

MISCELLANEOUS  
POEMS,

~~AND~~ CHIEFLY ON ~~THE~~

Divine Subjects.

IN

TWO BOOKS.

Published for the Religious ENTERTAINMENT OF  
CHRISTIANS in general.

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By SAMUEL DAVIES, V. D. M. in *Hanover,*  
*Virginia.*

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*Aethere deum vesci datur, et vitalibus Auris,  
Hic \* mihi Materies Carminis unus erit.*

JONST.

\* *Scil. Deus.*

*Μῦσαι Ἱερὸν θεὸν αἰοῖδ' ἢ σὶ κλείεσσαι,  
Δεῦτε, Δὶ ἐννεπέτε σφετερον πατέρ, ὑμνεῖσσαι.* HESIOD *imitat.*

Thus translated by Dr. Watts,

*Pierian Muses, fram'd for heav'nly Lays,  
Descend, and sing the GOD your Father's Praise.*

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WILLIAMSBURG: *Y. H.*

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# THE P R E F A C E.

**T**IS a Piece of fashionable Modesty for an Author to speak meanly of his own Performance; and commonly looked upon as a meer complimentary Formality, or an Artifice to gain Applause. Humility is an amiable Virtue in the Eyes of All; and Self-Discommendation, with a View to that Character, is an agreeable Piece of Self-Denial, even to an ambitious Mind. But the critical and impartial Reader will soon discover so many Imperfections in the following Poems, that he can hardly suspect my Sincerity when I assure him, That it is not without Blushing and Diffidence I yield to the Importunity of some of my Friends, to present them to public View. And as to those whose friendly Partiality may cover, or whose Want of Taste may render them insensible of these Imperfections; all Apology is needless.

Sundry of these Poems were fortuitous Productions, formed without any previous Design, and upon no special Occasions. Some of them were intended only as private Memorials of some Meditations or Occurrences that appeared to me worthy to be retained; and I could think of no more agreeable Method to secure them from Oblivion. Others were written at the Impulse of some sprightly Thought, that perhaps was accidentally suggested to my Mind, and allured me to pursue it. Others to improve a vacant Hour on Saturday Evening after Study; and to give me a more lively Impression of the Subject of Discourse for the ensuing Day. Others as profitable Amusements, and Relaxations from severer Studies. And others to gratify a natural Poetic Taste, or (that I may not give it

too high a Name) a versifying Humour : And probably this was the original Spring of my improving the other Occasions in this Manner.

I was at length determined, tho' not without some remaining Diffidence, to select the following out of sundry others which will probably lie by me in perpetual Oblivion, and consent to their Publication; and my Reasons may be collected from what follows.

There is in almost all Mankind an innate Love of Harmony; which gives those Things that are conveyed to their Minds in a poetical Vehicle a peculiar Relish. This harmonious Turn of Mind is the Stamp of Heaven, the Image of the eternal Author of Order; and 'tis He that teaches us to feel the Charms of Poetry :

“ From Harmony to Harmony we rise,  
 “ To that superior Skill which tun'd the Spheres;  
 “ Gave Melody to Gabriel's heav'nly Lyre,  
 “ And every moving Grace to Milton's Song.  
 “ Whatever sacred Force in Music lies,  
 “ The dying Strain that calms the wildest Care,  
 “ Or loftier Note that prompts to glorious Deeds,  
 “ Th' inspiring GOD dwells in the mystic Sound,  
 “ And charms and captivates the list'ning Soul,  
 “ Thro' all her soft Capacities of Joy. \*

Something correspondent to this appears in the Order and Adjustment of the inanimate Creation; and hence proceeds much of our Pleasure in the Contemplation of the Works of God.

“ 'Tis HARMONY, that World-attuning Pow'r,  
 “ By which all Beings are adjusted, each  
 “ To all around, impelling, and impell'd,  
 “ In endless Circulation, that inspires

“ This

\* See *Letters moral and entertaining*, by that admirable female Writer, Mrs. E. Rowe, Vol. I. P. 125— I have chang'd “ *Rolli's Song*” into *Milton's Song*, as more familiar to my Readers; and no doubt the Remark is as true with Respect to the Original, as the Translator.

## The P R E F A C E.

“ This universal Smile. Thus the glad Skies,  
“ The wide-rejoicing Earth, the Woods, the Streams,  
“ With every LIFE they hold, down to the Flow’r  
“ That paints the lowly Vale, or Insect-Wing  
“ Wav’d o’er the Shepherd’s Slumber, touch the Mind  
“ To Nature tun’d, with a light-flying Hand,  
“ Invisible”——\*

*And no doubt this, as well as the other Powers and natural Gusts of the human Mind, was given for valuable Purposes; and ought to be improv’d as an agreeable Avenue for the Introduction of Divine Things :*

*’Tis true, it is not equally vigorous in Persons of different Constitutions and Education. It admits of Improvement, as well as the other Faculties of the Soul; and the Disparity will appear according to the Strength of the innate Principle, and the Degrees of Cultivation : \**

“ Yet if we look more closely, we shall find  
“ Most have the Seeds” implanted “ in their Mind :  
“ Nature affords at least a glimm’ring Light ;  
“ The Lines, tho’ touch’d but faintly, are drawn right.” †

*Persons of a refined and judicious Taste are conscious of peculiar Sensations, when they meet with Entertainment suitable to them. They take but little Notice of those trifling Appendages of Poetry, which are the most agreeable to Persons of a coarse Relish; as the Jingling of Syllables, the Equality of Numbers, the ambiguous Punn, or witty Turn : But they are captivated with the lively Images of Fancy, the Grandeur of Ideas, the Flowers of Language, the Pomp of Style, and the proper Arrangement of well-disposed Periods. Such Readers are imaginary Actors of all the Scenes of the Poet’s Imagination; and a Genius that can write as well as they*

\* Mr. Thompson’s Seasons, Page 60, 61.

† Pope’s Essay on Criticism.

they can read, has an entire Dominion over their Passions. So Dr. Evans addresses Mr. Pope on his Translation of Homer:

“ At Will the Master with our Passions plays,  
 “ Our Hopes, our Fears, our Joy, our Grief can raise;  
 “ Chases, retrieves, with Ease their Force controuls  
 “ Thro’ all the secret Windings of our Souls.  
 “ Now we attack, and now we routed fly;  
 “ And in thy Song by turns we live and die.—  
 “ The direful Tumult of the Slaught’ring Fight  
 “ So well you image, and record so right,  
 “ My Fury kindles while the Verse I read,  
 “ And Fancy acts each bold heroic Deed.”

*Sublime Poetry is to such a Series of Transports; and flat and dull, is utterly intolerable; they sicken at the Sight: As nice Palates have a more lively Relish of an agreeable Dish, and a stronger Disgust to what is nauseous, than Persons of a coarser Taste. And as their Pleasure is more refined; so it is more rare; they are offended where others are pleased, and nauseate what others relish. None but an Homer or Virgil, a Milton or Pope, can furnish them with proper Entertainment. And may there always be some exalted Genius to profit and please such delicate Minds, and refine them for celestial Pleasures, which alone can satisfy their sublime Aspirations! — But I am convinced by a Consciousness of my Incapacity, that this does not belong to my Province. If any such should be so curious as to look into the following Poems, and receive them with but cold Approbation; I shall gratefully acknowledge it as an Instance of a generous Candour of Taste. Or if they lay them aside, I hope they will do it with that Disposition which we discover towards the over-officious Attempts of impotent Benevolence; or with that Calmness and Indifferency with which we reject Things that were not intended for our Entertainment or Molestation, but belong wholly to Others.*

But there are few among us of this Character; as there are but few that can write for their Entertainment. And to consult the Advantage of such only, is as unreasonable as if the English Legislature should tolerate none but silken Manufactures. The Generality of Mankind have neither Opportunity nor perhaps Capacity for these Refinements; and yet are capable of a glorious Immortality, and the purer Joys of Paradise.— For the Sake of such I write; and to some of them my Essays will not be unacceptable. They may not accurately discern the fairest Charms of Poetry; yet they generally are pleased with the Consonance of final Syllables, proportioned Numbers, &c. So that they are more ready to receive and retain those Things which are conveyed into their Minds in this Form than in heavy and tiresome Prose: For (if the modern Taste will pardon a Citation out of that antiquated divine Wit, Herbert.)

“ A Verse may hit him whom a Sermon flies,  
“ And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.”

On this Account I have frequently thought the Divine Art of Poetry might be made peculiarly subservient to the Interests of Religion and Virtue; and lamented the common Prostitution of the heavenly Muse to the meanest and most wicked Purposes: 'Tis certainly a Sacrilege that Heaven will avenge; and which lascivious Wits will at last regret. Many of the Conquests of Vice have been owing to this Abuse. This has clothed her in the most fallacious Charms; and given the Monster a Syren's Voice, to enchant the Unthinking into Ruin. And if we can make Reprizals, and allure Men to the amiable Glories of Holiness, by the proper Use of that Art, which so successfully allured them to embrace even the horrid Charms of Sin; it will be a glorious Enterprize. And may Almighty Grace dispose those whom Nature has animated with this sacred Fire, to kindle it on the Divine Altar! There it glows with the brightest Lustre; and 'tis a Pity it should waste itself away in pestiferous Fumes in the Temple of Vice and Impiety.

There are thousands to attempt the Reformation of Mankind in other more common, and therefore less pleasing Ways; while there  
are

are but few qualified to attempt it in this; and therefore those that are blest with the least Spark of poetic Fire ought not to suffocate it.

This is the more necessary, since among the numberless poetical Productions obtruded on the present Age, there is not, in my Opinion, a becoming Proportion of Sacred Poetry. Many indeed have done much Service to the World, and embalmed their Names to Posterity, by their valuable Performances of this Kind. Mr. Pope has given us a Specimen of his Genius for it in his Sacred Eclogue, intituled MESSIAH, and in sundry Parts of his Essay on Man. A very agreeable Spirit of Devotion breathes through Mr. Thomson's Seasons, and the Night-Thoughts. \* Dr. Watts has been of singular Service by his many Divine Composesures; and I think Sir R. Blackmore may be here mentioned with Respect, notwithstanding the Insults of some superior Wits — Many others might be added to the List: But after all, (not to observe that some of these soar above the Populace) Any One that is versant in modern Poetry will find Reason to complain, that it is too commonly sunk to trivial, and sometimes prophane Subjects; and but seldom assumes those Glories with which it shines, when employ'd on Sacred Themes. — When shall the Divine Fires of Poetry and Devotion flame unitedly to Heaven, and diffuse celestial Fervour through the World!

I do not mean that the Muse should be wholly confin'd to sacred Things. 'Tis only for a Proportion I plead. She might recreate herself in a thousand Excursions through the Creations of Fancy; but let her seasonably return to the more important Themes she left. War might still thunder in awful Numbers; and Kings and Heroes be immortaliz'd in Song. Wit may exert herself in the various Forms of Ridicule and Satyr, to expose Vice, or the lesser Foibles of Mankind; and the tender Passions may sigh their Sorrows, or breathe their Joys, in the most harmonious Lays. — But shall Mortals live forever in poetical Monuments, and THE KING OF KINGS be unsung? When even a Heathen could say,

Quid

\* Commonly attributed to Dr. Young.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis  
Laudibus; qui res hominum ac Deorum  
Qui mare et terras, variisque Mundum

Temperat horis? *Her. Lib. C. 1. Od. 12.*

“ Whom shall I first, but Parent Jove,

“ With pious Duty gladly sing;

“ That guides below, and rules above,

“ The great Disposer, and the mighty King”? *Mr. Creech.*

*Shall the Muse impiously refuse to grace her Strains with the Con-  
desension, the Love, the Groans, the Blood of JESUS?—*

JESUS! the dear, exalted Name,  
Whence burning Seraphs catch their Flame,  
And all the Hopes of Mortals came.

*Shall she refuse to lament, in doleful Numbers, the destructive Fol-  
lies of Sinners; or paint the Deformity of Vice, in its proper in-  
fernal Colours? Or can she deny her Commiseration to the Perplex-  
ities of doubting Saints? Or refuse to congratulate their shining  
Moments, and heavenly Prelibations?*

*How are we charmed to see this pious Imprecation in that  
smooth, sublime Poet Mr. Thomson!— An Imprecation harm-  
less to him; but full of vengeful Thunder, were it adopted by some*

“ Let ————— the Poet's Lyre  
“ Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.  
“ For me, when I forget the darling Theme,  
“ Whether the BLOSSOM BLOWS, the SUMMER-RAY  
“ Ruffets the Plain, delicious AUTUMN gleams;  
“ Or WINTER rises in the redd'ning East; \*  
“ Be my Tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,  
“ And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat! †

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But

\* It may be proper to observe, for the Information of such as have  
not read his Poem, That by this Periphrasis he intends the *four Seasons*  
of the Year, which he had been painting.

† See Thomson's Hymn annex't to his Poem on the Seasons P. 310.



But to return.—Of those valuable Tracts of sacred Verse which are extant, there are but very few in this Colony in the Hands of common People; and in such a Famine, perhaps these coarse Provisions may not be disagreeable.

I may add, as another Reason of this Publication, that there are but few perhaps of a public Character but what are of some Importance in the Circle of their Friends or Parishoners; who would therefore read their Writings with more Attention and Regard than those of Others that are much more valuable. As this favourable Prepossession furnishes such with particular Opportunities of doing Good in their respective Spheres; they should improve it for that Purpose. 'Tis under this Conviction, and with this grateful Intention, I permit this Publication; and may Divine Grace make it subservient for that Purpose!

Yet, that the Advantage may not be limited to my own Denomination, I have form'd these Poems upon the Footing of catholic Christianity; and avoided all the little angry Peculiarities of a Party: And indeed this was easy, even without explicitly designing it, while I was sitting peaceful in my Study, benevolent to all Mankind, wishing the richest Blessings to the Church of CHRIST in every Denomination, unruffled with the Irritations, and unmindful of the Bigotry and Party-Contests of the jangling World. I therefore promise myself None will incur the Character given by a celebrated Poet to partial Readers; \*

“Some judge of Authors Names, not Works, and then

“Nor praise nor blame the Writings, but the Men!”

And that I shall meet with some generous Readers,

“Who to a Friend his Faults can freely show,

“And gladly praise the Merit of a Foe:

“Un-biass'd, or by Favour, or by Spite,

“Not dully prepossest, nor blindly right. \*

*It may be expedient to premise these few Remarks to reflect Light on the Poems, and prepare the Reader for their Perusal.*

*They are a Collection of Miscellanies; not digested into Order according to the Nature of the Subjects: For I was apprehensive a confused Variety would be more entertaining.*

*Though the Date of a Poem be generally an insignificant Circumstance to the Reader; yet I thought it expedient to annex That and the Text to the Title of the Poems connected with my public Discourses; that they might be a Hint to my Hearers to help them to recollect the Discourses themselves; and when it is done in some other Cases, I think it needs no Apology.*

*I have generally used that Metre which is most familiar and plain to common Capacities: And where I have indulged myself to imitate the Heroic Numbers of Milton, or the noble Licence of Pindar (the last of which is perhaps most natural to me) it was for the most Part before I had any Intention of publishing them.*

*I have scrupulously avoided those Invocations of fabulous Deities, so common in many of our modern Poets. Nor can the Veneration I have for sundry of those that embellish their Poems with them, convince me that it is an irrational Scrupuosity. I suppose they would not desire to be counted sincere in their Devotions; and I think hypocritical Devotion, even to a fictitious Deity, is odious. It seems at least an Affectation of Idolatry, without the least Temptation. Who, that knew it not before, would suspect those Poets to be profess Christians, who begin, and end, and intermix their Poems with so many warm Petitions, or rapturous Ejaculations to Apollo, to Jove, to Venus, to Bacchus, and the whole Rabble of Heathenish Gods? Especially when their Devotion to these seems to flame out more frequently than to the GOD that made the Heavens. The Ground of their Error, I conceive, is this, That they cannot imitate or equallize the Antients without adepting their superstitious, nonsensical and impious Theology (for such that of the Poets generally was.) But (not to insist further on the moral Nature of it) does*

not the Beauty and Propriety of poetical Descriptions, and particularly of Invocations, consist in their Correspondence to the Sentiments, Manners and Customs of those for whom we write? But sure, these are not now the same in Great-Britain, as in Greece or Italy, when Homer, or Virgil wrote. The Observation of a noted Critic<sup>\*</sup> concerning the English Pastoral-Writers, is equally pertinent to this

“Our Countrymen (says he) have so good an Opinion of the  
 “Ancients, and think so modestly of themselves, that the Genera-  
 “lity of Pastoral-Writers have——so servilely imitated the Man-  
 “ners and Customs of the Greeks and Romans, as makes them  
 “very ridiculous. In looking over some English Pastorals a  
 “few Days ago, I——reckoned up at least an hundred left-  
 “handed Ravens, blasted Oaks, withering Meadows, and  
 “weeping Deities”——The same Author † blames Mr. Pope for  
 borrowing his Names, in his English Pastorals, from Theocritus,  
 and Virgil; and introducing Daphnis, Alexis and Thyrsis on British  
 Plains.——But I humbly conceive, 'tis a greater Impropriety to in-  
 troduce foreign Deities into English Devotion, than foreign Shep-  
 herds into English Pastorals.——In Translations indeed, it is not  
 only tolerable, but sometimes necessary; but in Original Poems, it  
 appears to me a very offensive Impropriety. ‡

To conclude. Shall I seriously request my Reader to peruse these  
 Poems as it becomes a Mortal! a Candidate for Eternity!——  
 I would not maliciously rob any Man of the seasonable Pleasures of  
 Imagination, or the moderate Gratification of a refined Taste; for  
 no doubt the God that formed us with an innate Relish of these Plea-  
 sures, allows us to enjoy them: But we must be temperate in all  
 Things; and we are in Danger of falling into luxurious Indul-  
 gences of this, as well as of other natural Appetites. These little De-  
 licacies do not charm Time to slack his Pace; and Oh!——What  
 solemn

\* Guardian N<sup>o</sup>. 30. † N<sup>o</sup>. 10.

‡ See Milton's beautiful Hint at this Impropriety, Par. Lost, B. 7 at the Beginning; where he scruples the very Name of Uganis, but abso-  
 lutely renounces the Meaning.

*solemn Scenes open at the Close of it ! Scenes, too awful to be turned into Amusements ! Ere long,*

“ Our Souls must leave these Tenements of Clay,  
“ And to an unknown SOMEWHERE wing their Way.” \*

*Ere long, we shall be advanced to Entertainments infinitely superior to these; or banished from these and all other Joys. And these Things demand our most serious Thoughts.—To die in Song, is a pleasing Amusement; but Oh! — to die well in Reality! — ’tis an important, an arduous Business! ’Tis easy for a sprightly Imagination to entertain itself with lively and moving Representations of the Exercises of a Christian in this World, and the substantial Realities of the next; but actually to habituate ourselves to the one, and enter upon the other, is a more serious and difficult Thing. To ascend to Heaven in poetical Flights, is much easier than to fix our Affections steadily there; and One may paint the Vanity of all Things below, in the most lively Colours; and in the mean Time place his supreme Happiness in them. How much more difficult to adopt the noble Declaration of the sweet Singer of Israel, with his Sincerity and Fervour; Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon Earth I desire besides Thee.—Thou art the Strength of my Heart, and my Portion forever!*

*May we therefore make Religion our principal Business in this Infancy of our Existence! May our Hearts be attempered here, for the heavenly State! that when the solemn Hour of our Exit from these Regions of Mortality comes, we may join the celestial Choir, and spend a happy Eternity in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb! And may that sovereign GOD, who can perfect Praise to Himself from the feeble Hosannahs of Babes and Sucklings, make these rude Essays at least of some small Service for these important Ends!*

\* Mr. Norris!



*The Reader is desired to correct the following  
ERROR<sup>s</sup>, and to over look others, which, as  
they cannot mislead him, need not be particularly  
noticed.*

**T**ITILE Page line 17. *for fram'd read fam'd.* p. 4. l. 14.  
*for trun'd read tun'd.* p. 8. l. 6. *for in read on.*  
Page 1. line 7. *for ought read aught.* p. 9. l. 8. *for Friends*  
*Fiends.* p. 18. l. 28. *for early r. earthly.* p. 24. *for Joys r.*  
*Toys.* p. 28. l. 24. *for me r. an.* p. 32. l. 23. *for Isai. L. XIX.*  
*XLIX.* p. 40. l. 30. *for Where r. There.* p. 42. l. 10.  
*for Joying r. Toying.* p. 52. l. 13. *for their r. the.* p. 53. l.  
28. *for warms r. warm.* p. 64. l. 18. *after cannot r. cannot.*  
p. 69. l. 8, *for this r. his.* p. 84. l. 30. *for unstrung r. unftung.*  
p. 88. l. 7. *for vanc'd r. vanid.* p. 89. l. 4. *for Man r. Men.*  
p. 97. l. 12. *for thro' r. tho'.* p. 107. l. 6. *for O r. Or.* p.  
112. l. 13. *for Wood r. Woods.* p. 113. l. 11. *for Bonds r.*  
*Bounds.* p. 126. l. 6. *for No r. Nor.* l. 11. *after may't r.*  
*or.* p. 128. l. 13. *for Dust r. Dusk.*



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MISCELLANEOUS  
POEMS,  
CHIEFLY ON  
DIVINE SUBJECTS.

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BOOK I.

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I. *LORD Thou knowest all Things, Thou knowest  
that I love Thee. Joh. xxi. 17.*

**M**Y God! the Wretch that does not love Thy Name  
To Life and Being forfeits all his Claim,  
And may he sink to nothing whence he came.  
Or let the Yawn of the dire Mouth of Hell,  
Receive him with his Fellow-Fiends to dwell. \*

Oh! if my Heart does not to Thee aspire,  
If ought with equal Fervour I desire,  
I'm self-condemn'd, and doom myself to Fire.  
Let not my guilty Breath profane Thy Air,  
Nor groaning Earth the monstrous Burden bear.  
Let Clouds with Vengeance big, burst o'er my Head,  
And Volleys of red Thunder strike me dead.

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\* 1 Cor. xvi. 22.

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The Sun convert his gentle Rays to Flames,  
 And blast the Miscreant with his vengeful Beams.  
 The whole Creation rise in Arms for Thee,  
 To vindicate the Rights of Thy Divinity.

Vile Wretch ! that dare refuse to love a GOD,  
 Who form'd me Man out of my native Clod ;  
 Whose Breath the Faculty of Love inspir'd,  
 And with the heav'nly Spark my Bosom fir'd :  
 Whose uncreated Beauties charm the Sight  
 Of gazing Angels, in the Realms of Light :  
 Whose Glories, faintly copy'd, round me shine,  
 And mildly beam thro' all these Works of Thine,  
 Proclaiming Thee their Origin Divine :  
 Whose Grace, diffus'd around in thousand Rills,  
 Arrays a thousand Worlds in chearful Smiles :  
 Thou too, when Man to dreadful Ruin fell,  
 Helpless, unpity'd on the Brink of Hell ;  
 When Justice frowning did the Prey demand,  
 And None could rescue from his vengeful Hand ;  
 Thou, touch'd with Pity, did'st avert his Doom,  
 And gav'st Thy Son a Victim in his Room.  
 Nail'd to the Cross the bleeding Saviour hangs,  
 And courts n. Love with Groans and dying Pangs.  
 Oh ! I must love !—Or can the Groans and Blood  
 Of an incarnate Godhead be withstood !

Yet ah ! in some dark Hours I hardly know  
 Whether I love my gracious GOD or no.  
 Gloomy Suspicions, twinging Jealousies,  
 And anxious Doubts in all their Horrors rise.  
 I hear the Whisperings of misgiving Fear,  
 “ Thy Love is feign'd, thy Ardour insincere ”  
 Too true ! too true ! my trembling Soul replies,  
 Else whence so often could this Languor rise ?

*Ah! these unruly Passions would not rove  
Thus wildly, were they fix'd with sacred Love.  
Nor would the Flame of pure Devotion die  
Thus frequent, and my Pow'rs so stupid lie.*

And yet methinks in some bright Moments too,  
I feel the heav'nly Flame divinely glow.  
To Thee so ardent all my Passions move,  
That if I love Thee not, I know not what I love.  
If I'm deceiv'd in this with empty Shew,  
Then my Existence is uncertain too:  
An universal Sceptic I commence,  
Beneath the Glare of brightest Evidence,  
In spite of Reason, and in spite of Sense.

Oh! if I love Thee not, as Fears suggest,  
Why am I, in Thine Absence, thus distress'd?  
Whence this strange Tumult, this uneasy Pain,  
'Til Thy sweet Smiles compose my Soul again?  
Whence these wild Pantings of immense Desire?  
Why should poor breathing Dust so high aspire?  
I see my busy Fellow-Worms pursue  
Created Bliss, and nothing nobler view;  
Content they waste their Life, estrang'd from Thee,  
In undisturb'd, serene Stupidity.  
And why, like them, can't I contented play,  
And eat, and drink, and sleep my Life away?  
Whence this immense Ambition in my Mind,  
That scorns all Joys but those of heavenly Kind?  
Why should a Worm, an animated Clod,  
Disdain all Bliss beneath a boundless God?  
Oh! what but the attractive Force of Love,  
Could raise my groveling Spirit thus above?

Say, Great OMNISCIENT! (for Thou know'st my Heart)  
Can Nature ease my Soul, if Thou depart?



Can Riches, Pleasures, Honours, Empires, Crowns,  
 Or Friends, content me, when I feel Thy Frowns ?  
 No ! all Creation dwindles to a Toy,  
 And Heav'n itself could not excite my Joy.  
 The chearful Sun glares hateful to my Eyes,  
 And every blooming Beauty round me dies.

Thou great INVISIBLE ! Thou dear UNKNOWN !  
 Why thus to Thee should my soft Passions run ?  
 Thus thro' the Objects of my Senses break,  
 And Charms unknown and hidden Glories seek ?  
 Deep in Recesses of approachless Light  
 Thou dwellest, far beyond my feeble Sight ;  
 Yet drawn by some strange mystic Influence,  
 I love Thee more than all that strikes my Sense ;  
 Than all my Ears have heard, or Eyes have seen,  
 Or lively Fancy's gayest Pow'rs can feign.

O ! if Thy Love does not my Heart inflame,  
 Why do I thus delight in JESUS' Name ?  
 His Name is Music to my ravish'd Ears,  
 Sweeter than that which charms the heav'nly Spheres :  
 A cheering Cordial to my fainting Breast ;  
 My Hope, my Joy, my Peace, my Heav'n, my Rest.

I spring from Earth, and Heav'n is my Abode,  
 When I can say those charming Words, MY GOD ;  
 MY GOD !—Infinite Joys lie in the Sound :  
 Be Thou but mine ; and all the Sun goes round  
 Without reluctant Murm'ring I resign ;  
 I have enough, if I can call Thee MINE.

O ! if I love Thee not, why do I thus  
 Love the dear Mansion of Thy earthly House ?  
 The sacred Morning shines with heav'nly Rays,  
 More bright, more charming than ten thousand Days,  
 That bids me visit that delightful Place.

}  
 There

There would I dwell, and pass my Life away,  
'Til Death convey me up to brighter Day.

In all the Institutions of Thy Grace,  
For Thee I look; and if Thou hide Thy Face,  
The sacred Rites would dull and tiresome seem,  
Did I not hope to find my GOD in them.  
When at Thy Throne I bow my suppliant Knees,  
Is Pray'r a stupid cold Formality?  
Oh! can my Pray'rs content me without Thee?  
No! these are but the Channels of thy Grace,  
Transparent Glasses where I see Thy Face:  
I thirst for living Water all in vain,  
If Thou Thy gracious Influence restrain:  
The radiant Glasses shew me nothing fair,  
Unless I see Thy Charms reflected there.

Then Peace, my restless and suspicious Heart;  
And ye dire-boding Jealousies, depart.  
I love my GOD, or else I nothing love;  
And the pure Flame e'er long shall burn above,  
And from its native El'ment ne'er remove.

II. *Early Piety recommended. (Sent originally in  
a Letter to two young Ladies.)*

YE lovely Flow'rs, that just begin to bloom,  
And raise our Hope of glorious Fruit to come;  
That just begin to open all your Charms,  
While vig'rous Youth your tender Bosoms warms:  
Indulge a Muse, that's anxious for your Good,  
Lest some rude Storm should blast the op'ning Bud;  
Indulge the Muse, that would the Blossoms shield,  
'Till they mature, and Fruit immortal yield,  
And bloom forever gay in Heaven's fair azure Field.

Now you begin to tread Youth's slippery Path,  
 Where Thousands stumble, and sink down to Death.  
 Where'er you walk, 'tis all enchanted Ground,  
 And Snares in dang'rous Ambush lurk around.  
 The flattering World presents her fairest Charms,  
 And Vice would tempt you to her horrid Arms.  
 The Crowd of fashionable Sinners aim  
 To form you to the Mode, to walk with them;  
 Spread false enchanting Scenes before your Eyes,  
 And promise Bliss from empty Vanities:  
 While sanguine, forward Youth is still intent  
 To make the terrible Experiment;  
 And will not, 'til by dear Experience taught,  
 Indulge the true, tho' melancholy Tho't,  
*That all beneath the Sun is Vanity and Nought.*

The dang'rous Path of Youth my Feet have trod,  
 And lately left the smooth enchanting Road:  
 Now safe advanc'd to a more solid Age,  
 Let me conduct you o'er the slippery Stage.

Trembling I wait th' Event of every Step,  
 And shudder lest you make a fatal Slip.  
 O! cautious tread: Let Virtue be your Guard:  
 Virtue alone can keep you un-ensnar'd.  
 O! chuse your Maker for your early Friend,  
 And on His gracious Patronage depend:  
 He can obscure Temptation's brightest Charms,  
 And shelter feeble Youth from threatening Harms;  
 Steel the weak Breast with Grace invincible,  
 And baffle all the Stratagems of Hell.  
 O! heave the Sigh, waft up the weeping Pray'r  
 To HIM who loves that Harmony to hear:  
 He looks and smiles and sheds His richest Grace  
 On Virgin-Souls that early seek His Face.

O! let not Earth your tender Hearts ensnare ;  
 Give your first Love to THE ETERNAL FAIR.  
 'Twas HE, 'twas HE that form'd your mortal Frame,  
 Inspir'd the living Soul, that heav'nly Flame :  
 Taught senseless Dust to see and hear and move,  
 And kindled in the Breast the gentle Pow'r of Love :  
 But lately, from His all-creating Hand  
 You came, and sprung to Life at His Command ;  
 'Til then, you lay in native Nothing's Shade ;  
 And but for Him, had still remain'd unmade ;  
 A FATHER's tender Name He bears to you ;  
 And is not your first Love a Father's Due ?  
 O! can your grateful Souls so soon forget  
 The gracious Pow'r from whence they came so late ?  
 Should not your Bosoms with His Love be fir'd,  
 Whose Breath the tender Passions all inspir'd ?

He too, when Man to deepest Ruin fell,  
 Helpless, forlorn on the dire Brink of Heil ;  
 He, touch'd with Pity, and impell'd by Grace,  
 Sent his own Son to save a guilty Race,  
 And yield His sacred Soul a Ransom in their Place.  
 The Infant-GOD did soon begin for you  
 To bear the Vengeance to your Follies due.  
 For you the heav'nly Mansions He forsook,  
 And a vile Stable for His Chamber took.  
 His Robes of Light Divine aside he threw,  
 And wrap'd Himself in swaddling Cloaths for you.  
 Just as He enter'd on the Stage of Life,  
 He felt the painful circumcising Knife.  
 In His weak Mother's Arms the young Exile,  
 From *Herod's* Rage fled to the Land of *Nile*. \*  
 His Load of Sorrow grew still as He grew ;  
 At length, see ! on the Cross He bleeds for you !

There

\* Egypt.

There rack'd and tortur'd your Redeemer hangs,  
 And courts your Love with Groans and dying Pangs.  
 See how He agonizes! see His Blood!  
 And say, Can such Allurements be withstood?  
 Oh no! you melt! you yield! I hear you say,  
 "See, J E S U S! here we give our Hearts away!  
 "Our earliest Love, Dear Lord! unrival'd take;  
 "'Tis all the poor Requital we can make."

See how in youthful Prime, the smiling Year  
 Now blooms, and all her flow'ry Charms appear: \*  
 The tuneful Birds, that hail the welcome Spring,  
 Grateful at Nature's Restoration sing,  
 And all the Groves with charming Music ring:  
 A living Green arrays the Woods and Fields,  
 And the sweet Vale a thousand Pleasures yields:  
 The lovely Family of Flow'rs appear,  
 And breathe Perfumes thro' all the balmy Air:  
 The Sun shines bright and mild; the gentle Breeze  
 Regales our Sense, and whispers thro' the Trees:  
 The wide Creation smiles; Earth, Sky and Air  
 In vernal Robes and blooming Youth appear.  
 But ah! e'er long will furly Winter come,  
 Strip the gay Year of all her youthful Bloom,  
 And spread o'er all a cheerless fullen Gloom;  
 Snow, Rain and Frost commixt, and savage Storms  
 Ravage and bluster in a thousand Forms;  
 The smiling World with baleful Influence blast,  
 And turn these charming Scenes t' a rueful Waste.

Here see your mournful Fate, ye blooming FAIRS;  
 Stern Death nor Youth nor Strength nor Beauty spares.  
 The Young, the Old, the Wise, the Fair, the Gay,  
 All fall a common undistinguish'd Prey.

\* This Letter was written in Spring.

The Tyrant, senseless of the Pow'r of Charms,  
 Hurries the Beauty to reside with Worms;  
 Covers with mortal Pale the rosy Cheeks,  
 And dooms the Dust with Fellow-Dust to mix:  
 Hurries the Soul at once to Worlds unknown,  
 Doom'd by the Sentence of th' Eternal Throne  
 To shine with Angels, or with Friends to groan.  
 Then catch the fleeting Hour before 'tis past;  
 The present Now perhaps may be your last.  
 For barren Winter early lay up Store,  
 That joyful you may meet the fatal Hour.

Survey the Garden, where the fragrant Rose,  
 In all the Pride of youthful Beauty glows;  
 Go, pluck the tempting Flow'r, and pensive say,  
 "So cruel Death may cut me off to-day."

And when the Sun withdraws his quick'ning Ray,  
 And Ev'ning Shades shut up the cheerful Day;  
 See! how the flow'ry Tribes their Beauties hide,  
 And fade and languish in their gayest Pride;  
 Shrivel their Leaves, and bend the drooping Head;  
 "So (let your Heart suggest) so I may fade,  
 "And sudden sink among the mould'ring Dead."

O! may the Lustre of your Minds surpass  
 The with'ring Beauties of the fairest Face:  
 May every shining Virtue deck your Youth,  
 And ev'ry heav'nly Grace grow with your Growth;  
 Life's fleeting Moments glide delightful by,  
 With every Grace adorn'd, and every Joy;  
 Till Death, far distant, finding you mature  
 For Heav'n, convey you up to Joys more pure.

III. *Philosophic Devotion.* (Occasioned by reading  
*The Religious Philosopher.*)

1. **W**ITH Rapture wing'd, my eager Soul  
Thro' Thy unbounded Empire roves,  
Great Author of this Glorious ALL!  
And lost in Wonder, still approves.

2. Thy Works with Pleasure and Surprize  
O'erwhelm this weak enquiring Mind;  
Wonders in long Succession rise,  
Yet more and greater lie behind.

3. Fixt in Astonishment, my Eyes,  
Intense, attempt the vast Survey;  
But Glories too transparent rise,  
And dim them with excessive Day.

4. The Rays of Wisdom, Goodness, Pow'r,  
So sweetly blend and brightly shine,  
My Soul, o'ercome, can but adore,  
And own the Workmanship Divine.

5. Struck with the Sight, I shrink away,  
Conscious how weak and blind I am:  
Despair to finish the Survey,  
And silent dread Thy awful Name.

6. Mean tho' I am, (not wholly so,  
Since wisely fram'd by Skill Divine)  
Permit me at Thy Throne to bow,  
While round me all Thy Glories shine.

## IV. S O L O M O N.

*A Paraphrastical Poem on sundry Passages in the  
Book of Ecclesiastes.*

**W**HY shou'd I, anxious after Happiness,  
Pursue wrong Ways, or right without Success?  
Why fret and toil in Searches long and vain,  
Since a Director I with Ease may gain?  
A skillful Guide, made by Experience wise,  
That costly Med'cine for mis-judging Eyes.  
The Traveller bewilder'd asks the Way,  
And cautious shuns the Path where others stray:  
Come then, My Soul, exempt from every Care,  
Come, to the Royal Preacher lend an Ear;  
Attend the Monarch, whose unbounded Mind  
Made one Experiment for all Mankind,  
Past thro' the Lab'rinth that ensnare the Wise,  
Try'd all that's charming in the Miser's Eyes,  
Undaunted climb'd bright Honour's steep Ascent,  
And thro' the Round of sensual Pleasures went;  
Listen, while grey Experience tells the Truth;  
Nor fear Deception from her faithful Mouth.

In happy CANAAN, the World's Paradise,  
Where constant Harvests of rich Plenty rise;  
Where candid Milk and pleasant Honey flows  
In luscious Streams, and ev'ry Pleasure grows:  
In sacred SALEM, the belov'd and great,  
Where Canaan's Blessings all collected meet;  
Where HE who Empires crushes and sustains,  
Tremendous in His awful Temple reigns,  
And Clouds of sacred Incense early rise,  
Breathing Perfumes to the propitious Skies;  
Where foreign Merchants vend their richest Store,  
And Ophir-Ships import their golden Oar;



The Fear and Wonder of the Nations round,  
 Profuse in Wealth with endless Honours crown'd ;  
 Where, yearly, tributary Princes meet,  
 To pay their Homage at their Sov'reign's Feet ;  
 There first my Lungs the vital Ether drew,  
 And there the Light of Life first blest my View.  
 Sprung from a Royal Sire, a Glorious Crown  
 By heav'nly Designation was my own ;  
 Millions of loyal Heroes thro' the Land  
 Confirm'd my Throne, and stoopt to my Command ;  
 The Sons of *Jacob*, Favourites of the Skies !  
 At whose dread Name each Tyrant shrinks and dies,  
 Mov'd at my Nod, their Sov'reign Law, my Will,  
 The Dictates of my Tongue, their Oracle :  
 While neighb'ring Sceptres yielded to my Sway,  
 Ambitious of the Honour to obey ;  
 And gentle Peace her downy Pinions spread,  
 Shadowing the Throne, and hovering round my Head,  
 Nature and Art with Emulation strove,  
 T' advance my Blifs, and every Grief remove. \*  
 My Mind enlighten'd with a heav'nly Ray,  
 Was calm as midnight Hours, and bright as Day,  
 Deep as the vast Abyfs, and vigorous as May ;  
 Freed from the Freaks of young Impertinence,  
 And ripen'd by Experience into Sense.  
 Thrice happy State ! below but seldom found !  
 A Heav'nly Paradise on earthly Ground ! †

Come then, My Soul, this Season sure was lent  
 To qualifie me for Experiment ;  
 That Men from my Experience may discern,  
 Where lies their Blifs, and what to follow learn :  
 Come, in this happy Juncture, let us try  
 Wherein the Happiness of Man does lie ;

Pursue

\* Ch. 1. v. 12.

† v. 16.

Pursue that unknown *Something*, whether hid  
 She in the Bosom of the Wise abide,  
 Or lie conceal'd in the enchanting Stream  
 Of sensual Joys, where the Luxurious swim :  
 Extend thy Searches wheresoe'er the Ray  
 Of yon' bright Sun extends, and kindles Day :  
 The dear, coy Nymph, which Mortals never saw,  
 Where'er she lurks, from her Retirements draw. \*  
 I said——And as an Eagle, Hunger-smit,  
 Pours all his nimble Vigour into Flight,  
 And thro' aërial Fields pursues his Prey,  
 Swift as a Sun-Beam in the Blaze of Day :  
 So flew my curious Mind thro' all the Plains,  
 Where, in alluring Glory, SCIENCE reigns ;  
 With contemplative Eyes the Works explor'd,  
 With which this spacious Universe is stor'd ;  
 The hidden Causes and the Ends of Things,  
 And Order which from their Contexture springs ;  
 The Powers of iminaterial Essences,  
 And puzzling intellectual Mysteries ;  
 The Properties of Matter and its Laws,  
 And each Phænomenon from unseen Cause ;  
 The Wonders of the Planetary World,  
 The Rules by which their ample Orbs are hurl'd ;  
 The boundless Regions of the fixed Stars,  
 And Comets scatt'ring Pestilence and Wars.  
 Descending thence, I took a wide Survey  
 Of this vast Earth, and the unbounded Sea ;  
 From the tall Cedars that luxuriant spread  
 Their stately Branches on *Libanus'* Head,  
 To the small Hyssop blooming on the Wall  
 Mould'ring to Dust, and nodding to its Fall,  
 My Search extended : † — While each studious Sage  
 As my Assistant gladly did engage ;

To

\* Ch. 1. v. 13. 16.

Ch. 2. v. 3.

† 1 Kings 4. v. 33.

To their learn'd Lectures eager I attend,  
 Embrace what's right; what's corrigible, mend;  
 Hypotheses upon Hypotheses  
 They raise, and the well-fram'd Illusions please. \*  
 My Enquiries thus finish'd I begun  
 To view th' extensive Circuit I had run;  
 If haply in the Maze of studious Thought  
 True Happiness may with Success be fought:  
 When struck, amaz'd, I call'd my Mind aside,  
 And pausing deep————thus cry'd;

In tiresome Labours of the busy Brain  
 I seek for Bliss; but ah! I seek in vain.  
 Insinuating Sorrows still pervade  
 The knowing Heart, and contemplative Head. †  
 This curious Itch is never satisfy'd  
 With what is known, if aught continues hid,  
 But eager pants and reaches after more,  
 Pronouncing all in vain it knew before.  
 Alas! what Glooms still hover o'er my Soul!  
 And blended Clouds in close Succession roll!  
 The clearest of my vast Discoveries lie  
 Involv'd in Doubts and dark Uncertainty;  
 And most of Things are wrapt in solid Glooms,  
 Where a bright Beam of Knowledge never comes,  
 Conceal'd forever from th' enquiring Sight  
 In Caverns of imperviable Night. ‡  
 The anxious Mind intense in the Pursuit,  
 Faints with the Toil, but never tastes the Fruit;  
 Perplexing Thoughts still ravage thro' the Brain,  
 And twinge the Spirit with acutest Pain;  
 And Melancholy, nurs'd with studious Care,  
 Often erects her sooty Banner there;  
 Hollow and sunk the poring Eye appears,  
 And the dull Image of her Sorrows wears. §

In

\* 1 Kings 4. v. 13, 17. † v. 18. ‡ v. 15. § Ch. 12. v. 12.

In Parts superior, then, what Profit lies?  
 Alas! how small the Pleasure to be wise?  
 'Tis but to know how little can be known,  
 To see our Ignorance and Weakness shown;  
 To chase a Phantom, which our Chase outflies,  
 And leaves us lagging, distant from the Prize.

This fail'd; I try'd one more Experiment,  
 Still in Pursuit of Happiness intent.  
 Delicate Mirth array'd in tempting Smiles,  
 Pleasures surrounding in delicious Rills,  
 Facetious Jests, and Laughter op'ning wide  
 Her sprightly Jaws, with Hands on every Side,  
 Present themselves, and promise perfect Bliss: †  
 I try'd,——but found them lying Vanities.  
 This empty Mirth tends but to make me sad,  
 And thou, unthinking Laughter! too, art mad. ‡

Her Vigour next the generous Grape bestow'd,  
 And sprightly Wine in liberal Glasses glow'd:  
 My Palate I indulg'd; yet, lest Excess  
 Shou'd cloy my Taste, and make the Pleasure less,  
 Or Wisdom with intemperate Vapours blind,  
 And in luxurious Puddles drown the Mind,  
 My Reason still her Government maintain'd,  
 And the bold Licence of the Taste restrain'd. §  
 But Happiness in Luxury and Wine  
 I seek in vain, and Bliss is too Divine  
 To lurk in Grapes: the Pleasures of the Taste  
 Degrade the *Man*, and only suit the *Beast*.

To Architecture next I turn'd my Mind,  
 And Palaces magnificent design'd.

Columns

\* These three Lines are borrow'd, with small Alteration, from Mr. POPE's ingenious *Essay on Man*.

† Ch. 2. v. 1.      ‡ v. 2.      v. 3.

Columns were rais'd, which spacious Roofs o'erspread ;  
 Sculpture and Paint their various Charms display'd :  
 Marble was taught to live, and Shade and Light  
 With fair Illusions pleas'd the ravish'd Sight.  
 And shining Gold its yellow Radiance spread  
 Thro' all the Buildings : Burnish'd Brass display'd  
 Its rougher Glories : All the Charms of Art  
 Blaz'd on my Eye, and fought to win my Heart. \*  
 But all the Pomp of glitt'ring Roofs and Walls,  
 Of stately Chambers and embellish'd Halls  
 Is nought but Vanity and empty Shew,  
 And never free from rude, intrusive Woe.  
 Shy Happiness abhors this useless State,  
 And shuns the gaudy Buildings of the Great.  
 Wood, Brass and Gold, by all the Powers of Art  
 However form'd, can never ease the Heart.

Then in the sylvan Scene I fought for Bliss ;  
 I made me Vineyards, and I planted Trees.  
 Unwithering Verdure, and eternal Blooms  
 Form'd lovely Prospects, and diffus'd Perfumes.  
 Perpetual Spring her numerous Beauties strew'd  
 Thro' all my Groves, and blest the waving Wood.  
 Refreshing Rills, thro' various Pipes convey'd,  
 Their chearing Moisture thro' the Forest spread,  
 And, murmuring, sooth'd the Ear ; while Zephyrs mild  
 Panted and breath'd thro' all the pleasant Wild. †  
 Here oft' I walk'd in sacred Solitude,  
 And, unmolested, Happiness pursu'd ;—  
 In vain ; for Happiness cou'd not be found  
 Among the Groves in this delightful Ground.

I try'd the Pomp and Equipage of State.  
 Obsequious Crews did in long Order wait

Around

\* C. 2. v. 4.

† v. 4, 5, 6.

Around my sumptuous Table, and abroad  
 When Pleasure call'd me, dazzled all the Road :  
 Domesticks home-born, and from every Clime,  
 Of either Sex the Beauty and the Prime,  
 Form'd my illustrious Retinue, and stood  
 Waiting my Will, observant of my Nod. \*  
 But ah ! this proud Magnificence of State  
 Can never make my Happiness compleat.

But Music, sure, that calms the boist'rous Breast,  
 And sooths tumultuous Passions into Rest ;  
 That charms deep-fixt Anxieties away,  
 Makes even moping Melancholy gay ;  
 The Hero's Breast with martial Ardour fires,  
 And dire Despair herself with Ease inspires :  
 Music will breathe refin'd, exalted Bliss  
 Into my Soul, and lull me into Peace :  
 I said. The Masters of the tuneful Art †  
 The utmost Pow'rs of Harmony exert.  
 In sweetly-varying Strains the Music floats,  
 While various Instruments try various Notes.  
 But all these Strains are useless ; I despair  
 To find true Bliss in modulated Air.

Hitherto disappointed, I'll behold  
 My vast Possessions, and unnumber'd Gold.  
 The Riches of the World are in my Hand ;  
 Surrounding Monarchs, aw'd at my Command,  
 With Wealth immense my spacious Treasures fill,  
 And yield their choicest Blessings to my Will.  
 My Cattle graze upon a thousand Hills,  
 And feed unnumber'd in the fertile Vales.  
 So various, so unbounded is my Store,  
 The greediest Wish can comprehend no more.

D

But

\* Ch. 2. v. 7.

† v. 8.

But still unsatisfy'd, from the Survey  
Scornful I turn'd my weary Eyes away,  
And cry'd, *Bliss is not made of Dust and glitt'ring Clay.*

Thus freely I indulg'd my Eyes to roll,  
And gave unbridl'd Licence to my Soul.  
Whate'er insatiate Appetite could crave,  
With lib'ral Hand, without Restraint, I gave. \*  
Not to indulge a Lust, was my Design,  
But act the Philosophic Libertine:  
I paus'd, I reason'd, and with Eye intense  
Observ'd the Issue of th' Experiments.  
But when the tedious Circuit I review'd,  
And all the anxious Labours I pursu'd, †  
In which my restless Spirit toil'd with Pain,  
Seeking for Bliss with eager Wish in vain;  
I saw that all beneath the lower Skies  
Is abstract Vanity of Vanities.  
Oppressive Sorrows and Vexations grow  
In ev'ry State, in ev'ry Clime below.  
Nor for themselves need future Ages try ‡  
Th' Experiment; for all is Vanity.  
Anxieties in all Things earthly dwell,  
Which All alas! can feel, but none can tell. §

No Novelties present themselves to View,  
To tempt succeeding Ages to renew  
Th' Experiment, or Bliss below pursue. \*\*  
In dull Succession early Pleasures run ††  
In the same tedious Circle ever on.  
The Ear with antiquated Harmonies ‡‡  
Is cloy'd, and with accustom'd Sights the Eyes.  
The ever-moving Wheels of Nature run  
In the same Tract; in the same Tract the Sun §§

Rolls

\* Ch. 2. v. 10. † v. 11. ‡ v. 12. § Ch. 1. v. 8.  
\*\* v. 9, 10. †† v. 9. ‡‡ v. 8. §§ v. 4, 5.

Rolls on his tiresome, everlasting Round ;  
And still we tread the same old-fashion'd Ground.

Besides ; the Intervals of Bliss we find  
Are short, uncertain, varying as the Wind.  
Death unsuspected in close Ambush lurks,  
And undermining still, our Ruin works. \*  
Whether we laugh or weep, or wake or sleep,  
He haunts us, ready on his Prey to leap.  
So the unthinking Rovers of the Air,  
Caught unexpected, flutter in the Snare.  
So finny Shoals rush heedless into Death,  
Dragg'd to the Land, and gasp in vain for Breath.

But see ! above the Earth, beyond the Skies,  
What charming Scenes, what brighter Prospects rise !  
There the Paternal Mind, the Source of Good,  
Feeds His own Offspring with immortal Food.  
There Happiness in full Perfection grows ;  
And restless Souls enjoy a calm Repose ;  
A Bliss proportion'd to the widest Wish ;  
Ever enjoy'd, yet ever new and fresh.  
Hail happy Realms ! the Bliss we seek below  
In vain, is only to be found in you.

Soon (welcome Prospect !) the bright Hour will come  
That wafts us to our blest celestial Home :  
Soon into Dust this brittle Frame will fall ;  
The Soul return to her Original ; †  
Return exulting from her long Exile  
In this dark Dungeon, and laborious Toil :  
There dwell forever with her Father-GOD,  
And find the Bliss before not understood.

Then since the Happiness of Mortals lies  
Beyond the Bounds of these inferior Skies,

D 2

\* Ch. ix. 12.

† xii. 7

The



The only Happiness they here can share,  
Is for those blissful Regions to prepare.

Thro' various Mazes then at length we come \*  
To this Conclusion as the total Sum.

*Fear thy Creator God with filial Awe,  
And all thy Life observe His holy Law. †*

Chuse as thy constant Path this heav'nly Plan;  
'Tis the whole Duty, the whole Bliss of Man; ‡  
The only Point where Happiness is fixt,  
Pleasures in this World, greater in the next.  
Tir'd of my fruitless Searches, here I rest,  
With this Discovery pleas'd, content and blest.

IV. *I said, I will be wise: but it was far from me.*  
(Compos'd when a Student, Nov. 12. 1744.)

**H**OW rough, how steep, and intricate the Way  
To Knowledge, and the Worlds of mental Day!  
How thick the Gloom, how dark the dismal Night  
That stops the Dawn of Intellectual Light!  
Thro' what vast Labyrinths my Feet must rove,  
Ere I obtain the shining Pearl I love!  
At first it seems at Hand, just in Embrace;  
And thus allures me to the endless Chace:  
But as I run, new Wonders strike my Eyes;  
“ Hills peep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise.” §

As

\* Ch. xii. v. 13.

† v. 13.

‡ They that are acquainted with the Hebrew need not be informed, that in this Sentence, — This is the whole *Duty* of Man, — The Word *Duty* is not in the Original; and I humbly conceive it is causelessly inserted by our Translators. It seems more correspondent to the Design of this Book to take it in the Latitude I have given it, — To fear God, and keep His Commandments, is the **WHOLE** of Man, his most important, his only Concern in Point of Duty, and in Point of Happiness.

§ *Pope.*

As Knowledge, so new Objects still increase;  
 The more I know, I seem to know the less.  
 One Thing presents another quite unknown;  
 A third starts up in View, ere that be gone;  
 'Till endless Crowds in long Succession rise,  
 And spread Amazement o'er my gazing Eyes.  
 So the ethereal Bow, of various Dye,  
 Immensely distant, shews its Colours nigh:  
 The witless Trav'ler, fond of nearer Views,  
 With fruitless Steps th' illusive Shade pursues,  
 'Till tir'd, bewilder'd, hopeless of his Aim,  
 He rests, and blushes with ignoble Shame.

While one Idea dances in my Brain,  
 Another rising drives it out again.  
 I loose the Treasures of Conceptions past:  
 The Gain is lost, but studious Labours last.  
 So while on Sand a Man his Foot-steps guides,  
 One Foot makes Way, the other backward slides.

Wasted in fruitless Toils, thus pass my Hours;  
 And sacred Truth o'ercomes these feeble Pow'rs.  
 Long last the Glooms of native Ignorance,  
 And by slow Steps to Knowledge we advance.  
 But this dark State will not forever last,  
 This Infancy of Being soon is past:  
 The Soul matur'd, and freed from cumbrous Clay,  
 Shall then rejoice in everlasting Day:  
 Serene employ her elevated Pow'rs  
 On Truths too dazzling for this World of ours.

If Darkness, then, must still surround my Head,  
 'Till heav'nly Light succeed to Death's dark Shade;  
 Be it my Study and my constant Care  
 For that important Moment to prepare,

Left then, secluded from the Realms of Light,  
 I sink forever in more dismal Night.  
 O may the Sun of Righteousness arise,  
 On a bewilder'd Wretch ! Then shall my Eyes  
 Discern the happy Path that leads to Bliss,  
 Where perfect Knowledge, and where JESUS is.

*VI. Of Him, and thro' Him, and to Him are all  
 Things. Rom. 11. ult.*

**T**HOU only Good ! Eternal ALL !  
 What am I when compar'd with THEE ?  
 A Piece of animated Clay ;  
 An Atom sporting in thy Ray —  
 The Loss would be but small,  
 Should I again to Non-Existence fall :  
 Nay, if thy Glory might but rise,  
 Cheerful my Being I'd resign,  
 And fall a willing Sacrifice  
 To gain a Purpose so divine,  
 So much more worthy than this little Life of Mine !

*VII. A N O T H E R.*

I.

**W**HAT is great God ! and what is NOT,  
 Should BE, and NOT BE, to thy Praise :  
 Then, if my Non-Existence should but raise,  
 Thy Glory, I'm content thy Hand should blot  
 Me from the Rank of Being, and conclude my Days.  
 'Tis owing to thy Glory that I AM,  
 And fit I should NOT BE, if that might raise thy Name.  
 Should I relapse to Nothing, scarce  
 Would it appear a Blank in thy vast Universe.

## II.

Thou art th' eternal Source and Spring  
 Of Being and of Possibility:  
 Thy wise omnific Hand can bring  
 Non-Entity TO BE:  
 Then with a Sov'reign Nod Thou can'st remand  
 The vast Productions of thy Hand,  
 To dreary Nothing whence they came,——  
 And be it so, if that might glorify thy Name!

## III.

Ah! what are Worlds compar'd with Thee,  
 Great everlasting ALL!  
 But Atoms hov'ring in the Air,  
 Bubbles and Vanity,  
 That at thy great Command appear,  
 And at thy Word to nothing fall,  
 Whose Pleasure gives them Leave TO BE.  
 Thou viewest, independent, from on high,  
 A Sparrow or a Hero die,  
 Atoms or Systems moulder into Dust,  
 And now a World, and now a Bubble burst.\*

## IV.

Yet since Thy Hand did build my Frame  
 With Pow'r and Skill Divine,  
 And in my Life Thy glorious Name  
 Does more illustrious shine;  
 O! let me still exist,——But to Thy Praise,  
 That out of Nothing did me raise.

## VIII.

\* Mr. Pope, in his *Essay on Man*, expresses this Thought with inimitable Sublimity.

——“*Who sees with equal Eye, as God of all,  
 A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall;  
 Atoms or Systems into Ruin hurl'd,  
 And now a Bubble burst, and now a World.*”

VIII. *Sinful Immortality worse than Non-Existence.*

1. **T**HOU only HOLY! To Thy Name  
 'Tis fit eternal Praise be given,  
 By all the Things Thy Hands did frame,  
 Thro' the wide Earth, and wider Heav'n.

2. *Being* itself becomes a Curse,  
 When not employ'd, Great GOD! for Thee:  
 And *Life* estrang'd from Thee is worse  
 Ten thousand Times than *not to Be*.

3. Better to Non-Existence sink,  
 Or turn to elemental Clay,  
 Than sleep and laugh, and eat and drink  
 My precious Hours in vain away.

4. Were there no Ground to hope and plead  
 Thy Grace may form my Soul a new,  
 How should I wish to be *unmade*,  
 And drop to Nothing from Thy View!

5. For Oh! the dire Disease of Sin  
 Has canker'd all my active Pow'rs;  
 Corrodes my languid Soul within,  
 And all her vital Strength devours.

6. The Vigour of my Soul is spent  
 On low Pursuits and empty Joys: ✕  
 But ah! how feeble, cold and faint,  
 When to my GOD I try to rise!

7. Sin chills Devotion's sacred Fire,  
 Makes Wisdom's Path a tiresome Road;  
 Cumbers the Pinions of Desire,  
 That flutter to ascend to GOD.

8. If, contemplative, I retire  
With Things eternal to converse ;  
My Heart, that restless Wanderer,  
Rambles thro' the wide Universe.

9. Or if before Thy Gracious Throne,  
I humbly bend the suppliant Knee,  
Languors oppress my Spirit down,  
I cannot, cannot rise to Thee !

10. And when in some celestial Song,  
I pay my Homage to Thy Name ;  
The Anthem dies upon my Tongue ;  
Nor feels my Breast the heav'nly Flame.

11. So when I view the sacred Page,  
Where Love and Light united shine,  
Cold Criticisms my Thoughts engage,  
Quite blind to Beauties more Divine.

12. Almighty GOD ! With pitying Eye,  
Behold these useless Faculties !  
Restore Thy fallen Progeny,  
That deep immers'd in Ruin lies.

13. Say, shall my Being still be vain !  
Oh ! shall I never serve my GOD !  
Then Life itself's a tedious Pain ;  
And gladly I'd lay down the Load.

14. Oh ! shall my Immortality  
Be spent t' offend Thy dearest Name !  
No ! Rather let me cease to Be,  
And sink to Nothing whence I came.

15. But if Thy Grace renew my Soul,  
Twill be my Privilege to Be ;

And while eternal Ages roll,  
Joyful I'll live and act for Thee.

16. When Nature dies, and Day and Night  
Measure the Flux of Time no more,  
In brighter Worlds, with long Delight,  
The Hands that made me I'll adore.

IX. *A Clergyman's Reflections on hearing of the  
Death of one of his pious Parishoners. Dec. 5.  
1750.*

I.

**O**NE more of my Dear Flock is gone  
T' appear before th' Eternal Throne,  
And pass the grand decisive Test:  
"Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust."  
Surviving Friends with Tears entrust,  
There 'til the General Doom to rest.

II.

The Soul, dismiss'd from cumb'rous Clay,  
Expatriates in eternal Day,  
And with the Great Immortals dwells:  
The Dawn of Immortality  
With Scenes unknown surprize the Eye,  
And Wonders vast and new reveals.

III.

Thus while I'm dreaming Life away,  
Or Books and Study fill the Day,  
My Flock is dying one by one;  
Convey'd beyond my warning Voice,  
'To endless Pains, or endless Joys,  
For ever happy, or undone!

## IV.

I too 'ere long must yield my Breath ;  
 My Mouth for ever shut in Death ;  
 Nor sound the Gospel Trumpet more :  
 Then may I, while they're in my Reach,  
 With Fervour pray, with Fervour preach,  
 And eager catch the flying Hour !

## V.

Almighty Grace ! my Zeal enflame ;  
 Oh ! free me from this sluggish Frame ;  
 And fire my Breast with vig'rous Love.  
 Oh ! teach me that divinest Art,  
 To reach the Conscience, warm the Heart,  
 And all the tender Passions move.

## VI.

Then when I must resign my Trust,  
 And at Thy Word relapse to Dust,  
 Undaunted I shall meet Thy Throne ;  
 Joyful present, without a Spot,  
 The Children by Thy Word begot,  
 And hear Thy Voice pronounce, "WELL DONE."

X, *The Soul releas'd by Death.* \*

## I.

**A**CTIVE Spark of heav'nly Fire,  
 In a Clod of Earth confin'd,  
 Ever fluttering to aspire  
 To the Great PATERNAL MIND ;  
 Strugling still with upward Aim  
 To mingle with thy native Flame !

E 2

Death

\* The Plan of the first Part of this Poem, and one or two of the Lines, were borrowed from Mr. Pope's little charming Ode, entitled *The dying Christian to his Soul.*



Death soon will break this Pris'n of Clay,  
 And give thee Leave to spring away ;  
 Then to thy native Regions go,  
 There with th' Etherial Flames to glow.

II.

Come, thou shining Hour, appear !  
 Happy Moment, Oh draw near ! ——  
 'Tis come ! — I feel the purple Stream  
 Stagnate ; in misty Darknes swim  
 My dizzy Eyes confus'd and dim ;  
 Bedew'd with cold and clammy Sweat ;  
 The dancing Pulses cease to beat ;  
 In vain I gasp for Breath ——  
 Strange ! Can this be Death ?

III.

Hark ! Th' Angelic Envoy say,  
 “ Sister Spirit, come away,  
 “ Drop the Cumber of the Clay,  
 “ And with thy Kindred join” ——  
 Angels, I come ; conduct me on :  
 Instruct me in a World unknown,  
 In Mysteries Divine :  
 Instruct me unexperienc'd Stranger how  
 To act as the Immortals do ;  
 To think, and speak, and move like you :  
 Teach me the Senses to supply,  
 To see without the Optics of an Eye ;  
 The Music of your Songs to hear  
 Without the Organ of an Ear.

IV.

Yes ! now Blest Angels, now I find  
 The Pow'rs of an unfetter'd Mind !

How active and how Strange !  
 O happy Place ! O blissful State !  
 Welcome Felicity complete !  
 Welcome amazing, happy Change !

## V.

And is this then Eternity !  
 And am I safely landed here !  
 No more to Sin, no more to die,  
 No more to sigh, or shed a Tear ! —  
 My Soul ! can this be I ?  
 I, who just now imprison'd dwelt  
 In yonder World of Woe and Guilt !  
 Just now shudd'ring, trembling, sighing,  
 Startled at the Thought of dying !  
 Am I indeed the same ?  
 Or is it all a pleasing Dream ? —  
 The very same ! — Ye heav'nly Choirs !  
 Cherubic and Seraphic Fires !  
 Come, assist my labouring Tongue ;  
 Sound aloud the grateful Song ;  
 Assist a Stranger to express  
 His Thanks to rich unbounded Grace —  
 J E S U S ! th' unbounded Grace was thine,  
 Who bled and languished on the Tree,  
 And bore infinite Pains for me,  
 To raise me thus to Joys Divine.  
 And do I see Thy Face at last,  
 O my Dear, incarnate G O D !  
 And has Thy Love Thy Servant plac'd  
 In this Thy shining, blest Abode !  
 Enough ! — Thy Bounty gives me more  
 Than I could think or wish before.

XI. *Gratitude and Impotency*

**N**OT all the shining Saints on high  
 Owe so much Gratitude as I;  
 Not all the mourning Saints below  
 A Debt so vast and boundless owe.  
 From me the highest Praise should rise,  
 Oblig'd by such unequal'd Ties.  
 My Breast with warmer Zeal should burn,  
 With deeper tend'rer Sorrows mourn,  
 Than *Gabriel* that surrounds the Throne,  
 Than any Wretch beneath the Sun.  
 For I of all the Race that fell,  
 Deserve the lowest Place in Hell;  
 And I of all the ransom'd Race,  
 Am most in Debt to Sovereign Grace.  
 Ye Saints, no more yourselves abase,  
 But yield to me the lowest Place:  
 No more my rightful Claim contest  
 To offer Praise above the Rest.

Yet, Oh my God! there's not a Saint,  
 That sobs in secret his Complaint,  
 That calls himself the very First  
 Of Sinners, and his Case the worst;  
 There's not a Saint, but (to my Shame)  
 Presents more Glory to Thy Name,  
 But serves Thee with a warmer Zeal,  
 And with more Fervour does Thy Will.

Kind Angels! Will You raise on high  
 His Praise, and my Defects supply!  
 Oh! will You pay, in nobler Song,  
 The Debt of my unskilful Tongue!  
 And you, Dear Saints! Will you below,  
 Help me to pay the Debt I owe!

No doubt the Blessings You receive,  
Exceed the highest Thanks you give ;  
Yet sure, You can't refuse to join  
To pay a Debt so vast as mine.

All-gracious G O D ! the Thanks receive,  
From others, which these Lips should give.  
And Oh ! forgive a Worm that mourns,  
Because he can make no Returns.

## XII. *The universal Lamentation.*

### I.

**W**HEN Heav'n with a vindictive Frown  
Throws an aspiring Monarch down,  
The trembling Nation takes th' Alarm.  
And when we view the wide Champaign  
Soak'd with the Blood of Heroes slain,  
The softest Passions wake, and every Blossom warm.

### II.

\* Though I freely own, it requires a more exalted Muse than mine to manage this tender Subject with suitable Pathos and Energy ; yet I hope None will censure the Matter and Scope of the Poem, as favouring of fanatical Affectation.----That the human Soul, tho' the immediate Progeny of the uncreated *Paternal Mind*, (as even a *Heathen* could stile Him) is now surprizingly alienated from its Divine Parent ; indisposed for the exalted Purposes of its Existence ; and under the Tyranny of ignoble Appetites, and criminal Passions ; is a lamentable Truth we must assent to, unless we deny our own quickest and most deep-felt mental Sensations.----And that Many indulge themselves in this Depravity, without any eager Aspiration for the Reparation of their noble Nature, now in Ruins ; and make it the main Business of this mortal Life, to obey the groveling Dictates, and gratify the impetuous Lusts, of a degenerate Soul ; we are ungratefully constrained to believe, by the odious Scenes of Impiety and Prophaneness, that open round us, and unfortunately intrude upon our Observation, however willingly we would shun them.----And can there be any Thing so moving, any Thing so just an Object for manly Sorrow, as this ? It cannot be justly looked upon as an Instance of effeminate Softness, for the most exalted and  
dispas-

## II.

The softest Passions wake and mourn,  
 When Sons of Honour, nobly born,  
 Are sold for Slaves in barb'rous Climes.  
 The Wretch that on the Gibbet hangs  
 Moves in us sympathethic Pangs,  
 Tho' self-destroy'd he dies for his own scarlet Crimes.

## III.

dispassionate Mind, to dissolve into the tenderest Sorrows, when it is our common Humanity that demands the sympathizing Fear, and prompts the lamenting Groan. The Dignity of the human Soul,---the expensive and endearing Measures a gracious God has been pleased to take for its Recovery,---the ineffable Glories forfeited, and the intolerable Miseries incurr'd, by an obstinate Continuance in Sin,---and a thousand other Considerations, render this Degeneracy peculiarly lamentable.---And may it not therefore be pertinently improv'd, as the Occasion for an *Universal Lamentation*? 'Tis natural for a Mind full of tender and vigorous Passions to fall into *Prosopopœia's*, and to call the inanimate Creation to share its Sensations. Nothing is more common in Passions of Joy and Gratitude; both in sacred and prophane Writers. Of this the 148 *Psalm*, the Mattin-Song of our first Parents, according to *Milton*, *Thomson's Hymn* annex'd to the Seasons, and that surprizing *Apostrophe* in *Isai. lxi. 13.* are very noble Instances. Thus also the mournful Passions frequently vent themselves, upon various Occasions; and why may they not on this, the most Mournful of all? ---*St. Paul* (*Rom. viii. 19, 22.*) forms a moving *Prosopopœia* on the Subject of this Poem, with Energy of Language which no Translation can reach.---The whole Creation bursts into an united Groan, and labours with travailing Pangs, ever since Sin reduced it into Slavery, and subjected it to Vanity; and will continue to do so, 'til it partake of the glorious Liberty of the Sons of God.---And this Instance, not to mention a Variety of others, is a sufficient Precedent to vindicate the Scope of this Poem.---'Tis certain, if Sin were more lamented, it would be less indulg'd and practis'd in the World. And if *Cicero*, considering the *physical* Evils of Life could say, (*Hæc quidem Vita Mors est, quam lamentari possem.* (*Tusc. Disput. L. 1.*) "This Life is truly Death, which I could lament"; sure, when we survey the *moral* Evils that ruin the immortal Mind, we may breathe out *Jeremiah's* passionate Wish, *Oh that mine Head were Waters! and mine Eyes Fountains of Tears!* (*Jer. ix. 1.*)

## III.

Th' importunate and helpless Poor,  
 Naked and famish'd at our Door;  
 The Widow and the Fatherless;  
 The melancholy House where Pain,  
 Sicknes and Death and Sorrows reign,  
 Dissolve the gen'rous Heart to softest Tenderness.

## IV.

But from our Hearts if Death should rend  
 Some darling Relative or Friend,  
 How we bewail the mould'ring Dust!  
 Our Life is Grief, our Breath is Sighs,  
 Our Days are Glooms, and from our Eyes  
 Torrents of ever-flowing Sorrows burst.

## V.

But what are Thrones or Monarchs sunk,  
 Or Fields with Blood of Heroes drunk,  
 Or Lords in barb'rous Climes confin'd!  
 Ah! what are Lumps of breathing Clay,  
 That into Ruin pine away,  
 What, when compar'd with one immortal Mind!

## VI.

Th' immortal Mind! a heav'nly Spark,  
 Lost and extinguish'd in the Dark!  
 By Sin seduc'd, by Sin undone!—  
 Let all superfluous Sorrows cease;  
 And Deluges of Tears, for this,  
 For this alone! gush forth and unremitted run!

## VII.

Souls form'd for Immortality,  
 Th' Eternal Father's Progeny,

Forgetful of their noble Birth,  
 Despise the Great PATERNAL MIND,  
 So bright, so fair, so good, so kind,  
 And loose their heav'nly Essence in ignoble Earth!

## VIII.

Souls ransom'd by the vital Blood  
 And Death of an incarnate G O D,  
 Insult his dying Groans and Cries;  
 And still, remorseless, dare commit  
 The Sins that pierc'd His Hands and Feet,  
 And rack'd his tortur'd Soul with twinging Agonies!

## IX.

The mild, propitious, heav'nly Dove  
 Defends from his own Realms of Love,  
 To strive with unrelenting Souls:  
 In vain;—the Rebels love their Chains,  
 And Sin, the Tyrant, Sov'reign reigns,  
 And ev'ry heav'nly Tendency controuls.

## X.

The Voice of Mercy sounds aloud,  
 And offers a Redeemer's Blood,  
 Eternal Joys, and heav'nly Crowns:  
 But still, with stiff unyielding Neck,  
 The gracious Offer they reject,  
 And rather perish of their mortal Wounds.

## XI.

Eager with full Career they run  
 In Chase of Pleasures, 'til undone,  
 Nor pause at Mercy's loudest Call:  
 Dancing with inadvertent Feet  
 Round the dire Borders of the Pit,  
 'Til helpless, unexpected, down they fall.

## XII.

There are (delightful Thought!) a Few  
 Who the unbeaten Path pursue,  
 That leads to purer Joys on high:  
 Transporting Sight! but Oh! how rare!  
 While mournful Prospects every where  
 Glare on our Eyes, and Thousands round us die!

## XIII.

And shall they unlamented die! —  
 Come every tender Heart and Eye,  
 Join in the Lamentation, join!  
 From each my Eyes let Rivers flow,  
 And Floods of sympathetic Woe  
 Gush from this adamant Heart of mine.

## XIV.

Ye Sons of Levi! Sacred Train!  
 That spend your Breath and Strength in vain,  
 That toil and sow, but seldom reap;  
 See thoughtless Mortals, in your Eye,  
 Deaf to your loudest Warnings, die!  
 Behold the mournful Scene, ye sacred Tribe! and weep!

## XV.

See your dear Fellow-Men undone,  
 While shock'd, astonish'd, you look on,  
 But can, alas, yield no Relief!  
 Yet sure you may indulge your Tears,  
 And ev'n o'er those that stop their Ears,  
 Vent your full Hearts in Streams of useless Grief.

## XVI.

Come ev'ry tender-hearted Saint,  
 Give all the mournful Passions vent,



Or are your Bowels form'd of Stone?  
 See how ungrateful Worms despise  
 J E S U S the Darling of your Eyes!  
 See the dear Souls you love by their own Hands undone!

## XVII.

Ye gen'rous Souls! whose Bosoms bleed  
 O'er some dear Creature cold and dead,  
 Some dearer Self torn from your Heart;  
 Forbear your useless Tears, and turn  
 The Stream from them, and only mourn  
 The cruel Hands that kill their own immortal Part.

## XVIII.

Come all ye Sons of *Adam*, join;  
 Mingle your flowing Griefs with mine;  
 Let Groans tumultuous heave your Lungs.  
 But you alas! refuse your Tears;  
 And waste them on inferior Cares;  
 Or lull yourselves to Ease with Luxury and Song.

## XIX.

Angels! that charm the list'ning Skies  
 With everlasting Harmonies,  
 Say, Have Ye ne'er a mourning String?  
 O! while your Songs transport the Poles,  
 Raise one sad Note for Kindred-Souls,  
 Your Kindred lost to you, revolted from your King!

## XX.

Fountain of Day and cheerful Light  
 Why should the Gloomy Sons of Night,  
 The Radiance of thy Beams abuse?  
 The Mourner's sable Dress assume,  
 And wrap the Globe in Midnight Gloom;  
 Why should they see the Light who Works of Darkness chuse?

## XXI.

Ye Lamps of Heav'n that nightly burn,  
 O'er brighter Flames extinguisht mourn,  
 As wakeful you survey the World.  
 Regent of Night! Resplendent Moon!  
 Bewail the Scenes of Lewdness done,  
 While thro' the silver Shades thy ample Orb is whirl'd.

## XXII.

Ye Winds that gently fan the Air,  
 Or ravage in fierce Tempests there,  
 Expend your Breath in Groans and Sighs:  
 Disgusting Joys of heav'nly Kind,  
 Immortal Spirits feed on Wind,  
 And eager pant for airy Vanities.

## XXIII.

Ye Thunders groan from Cloud to Cloud,  
 Roar your majestic Sorrows loud,  
 O'er Worms that scorn JEHOVAH's Voice.  
 Tempests, and Hurricanes and Storms,  
 Bewail in all your dreadful Forms,  
 The more pernicious Storm that Human Kind destroys.

## XXIV.

Ye Clouds that lightly float in Air,  
 Or roll in heavy Oceans there,  
 Weep on a wretched World below.  
 Soft Dews and fruitful Show'rs, bewail  
 Th' ungrateful Plants, that constant feel  
 The Show'rs of Grace distil, but never fruitful grow.

## XXV.

Ye Rivers rapid, rough and strong,  
 And Streams that gently glide along,

And in *Meandrine* Circuits flow ;  
 Exhaust in Tears your liquid Store,  
 And murmur Grief ; or swell and pour  
 Your useless Channels dry in Deluges of Woe.

## XXVI.

And thou immense, majestic Main,  
 Let not thy Billows roll in vain ;  
 But swell each Billow to a Tear :  
 Mortals the Pleasures disesteem  
 That roll their plenteous Chrystal Stream  
 In Paradise ; and thirst for sordid Pleasures here.

## XXVII.

Sweet Mourner ! melancholy Dove,  
 And all ye Songsters of the Grove,  
 Let tuneful Sorrows swell your Throats ;  
 You warble gratef' Songs of Praise,  
 And join with heav'nly Choirs to raise  
 Your Maker's Name ; but Mortals will not join the Notes.

## XXVIII.

Ye fierce, rapacious Beasts of Prey,  
 That in the horrid Desert stray,  
 Thro' the rough Wild your Sorrows roar :  
 Men put your Savage Natures on,  
 Renounce the Mildness of their own,  
 And Tyger-like, their Fellow-Men devour.

## XXIX.

Ye Cattle that on Mountains feed,  
 Or graze in the luxuriant Mead,  
 Low forth your Sorrows as you roam :

Lament the wretched Animal,  
Fashion'd by Nature rational,  
Degraded by himself, and one of you become.

## XXX.

Let all Things mourn : Let Rocks and Stones  
Learn Sympathy, and burst to Groans,  
And senseless Marble learn to melt :  
Marble will weep, and Rocks relent  
Sooner than stubborn Hearts repent,  
And contrite wail their own oppressive Guilt.

## XXXI.

O Thou All-Good, Paternal Mind !  
Pity the Crowds of Human Kind,  
Whose Hearts are harden'd from Thy Fear.  
The Madness of the Wretch controul,  
Who ruins his immortal Soul,  
Without acute Remorse, without a pitying Tear.

## XXXII.

J E S U S ! Thy tender Griefs did stream  
O'er Obstinate *Jerusalem*,  
Thy dying Breath implor'd "FORGIVE :"  
O ! may Thy soft Compassions move,  
And Thy unconquerable Love  
Constrain a dying World to turn and live !

## XXXIII.

Then shall the glad Creation smile,  
New Pleasures every Bosom fill,  
And Sin and Death and Sorrow die :  
Angels with sevenfold Ardours flame,  
And sound new Praises to Thy Name,  
While Mortals join below, and to their Song reply.

XIII. *The Aspiration.*

## I.

**E**AGER, craving, hungry Soul,  
 All thy loose Desires controul:  
 Anxious, restless Spirit, cease  
 To search inferior Skies for Bliss:  
 Flutt'ring, panting, wild Desires,  
 Recall, abate your sprightly Fires:  
 Upward guide the quivering Flame,  
 There unremitted let it glow:  
 There purer Joys than Wealth or Fame,  
 Lasting, satisfying, grow.

## II.

Sparks with nat'ral upward Aim,  
 Wheeling, quivering, still aspire,  
 To mix with elemental Fire:  
 Come then, active heav'n-born Flame,  
 Hov'ring, trembling, restless Spark,  
 Still twinkling, sparkling in the Dark,  
 Heav'nward, Homeward active tend,  
 And to thy Kindred Flames ascend.  
 Conscious of thy superior Birth  
 Generous spurn ignoble Earth;  
 Exert thy Vigour, spring away  
 To Regions of eternal Day:  
 No more obscur'd in Glooms below,  
 Soar with thy kindred Flames to glow.

## III.

Where the blest Immortals shine,  
 Brighten'd with Lustre all divine,  
 Fir'd with heav'nly Life within,  
 Active, vig'rous, never tir'd:

Once they were struggling here below,  
Fainting, oppress'd, as thou art now;  
Yet to their native Element aspir'd.

O! the Bliss, the Joy they feel!  
Raptures succeed to Raptures still,  
And in their Bosoms ever burn:  
Then my Soul with soaring Wing,  
To thy great Companions spring;  
Nor linger here to weep and mourn.

XIV. *The Soul early estranged from its Divine Parent.*

FATHER of Spirits! why, ah! why  
Should thy own Offspring be so shy?  
This Soul inspir'd by thee so late,  
Her bright Original forget?  
So soon forget her heav'nly Birth,  
And basely grovel in the Earth?

But a few Years their Rounds have run,  
Since first my Infant-Life begun:  
'Till then, in native Nothing's Shade  
I lay infinite Years unmade;  
And but for thy creating Will,  
Had slept in dreary Nothing still.  
"Let Nothing spring to Life," Thy Tongue  
Pronounc'd, and straight to Life it sprung.  
Thou only art my Father, Thou  
My Author and Preserver too.

Yet, Father! Thy own Progeny  
Was soon, alas! estrang'd from Thee:  
Cast forth to Earth's remote Abode,  
Forgot her Father, lost her God:

Enslav'd to Flesh, and Lust and Sense,  
 Reluctant to aspire from thence :  
 With gilded Toys familiar grown,  
 Her Father lost, unfought, unknown.  
 Not so my Child : His Infant Tongue,  
 Owns me the Parent whence he sprung :  
 His little fondling Actions show  
 What grateful Passions inward glow :  
 Joying he rests in my Embrace,  
 Or fondling round me smiles and plays :  
 From real or imagin'd Harms,  
 Flies for Protection to my Arms ;  
 And thus, with undefining Tongue,  
 Upbraids me of ungrateful Wrong.

Ah ! shall this Child return to me,  
 A warmer Love than I to Thee !  
 To Thee the universal Cause,  
 Whence Nature her Existence draws.  
 Thou gracious Author of my Frame,  
 A wand'ring Prodigal reclaim.  
 From glitt'ring Toys my Soul recall,  
 To Thee her bright Original.  
 Allure me to my Father's Arms  
 By Thy own uncreated Charms.

XV. *A Survey of human Nature.*

The INTRODUCTION.

**W**HILE inconsiderate here I play  
 The uncertain Trifle, Life, away,  
 Let me indulge a solemn Hour,  
 And view the Race of *Adam* o'er ;  
 On Contemplation's Pinions rove  
 To Worlds below and Worlds above.

What different Scenes around me rise !  
 What different Prospects strike mine Eye !  
 What strange, what various Characters  
 The self-same human Nature wears !

### I. P A R T. H E A V E N.

See in the fair celestial Plains,  
 Releas'd from Sin, and Death, and Pains,  
 How, clad in Robes of Light Divine,  
*Human Immortals* glorious shine !  
 The mean, inglorious Sons of Earth,  
 With Angels of celestial Birth,  
 On Ever-Green, in blissful Bow'rs,  
 Pass their eternal social Hours.  
 No more expos'd to lurking Snares,  
 No more perplext with trifling Cares,  
 No more the eager starving Mind  
 Would feed on Vanity and Wind ;  
 But Chrystal Springs of Pleasure burst,  
 And gently flow, and quench the Thirst.  
 The Tree of Life luxuriant spreads  
 Its fragrant Shade above their Heads ;  
 And shook with gentle Breezes, pours  
 Its Fruits around in golden Show'rs.  
 Still eager, still uncloy'd, the Blest  
 Th' immortalizing Apples taste.  
 Grim Death with all his ghastly Train  
 Attempts to enter there in vain,  
 Heart-bursting Groans and heaving Sighs  
 No more attempt to swell and rise.

But Oh ! the higher Joys they feel !  
 Immortal, pure, ineffable !  
 While the bright DEITY displays  
 The unveil'd Glories of his Face :



While, lost in Wonder still, they see  
 The God that bled upon the Tree?  
 Fir'd with immortal Transports rove  
 O'er all the Wonders of his Love:  
 Unweary'd the dear Theme pursue;  
 Still view'd, yet still beyond their View:  
 From Wonders still to Wonders rise,  
 'Til lost in vast Infinities:  
 Dazzled with sweet Excess of Light,  
 For strong Seraphic Eyes too bright.  
 Their Knowledge brightens more and more;  
 And what they know not, they adore.  
 The high celestial Arches ring  
 With Hallelujahs while they sing;  
 The Hills, the Dales, the Fountains round  
 With sweetest Harmony resound.

Say, my bright *kindred* Spirits, say,  
 Dare an Inhabitant of Clay,  
 Direct his Hope and wishful Eye,  
 To share with you in Joys on high?  
 Hope in some humble Place to sit  
 Amongst your Thrones, or at your Feet?  
 Or does his flagrant Guilt deny  
 Th' Ambition of a Wish so high?

Once You, in dull Mortality,  
 Were struggling and oppress'd, like me;  
 Allur'd with tempting Vanities,  
 And the false World's ensnaring Lies:  
 Unruly Passions in your Hearts;  
 Wounded with Satan's fiery Darts:  
 Thro' thousand Dangers fought your Way;  
 Trembling to fall a helpless Prey:

Trembling

Trembling to lose the glorious Prize,  
You now enjoy above the Skies.

Say, Human Angels! by what Art  
Did you subdue th' unruly Heart?  
O'er the ensnaring World prevail,  
And all the Stratagems of Hell?  
O! tell me whence your Vict'ry came?—  
And was it from the bleeding *Lamb*!—\*  
Blest JESUS! be my Guide, my Strength;  
And I shall triumph too at length.

O! did the Sons of Men below,  
The perfect Bliss above but know;  
O could they dart a piercing Eye  
Thro' the blue Curtains of the Sky;  
And view in what Perfection there  
Some of their Family † appear;  
To what Degrees an human Mind,  
May be exalted and refin'd;  
How would they nobly soar, and spurn  
This Earth, and all its Trifles scorn;  
With brave Ambition Heav'nward aim,  
And all inferior Joys disclaim;  
Gen'rous break thro' the narrow Rounds  
Of Time and all created Bounds;  
Break thro', and wing'd with strong Desire,  
To pure celestial Joys aspire!

But they, alas! with sordid Aim,  
All Kindred with the Skies disclaim:  
Ignobly sink the heav'n-born Mind  
To Pleasures of the brutal Kind.

Eternal

\* Rev. xii. 11.

† All Mankind are represented in this Poem as one great Family;  
and Heaven, Earth, and the infernal Regions as so many Colonies,  
peopled by its wide Dispersions.

Eternal God! erect our Souls;  
 Nor let them grovel here like Moles.  
 O! teach a downward World to rise;  
 And seek to gain their native Skies.

## II. PART. HELL.

But Oh!—— what dismal Scenes of Woe  
 Open in yonder Gulph below!  
 See! how the fiery Surges swell,  
 And dash against the Cope of Hell.  
 The sulph'rous undulating Flames  
 Thro' the thick Gloom shed awful Gleams;  
 Pale Gleams that but expose to Sight  
 The Horrors of eternal Night.\*  
 Ah! there, forever, ever lost,  
 On these dire Billows ever tost,  
 Some of my wretched Kindred roar,  
 Feeling the Flames they scorn'd before.  
 When Mercy call'd, they would not turn;  
 Now Mercy frowns, and they must burn.  
 Now Justice makes the Rebels feel  
 The Tortures of the restless Wheel.  
 Now nail'd to Racks of endless Pain,  
 They cry for some Relief in vain.  
 Deep Groans and Screams torment the Air,  
 The horrid Language of Despair.  
 The Vulture, Conscience, preys within;  
 Once charming, now tormenting Sin  
 In all her hellish Colours glares,  
 And pays her Slaves the long Arrears  
 For all the painful Drudgery done——  
 Sad Wages! worse by far than none.

“ Justice!

\* *A Dungeon horrible, on all Sides round,  
 As one great Furnace flam'd; yet from those Flames  
 No light, but rather Darkness visible  
 Seem'd only to discover Sights of Woe.*——Par. Lost B. 1. l. 60.

Ah! how they writhe, and agonize!  
How wildly stare their flaming Eyes!  
No Heart can think, no Language tell,  
No Fancy paint the Pains they feel.

Yet in their greatest Pains they own  
The Justice of th' Eternal Throne.  
“ Justice! all Justice! still they cry;  
“ By our own Folly here we lie.  
“ Where should we lie but in this Pit,  
“ Who made ourselves for Heav'n unfit?  
“ Alas! should Heav'n her Gates display,  
“ And take us to the Realms of Day;  
“ We Sons of Darkness, back to Night  
“ Would shrink, confounded with the Sight,  
“ And in these Glooms make our Abode,  
“ Rather than see a holy G O D.  
“ While sinful Passions rule our Breast,  
“ Not Heav'n itself can make us blest.  
“ Impossible we should be sav'd,  
“ While thus corrupted and depriv'd.  
“ Nor do these raging Flames refine  
“ Our Spirits from the Dross of Sin;  
“ But still we harden in the Fire,  
“ And still our Lusts new Strength acquire,  
“ The Bliss we would not have, we lose;  
“ And have the Portion that we chose.”

O! did surviving Mortals know  
The Pains their Kindred feel below;  
O! did they know the dire Reward  
For all the Slaves of Sin prepar'd;  
How would they shrink from Vice's Charms,  
And thrust the Monster from their Arms!  
The smooth broad Road with Trembling shun,  
Where Thousands walk'd, and were undone!

At the loud Call of Mercy stop,  
And eager catch the offer'd Hope!

But all these real Terrors seem  
But frightful Tales and Dreams to them.  
Their Fellow-Sinners die around;  
They lay their Reliques in the Ground:  
The ghastly Corpse they only view,  
But Oh! could they the Soul pursue;  
Pursue her t'other Side of Death,  
To her eternal Home beneath;  
What Terrors would alarm the Heart!  
How would the thoughtless Sinner start!  
What Fear the Hypocrite surprize,  
And tear away his base Disguise!

Or might abandon'd Ghosts again  
Visit the Earth, and talk with Men:  
Might they in human Ears proclaim  
The Torture of infernal Flame:  
In Characters majestic draw  
The Honours of th' insulted Law:  
Sin and its heavy Punishment  
In their infernal Colours paint:  
With flaming Tongues aloud expose,  
The crying scarlet Guilt of those  
Who dare neglect a dying GOD,  
And trifle with redeeming Blood:  
How would a sleeping World awake,  
And conscious Guilt confounded quake!  
Security should take th' Alarm,  
And shudder at th' impending Harm.  
Hardy Prophaneness learn to shrink;  
And thoughtless Luxury to think.  
Misers no more with Gold bewitch'd,  
Should damn themselves to be enrich'd.

No more the Proud for empty Fame,  
 Should sink in everlasting Shame.  
 No more th' insulted Heavens should hear  
 The dull Formality of Prayer;  
 But flaming high, Devotion's Fire  
 In Zeal importunate aspire.  
 Spiritless Breath and languid Zeal  
 No more eternal Truths reveal;  
 Nor cold Harangues, or Trifles vain,  
 The solemn Pulpit more prophane.  
 The Thunders of the Law should sound,  
 And hardy Sinners tremble round:  
 J E S U S allure with winning Charms  
 Despairing Sinners to his Arms.

So Fancy dreams.—But if the Law  
 Fails to inspire a pious Awe,  
 And even the Gospel cannot draw;  
 In vain Apostles from the Dead  
 Might Thunder Wrath, and urge and plead:  
 In vain infernal Messengers  
 Would try t' alarm presumptuous Ears.  
 The trembling Fright would soon be o'er,  
 And all ascrib'd to Fancy's Pow'r.  
 Or frequent Apparitions grow  
 Familiar, and be treated so.

### III. PART. EARTH:

Now to the Earth I turn my Eyes:  
 And strange! what diff'rent Prospects rise!  
 Here Honour glitters, Riches shine,  
 And Pleasure's various Forms combine:  
 There meagre Poverty, Disgrace,  
 And sullen Grievs usurp the Place.

Here Health her blooming Visage shews,  
 Clad in the Lilly and the Rose :  
 There Sickness groans and pines in Bed,  
 And scarcely lifts his fainting Head.  
 Here the unthinking jovial Crowd  
 Dissolve in Mirth, and laugh aloud ;  
 While Music all her Charms employs  
 To lull their Cares, and wake their Joys :  
 But hark ! how Melancholy moans,  
 And solitary Sorrow groans,  
 Here Luxury her Table spreads,  
 And, squeamish, on her Dainties feeds :  
 There Hunger gnaws, and starving Want  
 Unpity'd vents his vain Complaint.  
 Prophaneness lifts her impious Eyes,  
 And mocks the Thunder of the Skies ;  
 Presumes with daring Tongue invoke  
 The Vengeance of the ling'ring Stroke :  
 While here and there a pious Sigh,  
 And humble Pray'r ascend the Sky ;  
 J E H O V A H hears, and with a Smile  
 Lays the dread Thunder by awhile.  
 The Ways of Vice are still pursu'd  
 By the triumphant Multitude ;  
 Sin high-applauded walks the Street,  
 And tramples Virtue with his Feet :  
 Yet an unfashionable Few  
 Virtue's untrodden Path pursue.  
 These are the Pillars of the Land,  
 And by their Pray'rs whole Nations stand ;  
 When they are gone, Wrath shall be hurl'd  
 To blast and burn a guilty World.

Some now receive the vital Breath ;  
 Some gasping in the Pangs of Death.

Some landing on th' eternal Shore,  
 The Dangers of Life's Ocean o'er;  
 While others entering on the Stage  
 Of Life, begin their youthful Age.

### The CONCLUSION.

But who can tell the various Views,  
 The various Projects Man pursues?  
 The States, Conditions, Characters,  
 In which Humanity appears?

O! were our narrow Views more wide,  
 Did human Race our Cares divide;  
 The tender social Tear would rise;  
 The social Bosom sympathize.  
 The Heart of Charity would bleed,  
 And round her gentle Influence fled.  
 Benevolence would open wide  
 The generous Wish, to none deny'd.  
 Nay, Vice appal'd in her Career,  
 Should feel Remorse and drop a Tear.  
 Oppression break her Rod of Steel,  
 And senseless Tyrants Pity feel.

XVI. *Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? And there  
 is none upon Earth I desire besides Thee. My Flesh  
 and my Heart faileth; but Thou art the Strength of  
 my Heart, and my Portion forever. Ps. lxxiii.  
 25, 26.*

**F**OUNTAIN of Good! from Thee incessant flow  
 The Streams of Bliss that cheer the World below.  
 The Charms of Nature in her fairest Dress  
 Are but faint Copies of Thy fairer Face.



As some sweet Flow'r, when vernal Suns infuse  
 The vegetative Soul, and fertile Dews,  
 Impearl the Grass, its painted Foliage spreads,  
 Blooms fair and gay, and fragrant Odours sheds;  
 But when the Sun withdraws his genial Ray,  
 Contracts its Beauties, droops and pines away:  
 So at Thy Smiles, the wide Creation blooms;  
 But should'st Thou frown, Horrors and dismal Gloom  
 Would cover All; Deformity would reign;  
 All Nature die, and Chaos come again.

Unnumber'd Worlds, thro' boundless Æther lost,  
 Are clad by Thee in all their Charms they boast.  
 Impell'd by Thee, the mighty Spheres roll on,  
 And Nature's ample Wheels harmonious run.  
 Thy Glory twinkles thro' the Midnight Sky,  
 From thousand Golden Lamps suspended high  
 In azure Vaults. Yon' boundless Source of Day,  
 That flames from Age to Age without Decay,  
 That cheers surrounding Worlds with vital Rays,  
 Is but a Gleam from Thee; whose brighter Face,  
 Dazzles the Eyes of Angels as they gaze:  
 Who sit'st enthron'd, insufferably bright,  
 In the Recesses of eternal Light,

Thy Goodness in the vernal Seasons blooms;  
 From Thee the Rose derives its rich Perfumes.  
 By Thee the Groves are in their Verdure clad,  
 And Plains and Vales with flow'ry Carpets spread.  
 Eternal All! what is this lovely Frame  
 But a faint Transcript of Thy glorious Name?

The soft enchanting Smile, the sparkling Eye,  
 The charming Voice, the Strains of Harmony,  
 The graceful Conduct, the unbounded Aim  
 Of noble Minds, the Patriot's gen'rous Flame,

Th' exalted Genius, the celestial Fire  
Of Piety, Thy Spirit did inspire.

'Twas thou *Fidelio* form'd in Friendship's Mould,  
And stamp't the social Virtues on h<sup>r</sup> Soul;  
The candid Temper, and the Heart sincere,  
Thee their divine Original declare.

When *Chara*, the Companion of my Life,  
The chastest, mildest, tenderest, kindest Wife;  
The Honour and the Beauty of her Sex;  
Whom every Grace and every Virtue decks:  
When she blooms on my Sight in all her Charms,  
And every correspondent Passion warms;  
I farther look; and thro' this radiant Glass  
Gaze on the brighter Beauties of thy Face.

Thus Mortals read some Letter of thy Name,  
On every Pin in this amazing Frame:  
View some reflected Beams of Charms Divine  
Break thro' Thy Works, and with bright Radiance shine.  
But O! how far the loveliest Creatures fall  
Beneath th' immensely bright Original!  
Thou Excellence unknown, divinely fair!  
Shew us what uncreated Beauties are.  
Reveal THYSELF! Let trembling Mortals see  
Th' unrival'd Glories that beam forth in Thee.  
The borrow'd Beauties of Thy Works but raise  
The restless Pant to view Thy brighter Fate;  
But warms the eager Wish, that breaks thro' all  
The Ranks of Creatures to th' Original:  
But O! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou alone canst fill  
The boundless Wish, and bid the Pant be still.  
Without Thee, every Charm insipid grows,  
And the aspiring Soul finds no Repose.

In Quest of Thee she flies ; in Quest of Thee  
 Roves thro' the Mazes of Immensity,  
 Restless, bewilder'd. O my only Joy!  
 Reveal Thyself ; these Cravings satisfy :  
 Fill this unbounded Void ; nor let me more  
 For solid Bliss created Bounds explo:

Oh ! if Thy Goodness will not satisfy  
 These boundless Aims, why were they rais'd so high?  
 Why was I curs'd with this immortal Mind,  
 This Dignity of Thought, these Pow'rs refined ;  
 O ! why, if Thou wilt ever, ever hide  
 Thyself, and leave them still unsatisfy'd ?

Far better had I flourish'd for a Day  
 A fading Flow'r beneath the quick'ning Ray  
 Of vernal Suns ; or with my Fellow-Brutes  
 Roam'd o'er the trackless Waste in low Pursuits,  
 Graz'd the green Mead, or unmolested lain,  
 And stretch'd my careless Bulk in some wild Den,  
 Sleeping dull Life away ; nor fear'd my Doom  
 From Evil past, or present or to come.  
 O envy'd Lot to mine ! if I must pass  
 My Immortality far from Thy Face ;  
 Whether on Earth, in Air, or Heaven I dwell,  
 If Thou art absent, every Place is Hell.

Advance me to the Grandeur of a Throne,  
 And let me call the Universe my own ;  
 Let Planetary Worlds my Nod obey,  
 And Earth and Ocean reverence my Sway :  
 Yet, if depriv'd of Thy auspicious Smile,  
 I shall be curst, abandon'd, wretched still.

Let Heaven her sparkling Portals wide display,  
 And take me to the Realms of endless Day ;

Angelic Harps their sweetest Notes employ,  
 And round me Rivers flow of heav'nly Joy;  
 My Soul would sicken at the hateful Sight,  
 If hid from Thee, sole Spring of my Delight!  
 The Light offensive to my Eyes would glare,  
 And heavenly Notes grate harsh upon my Ear.  
 But if refresh'd with Thy propitious Face,  
 My Soul would find a Heav'n in ev'ry Place.

Thy Presence would eternal Pains beguile,  
 And cause the Realms of Desolation smile.  
 A Beam from Thee would kindle into Light  
 The solid Glooms of everlasting Night;  
 Not even infernal Horrors could affright.

O! then, where e'er Thou fix my last Abode,  
 Be it in Reach of Thy sweet Smiles, my GOD!  
 Be Thou my Portion, Thou my Bliss, my ALL;  
 I care not to whose Share the Creatures fall;  
 I have enough in Thee, th' immense Original.

**XVII. *Conjugal Love and Happiness.* February**  
 27, 1750-1.

**C**onjugal Love my joyful Heart inspires,  
 And warms a languid Muse with active Fires:  
 The pleasing Impulse the glad Muse obeys;  
 And as a pious Monument of Praise,  
 Grateful she consecrates these humble Lays.  
 Nor can she stray in trackless Wilds unknown;  
 Since to describe the Bliss, I need but tell my own.

But hence! far hence! ye wild lascivious Fires:  
 To purer Themes the modest Muse aspires,

Hence

Hence banish'd, to your native Hell return !  
 There with your loose degen'rate Bards to mourn ;  
 There with your kindic'd Flames to rage and burn.

Hail, gentle Love ! thou sacred Heaven-born Flame !  
 Pure Spark, that from th' eternal GODHEAD came !  
 Who clad in Glories infinitely bright,  
 Does in this mild Perfection most delight ;  
 In Love rejoices as this darling Name, \*  
 And breathes thro' Nature the celestial Flame.

'Tis Love adjusts this fair harmonious World ;  
 On Wheels of Love the heavenly Spheres are whirl'd,  
 Ten Thousand Systems round Ten Thousand Suns,  
 Impell'd by Love, each in its Orbit runs.  
 What's the *Attractive* or *Projectile* Force,  
 But Love well-ballanc'd; to direct their Course ?  
 Love, the great Cement of the Universe,  
 That hinders Worlds to conflict and disperse.

'Tis Love that tunes th' harmonious Harps above ;  
 And the blest Voices sing immortal Love.  
 There in its native Element it glows ;  
 There from the uncreated Fountain flows,  
 Diffusing Heav'n where e'er its Current goes.

Of firm Societies Love form'd the Plan,  
 " And Creature linkt to Creature, Man to Man."  
 Blest the rude World with Friendship, downy Peace,  
 And humaniz'd a wild, barbarian Race.  
 The kindest Gift indulgent Heaven bestow'd,  
 To sweeten Life, and ease the crushing Load ;  
 To sooth Anxieties, to lull to Rest  
 The Hurricanes that ravage thro' the Breast ;

The

\* 1 John, iv. 8. Psalm clxv. 9.

To double scanty Bliss, and multiply  
The rare celestial Plants of Peace and Joy,  
So apt in this unnat'ral Soil to die.

Could Hell extinguish this celestial Spark,  
The Universe would fall, the Sun grow dark ;  
Infernal Horrors thro' the World prevail :  
And Heaven itself would sadden into Hell :  
Men chang'd to Savages, forsake their Home,  
And with fell Tygers, the wild Desert roam :  
The screaming Infant die as soon as born,  
By his own Father's Rage to Pieces torn.

But Thou, All-gracious Maker ! hast impress  
This heav'nly Stamp upon the human Breast ;  
Mixt in the tender Embryo of our Frame,  
Some gentle Sparks of Thy essential Flame.

O ! early may the sacred Fire return  
To Thee its Source, and there divinely burn !  
Ev'ry soft Passion to Thy Name aspire,  
And Love to Thee the whole Creation fire !  
But chiefly, may thy Praises be express'd,  
By those whom gentle Love has rendered blest !

Ye Parents, whose kind Bowels melt and move  
With all th' Endearments of paternal Love ;  
Who feel the silken Bands of Nature tye  
Your yearning Souls to your fond Progeny ;  
O ! praise Him, who a feeble Spark imparts  
Of his paternal Kindness to your Hearts.

Ye grateful Infants, whose young Souls begin  
To feel the soft Emotions work within ;  
In thousand little fondling Actions shew  
The filial Duty that begins to glow ;  
O ! while you toy in your fond Mother's Arms,  
Kiss to his Honour who your Bosom warms :

O! consecrate th' imperfect rude Essays  
Of your first Language, to your Maker's Praise.

Ye Youths and Nymphs, who feel the pleasing Flame  
Pant in your Breast, and throb thro' all your Frame;  
Who lost in anxious, pleasing Transports prove  
The charming wild Extravagance of Love;  
Let human Beauties claim their proper Share,  
But Oh! supremely love THE EVERLASTING FAIR!

Friendship, thou sacred Name! may every Mind  
Whom thy soft Fetters in sweet Bondage bind;  
Who melted into Union coalesce,  
And but one Joy, one Grief, one Life possess;  
O may their warmest Gratitude ascend  
In Extasies to their celestial Friend!

Praise Him, ye happy Pairs, who no more sigh  
For absent Bliss, but all your Wish enjoy:  
Your Hands conjoin'd, cogenial Souls commixt;  
And not a jealous Thought intrudes betwixt;  
While mutual Confidence, and Peace serene  
Smile in your Looks, and still the Storms within:  
Your mutual Virtues mutual Wants supply;  
Your Burden shar'd, and multiply'd your Joy;  
Adore His Name who join'd two kindred Souls,  
And fashion'd you in correspondent Moulds.

CONNUBIAL LOVE! thrice happy was the Hour  
I fell a willing Captive to thy Pow'r.  
Opprest I panted underneath my Load,  
While I a single Individual stood:  
But, *Chara*, since with thee I coalesc'd,  
And join'd thee to my maim'd imperfect Breast,  
I grew into a finish'd Man, compleat,  
And hardly feel the huge unwieldy Weight —

So when a marble Pillar singly tries  
 To bear the Weight of some vast Edifice,  
 The Pillar trembles, and the tott'ring Wall  
 Horrendous nods, and threatens a thund'ring Fall.  
 But if the prudent Architect bestows  
 A Set of Columns in proportion'd Rows,  
 The Building stands indissolubly firm,  
 And mocks the blust'ring Hurricane and Storm.

Nor will my OTHER SELF refuse to own  
 She finds her Soul to perfect Stature grown,  
 And two conjoin'd but make a finish'd ONE  
 The rougher Virtues of a manly Mind  
 With her more tender female Virtues join'd,  
 Form a well-temper'd Compound.—So unite  
 The Glooms of Black, and the mild Streaks of White,  
 And form a well-mix'd Picture, pleasing to the Sight.  
 The Mildness of her Temper seem'd to court  
 Masculine Boldness for its kind Support ;  
 Unfit, alone, t' avert impending Harms,  
 And face Life's Terrors and outrageous Storms.—  
 So creeps the noble Vine along the Ground,  
 When no supporting Elm is near her found :  
 No gen'rous Clusters her rich Boughs adorn,  
 Smother'd with noxious Weeds and overborn.  
 But place some kind Support within her Reach,  
 Her marriageable Arms you'll see her stretch ;  
 Round the rough Trunk with loving Tendrils twine,  
 And bloom on high, a fair prolific Vine.

*Chara*, beneath thy Influence I felt  
 The charming Flame ; my Soul was taught to melt  
 In Extasies unknown, and soon began  
 To put the Stoic off, and soften into Man.  
 The Veil of Modesty, in vain confin'd  
 Th' alluring Beauties of thy lovely Mind :



The shining Charms beam'd thro' the fair Disguise ;  
 Blush'd in thy Aspect, dazzled in thy Eyes ;  
 In every Word, in all thy Conduct known,  
 And in thy artless Face, well-copy'd, shone —  
 So thro' refulgent Clouds breaks the bright Morning Sun.  
 I saw, I lov'd, I sought to gain,  
 The blooming Fair ; nor sought in vain.  
 Thy yielding Bosom soon began to glow  
 With the same Flame thy Charms taught me to know.  
 Thy Soul, unskill'd in those inhumane Arts,  
 Thy Sex affect to torture captive Hearts,  
 A constant Lover did disdain to vex,  
 Or with unkind Delays and treach'rous Wiles perplex.  
 Thy Soul, that knew not what dissembling meant,  
 With modest soft Reluctance, blush'd Consent.  
 In Transport lost the joyful News I heard ;  
 And vow'd my Life the Favour to reward.  
 A solemn Rite the willing Contract seal'd,  
 To stand, 'til Death divide us, unrepeal'd.

'Twas gracious Heav'n presid'd o'er our Choice—  
 Come, *Chara*, then, assist my grateful Voice.  
 To Thee, Great GOD ! to Thee alone we owe  
 This mutual Bliss, this Paradise below.  
 And dost THOU, Sovereign Ruler of the Spheres !  
 Stoop down to Worms, and manage our Affairs !  
 THOU, in Whose Sight Arch-Angels are but Nought,  
 And highest Heav'n beneath Thy meanest Thought !  
 Compar'd with Whom, ten thousand Worlds appear  
 But Vanity, unworthy of Thy Care !  
 Oh ! what are we, or what our Father's House,  
 That THOU should'st condescend so low to us,  
 And with peculiar Favours crown us thus ! \*

O ! never, never be Thy Grace forgot  
 That destin'd for us a distinguish'd Lot.

While wretched Thousands, form'd of diff'rent Clay,  
 In nuptial Fetters fret their Days away;  
 Jangle and murmur in eternal Strife,  
 And gnaw'd with Jealousies consume their Life;  
 In mutual Love, in mutual Confidence,  
 Unconscious of Suspicion or Offence,  
 In Fondness, Peace and melting Tenderness,  
 The calm unclouded Day of Life we pass:  
 Pitying survey the angry jarring World,  
 Contentious, loud, in boist'rous Passions whirl'd:  
 Then into sweet Society retire,  
 And find the peaceful Calm our Souls desire.  
 Love charms the Heart, and in the Aspect smiles,  
 Our anxious Grievs and fretting Cares beguiles;  
 Doubles our Pleasures, while th' impartial Scale  
 Of Sympathy divides the Woes we feel.  
 Thus over Life's tempestuous Sea we sail,  
 When Storms blow fierce, and the rough Surges swell;  
 With equal Hands ply the tough yielding Oar,  
 And fly triumphant to the wish'd-for Shore.

O! may our Days, Eternal God! be Thine;  
 And every Passion yield to Love Divine.  
 Oh! in our Hearts still do Thou reign supreme;  
 Nor let us steal the Love thy Glories claim.

But here, ah! here a guilty Scene appears!—  
 Oh! break my senseless Heart, and flow my Tears!  
 How manifold and strange my Frailties be!  
*Chara*, I find Temptations ev'n in thee!  
 When fondly in thy loving Arms I rest,  
 And thy resistless Charms enflame my Breast,  
 The pleasing Tempter seizes all my Heart,  
 Or leaves my God but the inferior Part.  
 Almighty Grace! th' Extravagance controul  
 Of this unruly Pow'r that captivates my Soul.

From all created charms my Heart recall,  
 To the ALL-PERFECT FAIR, TH' ETERNAL ALL !  
 My lovely *Chera* ! help me to restrain  
 The wild Excesses of the Love you gain.  
 With Horror, shun the sacrilegious Theft,  
 And tho' I give, yet Oh ! refuse the Gift.  
 Far from my Breast expell each human Fair ;  
 But Oh ! let J E S U S reign unrivall'd there :  
 J E S U S ! Thou sacred and unrivall'd Name !  
 My warmest Love thy matchless Glories claim.  
 Ah ! shall this Spark Thy Spirit did inspire,  
 From Thee, its Origin, my Heart ensnare !  
 No ! Claim my tend'rest Passions for Thy own ;  
 Or tear them from my Heart, and change me into Stone.

Another pleasing Scene, my Muse, disclose —  
 Love multiply'd in blooming Branches grows.  
 These smiling Infants with a thousand Arts  
 To fond parental Love dissolve our Hearts.  
 In our fond Arms the pretty Triflers toy,  
 And overwhelm us with oppressive Joy.  
 Young Reason blooms, and shews its tender Flow'rs,  
 And importunes INSTRUCTION'S gentle Show'rs.  
 Delightful Task ! to rear the tender Thought ;  
 To teach the young Idea how to shoot ;  
 To form the pliant Mind in Virtue's Mould,  
 Before it hardens, and stiff Vice grows old.

Eternal G O D ! to whom ourselves we owe,  
 To Thee we dedicate our Offspring too.  
 O ! may Thy Conduct guide them o'er the Stage  
 Of slipp'ry Youth to Manhood's sob'rer Age ;  
 And if Thou crown their Heads with hoary Hairs,  
 May they devote to Thee their aged Years ;  
 Proclaim Thy Praise, when we resign our Breath,  
 And lie forgotten in the Dust of Death.

Then in Thy kind Embraces let them die,  
And people the celestial Colony.

*Chara*, thou dear Partaker of my Heart,  
The Hour approaches, when ev'n we must part :  
We tho' in strongest Bonds of Union join'd,  
Must feel the painful Rupture of the Mind.

When on the Bridal Day I took thy Hand,  
And clasp'd thee to me in the nuptial Band,  
This Thought did mod'rate my Excess of Joy;

*" Resistless Death this Union will destroy :*

*" This splendid Jewel must not still be mine ;*

*" But cruel Fate will force me to resign."*

I shudder at the Prospect !—Ah ! my Dear,

How could I leave you solitary here !

Leave you, like the poor widow'd Dove, to mourn

Opprest with Cares, in the wide World forlorn !

With all the Mother yearning in your Breast,

To see your helpless Orphan-Babes distrest !

Methinks I see you weeping o'er my Clay,  
And drown'd in Sorrow, my pale Corpse survey

*" There all my Comfort, all my Joy lies dead,*

*(You cry) " Each smiling Prospect now is fled.*

*" My Love, alas ! was impotent to save*

*" The Man I lov'd from the all-conquering Grave.*

*" To Thee, Great God ! the Widow's Friend, I flee*

*" I've no Support, no Refuge now, but Thee."*

Methinks I see you sad and solemn tread  
The Place where I lie mould'ring "mong the Dead

*" Here the dear Reliques lie, the Dust lies here,"*

You say, and sob, and drop a tender Tear,

*" The Dust of that dear Man, who once possess'd*

*" My Soul, whom these fond Arms have oft embrac'd.*

“ Here silent, senseless, now he lies ; nor hears  
 “ His *Chara's* Sighs, nor minds her flowing Tears.”

O *Chara!* could the iron Bands of Death  
 Be bursted, and its Slaves resume their Breath ;  
 Thy Sorrows would revive my mould'ring Clay,  
 And Death's eternal Stupor drive away.  
 My senseless Dust with thee would sympathize,  
 And spring to Life to wipe thy streaming Eyes.  
 But ah ! the Tyrant Death will not dismiss  
 His Captives, nor grant one poor Hour's Release.

Yet now at least my pitying Tears can flow,  
 In Prospect of th' approaching Scenes of Woe,  
 And now anticipate the Sympathy I owe.  
 Your Griefs at my own Funeral I share,  
 And since I cannot then, now drop a Tear.

But Oh ! the Prospect overwhelms my Minds——  
 I cannot, <sup>cannot</sup> leave my Fair behind.  
 No !—Hear, Indulgent Heav'n ! this humble Pray'r ;  
 “ Let her not mourn for me, but me for her !  
 “ Doom me to live to close her dying Eyes,  
 “ And see her struggling in Death's Agonies.  
 “ The pale cold Clay with last Embraces clasp,  
 “ And from her Lips receive th' expiring Gasp.  
 “ Attend her Reliques to her clay-cold Bed,  
 “ And o'er her Grave my dewy Sorrows shed.  
 “ In pensive Solitude oft thither rove,  
 “ To view the Mansion of the Dust I love.  
 “ In melancholy Gripe myself array,  
 “ And darken with the Pomp of Grief the Day.  
 “ Thus mourn away the sad Remains of Life,  
 “ 'Til friendly Death restore me to my Wife.”——  
 Ah no ! ah no ! Kind Heav'n ! refuse to hear ;  
 Nor curse me with the Answer of my Pray'r.

My Heart would break, my Spirit faint away,  
 To see my *Chara* pallid lifeless Clay.  
 To hear the Clods with hollow murm'ring Sound  
 Fall on thy Coffin, would my Soul confound.

And when th' important, solemn Hour draws nigh,  
 When I must bow my fainting Head and die,  
 How could I face the Terrors, if thou wert not by?  
 May I expire in thy kind Arms embrac'd,  
 And Guardian Angels take me from thy Breast,  
 And guide my Soul to everlasting Rest!  
 May thy dear Voice some cheering Thought suggest,  
 And teach me on my Saviour's Arm to rest;  
 Whisper some Promise from the sacred Writ,  
 That thro' Death's Glooms may dart a cheerful Light:  
 Above for thee I'll wait, 'til gentle Fate  
 Waft up thy Soul, and make our Bliss compleat.

But here again the dismal Views return, —  
 I see my *Chara* pine and weep and mourn.  
 The moving Sight my Spirit cannot bear;  
 And here again I must retract my Pray'r.  
 Straiten'd, perplex'd, I know not what to crave;  
 A longer Life than she, or earlier Grave.  
 Propitious Heav'n! direct my doubtful Vow,  
 And what is best, ask'd or unask'd, bestow.

Thus the best Blessing does perplexing prove;  
 These are the wild Anxieties of Love.  
 The senseless Stoic seeks the Bliss in vain,  
 'Tis true — but then, he pines not with the Pain;  
 His little *Self* is all his narrow Care,  
 And all his Fears and Wishes center there.  
 But this fond Soul with various Passions tost,  
 Is in a Maze of Contradictions lost.

Now could I almost wish from Love to flee,  
And harden into quiet Apathy.

But Oh! is there no Cure, no heav'nly Art  
To ease this twinging Anguish of my Heart?  
To arm this coward Soul, and make her smile  
At all the Terrors of approaching Ill?  
To teach these Spectres no more to affright,  
That stalk in future Time's impenetrable Night?  
O yes there is!—My anxious Soul be still;  
Calmly submit to Heav'n's all-ruling Will.  
His Will be done! Refuse to chuse thy Lot;  
And leave that Trust to His unerring Thought.  
He rules unnumber'd Worlds with Skill Divine;  
And can't He rule these mean Affairs of thine?  
What's best for us, His Wisdom only knows;  
And what is best, His boundless Grace bestows.  
Here will I rest: And here, my *Chara* too,  
Appears a Rock in every Storm for you.

But Nature, perverse Nature, will rebel,  
And o'er my calm and settled Thoughts prevail.  
The rising Waves will dash me from my Rock;  
And all my firmest Resolutions shock.

Father! forgive these Ravings of my Love;  
These lawless Passions that rebellious rove.  
O! to this Fondness proper Limits set,  
And its Extravagancies regulate.  
If my wild Pen one guilty Word has writ,  
Pity my Weakness, and that Word remit.

Be Thou my Bliss, be Thou my All, in Life;  
My Strength, my Comfort, in the dying Strife.  
If 'tis Thy Will that I should pine alone,  
Bereft of *Chara*, may Thy Will be done!  
Or if I first relapse to native Dust,  
And leave her here to mourn, Thy Will is just.

Thy Right it is, the Knot Thy Hands have ty'd  
When, where, and as Thou pleasest, to divide.

Yet O! forgive Thy Servant if he speaks,  
And Dust and Ashes this one Prayer makes :  
If Thou consent, thankful before Thy Feet  
I fall! if not, I'm silent and submit.

*“ O! may we both at once resign our Breath,  
“ And sink together in the Arms of Death.  
“ One humble Tomb preserve our mingling Dust,  
“ 'Til the all-rousing Trump demand the Trust.  
“ Conducted by one heav'nly Convoy rise,  
“ And soar together to the upper Skies.  
“ There in eternal Union praise Thy Name,  
“ And Love Divine our mingled Souls enflame.”*

Chara, this humble Monument I raise  
Of our fond Passion, in my youthful Days ;  
That if you're doom'd the mournful Day to view,  
When I shall cease to speak or write to you ;  
When my dull Muse shall silent lie in Death,  
Or in celestial Strains employ her tuneful Breath ;  
To still, or rather vent your Grievs, you may  
With gushing Eyes these tender Lines survey,  
And as you pore upon them, sigh and say,  
*“ Well ; once I had a Friend, whose loving Soul  
“ Did antedate these Sorrows to condole ;  
“ That early wail'd my then uncertain Doom,  
“ And mourn'd in Prospect what I mourn as come.*

Or if grim Death first tear you from my Breast ;  
And waft you earlier to eternal Rest ;  
I may at least enjoy that poor Relief,  
To find a Help to vent my bursting Grief ;  
To raise the Sluices of o'erwhelming Woe,  
That Deluges of easing Tears may flow.



But Oh! why does the cruel Muse repose  
 So early, Treasures for our future Woes?  
 Nor you nor I can then endure to view  
 These sad Predictions then so sadly true.  
 Again perplext, † wish my Work undone;  
 But the resistless Passion push'd me on.  
 I doom these dire Predictions to the Fire;  
 Yet would the sad Accomplishment appear;  
 Therefore I check my Ravings, and forbear.

XVIII. *The MESSIAH'S KINGDOM. Extracted  
 out of the Prophet Isaiah \**

**D**escend, Celestial Dove! my Voice inspire  
 O thou that tipst *Isaiah's* Tongue with Fire! †  
 Teach me like him to feel th' extatic Flame,  
 And raise my Numbers equal to my Theme.

“ Rapt into future Times, the Bard begun,——  
 “ A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son.” ‡  
 His Names Divine His Dignity declare!  
*Immanuel*, the wondrous Counsellor:  
 Th' eternal Father, the pacific Prince,  
 The GOD arm'd with His own Omnipotence. §

Th' eternal Spirit shall profusely shed  
 His richest Unction on his sacred Head:  
 Wisdom and Knowledge, Piety and Might  
 Descend, and on His sacred Temples light. ||  
 The radiant Beam of His all-piercing Eyes  
 Shall dart thro' lurking Frauds obtruse Disguise.

His

\* This Poem is intended as a Supplement to Mr. *Pope's* Divine Eclogue, entituled MESSIAH: and therefore I have frequently borrowed his Lines with the usual Marks of Quotation, on such Verses as he has touched upon, tho' sometimes with small Variation or Addition.

† *Isai.* vi. 6, 7. ‡ *Ch.* vii. 4. § *Ch.* ix. 6. || *Ch.* xi. 2.

Sly Hypocrites with all their artful Shews  
On His Omniscience try in vain t'impose. \*

His Shoulders shall the Government sustain,  
And He triumphant o'er the Nations reign:  
His growing Empire o'er the World extend,  
And know no Bounds but Nature's utmost End. †  
To this illustrious Ensign, high in Air,  
The numerous Tribes of *Adam* shall repair:  
Thither the Gentiles with unwearied Feet  
Shall tend, and there in endless Armies meet;  
With the MESSIAH's peaceful Conduct blest,  
Shall, undisturb'd enjoy eternal Rest. ‡  
The scatt'ed Remnant of the sacred Stock,  
Shall to their own MESSIAH's Standard flock;  
With eager Haste in endless Orders crowd  
From foreign Climes and barb'rous Servitude. §

Impartial Justice shall erect her Scale,  
And weak, insulted Innocence prevail:  
The Meek, the Poor defy impending Harm,  
And smile secure beneath His Guardian Arm. ||  
Eternal Righteousness shall rule the Globe,  
The glorious Girdle of His royal Robe. ¶  
Confusion, Anarchy, with wild Dismay,  
Shall fly afar from his well ordered Sway:  
Serene and steady his Affairs shall run  
In calm, harmonious Order ever on. \*\*

Nor shall His Reign those Revolutions know  
That toss the petty Monarchies below;  
But while eternal Years their Circuits run,  
Triumphant He shall sit on *David's* Throne. \*\*

Soft Peace shall bloom in His auspicious Reign;  
The Olive flourish in eternal Green. ††

\* Coll. xi. 3. † C. ix. 7. ‡ C. xi. 10. § v. 11. || v. 4. ¶ v. 5.  
and Ch. ix. 7. \*\* *ibid.* †† Ch. ix. 7.

He into Peace the jarring World shall look,  
 And still their Contests with his dread Rebuke :  
 The jarring World, obedient to His Eye,  
 Shall lay their useless martial Weapons by.  
 The bloody Sword new form'd shall learn to plow,  
 And mortal Spears to Pruning-Hooks shall bow :  
 No more shall Fields drink in heroic Gore,  
 Nor brazen Trumpets kindle Fury more,  
 Nor deadly War with usual Thunder roar.\*

The Tribes that savage and rapacious rove  
 In Quest of Prey, shall soften into Love ;  
 And weary of their former sullen Joy,  
 Shall in the sacred Mount no more destroy,  
 " The Lambs with Wolves shall graze the verdant Mead,  
 " And Boys in flow'ry Bands the Tyger lead.  
 " The Steer and Lion at one Crib shall meet,  
 " And harmless Serpents lick the Pilgrim's Feet.  
 " The smiling Infant in his Hand shall take,  
 " The erected Basilisk, and speckled Snake ;  
 " Pleas'd the green Lustre of the Scales survey,  
 " And with their forked Tongue and pointless Sting shall play." †  
 The proud Rebuke, the big insulting Frown  
 Shall on the smiling Earth no more be known.  
 " No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World shall hear ;  
 " From every Face He wipes off every Tear." ‡

Then shall the Earth, the Air, the Sea, the Sky  
 Eccho with Praise and grateful Harmony.  
 To Thee JEHOVAH! every Tongue shall sing ;  
 And with loud Praise the wide Creation ring.  
 Tho' late Thy Wrath did with dread Fury glow,  
 The Flame is quench'd, and now Thy Mercies flow.  
 The Hand that wounded, now affords Relief,  
 And endless Joy succeeds to transient Grief. §

Behold

\* Ch. iii. 4. † xi. 6, 7, 8, 9. ‡ C. xxv. 8. C. xii. 1.

Behold a G O D vouchsafes to be my Aid !  
 Why should I, thus protected, be afraid ?  
 Th' Omnipotent becomes my Strength and Guard,  
 And His Salvation my immense Reward.  
 Therefore my Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,  
 Exulting shall His grateful Praise proclaim. \*  
 My Soul with lib'ral Draughts be satisfy'd,  
 Where living Streams of pure Salvation glide :  
 In parched Desarts copious Streams shall burst,  
 And flow, and quench the Pilgrim's raging Thirst. †

Then various Tongues shall say with one Accord,  
 Come jointly let us praise th' Almighty Lord ;  
 With reverent Lips invoke His awful Name,  
 And round th' astonish'd World His wond'rous Works proclaim.  
 Let thousand Tongues with glad Submission own,  
 J E H O V A H reigns exalted on his Throne ; ‡  
 Let thousand Voices in loud Accents sing  
 The vast Exploits of the eternal King ;  
 Exploits to Earth's remotest Limits known,  
 Vast as his Power, and boundless as his Throne. §

As some besieged City, when they spy  
 Their kind Deliverer's welcome Flag draw nigh,  
 With Shouts triumphant stun the ecchoing Skies,  
 And shock the Courage of their Enemies :  
 So sacred Zion ! with exulting Voice,  
 Shout loud thro' Heav'n and Earth thy boist'rous Joys ;  
 For great in Majesty, and great in Arms,  
 Clad in fair Holiness with all its Charms,  
 Great in the Midst of thee J E H O V A H reigns,  
 And the fierce Rage of hostile Pow'r restrains. ¶

Thy Arm, Great G O D ! has levell'd to the Ground  
 Proud Cities that proclaim'd Defiance round ;

Laid

\* Ch. xii. 2. † v. 3. ‡ v. 4. § v. 5. ¶ v. 6.

Laid in rude Heaps the strong aspiring Tow'r,  
 And Palaces to be repair'd no more. \*  
 These mighty Works convey'd on Wings of Fame,  
 Shall teach the World to reverence Thy Name.  
 Conqu'rors shall lay their Laurels at Thy Feet,  
 And savage Nations tremble and submit. †  
 Tyrants shall feel the Terror of his Rod,  
 And own, reluctant, a superior GOD.  
 Oppression, blasted with his vengeful Breath,  
 Wither and sink in everlasting Death ;  
 Thro' Rebel Crowds the Terror of his Word  
 Shall pierce resistless like a griding Sword. ‡

Aspiring Mortals ! hide you in the Rock  
 From the majestick Terror of His Look :  
 Into the Dust, abas'd, confounded sink,  
 And struck with Awe from his dread Presence shrink. §  
 The supercilious Lock, the lofty Brow,  
 The stubborn Haughtiness of Man shall bow ;  
 And in that Day th' UNNUTTERABLE NAME,  
 Shall reign unrivall'd on His Throne supreme. ¶  
 The proud, aspiring Monarchs of the World  
 Shall from their fancy'd Dignity be hurl'd. ¶  
 His vengeful Thunder with destructive Strokes  
 Shall rend and blast proud *Bashan's* sturdy Oaks,  
 The stately Cedars of *Libanus* scathe,  
 And blend their Fragments with the Shrubs beneath. \*\*  
 The tow'ring Mountains and aspiring Hills  
 Adoring fall and sink to humble Vales. ††  
 The Tow'r impregnable, the fenced Wall  
 Crumble to Dust, and with loud Ruin fall ‡‡  
 The Ships of *Tarshish*, fraught with golden Store,  
 Founder in the rough Deep and float no more. §§

Struck

\* C. xxv. 2. † v. 3. ‡ C. xi. v. 4. § C. ii. 10. ¶ v. 11. ¶ v. 12.  
 \*\* v. 13. †† v. 14. ‡‡ v. 15. §§. v. 16.

Struck with the Terror of JEHOVAH's Look,  
 Aspiring Worms shall creep into the Rock;  
 To gloomy Clefts and Caves, with wild Dismay,  
 From His majestic Presence shrink away,  
 When He with Terror shall Himself enrobe,  
 And rises to affright the trembling Globe. \*

With pious Boasts then shall th' insulted Just  
 Proclaim the Issue of their patient Trust.  
 Ye impious Scoffers of our Patience, see!  
 Our GOD appears! th' Incarnate Deity!  
 Our GOD appears! for Him, for Him we fought;  
 And lo! our patient Tears are not forgot.  
 This is our GOD! and lo! the GOD appears!  
 Exult our Hearts! and flow no more our Tears!  
 Salvation on this glad Approach attends,  
 And grants the largest Wishes of his Friends. †  
 Here shall Omnipotence itself exert,  
 And His right Hand shall never hence depart:  
 With wrathful Majesty His Feet shall tread  
 On Zion's Foes, and Heaps of hostile Dead;  
 Insult the Rebels prostrate struck with Awe;  
 So heavy Oxen tread the rotting Straw. ‡

Then shall He scatter the dark Glooms of Hell,  
 And from benighted Nations tear the Veil,  
 The universal Veil that now excludes  
 The cheerful Light from groping Multitudes. §  
 So bright a Glory shall He dart around,  
 The dazzling Deluge shall the Sun confound,  
 Absorpt and lost in the superior Light,  
 The Sun shall hide his Face, in everlasting Night:  
 The Moon confounded, thro' the midnight Shade  
 Shall gleam no more, nor feeble Radiance spread. ¶

L

For

\* Ch. ii. 17. † Ch. 25. 9. ‡ v. 10. § v. 7. ¶ v. 23.

For as th' accumulated Waters crowd  
 Th' unbounded Deep, old Ocean's vast Abode ;  
 Th' unbottom'd Cavity compactly fill  
 With Waves on Waves, Billows on Billows still :  
 So shall the Dawn of bright célestial Light  
 O'erflow the World, and banish ancient Night ;  
 Thro' thickest Glooms of Ignorance shall pierce,  
 And dart its Lustre round the Univerſe. \*

The wretched Tribes that walk in Death's dark Shade,  
 With Clouds of Ignorance and Guilt o'erspread,  
 Obſerve the heavenly Ray, with glad Surprize,  
 Dart thro' the hideous Gloom and bleſs their Eyes. †  
 (Not ſo the Tribes beneath the Artic Bear,  
 Immur'd in Ice and Darkneſs half the Year,  
 Rejoice to ſee the Stranger-Sun appear.)

With brighter Splendors fir'd, the languid Moon  
 Shall ſhine the Rival of the Noon-day Sun ;  
 The Noon-day Sun with ſevenfold Luſtre glow,  
 And ſeven Days Light at once the World o'erflow. ‡

The heav'nly Branch from *Jeſſe's* ſacred Root,  
 To bleſs the World ſhall germinate and ſhoot ;  
 See clad in vernal Beauty, how it blooms !  
 And breathes among the Nations rich Perfumes :  
 Bleſt with its Fruit th' expiring World revives,  
 And Death avoids the Fragrance of its Leaves. §  
 O'ercome with ſultry Heat, the fainting Head,  
 Reclin'd beneath its fragrant cooling Shade,  
 Shall reſt returning Life and Vigour feel,  
 And in the Blaze of Noon himſelf regale.  
 When ruptur'd Clouds in rapid Torrents burſt,  
 And ruſh o'erwhelming with outrageous Guſt,  
 The verdant Shelter guards the Tempeſt off,  
 That raves in vain around the arb'rous Roof. ||

As

§ Ch. xi. 1. || Ch. iv. 6.  
 † Ch. ix. 2. ‡ Ch. xxx. 26.

As with a Cloud Thou dost the Earth regale,  
 When Noon-day Beams and scorching Suns prevail ;  
 As cooling Streams in barren parched Lands  
 Refresh the Trav'ler on the burning Sands ;  
 As some great Rock with its propitious Shade  
 Protects from piercing Beams the drooping Head ; †  
 So shall Thy Grace relieve the helpless Poor,  
 When round them Crowds of hostile Strangers roar ; ‡  
 Their fiercest Rage shall ineffectual fall,  
 Like Blasts that ravage round a brazen Wall.

The Lord of Armies shall his Table spread  
 On Zion Mount, and famish'd Nations feed ;  
 With heav'nly Dainties form the sumptuous Feast,  
 Where luscious Marrow shall delight the Taste ;  
 The gen'rous Grape her vig'rous Juice bestow  
 And vet'ran Wine in copious Rivers flow ;  
 Wine well refin'd, extracted from the Lees,  
 Season'd by Time, and ripen'd fit to please.  
 Th' expiring World shall take what He prepares,  
 Appease their Hunger and renew their Years. §

On barren Wastes th' eternal Spirit pours  
 His sacred Influence in prolific Show'rs ;  
 The Desert flourishes a fruitful Field,  
 And verdant Groves adorn the horrid Wild. ¶  
 The Desert blossoms like the fragrant Rose,  
 And there sweet *Leb'non's* flow'ry Beauty glows. \*\*  
 There a new *Sharon* breathes its sweet Perfumes,  
 Fresh Lilies spring, and sudden Verdure blooms. ††  
 " The Trav'ler starts amidst the Wilds to hear  
 " New Falls of Water murm'ring in his Ear." ††  
 Thro' the wide Wastes eternal Justice reigns,  
 And Judgment blooms thro' all the dismal Plains ; §§

L 2

Celestial

\* Ch. xxv. 5. † Ch. xxxii. 2. ‡ Ch. xxv. 5. § v. 6. ¶ Ch. xxxii. 15. \*\* Ch. xxxv. 1. †† v. 2. †† v. 6, 7. §§ Ch. xxxii. 16.



Celestial Splendors from the Source Divine  
 Thro' the sad Realms of Desolation shine. \*  
 The barren Rocks, the bleak unwater'd Hills  
 Shall with irriguous Streams refresh the Vales;  
 From parched Mountains copious Rivers flow,  
 And on their barren Peaks eternal Verdure grow †

Surprizing Event! yet we rest assur'd;  
 A GOD, a GOD has spoke the solemn Word;  
 Even jealous Unbelief shall own it true,  
 For what his Lips declare His Pow'r can do. ‡

XIX. ΑΔΗΣ, Or, *The invisible World.*

**P**ROUD Mortal! to what narrow Bounds confin'd  
 Are the most ample Prospects of his Mind!  
 Impenetrable Mists and Clouds surround  
 His Reason, and its boasted Pow'r is confound.  
 He roves, tho' fixt to this contracted Spot,  
 In all th' Extravagance of boundless Thought,  
 Behind, Before, from the precarious Now,  
 (His only Time) he turns his eager View.  
 Behind, Eternity's unbounded Main  
 Extends infinite Lengths beyond his Ken,  
 Before, the same vast Ocean swells again.  
 Our Time is but a little floating Isle;  
 For wide Discoveries we look round and toil,  
 In vain; the Isle lies wrapt in thickest Glooms,  
 Where scarce a Gleam of shining Knowledge comes.

If back we turn our Eyes, we only see  
 'Twas some Almighty Pow'r gave us To Be;  
 Some bright INVISIBLE, some great UNKNOWN  
 Spoke us to Life But a few Years ago.

Whate'er

\* Ch. xxv. 2. † Ch. xxx. 24, 25. ‡ Ch. xxv. 8.

Whate'er Thou art, Thou Dear UNKNOWN ! receive  
 The humble Praise and Love Thy Offspring aims to give :  
 For O ! Thy innate Glories must outshine  
 Their fairest Copies in these Works of Thine.

Duration, ere that Hour, a Blank appears ;  
 We're lost in Mazes of unbounded Years.  
 A thousand Contradictions press us round,  
 And our unequal Faculties confound  
 Yet thro' the vast Obscure, we see a... own  
 The Maker reign'd on His eternal Throne,  
 Self-happy, self-sufficient, Ages unbegun :  
 Rich in unmov'd Benev'lence, planning Schemes  
 To vent His Goodness in o'erflowing Streams  
 To Worlds unborn ; or then perhaps employ'd  
 In new Creations thro' the boundless Void  
 In long Succession ; Worlds beyond our Ken,  
 Or to their native Nothing turn'd again.

*Before me, What unbounded Prospects lie*  
 Wrapt in the Darkness of Futurity !  
 I feel the Pulse of Immortality  
 Beat, and assure me I must ever Be ;  
 But where ! or how ! — Here feeble Reason fails,  
 The Gospel too but glimm'ring Rights reveals ;  
 Assures the good of Joys in Paradise,  
 And thunders Vengeance to the Slaves of Vice ;  
 Enough to give fair Virtue winning Charms,  
 And shock the Libertine with dire Alarms :  
 Yet hides those Scenes, in which with humble Eye  
 A Philosophic Mind aspires to pry.

Eternity ! We daily walk upon  
 Its slippery Brink, and yet it lies unknown ;  
 Seems an unbounded Void, a dismal Waste,  
 With Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness overcast.

Fain would we plunge into the vast Abyfs,  
 And trace ourfelves thefe boundlefs Myfteries ;  
 But dark Suspicion gives a fudden Check,  
 And ftrait the Soul recoils and startles back.

Some daily make th' Experiment around,  
 But none return t' inform us what they've found :  
 They leap impetuous from this mortal Shore,  
 And dive ; and we behold them rife no more ;  
 As tho' abforpt in the unbounded Deep,  
 Or funk and loft in everlafting Sleep.

Some, whose dear Mem'ries now difsolve my Mind,  
 Once to my Heart in clofeft Friendship join'd,  
 Have gone before, and left me here behind. }  
 Now in th' immortal Colonies they dwell,  
 And people Worlds to us invifible ;  
 Hold Converfe with the Tennants of the Sky,  
 The various Nations of Eternity ;  
 The various Tribes with which Omnipotence  
 Has peopled Regions thro' the vaft Immenfe.

ROBINSON ! \* Once my Father, Patron, Friend,  
 Thy painful Labours now the Prize have gain'd.  
 Now in a happy SOMEWHERE dwells thy Soul,  
 Where Rivers of immortal Pleasures roll.  
 Tho' Heav'n no doubt is thy bleft Residence  
 Yet, where, O ! where, thro' the unknown Immenfe,  
 Dost thou reside ? how live, and act, and move ?  
 And thro' what blifeful Regions dost thou rove,

Trans-

\* The Reverend Mr. *William Robinfon*, a pious Christian ; a zealous, laborious and fucceffful Minister of the Gospel ; an accomplished Scholar, and a noble Orator : Who refted from his Labours, *Aug. 3. 1746*, in the Bloom of Life ; and has left behind him fo many Seals of his Mi- ftry in various Parts, that this humble Monument is needlefs to per- petuate his Memory.

Transported still?— O could I soar to thee,  
 My ROBINSON! how happy should I be!  
 Is JESUS still the Matter of thy Song?  
 The Theme below of thy harmonious Tongue.  
 O yes! His Name diffuses Heav'n to thee  
 Thro' all th' Apartments of Immensity.  
 Thy Voice on Earth to Mortals taught His Name;  
 Now Angels listen to the glorious Theme.

Or does thy Soul delight, as when below,  
 T' attend as Guardian to conduct us thro'  
 This dang'rous Wild? With Fellow-Angels wait  
 To guide departing Saints to th' heav'nly Gate?  
 Then in thy Turn the gen'rous Care resign,  
 And hymn th' eternal Throne with Songs Divine?  
 Converse with Seraphs, and in equal Lays  
 And equal Zeal, proclaim thy Maker's Praise?

There CARNWATH\* shines, who won the rich Reward  
 Ere for the sacred Service quite prepar'd;  
 Obtain'd the Prize before he felt the Toil,  
 And reap'd his Harvest ere he till'd the Soil.  
 He left the Theologic Subtilties  
 Of Schoolmen, † to be taught above the Skies;  
 Blest Change! where one bright Hour instructs him more  
 Than all his painful Studies could before.

O! could'st, thou now thy Thoughts to me relate,  
 As oft thou did'st, while in this mortal State;  
 What wondrous Lessons would my Ears surprize,  
 What unexpected Scenes before me rise,  
 And in one shining Moment make me wise!

\* Mr. Thomas Carnwath, a pious Student intended for the Ministry, who died much lamented June — 1747.

† He died while engaged in the Study of Theology, having left his Course of introductory Learning.

Or were the Curtains of the Flesh withdrawn,  
 That Immortality might round me dawn ;  
 What Prospects wonderful, immense and new  
 Would instantaneous crowd into my View !  
 Beings, and Worlds, and Regions hid before,  
 And the Great Author, whom those Worlds adore !

Well ; I ere long th' Experiment must try,  
 And launch into unknown Eternity.  
 The mould'ring Bank that now supports my Weight,  
 Ere long must fall, and sink beneath my Feet :  
 Then tho' I catch and hold and strive to stay,  
 My Doom is fixt, my Soul ! thou must away ;  
 Thou must away, some distant Worlds t' explore,  
 And see the Vanities of Earth no more ;  
 Must howl with Fiends, or with blest Angels shine,  
 In endless Torments, or in Joys Divine.  
 The Interval, at most, is short between  
 The present fleeting now, and Worlds unseen.  
 Forty or fifty Years, perhaps a Day,  
 Or Hour, will break this tottering House of Clay.  
 Alarming Thought ! Almighty Grace prepare  
 My shudd'ring Soul to fly she knows not where.  
 All-gracious God ! be Thou my Resting-Place ;  
 Heav'n flows exuberant from Thy smiling Face  
 Thro' the Immensity of unknown Space.  
 O ! be Thou mine ; and wheresoe'er I dwell  
 All will be Heav'n, tho' in the Gloom of Hell.

XX. *The Triumphs of CHRIST's dying Love.\**

## I.

**T**HEE, Great Incarnate Godhead, Thee  
 Th' Almighty Father's equal Progeny,  
 Thee, JESUS! dear and venerable Name,  
 Partaker of our frail Humanity,  
 Thee shall my Voice, my Harp, my Muse and Quill proclaim.

## II.

Wake my Harp! melodious sing  
 On each sweetly-sounding String  
 Th' illustrious Conquests of the Saviour-King;  
 In loud majestic Accents sound  
 His Triumphs o'er the Pow'rs below,  
 When He gaye Death his everlasting-Wound,  
 'Led the infernal Monsters bound,  
 And crush'd the direst Terrors of His Foe.

## III.

While Ages unbegun  
 Their vast, their boundless Circuits run,  
 On His eternal Father's loving Breast,  
 Self-happy, infinitely blest,  
 Lay the coeval Son;  
 In the immense JEHOVAH satisfy'd,  
 And the entire Divinity enjoy'd.

## M

## IV.

\* This Poem is a Translation, at least an Imitation of a Latin Ode of Dr. Watts's, inscribed *Ad Dominum nostrum & Servatorem JESUM CHRISTUM*. Lyric Poems B. 1. P. 94. In which that divine Poet has excelled himself; but like most other Originals, its Beauty shines but faintly thro' the Medium of Translation.

## IV.

There lay the filial Godhead, till He saw  
 From the superior Sky,  
*Adam* trangress his Maker's Law,  
 Hell yawn with greedy Jaws to draw  
 Into one Ruin all his wretched Progeny.  
 He saw the Flashes of vindictive Fire  
 Break out impatient from the Throne,  
 And the Angelic Messenger  
 Wave his dread Weapons, that high-brandish'd shone,  
 Thirsting for human Blood; while Hell grew proud  
 With Hopes of Prey, and laugh'd prophanely loud.

## V.

He saw, and (O amazing Grace!) He lov'd,  
 With Pity all his inmost Bowels mov'd,  
 And Love omnipotent began to glow:  
 " Shall all the human Race, He cries,  
 " Fall an eternal Sacrifice,  
 " And grace the Triumphs of the insulting Foe?  
 " What! shall Hell's Tyranny destroy  
 " My Father's Image, Work and Boast,  
 " And riot in malicious Joy  
 " To see His fav'rite Creature lost?  
 " No! rather confounded,  
 " With Chaos surrounded,  
 " Be Heav'n, Earth, Ocean and all!  
 " The Wheels of Nature break,  
 " The Universe to horrid Wreck,  
 " Blended, disjointed, fall!  
 " I will o'ercome, or be o'ercome,  
 " Wrench from the Tyrant's Hand his royal Rod,  
 " Or yield him mine, and own him God:  
 " My chosen Race shall live, or I will share their Doom.

“ By the dread Life of the Divinity,  
 “ Possess by the eternal THREE,  
 “ I swear and ratify the firm Decree.”

## VI.

He said; He rose, and bow'd  
 The chrystal Heav'ns, and down he came:  
 Aside He threw the Grandeur of a God,  
 In mortal Regions fixt his low Abode,  
 And cloath'd Himself in feeble human Frame.

## VII.

He gave His Heart to the vindictive Sword  
 Without a murm'ring Word;  
 Patient, His sacred Breath  
 At the Arrest of Death  
 Resign'd—O! the dire Terrors of the THUND'ER's Wrath!  
 O! the immense Severity  
 Of the dread Law! the dire Reward  
 Of Sin! the Vengeance of the flaming Sword  
 Of Justice! O! dire Fruits of the forbidden Tree!

## VIII.

Come, Sinners, see your Saviour dead,  
 And weep around His Tomb:  
 Your Hope, your Joy, your All is fled;  
 For Oh! your Champion's overcome.  
 For you in Conflict with the Pow'rs of Hell  
 He nobly fought, but ah! He fell.

## IX.

But whither, raving Muse? refrain;  
 Nor with ignoble Tears profane  
 The Triumphs of the God.



The Dying Champion overthrows  
 Th' united Force of all His Foes ;—  
 In louder Strains proclaim His Victories abroad :

## X.

Sing how thro' the Shades of Death  
 He enter'd the dark Realms beneath,  
 Where Hell and Horror rage :  
 Th' infernal Pow'rs perceiv'd the God,  
 And the grim Monsters roar'd aloud,  
 Nor durst the well-known Arm engage.

## XI.

Old Chaos trembled, Satan fled,  
 And in Hell's deepest Pit sought to conceal his Head.  
 " In vain thou fleest, the Conqu'ror cries,  
 " Fly to the Bottom of th' Abyss,  
 " This vengeful Thunder-Bolt shall dart thee thro',  
 " And to the lowest Deep pursue."  
 He said, and strait the glowing Bolt He threw :  
 New Horror seiz'd the trembling Host,  
 Blasted with vengeful Flame ;  
 For well they mind the Day when Heav'n they lost,  
 And Thunder drove them to th' infernal Coast,  
 To Darkness, Pain and Shame.

## XII.

He broke the Instruments of Pain,  
 Engines to torture, guilty Ghosts ;  
 And strew'd them o'er the gloomy Coasts ;  
 The Rack, the Wheel, the adamant Chain  
 He tore and scatter'd o'er th' infernal Plain,  
 Unstrung the Monster Death, and bid him hiss in vain \*

## XIII.

\* In allusion to Serpents, which can only hiss when depriv'd of their Stings.

## XIII.

But see ! the Conqu'ror leaves the Gloom  
Of Hell, and climbs His native Sky :  
Around His Head victorious Lawrel blooms,  
And Triumph sparkles in His Eye :  
He drags the Tyrant of the Gulf profound  
At His triumphant Chariot bound.

## XIV.

Heav'n celebrates a Jubilee,  
And shouts aloud His glad Return ;  
The heav'nly Choirs proclaim His Victory,  
And with unusual Rapture burn.  
His TRIUMPHS all the Harps on high,  
His TRIUMPHS Mortals grateful sing ;  
The Universe joins in the Harmony,  
And Stars, and Earth, and Seas, with His loud TRIUMPHS ring,

M I S C E L L A N E O U S

P O E M S,

C H I E F L Y O N

D I V I N E S U B J E C T S.

B O O K I I.

*(It has been my usual Method for some Time, after studying a Sermon, to cast a few Thoughts into a poetical Form, either containing the Substance of the Sermon, or expressive of my Disposition in composing it. The following Poems were written on such Occasions.)*

I. *The obstinate Security of Sinners lamented. (annext to a Sermon on Matt. iii. 10. April 15, 1750.)*

I.

U N H A P P Y Man, allur'd by Sin,  
 Still drinks the deadly Poison in;  
 And tho' expos'd to endless Woes  
 Still lolls secure in dull Repose.  
 Tho' Thousands daily from his Side  
 Are snatch'd by Death's resistless Hand,  
 And hurry'd to the infernal Land;

Yet still he lets his fleeting Moments glide  
 Unheeded by; still busily employ'd  
 In Chace of Toys; and while bright Prospects rise  
 Thro' false Futurity, and charm his Eyes,  
 Death unexpected comes; the Prospects fly  
 Like van'd Smoke that once allur'd his Eye,  
 And all his flatt'ring Expectations die.-----  
 Not so the deathless Soul; but torn  
 Reluctant, from her ancient Seat,  
 She sinks tormented and forlorn  
 Into the Flames she once could scorn,  
 But now bewails, alas, too late!

## II.

What Eye can view the mournful Scene,  
 And not dissolve in Tears!  
 Ah! who shall warn unthinking Man,  
 And fill his Breast with useful Tears?  
 Warn him! --- 'Tis all in vain;  
 He scorns the Tears that *human* Pity sheds;  
 Nay, laughs at all the melting Arguments  
 Which Love *Divine* itself invents;  
 Nor loves the Saviour tho' for him he bleeds,  
 And dies in Tortures, Agonies and Pain!

## III.

Ah! what can Thy poor Servant do?  
 See, here he sits in fruitless Grief!  
 While thoughtless Mortals all around  
 Perish with Mercy's charming Sound  
 Loud in their Ears; perish just in his View,  
 And he looks on, but can give no Relief!  
 A feeble Mortal's Breath  
 Cannot speak Life to them that sleep in Death.

## IV.

Then since I can't prevail  
 To snatch my Fellow-Man from Hell!  
 Since heedless of Disuasives, down  
 The dread Descent with full Career they run,  
 Nor pause at Mercy's loudest Call;  
 Let me retire, and o'er them weep  
 As down they sink into the fiery Deep,  
 And my poor Tears pursue them as they fall!

## V.

MAKER OF SOULS! to Thee, once more to Thee  
 I turn my interceeding Cry!  
 See how Thy wretched Progeny  
 Madly destroy themselves and die  
 By Thousands in Thy Sight!  
 O! let Thy Sovereign Grace appear,  
 And stop them in their mad Career;  
 Turn them from the frequented Path  
 That leads unerring down to Death  
 And everlasting Night.

II. *Penitential Sorrows. (annext to a Sermon on  
 Luke xiii. 3.)*

## I.

1. **W**ITH bleeding Hearts, and gushing Eyes,  
 With deep Repentance and Surprize,  
 We take a tedious, sad Survey  
 Of Sins of Heart and Lip and Way.

2. Early we left the sacred Road  
 That leads to Bliss, prescrib'd by GOD;  
 And rashly run a long Career  
 Toward the dark Regions of Despair,

N

3. Our

3. Our very Nature's all unclean,  
All ruin'd and defil'd by Sin :  
And filthy Currents from that Source  
Have flow'd with an incessant Course.

4. The God that taught our Lungs to heave,  
And still gives Rebels Leave to live ;  
Whose Bounties have perpetual flow'd ;  
Ah ! we have griev'd that Gracious G O D.

5. The Terrors of the fiery Law  
Could not alarm our Hearts with Awe :  
Nor would these stubborn Hearts be won  
Ev'n by the Gospel of the SON.

6. Our guilty Ears heard all around  
His melting Invitations found ;  
And J E S U S too, with Groans and Blood,  
Such unrelenting Rebels woo'd.

7. And yet we live ! amazing Grace !  
Nor yet quite desperate in our Case ;  
The Saviour still, with heav'nly Charms,  
Stands calling Sinners to his Arms.

8. J E S U S ! we yield ! no more, no more  
Will we offend Thee, as before,  
Here, L O R D ! submissive at Thy Feet,  
We for Thy sovereign Pleasure wait.

9. O Thou Almighty, injur'd Name !  
O'erwhelm'd with Grief, and flush'd with Shame,  
Prostrate before Thee, see we lie !  
Frown us not from Thee, lest we die.

10. O may that Blood we once could slight  
Wash our polluted Spirits white !

Then shall Thy Praise sound loud in Heav'n  
For guilty Worms on Earth forgiven.

III. *SELF-DEDICATION.* (*annext to  
a Sermon on Rom. vi. 13. June 15, 1750.*)

1. **T**O HIM that form'd this mortal Frame,  
And still inspires my Lungs to heave,  
From whom my nobler Spirit came,  
My Flesh, my Soul, my All I give.

2. When Heav'n, and Life, and All were lost,  
JESUS redeem'd them, with his Blood;  
Great was the Ransom, vast the Cost,  
The Blood of an incarnate GOD!

3. And can my stubborn Heart withstand  
The Invitations of His Love!  
No; I resign me to His Hand,  
And to His soft Embraces move.

4. Yes, my dear JESUS, here I give  
All that I am and have to Thee;  
To Thee I'll die, to Thee I'll live;  
No other Lord shall govern me.

5. Let not a Motion of my Heart,  
From Thee once venture to depart;  
But bound with lasting Bands of Love,  
O! let me, let me ne'er remove.

IV. *Sight thro' a Glass, and Face to Face.* (*annext  
to a Sermon on Matt. v. 6. March 18, 1750. be-  
fore the Lord's Supper.*)

**T**HE Channel of Thy Word conveys  
The sweet Instructions of thy Grace;

And sacred Emblems, thro' the Sense,  
 Strengthen our Faith with Evidence.  
 My infant Days were wholly Thine,  
 Devoted by an early Sign\* ;  
 And at Thy holy Table still  
 I bind myself to do Thy Will.  
 Once more I purpose to renew  
 The Tie, and promise to be true.  
 Once more beneath Thy Cross I'll sit  
 Weeping, and gladly dedicate  
 My Soul, my Days, my All to Thee,  
 Who groan'd away Thy Life for me.

Thro' various Types and Shadows dart  
 Thy Glories on my ravish'd Heart ;  
 While far above created Sight,  
 Thou sit'st enthron'd on Hills of Light.

But say, shall Types and Figures still  
 The Glories of Thy Face conceal ?  
 While these thick Shades Thy Beauty shroud,  
 It breaks but faintly thro' the Cloud.  
 I love Thine Image in a Glass ;  
 But Oh ! to see Thy naked Face !  
 THYSELF I long, I pant to see ;  
 I turn mine Eyes in Quest of Thee.  
 Where is that dear, incarnate GOD,  
 That once on Earth made His Abode ?  
 That JESUS, who upon the Tree  
 Languish'd, and bled, and died for me ?  
 Ah ! will my Saviour now be shy,  
 Whose Love excited Him to die ?  
 He found me when I sought him not ;  
 And will he not be found, when sought ?

\* Baptism.



The Glories of Thy Face display,  
 Tho' Life should for the Vision pay.  
 O! let me die, opprest with Light,  
 Rather than live without the Sight.

V. *The Law and Gospel.* (annext to a Sermon on  
 Gal. iii. 9, 10. Aug. 19, 1750.)

1. **W**ITH conscious Fear and humble Awe,  
 I view the Terrors of the Law;  
 Condemn'd at that tremendous Bar,  
 I shrink, I tremble, and Despair.

2. But hark! Salvation in my Ears  
 Sounds sweetly, and dispells my Fears:  
 JESUS appears, and by His Cross  
 Fulfils His Father's broken Laws.

3. JESUS! a SAVIOUR! dearest Name!  
 By Him alone Salvation came;  
 Terror, Destruction and Despair,  
 Where e'er I look besides, appear.

4. Adam, my Head and Father fell,  
 And sunk his Offspring down to Hell:  
 And the dread Sword of Justice waits,  
 To guard me from the heav'nly Gates.

5. Unnumber'd Crimes of dreadful Names  
 Call loud for everlasting Flames;  
 And all the Duties I have done  
 Can neither merit, nor atone.

6. Yet weak and guilty as I am,  
 I fix my trust on JESUS' Name.  
 JESUS, whose Righteousness alone  
 Can for the deepest Crimes atone.

7. On HIM, my Soul, on HIM rely;  
 The Terms are fixt—BELIEVE, or DIE.  
 Thee let the Glorious Gospel draw,  
 Or perish by the fiery Law.

*VI. CHRIST the Beloved and Friend of His Church.*  
*(annext to a Sermon on Cant. v. 16. Oct.---1748.)*

1. **L**ET Others let their Passions rove  
 Round all the Earth, from Shore to Shore;  
 Since JESUS is my Friend and Love,  
 My utmost Wish can grasp no more.

2. His Glories have allur'd my Eye,  
 And into Love transform'd my Heart;  
 To Him my tenderst Passions fly;  
 JESUS! nor shall they e'er depart.

3 Upon His Friendship I rely,  
 Still of His tender Care secure;  
 My Wants are all before His Eye!  
 Nor can they overcome His Power.

4 His Presence fills unbounded Space;  
 My heav'nly Friend is always nigh:  
 Full of Compassion, rich in Grace;  
 Touch'd with the tenderest Sympathy.

5 Faithful and constant is His Love,  
 And my ungrateful Conduct hides:  
 Safe to the happy World above  
 The meanest of His Friends He guides.

6 Amid the Agonies of Death,  
 And Terrors of the Final Doom,  
 He saves them from Almighty Wrath,  
 And leads the helpless Pilgrims home.

7 O may an everlasting Flame  
Of Love possess my grateful Mind!  
And my last Breath adore His Name  
Who condescends to be my Friend!

VII. *The Spiritual Warfare.* (annext to a Sermon  
on Rev. xxi. 7.)

1. **A**RM thee in Panoply Divine,  
My Soul, and fir'd with Courage rise;  
A Thousand Enemies combine  
T' obstruct thy Progress to the Skies.

2. *Infernal* Darts perpetual Fly,  
And scatter various Deaths around;  
Around thee Thousands daily die,  
And none escape without a Wound.

3. The *World* presents her tempting Charms,  
And wears the Aspect of a Friend,  
Yet ah! She carries deadly Arms,  
And all her Smiles in Rain end.

4. But Oh! the *Flesh*! that latent Foe!  
That treach'rous En'my in my Breast!  
'Tis hence proceeds my Overthrow,  
And hence I'm conquer'd by the rest.

5. Thro' Troops of potent Enemies,  
Thro' hostile Snares, and Fields of Blood,  
If I expect the Glorious Prize,  
I must pursue my dangerous Road.

6. But ah! how can a feeble Worm  
Obtain so hard a Victory?  
Alas! I perish in the Storm,  
And helpless fall, and bleed, and die.

7. The glorious Prize stands full in View,  
 But Deaths and Dangers stop my Way :  
 Thou glorious Prize ! Adieu, adieu !  
 Here, Cruel Foes ! Come, seize your Prey.

8. But hark ! an animating Voice  
 Majestic breaks from th' upper Sky :  
 " Courage, frail Worm ! Live and rejoice ;  
 " I have procur'd the Victory.

9. " Suspended on th' accursed Tree,  
 " I crush'd the Might of all thy Foes :  
 " Dying, I spoil'd their Tyranny,  
 " And triumph'd o'er them when I rose.

10. " This Arm that props the Universe,  
 " And holds up Nature's tott'ring Frame,  
 " Can all surrounding Harms disperse,  
 " And safe protect the feeblest Name.

11. " The CAPTAIN OF SALVATION deigns  
 " To lead the Van, and guard thy Way :  
 " And since thy conquering Leader reigns,  
 " Th' infernal Pow'rs shall miss their Prey.

12. " In ME confide ; from ME derive  
 " Courage and Strength to keep the Field :  
 " In Crowds of Death then Thou shalt live,  
 " And all thy stubborn Foes shall yield.

13. " The Spirit's Sword victorious wield,  
 " And steel thy Breast with Righteousness ;  
 " Let Faith be thy Triumphant Shield ; \*  
 " Thy Helmet, Hope of heav'nly Bliss.

\* Eph. vi. 15, 16.

14. " See in my Hands the glorious Prize ;  
 " This Crown the Conquerer shall wear :  
 " Rise then with dauntless Courage rise,  
 " And bid adieu to every Fear.

15. Tho' sharp the Combat, 'tis but short ;  
 Vict'ry with active Wing draws nigh :  
 " And my brave Soldiers, all unhurt,  
 " Ere long shall triumph in the Sky."

16. Blest J E S U S ! fir'd with martial Zeal  
 I arm, and rush into the Fight ;  
 And thro' my Weakness still I feel,  
 I am Almighty in Thy Might.

17. Thy gracious Words my Heart inspire  
 With gen'rous Zeal for noble Deeds ;  
 Let Hell and all her Hosts appear,  
 My Soul, undaunted, now proceeds.

18. Satan, affrighted at thy Frown,  
 Retreats, despairing of his Prey ;  
 And all the Flatt'ries *Earth* has shewn,  
 In vain their treach'rous Charms display.

19. The *Flesh*, subdu'd by Grace Divine,  
 No more shall triumph o'er the Man.  
 Now, Glorious Prize ! I call thee mine,  
 Tho' Earth and Hell do all they can.

VIII. *A guilty Conscience.* (annext to a Sermon on  
 1 John iii. 20. Nov. 25. 1750.)

1. **A** H ! who can bear this twinging Smart,  
 That tortures and corrodes my Heart !  
 These guilty Horrors, that molest  
 This self-condemn'd, self-tort'ring Breast !

2. Tremendous Prospects strike mine Eye,  
Through vast, unknown Futurity :  
Grim Death a thousand Terrors wears,  
And ready to arrest appears.

3. I view with a distracted Stare,  
The dread eternal Regions near ;  
Tortures, and Racks, and quenchless Fire,  
And Shrieks, and Groans, and Torments dire !

4. The wrathful Heav'ns vindictive frown,  
And Thunders murmur to be down,  
To blast a Worm that durst provoke  
Omnipotence to give the Stroke.

5. Surmises, Fears and Jealousies  
In this self-conscious Bosom rise ;  
And prest with Guilt my Spirits sink,  
When I allow myself to think.

6. But ah ! this giddy rambling Soul,  
Ere a few fleeting Moments roll,  
Some vain enchanting Toy admits,  
And her unhappy Case forgets.

7. Amusements or th' intrusive Care  
Of this vain World, my Thoughts ensnare :  
My solemn Resolutions fly,  
All lost in thoughtless Levity.

8. But ah ! the Agony returns ;  
Again my Spirit pines and mourns ;  
Again dire-boding Fears surround  
My shudd'ring Soul, and deeply wound.

9. A frightful Thought will sudden dart,  
And, unexpected, pierce the Heart.

Fain would I shun these shocking Views,  
But Conscience restless still pursues.

10. A cheerful Aspect I assume,  
But all within is dismal Gloom :  
Or if I lose the inward Pain  
A Moment, ah ! it gnaws again.

11. I leave this gloomy Solitude,  
And mingle with th' unthinking Crowd ;  
There trifle, talk, and laugh awhile ;  
But ah ! the Anguish will recoil.

12. In Crowds and Noise the guilty Mind  
Some anxious Intervals will find :  
Guilt whispers Terror in the Breast,  
And interrupts the transient Rest.

13. Oh ! Misery 'til now unknown !  
I am a Self-Tormenter grown :  
Nor can I my Accuser shun,  
Unless I from myself could run.

14. Oh Sin ! is this the dire Reward  
For all thy wretched Slaves prepar'd !  
Are these, alas ! are these the Fruits  
Of all my pleasing vain Pursuits !

15. Ah ! had I kept the narrow Road,  
Where the blest Few enjoy their God ;  
Then all serene, unmov'd with Guilt,  
These Horrors I had never felt.

16. Oh ! can a guilty Wretch obtain  
A Balm to ease this twinging Pain ?  
Or must he always feel the Rod  
Of Conscience, and an angry God ?

17. J E S U S ! if any Help remains,  
It flows from Thy dear bleeding Veins :  
Nothing can please an angry G O D,  
Or angry Conscience, but Thy Blood. \*

18. Oh ! dare I yet with wishful Eyes,  
Look for Salvation from the Skies ?  
Oh ! will that Blood my Sins have spilt,  
Relieve my Mind, and wash my Guilt ?

19. All gracious Saviour ! Oh ! remit  
A Rebel prostrate at Thy Feet :  
He has no other Place to fly ;  
If die he must, here let him die !

20. Say, shall that Hand that patient bore  
To be by Nails and Torments tore,——  
Oh ! wilt Thou now, vindictive stretch  
That Hand to crush an humble Wretch !

21. No ! Blessed J E S U S ! rather slay  
These Sins that led my Soul astray :  
O make my Heart and Conscience clean,  
And give me Heav'n and Peace within !

IX. *Love to God for His Holiness. (annext to a  
Sermon on 1 John iv. 16. Dec. 2, 1750.)*

1. C O M E, Holy Spirit ! Come, enflame  
Our lukewarm Hearts with sacred Fire :  
May all our Passions, to Thy Name,  
In Transports most refin'd, aspire.

2. May

\* I do not mean that presumptuous Libertines ought to ease their Consciences by an imaginary Dependance on *Christ* : But that humble conscious Penitents should place their only Trust in His Righteousness, both to relieve them from the Horrors of Guilt, and deliver them from their former Slavery to Sin.



2. May Love sublime our Hearts possess,  
From every selfish Mixture free,  
Fir'd with the Charms of Holiness,  
The Beauty of Divinity.

3. We see the Beauty of Thy Grace,  
That saves rebellious Worms from Hell:  
But ah! the Charms of Holiness  
We dimly see, and faintly feel.

4. Selfish and mercenary Views  
Are with our purest Passions mixt:  
A nobler Passion, Oh! infuse,  
On Holiness supremely fixt.

5. Thus in the glorious Worlds on high,  
Where Holiness is most ador'd,  
Th' Angelic Choirs incessant cry,  
"Thrice HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD!"

6. Refine our Hearts, inspire our Tongue,  
And We in humble Notes below  
Will imitate the heav'nly Song,  
And eccho "HOLY, HOLY," too.

X. *Brotherly Love.* (annext to a Sermon on 1 John  
iii. 14. Dec. 9, 1750.)

1. **D**ESCEND, Thou mild, pacific DOVE!  
Thine Image on our Hearts impress;  
Transform our Passions all to Love,  
And sooth our Discords into Peace.

2. In Arms of warm Benevolence,  
Teach us t' embrace all Human Kind;  
And like the Sun, around dispense  
The Wishes of a gen'rous Mind.

3. We

3. We are but Parts of one great Whole,  
And may our Hearts, enlarg'd, exult  
To scatter Bliss from Pole to Pole,  
And still the Gen'ral Good consult!

4. But may the beauteous Sons of Grace,  
Attract a more peculiar Love;  
And the fair Charms of Holiness  
A more exalted Passion move.

5. Where e'er our Father's Image shines,  
And his dear Lineaments appear,  
May we approve the heav'nly Lines,  
And our Affections center there.

6. May sympathetic Sorrows fill  
Our Hearts, to view another's Grief;  
And may our Hands be open still  
To bless the Needy with Relief.

7. May we our Brother's Fault conceal,  
And mild and inoffensive live;  
And may our Bosoms ever feel  
That God-like Pleasure, *to forgive.*

8. O gentle Love! Celestial Guest!  
Visit a jarring World again;  
Come dwell forever in our Breast,  
And there triumphant ever reign.

9. Then while the noisy Sons of Strife  
Are with tumultous Passions whirl'd,  
We shalt enjoy a peaceful Life,  
Amid a murm'ring, jangling World.

XI. *The doubting Christian.* (annext to a Sermon adapted for Self-Examination, on 1 John iii. 7, 8.

December 16, 1750.)

*An. Excellent Poem — 1752. May.*

1. **H**APPY the Man whose peaceful Breast  
 A smiling Conscience charms to rest ;  
 Whose pious Heart and Life express  
 The living Characters of Grace !

2. He humbly claims the Promises,  
 And calls their richest Blessings his :  
 In Peace he lives, and dies in Peace,  
 And peaceful soars to heav'nly Blifs.

3. Thrice happy he ! But ah ! I feel  
 The Twinges of Suspicions still ;  
 Dark boding Fears and wild Surmise,  
 And Jealousies perpetual rise.

4. Perplext with various Characters,  
 My Mind is tost 'twixt Hopes and Fears :  
 Here some kind Tokens rise, but there  
 The dismal Counter-Tokens glare.

5. I humbly hope, in some bright Hour,  
 My State is safe, my Heav'n secure :  
 But soon the shining Moment flies,  
 And soon tremendous Glooms arise.

6. Thus in a dubious Twilight lost,  
 With various Waves, alternate, tost,  
 O'er Life's tempestuous Sea I roam,  
 Uncertain where shall be my Home :

7. Uncertain where my Soul must go,  
 To Fields of Joy, or Lakes of Wce :

Before me the vast Prospect lies,  
But cover'd with Uncertainties.

8. I view the Ocean vast and wide,  
Where Time unites its ebbing Tide ;  
Now, hoping, would th' Adventure make,  
Now trembling, shudd'ring startle back.

9. Confounded, now back shrinks my Soul,  
To see the fiery Billows roll :  
Now Rivers of immense Delight  
Glide copious by, and tempt her Flight.

10. O ! if these Doubts were chas'd away,  
How calmly then, without Dismay,  
I'd launch into the boundless Deep,  
And fearless take the final Leap !

11. But what if in some dark Abode,  
Banish'd forever from my GOD,  
My Soul should pine in endless Pain !—  
Ah me ! This Fear returns again.

12. Say, my dear GOD, and ease my Heart,  
O wilt Thou frown, and say *Depart !*  
*Depart !*—ah ! where, LORD ! shall I see ?  
I have no other Bliss but Thee.

13. Thou see'st my Passions to Thy Name  
Kindle, tho' with a feeble Flame  
And shall a Spark of heav'nly Love  
From its own native Regions move ?

14. O ! shall the meanest of Thy Friends,  
Forever dwell with hateful Fiends ?  
No ! let me claim the humblest Place  
In the bright Mansions of Thy Grace.

## XII. CHRIST's Agony in the Garden. Luke

xxii. 41, 44.

SEE there, o'erwhelm'd with Agonies,  
 Prostrate, forlorn, my J E S U S lies !  
 Panting, moaning, groaning there,  
 On the cold Ground, in midnight Air :  
 No Friend, no kind Assistant near ;  
 No sympathizing Comforter ;  
 But all alone, unheard, unknown,  
 To the dark Night He makes His Moan.  
 Malignant Spirits glare around,  
 And with their fiery Arrows wound :  
 Trying to add, with spiteful Pow'r,  
 New Horrors to the dismal Hour ;  
 And in his tortur'd Soul to rear  
 The gloomy Standard of Despair.  
 The frowning Heav'ns tremendous low'r,  
 And murm'ring Thunders dreadful roar ;  
 Then shot by sudden Vengeance dart,  
 And tear and ravage thro' His Heart.

To his own Heav'ns He lifts his Eyes,  
 Father, remove this Cup, he cries,  
*This deadly Cup of bitter Dregs,  
 Mingled with Wrath and Pains and Plagues ;  
 Dear Father, O ! remove this Cup ;  
 Or some kind Cordial in it drop :  
 Yet if thy Will decree it just,  
 That drink it I, or Sinners must,  
 Rather than they should taste the Gall,  
 See, Father ; here I drink it all :  
 Thy Will it is I should atone,  
 And, Father ! let Thy Will be done !*

The Father hides his wonted Smiles,  
 And all his Soul with Horror fills,  
 'Transferring on his darling Son  
 The heavy Crimes by Mortals done.

See! press beneath the dismal Load,  
 He sinks, he falls, altho' a GOD!  
 A mortal Sweat bedews His Limbs,  
 And down his sacred Body streams;  
 See! how it bursts thro' every Pore,  
 Mingled with Lumps of clotted Gore!  
 His hollow Groans with mournful Sound,  
 Eccho thro' all the Garden round.

While thus I view, with gushing Eyes,  
 My dear Redeemer agonize,  
 With crushing Sorrows overborn,  
 Methinks I see him wishful turn  
 His Face, where Love and Anguish mix,  
 And full on me His Aspect fix;  
 And from His Tongue methinks I hear,  
 These moving Accents strike my Ear.

“ See, Sinner! see the cruel Load  
 “ With which thy Sins oppress thy GOD!  
 “ Thy Sins extort these hollow Groans;  
 “ For thee, for thee thy JESUS moans!  
 “ Thee so ungrateful, so unkind!  
 “ So prone to cast Me from thy Mind!  
 “ And can thy stubborn Heart endure  
 “ To grieve, forget and slight Me more!  
 “ Oh! canst thou hear these Groans and Cries,  
 “ And thy kind Saviour still despise!  
 “ Come, Sinner, view these Clots of Gore,  
 “ And say, Wilt thou forget me more!  
 “ Say, Canst thou view this mournful Scene,  
 “ And strait return to Sin again!

“ What!

“ What ! Leave thy Saviour bleeding here,  
 “ And go”—————

————— Forbear ! my LORD, forbear !  
 Thy Words o’ercome me ! J E S U S, stay !  
 O here I faint and die away.  
 It kills me, LORD ! but to suppose  
 That ever I should treat Thee thus !  
 No ! rather stop my guilty Breath !  
 To treat Thee thus is worse than Death.  
 If I such Love as this forget,  
 Then let my Heart forget to beat :  
 If e’er I flight Thine Agony,  
 In that curs’d Moment let me die ;  
 Or if I cease to love Thy Name,  
 Relapse to nothing whence I came :  
 If Sin be any more my Joy,  
 Me, with my own Consent, destroy.

*Sin !*——When I hear the hated Name,  
 With keen Revenge my Passions flame.  
 Ah me ! that e’er my foolish Breast  
 Indulg’d the Monster as a Guest !  
 Caress’d him in my dearest Part !  
 Ah, this Reflection tears my Heart !

What, blessed LORD ! what shall I do ?  
 I own I have indulg’d Thy Foe ;  
 With my own Life the Monster fed,  
 That made Thee groan, and sweat, and bleed,  
 O could my Actions be undone !  
 O were the Race of Life to run !  
 Ye misimproven Hours ! return,  
 Which now with flowing Tears I mourn.  
 Vain, fruitless Wish ! the restless Wheel  
 Of Time moves onward, onward still ;

Nor can Intreaties bring it back  
To roll again its former Track.

Blest J E S U S ! take each future Hour ;  
'Tis all the Amends within my Pow'r :  
O may Thy Praise in grateful Song,  
Forever eccho from my Tongue !  
O may Thy Love enflame my Soul,  
While everlasting Ages roll !

### XIII. *Spiritual Inactivity lamented.*

1. J E S U S ! What eager Zeal inspir'd  
Thy Heart to die for me !  
O that my languid Breast were fir'd  
With equal Flame to Thee !

2. But how has Sin benumb'd my Soul !  
My Heart how hard and dead !  
My softest Passions, ah how dull !  
Heavy and cold as Lead.

3. Mean Time inferior Toys can charm,  
And all my Passions move :  
A Friend or Relative can warm,  
And melt my Heart to Love.

4. My Thoughts refuse to soar to Thee,  
But full of Vigour spring  
To chase some gilded Vanity,  
Some useless trifling Thing.

5. Blest J E S U S ! I would rather lose  
My thinking Faculty,  
Than waste my Thoughts on Trifles thus,  
And never think of Thee.



6. If my soft Passions be not Thine,  
My Passions are a Pain;  
Let me the Power of Love resign,  
Rather than love in vain.

7. LORD, 'tis a Curse to live and breathe,  
Unless I live to Thee;  
If I must lie thus stupid, Death  
Is better than *to Be*.

8. Thy quick'ning Energy exert,  
Blest JESUS! and bestow  
A living Soul, a tender Heart  
To serve my GOD below.

**XIV.** *On a sudden Death. (annext to a funeral Sermon on Eccles. ix. 12. Jan. 5. 1750-1.)*

1. **H**OW thin the separating Wall  
'Twixt Time and vast Eternity!  
How sudden thoughtless Mortals fall  
Into that dark unbounded Sea!

2. The Soul, this Moment vain and gay,  
Eager pursues the Trifles here;  
The next, reluctant torn away,  
In a dark SOMEWHERE to appear.

3. Death still pursues us every-where,  
And unsuspected haunts our Steps;  
And while we think no Danger near,  
Sudden upon his Prey he leaps.

4. The Monster in close Ambush lurks,  
And steals upon us unawares:  
Still undermining ceaseless works;  
Still near, yet distant still appears.

5. My sudden Fate perhaps may seal  
The melancholy Truth I write ;  
And e'er I farther move my Quill,  
The vital Pulse may cease to beat.

6. How strange, how solemn the Surprize !  
Hurried at once to Worlds unknown !  
Snatch'd from this Scene of Vanities,  
And plac'd before th' Eternal Throne !

7. The lower Skies, the Earth and Mea  
All in a Moment out of Sight !  
While Wonders of the World unseen  
In endless Prospects rush to Light !

8. Great God ! and do I heedless step  
On this tremendous Precipice,  
Perhaps to take the final Leap,  
Unwarn'd, ere this short Moment flies !

9. And does Eternity depend,  
And all its infinite Affairs,  
On every fleeting Hour I spend,  
And waste upon inferior Cares !

10. Alarming Thought ! My Soul, awake !  
Prepare, prepare to meet thy God !  
These mortal Regions soon forsake,  
And often view thy last Abode.

11. Almighty Grace ! in youthful Prime  
Teach me t'improve my fleeting Time ;  
That whensoe'er the Summons come,  
I may receive a joyful Doom.

12. Then if perhaps a sudden Death  
Should unexpected stop my Breath,

My Soul at once, with glad Surprize,  
Shall find herself in upper Skies.

13. Thrice happy Death! to drop the Chain  
Of Life, without a ling'ring Pain!  
To spring at once to endless Life!  
Without a tedious dying Strife!

XV. *The Conflagration.* (annext to a Sermon on  
2 Pet. iii. 11. Jan. 27, 1750-1.)

1. **N**OW Harmony adjusts the World,  
And charming Order round me smiles:  
Ere long Confusion shall be hurl'd,  
And break and shatter Nature's Wheels.

2. The Day approaches, (dreadful Day!)  
When Chaos shall resume his Place?  
This mighty Frame of Things decay,  
And vanish in the general Blaze.

3. Ye azure Arches, lost in Smoke,  
Shall shrink, affrighted, to a Scroll:  
The Pillars of high Heaven be broke,  
While Lightnings glare from Pole to Pole.

4. Thou too, accurst terrestrial Ball,  
'That saw the Son of God expire;  
'Thou and thy Works shall perish all,  
And sink in universal Fire.

5. Horrendous Sight! A World in Flames!  
Thunders loud rumbling thro' the Air!  
Dire Lightnings flashing fiery Streams,  
And glaring red and vengeful there!

6. Mour-

6. Mountains wide-bursting ! liquid Fire  
 In glowing Torrents rushing down !  
 Rocks, Stones, fierce Min'rals, Sulphur dire  
 Melting, the Plains and Vallies drown !

7. Old Ocean of its Moisture dry'd,  
 Receives the fierce descending Tide :  
 Thither dissolving Worlds retire,  
 And form a boundless Lake of Fire.

8. With loud *Ætnean* Thunders roars  
 The Globe, with Earthquakes tost and torn :  
 Palaces, Cities, Castles, Tow'rs,  
 Towns, Wood and Plains united burn.

9. And where ! O where shall Sinners then  
 Flee from the universal Wreck !  
 Aghast they view the burning Main,  
 And plunge into the sulph'rous Lake.

10. There overwhelm'd, the rebel Worms  
 Lie ever, ever, ever lost !  
 Beaten with everlasting Storms,  
 On fiery Eddies whirl'd and tost.

11. But ye dear Saints, ye pious Few,  
 JESUS shall screen your feeble Souls :  
 Safe from on high your Eyes shall view  
 The burning Earth and melting Poles.

12. JESUS shall live when Nature dies ;  
 And while he lives, you must be blest :  
 Behold he forms new Earth and Skies,  
 Where you eternal Years shall rest.

13. Let Earth and Skies, convuls'd and torn,  
 To common Desolation fall ;

Mountains dissolve, and Oceans burn,  
 GOD is your Bliss, your Heav'n, your ALL. \*

XVI. *Separation from GOD the most intolerable  
 Punishment. (annext to a Sermon on Gen. iv. 13,  
 14. Jan. 13, 1750-1.)*

**F**OUNTAIN of Good! 'twas thy creating Breath  
 Inspired the boundless Wish, th' immense Desire,  
 That gasps for perfect Bliss. The panting Soul,  
 That still unsatisfy'd; still restless, breaks  
 Through Nature's Bonds, with dark implicit Aim  
 Unconscious points to Thee, the unbounded Source  
 Of all Perfection: So young Ravens cry,  
 And gape to catch the Bounty from Thy Hand,  
 By Instinct taught, unconscious what they ask,  
 And whence the Blessing comes. So the parch'd Earth,  
 When brazen Skies deny the timely Rain,  
 With silent Importunity implores,  
 Unknowing, the soft Show'r: her gaping Chinks  
 Her with'ring Verdure, and dejected Flow'rs  
 Mourning present the silent Pray'r to Thee.

These innate Wishes, that impatient break  
 Through all the Limits of created Joys,  
 Direct their Flight to Thee: th' Extravagance  
 Of these immense Desires, proclaim aloud  
 My Soul can ne'er be happy but in Thee.

Q

\* There is no Theme, perhaps, in the Compass of Nature, that so far exceeds human Language and Imagination, as the Conflagration. The Terrors of *Aetna* and *Vesuvius*, in their most outrageous Eruptions, are but low and trifling Emblems of a burning World. But perhaps nothing can give us a more lively and striking Prospect of that tremendous Scene, 'til we ourselves are Spectators of it, than the elegant Dr. *Burnet's* Description, in his *sacred Theory of the Earth*. Book III. Ch. 12. from whence I have borrowed most of these Thoughts.

In Thee alone her Faculties find Room,  
 In Thee alone expatiate unconfin'd.  
 Through all the Affluence that Earth can yield,  
 Through all the Canopy of Heav'n contains,  
 Through all the Ranks of heav'nly Forms, she breaks  
 In Quest of Thee. In Quest of Thee she roves  
 In all th' Anxieties of Discontent,  
 In all the distant Prospects Hope can shew,  
 And all the wild Excursions of Desire.  
 For Thee she heaves the Sigh; for Thee dilates  
 The boundless Wish; Thee under some Disguise,  
 Tho' oft deluded with fallacious Views,  
 Restless pursues; and short of Thee despairs  
 To find true Bliss, proportion'd to her Wish.

Let all the richest Blessings Nature yields  
 Diffuse themselves around me, with Disdain  
 My Soul would all th' insipid Trifles spurn:  
 Through all the gay Temptations still look out  
 For some superior Bliss; look out to Thee,  
 My only Happiness, with wishful Eyes,  
 And find my Heav'n in Thy propitious Smiles.

O! may I hope, when the long Drudgery  
 Of Life is past, to rise and soar to Thee?  
 There all my boundless Cravings satisfy,  
 And fill my vast Capacities of Bliss?

But gloomy Guilt obscures the glimm'ring Hope;  
 Whispers a thousand Horrors, and forebodes  
 Eternal Separation from Thy Face,  
 In the waste Realms where Desolation frowns,  
 Unconscious of Thy Smiles. Tremendous Thought!  
 Oh! Horrors! Horrors!—An immortal Soul,  
 With ever-gnawing and immense Desires,  
 Torn off from all the Pleasures Sense can yield,

Without

Without a GOD ! Without a Drop of Blifs  
To quench her raging Thirst ! Curs'd from the Earth,  
A restless Fugitive thro' the dark Voids  
Of boundless Space, and the thick Gloom: of Hell !  
Haunted with horrid Furies ! Rack'd and torn  
With guilty, dire Reflections ! Not an Eye  
To pity ! Pining, panting, gasping still  
For Blifs in vain, with hungry wild Desires !——  
I sink beneath the Prospect ! Horrors chill  
The vital Stream, and palpitate around  
My agonizing Heart !——My Maker GOD !  
My Father ! Saviour ! every dearest Name !  
Oh ! wilt Thou doom me to a long Exile  
From thy propitious Face, my only Blifs !  
See ! LORD, a Supplicant before Thy Throne  
Importunate I bow ; for Grace I cry !  
For Grace to fit my Spirit to enjoy  
Thee as my final Portion and my All.

T H E

## A P P E N D I X

*Devout EJACULATIONS and SOLILOQUIES.*

N<sup>o</sup>. I.

**N**O! never, never can this Heart  
 From Thee her GOD, her All, depart,  
 Indulge my Boldness; I protest  
 In Thee alone I must be blest;  
 I'm fixt, resolv'dly fixt, in this  
 Thyself, or nought shall be my Bliss:  
 I swear by the eternal THREE,  
 I will accept no Bliss but Thee.  
 Put me not off with golden Toys,  
 With empty Honours, sensual Joys.  
 O! do not thy poor Servant doom  
 To Crowns and Empires in Thy Room.  
 I loath the Happiness that springs  
 From these and all created Things,  
 Sooner may Gold or Dust asswage  
 The parched Pilgrim's thirsty Rage,  
 When under torrid *Lybian* Skies,  
 On burning Sands, he faints and dies:  
 Sooner, than these inferior Toys  
 Can fill me with substantial Joys.

Since of Thy Love I tasted first,  
 All other Pleasures I disgust:  
 Since first Thy Beauties charm'd my Sight,  
 Created Charms yield no Delight.



O! if I'm doom'd Thy Rows to feel,  
 Why didst Thou e'er Thy Smiles reveal?  
 Why with Thy Glories charm my Eye,  
 If I must see and ne'er enjoy.

O! why torment me with the Views  
 Of Bliss I must forever lose?

O! if I must for ever dwell  
 Absent from Thee, why did not Hell  
 Devour me, e'er I felt this Flame?  
 This ardent Passion to Thy Name?  
 Then had my Soul ne'er understood  
 The Loss of an infinite Good;  
 Nor languish'd in eternal Pain,  
 Pleasures once tasted to regain;  
 Nor in tormenting Anguish  
 To call Thy once felt Smiles to Mind.

But hence each dire Surmise away,  
 My gracious God would not display  
 His Glories to enflame my Heart,  
 If I were destin'd to depart.  
 He would not cruelly deride  
 My Soul with Bliss to be deny'd;  
 Nor kindle Love to pant in vain,  
 And rack me with augmented Pain.  
 No! His own Self will satisfy  
 The Wishes He has rais'd so high.

N<sup>o</sup>. II.

AND must I call these Passions mine  
 Thy secret, heavenly Charms divine?  
 And must I love the glorious Soul,  
 To Thee to be eternally dull?  
 I would, if I could, never see  
 The Face of Him who made me mine.

! But what is this? I cannot see  
 The Face of Him who made me mine.

N<sup>o</sup>. III.

**L** I F E's but a Load, a tedious Pain,  
 A Curse, if I must live in vain.  
 Shall I my Hours inactive spend?  
 Or thus be active to no End?  
 O Thou who didst these Powers infuse,  
 Exalt them to a noble Use.  
 Direct my *Thinking Faculty*  
 No more to rove, but fix on Thee:  
 Allure my *Will* Thyself to chuse,  
 And all inferior Good refuse!  
 O! teach my *Passions* to aspire  
 To Thee, and burn with heavenly Fire!  
 My *Conscience* to perform its Part  
 On Thy Tribunal, in my Heart;  
 My *Tongue* to celebrate Thy Grace,  
 And every *Breath* to utter Praise;  
 My *Eyes* to see Thy Glories shine  
 Thro' this fair Universe of Thine;  
 My *Ears* to hear with rapt'rous Joys,  
 The charming Music of Thy Voice:  
 This Spark of weak poetic Fire  
 Refine, and teach it to aspire:  
 Let all I have, and all I am  
 Be sacred to Thy glorious Name,  
 Thus train me to th' Employ above,  
 Ere to these Regions I remove.

N<sup>o</sup>. IV.

**M** Y GOD! I'm pleas'd that Thou art All in All,  
 Should Nature totter, and to Nothing fall.  
 My Being sprung from thy creative Breath,  
 And on Thy Will depend my Life and Death.

Let Heav'n, Earth, Men and Angels cease to Be,  
 I've Bliss enough, I've all I wish in Thee ;  
 Thy single Self's compleat Felicity.  
 I'm happy, since my G O D must always live,  
 Tho' Vanity is my Prerogative.  
 This Spark of Being Homage pays to Thee,  
 Thou boundless Fountain of all Entity ;  
 Rejoices in the unbounded Plenitude  
 Of Thy Perfections, Thou infinite Good !

N<sup>o</sup>. V.

**O**H ! be Thy glorious Name exalted high,  
 Thro' all the Spaces of Immensity.  
 Let the wide World, let Heav'n and Earth and Hell,  
 In various Ways, Thy wond'rous Glory tell,  
 And thy unbounded Excellence reveal.  
 O ! raise me to the blissful Realms on high,  
 Not to be glorify'd, but glorify ;  
 Not to be honour'd, but to honour Thee,  
 Not there to reign, but bow th' adoring Kneec.  
 Give me a Crown, to cast before Thy Feet,  
 Raise me, to bow the lower at Thy Seat.  
 Exalt and dignify a groveling Worm,  
 An humbler Adoration to perform ;  
 For while my Situation is so low,  
 I cannot with profound Prostration bow.

N<sup>o</sup>. VI.

**T**HAT I'm the vilest Sinner, LORD ! I own  
 In penitent Prostration at Thy Throne ;  
 Worthy an endless Monument to be  
 To thousand Worlds not to revolt from Thee :

But did not JESUS die? This is my Plea;  
 And has that charming Name no Force with Thee?  
 Insult my Groans, reject my loudest Cries;  
 But Oh! canst Thou the Saviour's Blood despise?  
 Say, are my Crimes to such a Vastness grown,  
 That ev'n the Blood of JESUS can't atone?  
 O no! then let Thy boundless Mercy shine  
 With Splendors equal to these Crimes of mine.

But if Thou doom me from Thy blisful Sight,  
 And frowning say, "*I've in him no Delight*;  
 "*Lo, here I am!*"\*—— But oh! the most undone  
 And wretched Thing Omniscience e'er has known.  
 The Thought is Death! 'tis Hell! my Spirits break!  
 I'm overwhelm'd!——I'm lost!——I cannot speak!

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

N<sup>o</sup>. VII.

**R**epulse me not; for whither shall I flee?  
 The Words of Life are found alone with Thee:  
 Here slay me at Thy Feet, if die I must;  
 Dying, in Thee I'll ~~ax~~ my humble Trust: §  
 Dying, erect my Eyes to Thee in Pray'r,  
 And in a suppliant Agony expire.

Repulse me not; 'tis in my Saviour's Name,  
 Not in my own, Thy Grace I humbly claim:  
 And when in that prevailing Name I pray,  
 Thou art oblig'd, Thou canst not say me nay.  
 Hast Thou not bound Thyself with Thy own Mouth,  
 In the Engagements of eternal Truth?  
 And shall Hell's Pow'rs have Umbrage to blaspheme  
 Thy sacred Truth, and charge Thy spotless Name

R

With

\* Sam. xv. 26. † John vi. 68. § Job xlii. 15.

With Breach of Faith? No! Thy Veracity  
 Shall shine from all infernal Censure free,  
 Exemplify'd, in Thy good Time, in me.  
 Thou wilt not let me seek Thy Face in vain,  
 Sigh to the Rocks, and to the Winds complain.  
 The Blessings Grace does wisely now deny,  
 Thou wilt in the most proper Hour supply.

N<sup>o</sup> VIII.

**A**H! what avail these warm poetic Strains,  
 These feigned Raptures of the fawning Muse  
 If cold and languid still my Heart remains,  
 And my soft Passions to concur refuse?

O! if I love Thee not, I'm self-condemned,  
 This Hand the Sentence has transcrib'd and seal'd;  
 Thee Greatest, Loveliest, Best, I've oft proclaim'd,  
 And Thy unrivall'd Glories oft reveal'd.

And am I still a Stranger to Thy Face?  
 Are these extatic Flights affected Zeal?  
 Forbid it Heav'n! or mine's the direst Case  
 Of any perjur'd Wretch on this Side Hell.

O! let the Flame of pure Devotion rise  
 Above the Muse's most exalted Flight;  
 And mingle with the Ardors of the Skies;  
 While my poor Lays in vain attempt the Height.

N<sup>o</sup>. IX.

**W**H Y should I, in the Rage of wild Despair\*  
 And Agony, my Flesh thus gnaw and tear?  
 Why sink desponding under hopeless Grief,  
 And in my trembling Hand repose my doubtful Life?

\* Job xiii. 14.

O say, my God, may not a Sinner dare \*  
 Confide in Thee, and sooth his wild Despair ?  
 O yes ! Tho' Thou shouldst crush me in the Dust  
 Like some vile Poison, still in Thee I'll trust, †  
 In Thee I'll trust, hope in Thy gracious Word,  
 Tho' Thou should'st slay me with Thy vengeful Sword. ‡

But oh ! so mean a Worm's beneath Thy Wrath : †  
 Unworthy by Thy Hands to suffer Death ;  
 Beneath a Look of Thy avenging Eye,  
 Of Thy immense, exalted Majesty.

Ah ! will Thy God-like Vengeance condescend  
 A fleeting Leaf, the Sport of Winds, to rend ?  
 Or will the Majesty of Justice claim  
 A wretched Victim of so mean a Name ;  
 And of dry Stubble form a feeble Flame ?

N<sup>o</sup>. X.

**T**HOUGH luscious Figs no more shall bloom and grow,  
 Nor bending Vines with juicy Clusters glow ;  
 Though the fat Olive should our Hopes beguile,  
 And burst no more with usual Floods of Oil ;  
 Though Barrenness should blast the fertile Field,  
 And Earth no more her vital Fatness yield ;  
 Though Death should plunder every crouded Stall,  
 And Flocks and Herds in common Ruin fall ;  
 Though meager Famine stalk across the Land,  
 And tear our Blessing from our grasping Hand :  
 In Thee, my G O D, I'm blest, I'm happy still ; §  
 Nor should the Loss of these vain Trifles feel,  
 But at the gen'ral Devastation smile.

R 2

Abstract

Abstract from these, Thou art sufficient Bliss,  
But without Thee, how poor a Portion these!

N<sup>o</sup>. XI.

1. **Y**ES! soon the iron Hand of Death  
Must seize my Frame, and stop my Breath,  
And snatch my Soul away.

Methinks I feel its Agonies —  
Anhelant, panting, struggling lies  
The agonizing Clay.

2. Suffus'd with mortal clammy Sweat;  
Irregular the Pulses beat;

The Lips hang quiv'ring down;  
The Eyes, depress'd and hollow, swim  
In dizzy Mists; the vital Stream  
Laggs in its mazy Round.

3. A deadly Cold from every Part  
Benumbs my Limbs, invades my Heart;  
I feel it creeping on!

A ghastly Pale deforms my Cheeks;  
And now my falling Jaws relax;  
And now I'm gone! I'm gone!

4. In a deep Groan the Spirit flies,  
Unfetter'd by the former 'Ties  
Of cumb'rous Flesh and Blood —  
But, oh! my Soul, what unknown Place  
Through the Immensity of Space  
Shall be thy last Abode?

5. 'Till th' important Doubt is solv'd,  
My Soul in anxious Fears involv'd,  
No solid Rest can know:

Ah!

Ah! what's the World and all its Toys  
 Compar'd to everlasting Joys,  
 Or everlasting Woe?

6. Oh, when I bid the World adieu,  
 Should Guilt, the Fury, still pursue —  
 Shocking, o'erwhelming Thought!  
 Or should th' infernal Tyrant, *Sin*,  
 Forever reign and rage within —  
 Intolerable Lot!

7. Great God, though one continu'd Cloud  
 My fleeting Day of Life should shroud,  
 Yet be my Evening clear!  
 Horror my shudd'ring Soul invades  
 To enter Death's tremendous Shades,  
 If Thou be absent there.

8. Be Witnesses Heaven; I here protest  
 My Mind shall never, never rest  
 'Till I Thy Presence gain.  
 I'll pray away my vital Breath,  
 Begging Thy gracious Smiles in Death;  
 Nor cease 'til I obtain.

N<sup>o</sup>. XII.

**O**H! while eternal Ages roll,  
 Be Thou supreme, above Controul!  
 Be absolute! Thy sovereign Will  
 Be done! for oh! 'tis righteous still.  
 Thy Favours where thou wilt, dispense;  
 With calm, implicit Confidence,  
 I own Thy Reasons just and good,  
 Ev'n where they are not understood  
 By cavilling Wit. Oh! be Thy Will  
 The Rule of Thy Procedure still.

Thou



Though perverse Mortals, blind and vain,  
 Thy Dispensations dare arraign ;  
 Yet self-approv'd, self-guided, rule  
 Th' Affairs of this dependent WHOLE :  
 No do Thou stoop to satisfy  
 The haughty Worms that ask Thee *why*.

For *me*, behold I helpless stand  
 At the Disposal of Thy Hand :  
 A Piece of mean polluted Clay,  
 Thou may'st chuse or cast away :  
 'Thou may'st absolve my flagrant Guilt,  
 Or bind it on me, as Thou wilt.  
 Though Thou should'st blast me with Thy Frown,  
 Thy sovereign Justice I must own ;  
 Thy Justice I must still acquit,  
 Against myself Thine Advocate.

But (Oh ! how shall I praise Thy Name !)  
 Submission here Thou dost not claim :  
 The Wheels of Duty and Self-Love  
 In the same Tract harmonious move,  
 Thy dread Authority *requires*  
 Me to escape eternal Fires :  
 Thy Law *commands* me to be blest ;  
 My Duty is my Interest.  
 My Mis'ry is my wilful Sin,  
 Forbid by that kind Will of Thine.

Accomplish then Thy sovereign Will,  
 For oh ! 'tis good and righteous still.  
 Thou'rt just, whate'er become of me,  
 And all Thy Ways from Censure free.

XIII. *A Description of a Storm, May 9, 1751.*

## I.

**N**OW when the War of Elements is o'er,  
 And Heav'n's Artill'ry cease to flash and roar;  
 Calm'd by His sovereign Nod, who bids  
 Th' etherial Forces rage or fall;  
 Who in dread Majesty serenely rides  
 On wild unruly Hurricanes and Storms;  
 While all their most outrageous Forms  
 Tamely obey His mighty Call,  
 To purge the Air, or shake this guilty Ball,  
 To scathe the sturdy Oak, or blast audacious Worms:  
 Now recollect my Muse, the solemn Scene,  
 And rouse the sleeping Tempest up again.

## II.

The solemn Scene appears! My Eyes  
 Behold the glomerating Deluge rise,  
 And heavy Oceans floating up the Skies:  
 First, distant Murm'rings from the West  
 With rumbling Sound break through the Air,  
 And bid the World, *Prepare*;  
 Strait anxious Expectation heaves the Breast,  
 Presaging Horror stares intense,  
 And, shuddering, thro' the Window looks from whence  
 The vapoury Magazines advance:  
 When lo! th' aërial Oceans roll,  
 Lower deeper still, and gain upon the Sky;  
 And on the West-Wind's Wings, above Controul,  
 Draw nearer still, and nearer as they fly.  
 Now Fear begins to palpitate,  
 And looks, and looks with doubtful Eye,  
 If haply the collecting Tempest yet  
 May dissipate, or pass obliquely by.

## III.

But faster still the thick'ning Clouds advance,  
 And cast a darker Frown ;  
 With fiercer Glare the livid Lightnings glance,  
 And blust'ring Winds rush on with hollow, solemn Sound ;  
 Now through the bending Forests sweep,  
 And rock the trembling Dome ;  
 Blend Rows of stately Trees in one long shatter'd Heap,  
 Whirl Clouds of Dust on high, and wrap  
 All Æther in a wide deep-louring Gloom.  
 A dismal Twilight frowns ; the Sun  
 Through the thick Dust in vain emits his Ray ;  
 Absorpt in all-surrounding Clouds, the Day  
 Sicken and faints at Noon.

## IV.

And now above and all around  
 Majestic Thunders roll with murm'ring Sound,  
 Convulse the Air, and rock the Ground.  
 Now rumbling in the dark aerial Hall,  
 Till scattering far away  
 The horrid Murmurings decay,  
 And die away and fall.  
 Now quick as Thought, to the keen Flash  
 Sudden succeeds the horrid Crash  
 Crush'd terrible, shocking the Heart ;  
 Amaz'd, aghast, and stunn'd we start,  
 Entranc'd, and doubtful if we live,  
 And the oppressive Shock survive.

## V.

Still the dire Lightning with malignant Glare  
 In flaming Curves wheels through the Air ;

Here a fierce Streak of angry Fire  
 Sudden in various Windings cuts the Cloud ;  
 Another here, another there  
 Darts on the winking Eye, till all the Hemisphere  
 One wide-expanded Sheet of flashing Flame appear ;  
 While Peals on Peals still undistinguish'd crowd,  
 And Heav'n's eternal Cannons roar aloud.

VI.

Now conscious Guilt the sudden Bolt awaits,  
 And hardly hopes to 'scape ;  
 Struck with dire-boding Horror, palpitates,  
 And startles at each bursting Clap.  
 The Sword of Justice brandish'd high  
 Draws fiery Circles through the Air ;  
 And as the curving Lightnings fly,  
 And threatening Thunder murmurs through the Sky.  
 The hardy Bosom pants, and thinks Destruction nigh . . . .  
 Ye hardy Sinners, yield and bow ;  
 Nor dare Omnipotence to strike the Blow ;  
 Heavy, but O ! divinely slow !  
 Say, are you able to withstand  
 Th' almighty Vengeance of that Hand  
 Which whirls the Bolt, and guides it where  
 The flaming Embassy to bear,  
 To rive the stately Pine, or burn and tear  
 Th' aspiring Fabric, or with sulph'rous Breath  
 Blast the audacious Wretch with sudden Death.

VII.

Happy the guiltless Conscience now !  
 Serene he hears his Father's thundring Voice ;  
 Amid the Terrors calm, he dare rejoice,  
 When loudest Thunders rear, and fiercest Tempests blow :

His smiling Eyes with solemn Joy survey  
 The harmless Lightnings flash along and play,  
 And his Almighty Guardian's Pow'r display.  
 Should angry Fire and Thunder rend  
 Heav'n's Convex, and in one Confusion blend  
 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea and Air:  
 Should all the Wheels of Nature break,  
 He undisturb'd would view the gen'ral Wreck,  
 Still safe and happy in the Thund'rer's Care.

## VIII.

Now tow'rd the South the pregnant Clouds  
 Retire and leave the middle Sky,  
 Discharging still prolific Floods  
 On Hills and Valleys, Fields and Woods,  
 And drop down Fatness as they fly.  
 The winding Curves worm through the distant Cloud,  
 And Sheets of Flame expand abroad;  
 Now shut and open, open still and shut,  
 And an immense Effulgence flash about.

## IX.

Now safe from Harm, Presumption hears  
 The distant Vengeance roar;  
 Pale Guilt renounces all her Fears,  
 And palpitates no more.  
 Mistaken Guilt! t' erect thy Crest,  
 And proudly boast the Danger past;  
 Behold a blacker Tempest gathering last,  
 The Skies with deeper Horrors overcast,  
 And louder Thunder roar in the last Trumpet's Blast;  
 Behold the Judge! He comes! He comes  
 In vengeful Flames and stormy Glooms!  
 The Clouds His Chariot, and the Winds His Wheels;  
 See! how before him Lightnings flash and play!

Hark!

Hark ! Thunders loud proclaim, PREPARE THE WAY !  
As down He rides from the eternal Hills.

X.

Supreme, almighty, venerable Name !  
Proprietor of Earth and Sea and Sky,  
Commander of the Magazines of Flame,  
That in the ærial Regions lie ;  
With Awe profound Thy Greatness I adore,  
Who wings the Storm, and bids the Thunder roar,  
And keeps th' unruly El'ments subject to Thy Pow'r.

XXVII. *On bearing of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Blair's  
desperate Illness by common Fame, and Letters from  
Correspondents in Pennsylvania, June 9. 1751.*

WHAT melancholy News does distant Fame  
To anxious Crowds and my shock'd Ears proclaim !  
With what strange Panic is each Bosom struck,  
As though some Pillar of the Heav'n's were broke !  
Alas ! is Blair, the great, unrival'd Blair,  
Most dear to All, but oh ! to me more dear ;  
My Father ! Tutor ! Friend ! each tender Name  
That can the softest, warmest Passions claim !  
My faithful Guide to Science and to Truth,  
In the raw Years of unexperienced Youth :  
Ah ! is the heav'nly Man just on the Wing,  
And to his native Skies about to spring ?  
About to leave us mourning here below,  
And 'mong us share the Remnant of his Woe ?  
Ah ! does he pine away in hectic Fire,  
Anhelant, panting, ready to expire ?  
Oh ! cruel Fame ! why didst thou haste thy Flight,  
To bring the inauspicious News to Light ?

Ah! cruel Correspondents! to reveal  
 The dismal Tidings Love would fain conceal,  
 Why did not Tears blot out th' Intelligence?  
 Or your sad Hands tremble to guide your Pens?

Oh! had you not the dismal News divulg'd,  
 My Mind had still the pleasing Dream indulg'd;  
 Still feign'd my *Blair* with Health and Vigour blest,  
 With some grand Purpose labouring in his Breast;  
 In studious Thought pursuing Truth divine,  
 'Til the full Demonstration round him shine;  
 Or from the sacred Desk, proclaiming loud  
 His Master's Message to th' attentive Crowd;  
 While dubious Truth with bright Conviction glares,  
 And coward Error shrinks and disappears;  
 While Quick Remorse the hardy Sinner feels,  
 And *Calvary's* Balm the bleeding Conscience heals.

But now alas! the sweet Delusion's fled;  
 My *Blair* is dying, or perhaps is dead;  
 Or hast'ning to the calm celestial Shore,  
 Or safe arriv'd, and all the Dangers o'er.  
 Even now perhaps, releas'd from cumb'rous Clay,  
 His Soul expatiates in immortal Day;  
 Serenely basking in the Smiles of God,  
 With Fellow-Angels in their blest Abode.

Pardon, Blest Shade! the Ravings of my Love,  
 That would recall thee from the Bliss above;  
 Would wish thee down in these sad Realms again,  
 From Choirs of Angels to converse with Men;  
 Ungrateful Men, who broke thy Heart, and long  
 Withstood the strong Persuasion of thy Tongue;  
 Thy Love, and Vanity pursu'd,  
 Thy Calls, deaf to a Saviour's Blood!

## A P P E N D I X

Oh! might'st thou from the Dead return again.  
 And that strange unknown World disclose to Men!  
 Apostles from the Dead sure could not preach in vain.  
 Superfluous Wish! What could'st thou teach us more,  
 Than thy divine Discourses did before?

But if in mortal Climes be still thy Stay,  
 O! can our Pray'rs the fatal Hour delay?  
 Prevail with Heav'n to spare thy sacred Breath,  
 And snatch thee from th' impending Hand of Death?

Come, Saints, your Importunities renew;  
 Try what th' united Force of fervent Pray'r can do.  
 Believing Pray'r, eternal Truth has sworn,  
 Sha'n't pant in vain, but bring a rich Return:  
 'Twill gain this Blessing from propitious Heav'n;  
 Or greater, if a greater can be giv'n.

“ Thou sovereign Arbiter of Life and Death,  
 “ At whose almighty Nod we catch and yield our Breath;  
 “ Whose *fiat* organiz'd our mortal Clay,  
 “ And can repair it in its last Decay,  
 “ And from the greedy Grave snatch the expected Prey:  
 “ Oh! hear the bursting, deep, united Groan,  
 “ That from ten thousand Hearts arises to Thy Throne;  
 “ *Restore our Prophet!*—Best for him, 'tis true,  
 “ To die; but oh! what shall poor *Zion* do?  
 “ *Zion* whose Foes are many, Friends are few!  
 “ See! how she languishes in plaintive Grief;  
 “ By *Blair's* Recovery only hopes Relief.  
 “ Where shall the wounded, tortur'd Conscience find  
 “ A healing Hand so skilful and so kind?  
 “ Where heav'nly Truth so firm an Advocate?  
 “ Or dubious Minds so certain Conduct get?

“ *Restore our Prophet*, and his Health renew;  
 “ For oh! we need him more than Heav'n can do.

“ There



" There Myriads of Thy Ministers of Flame  
 " Perform Thy Orders and adore Thy Name.  
 " But here, alas ! how few prepar'd like *Blair*  
 " Thy sacred Message to the World to bear ?  
 " With equal Skill eternal Things to shew ?  
 " And guide Thy Churches militant below ?  
 " Restore our Prophet, Lord ! and in his Stead  
 " Let worthless me be to the Skies convey'd.  
 " Thy earthly House such useless Lumber may  
 " Resign ; but oh ! snatch not our *Blair* away."

But even his Worth now bids us to despair,  
 And threatens the Denial of our Pray'r ;  
 His Worth that makes his sacred Life so dear.  
 So great, so heav'nly, so divine a Mind  
 Demands Employment of a nobler Kind.  
 What Earth could teach, he learn'd, and now must rise  
 To a superior Class above the Skies.  
 Too much refin'd, in this dark World to bear  
 The humble Place of *Zion's* Minister ;  
 Heav'n calls him to sustain some nobler Function there :  
 With *Gabriel* to perform the Orders given,  
 And bear *JEHOVAH's* Errands thro' the Vast of Heav'n ;  
 Prompt as th' angelic Armies to obey,  
 Fervent and bright and vigorous as they.  
 Heav'n kind to him, will not consent to hear,  
 Nor curse him with the Answer of our Pray'r.

Oh ! did my cruel Distance but allow,  
 I'd pay the last sad Offices I owe :  
 With tender Hand support thy fainting Head,  
 Wipe off thy mortal Sweat, and weep around thy Bed ;  
 I'd view thee struggling in the Grasp of Death,  
 And share the Anguish of thy parting Breath ;  
 Thy languishing *Francisca's* Grief allay,  
 As drown'd in Tears, she hovers o'er thy Clay ;

Thy sacred Reliques to the Grave attend,  
 And cry, " *There softly rest, my Father, Brother, Friend!*"  
 But ah! these Eyes shall see my *Blair* no more,  
 'Till my poor Pilgrimage, like his, is o'er,  
 And we both meet on the eternal Shore.

Yet though this cruel Distance lies between,  
 Officious Fancy paints the dismal Scene;  
 Even now the mournful Images arise,  
 And various Shapes of Sorrow stalk before mine Eyes,  
 There lies my *Blair*, suffus'd with clammy Sweat,  
 Ghastly and pale; the Pulses cease to beat;  
 The Springs of Life relax; the purple Stream  
 Stagnates; his Eyes in misty Darkness swim;  
 A deadly Cold creeps on from every Part,  
 Benumbs his Limbs, and steals upon his Heart;  
 And see at length in a long deep-fetch'd Groan  
 The Soul's dismiss, and flies to Worlds unknown.  
 Delug'd in Sorrow, there *Francisca* stands,  
 And twing'd with parting Anguish, wrings her Hands;  
 Like the poor widow'd Turtle, vents her Grief,  
 Her Tears indulges, and despairs Relief;  
 Surveys the World, but sees no Refuge there,  
 Her only Confidence in Heav'n and Pray'r.  
 Thy infant Train, whose little Tongues had scarce  
 Learn'd to pronounce thee *Father*, at thy Hearse,  
 Or round thy Bed, burst their full Hearts in Sighs,  
 While the big Tear sincere swells in their Eyes,  
 And their loud filial Grievs break out in piteous Cries.  
 Through thy once favour'd Flock the Sorrow spreads,  
 And desp'rate Grief a thousand Hearts invades:  
 Each fears lest 'twas his Guilt that did provoke  
 Incens'd Heav'n to give the dreadful Stroke.  
 Now 'mong the Remnant of the sacred Train  
 They search for one to fill his Place in vain.

Compar'd with him, the most exalted Tongue,  
 But mangles Truth, and does the Subject Wrong.  
 From others heav'nly Truths insipid seem  
 To them whose Relish was refin'd by him.

Still farther spreads th' extensive Grief around  
 Each Bosom feels the Anguish of the Wound,  
 And bursting Groans from Breast to Breast rebound.  
 Zion her Loss through all her Temples wails,  
 And spreads the dismal Eccho round her Hills.  
 To this far Clime the mournful Sound shall roll,  
 And with fresh Anguish twinge my bleeding Soul.  
 His dear sad Mem'ry on my Heart shall rest,  
 While vital Breath inspires my heaving Breast;  
 Mix with my tender'st Thoughts, and often move  
 The doleful Anguish of bereaved Love,  
 'Till our Reunion heals the Wound Above.

Since the Writing of this, I have received the melancholy  
 News of the Reverend Mr. *Blair's* triumphant and joyful Tran-  
 sition through the Valley of the Shadow of Death ——— *My*  
*Father! my Father! the Chariots of Israel, and the Horse-Men*  
*thereof!*

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