Friend, Time's transient
[Wave,

To disemogue us in the Grave,
Fate bears an universal Sway,
We moulder by degrees away,
Even Saints, who most Death's Sting defy,
Yet at their Call to Bliss must die.

Should we to sullen Fate each Day
An Hecatomb for Off'ring pay,
We yet no Pity should excite,
Even *Og* and *Ishbebenob's* Might,
Whose Looks made Armies quit the Field,
Must to the King of Terrors yield.

Poor Slaves with those who Scepters bore
Sink huddled into native Ore,
They who War, Shipwreck, Plague, survive,
In vain with Death for Mastery strive,
All pass the Gulf to mount on high,
Like *Laz'rus*, or with *Dives* fry.

This Paradise, my Joy of Life,
Those pretty Babes, this pleasing Wife,
These Plants, Flow'rs, Groves, which charm
[my Eyes,
I must forsake at Death's Surprize,

Cypress alone will with me stay,
To throwd its short-liv'd Master's Clay,

Yet Death in vain exerts its Might
To rob me of one dear Delight,
Sweet Musick and devoted Song
I hope to perfect and prolong,
When I with Harp and Hymn divine
Adore the co-harmonious Trine.

O while we breath this fleeting Air
May we for endless Life prepare,
To heav'nly Love continue chaste,
All its sweet Effluences taste,
Till at the Source, when going hence,
We drink our Fill of Joy immense.

Quem tu, Melpomene.

Urania, to a Soul below
When Love you superfluent shew,
You ne'er exalt him to a Throne,
His Cares, his Dangers to bemoan,
Make him no Minister of State,
To bear the Crown's vicarious Hate,
To sacrifice his Strength and Ease,
And drudge for those he cannot please;
No Gen'ral's Truncheon for him chuse,
His Life each Hour expos'd to lose,

To

To deem it an heroick Grace
 To rob and slaughter Human Race,
 Condemn him not to Pomp and Gold,
 In sensual Dotage to grow old,
 No Mitre for his Brows provide,
 Of num'rous Flocks to be the Guide,
 And answer for the Souls, who stray
 By his Neglect, at Judgment-Day.

Near some clear River you him seat,
 Where he enjoys devout Retreat,
 Where his own Field supplies his Bread,
 Milk his own Kine around him fed,
 Where he delights in his own Stream
 To Angle for Trout, Pike, or Bream,
 Where Bees with Honey store his Hive,
 Which from his Garden they derive,
 Where Herbs, Fruits, Flow'rs, enrich the
 [Ground,
 Where Physick, Food, Perfume, abound,
 Where wing'd Musicians entertain
 His list'ning Ear with pleasing Strain,
 Where Competence no Toil creates,
 Free in the World from worldly Weights,
 Cloth'd warmly from his home-spun Fleece,
 For Alms gives Tenths of his Encrease,
 Who lives Antipathy to Ill,
 And sabbatizing in God's Will,
 Bless'd with a Partner in his Pray'rs,
 Who more of Friend than Woman shares,

Who

Who to each other Rev'ence shew,
And sympathize in Joy or Woe,
Who skill soft Numbers and the Lute,
And Hymns to all God's Blessings sute,
Whose Graces their bright Rays reveal,
Which they strive humbly to conceal,
Who when to Heav'n one mounts on Wings,
The other a sweet Requiem sings,
Assur'd to re-unite on high,
And eternize their sacred Tie.



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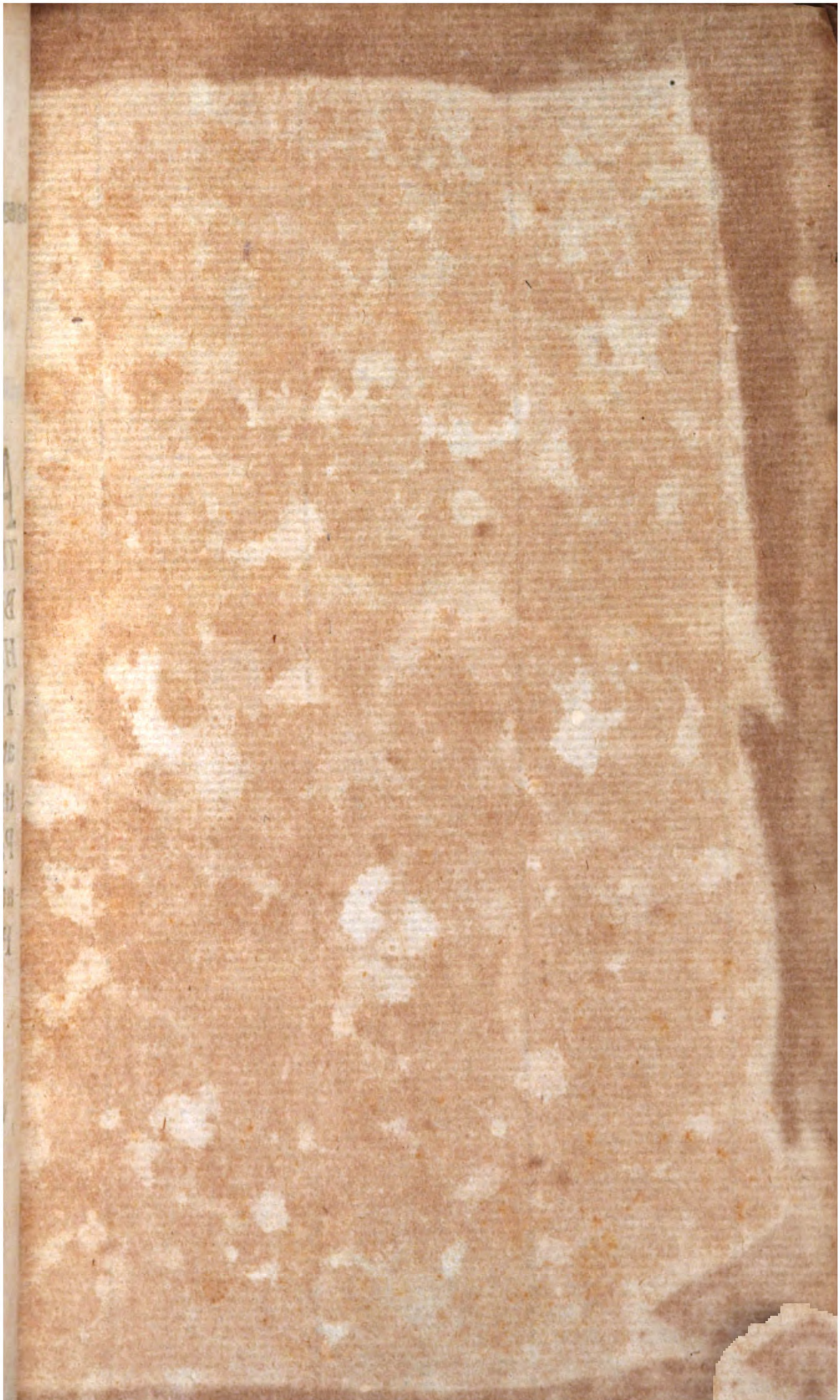
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A Short Account of the Life of the Right Reverend Father in God *Thomas Kenn*, D. D. sometime Lord Bishop of *Bath* and *Wells*. By *William Hawkins* of the *Middle - Temple*, Esq; To which is added a Sermon preach'd at *Whitehall* in the Year 1685, and another preach'd at the same Place on a Passion Sunday. Printed for *John Wyat*, at the *Rose* in *St. Paul's Church-yard*. Price 2 s. 6 d.

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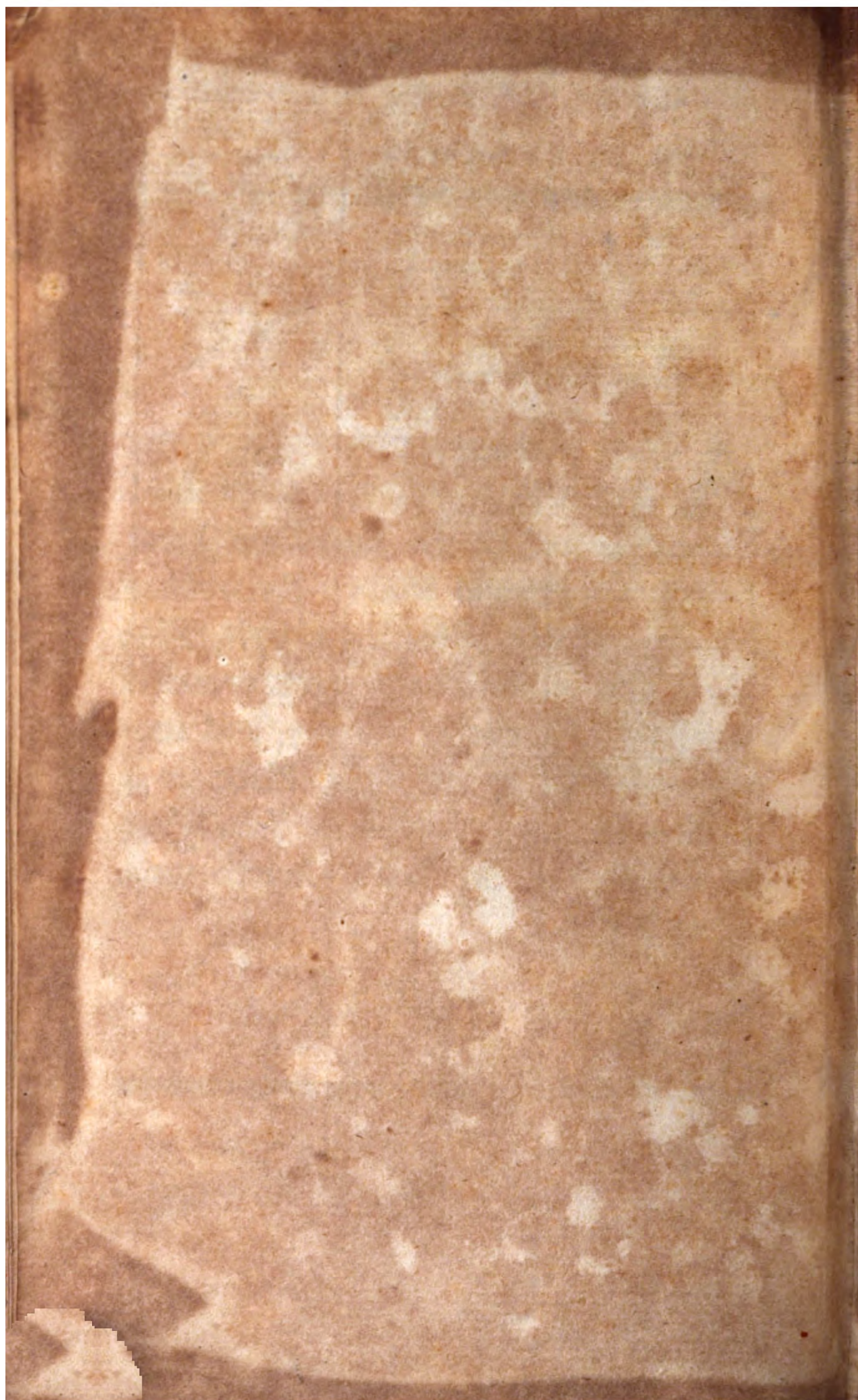
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