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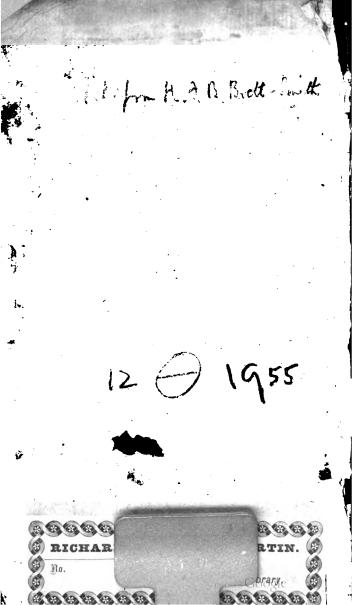
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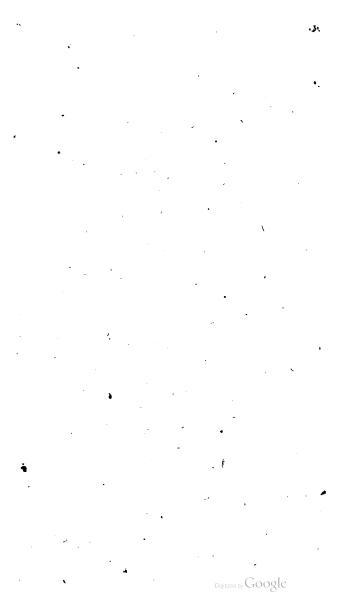
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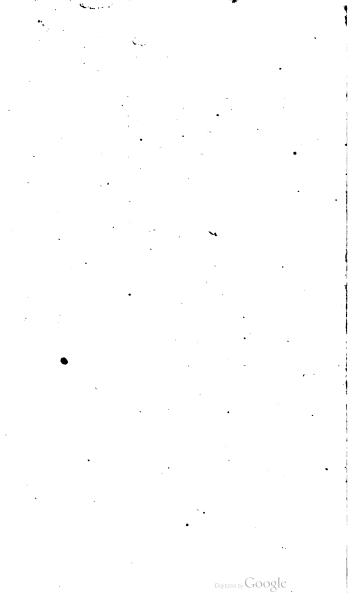
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## A COLLECTION OF DIVINE HYMNS and POEMS UPON Several Occasions:

#### By the

E. of Rolcommon, Mr. Norris, John Dryden, E/q; Mrs. Kath. Phillips, Mr. Dennis, Mrs.Singer, crothers.

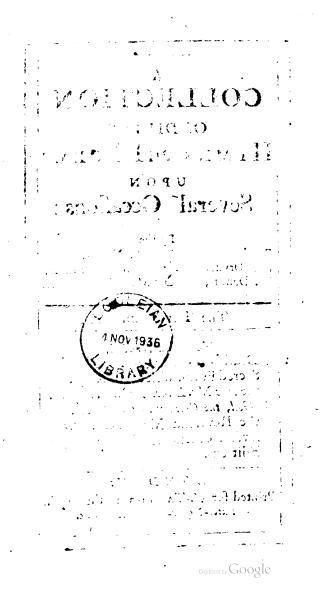
## The THIRD EDITION.

#### To which is added,

I. Death's Vision : A Philosophical Sacred Poem. Writ at the Request of the late Mr. Locke. By Mr. Reynolds.
II. God, the Creator and Preferver. By the Reverend Mr. Daniel. With feveral others not in the Former Editions.

#### LONDON:

Printed for W. TAYLOR at the Ship in Pater-Nofter-Row. MDCCXIX.





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To Sir RICHARD BLACK-MORE, Knt. M. D. and Fellow of the Callege of Phyficians in London.



IS not, Sir, with a Defign to Flatter you, which I know you wou'd abhor, nor to Publish your Worth, which I know wou'd be

needlefs, that I make this Dedication to you; But becaufe there's no fitter Perfon in the World to Patronize a Collection of this Nature.

Like a Zealous Friend to Religion, and Paffionate Lover of your Country, you have express'd your just Concern for the Fatal Confequences of Loofe and Profane Poetry, and with great Judgment have made it appear now vainly we hope for a Reformation of Manners, while A 2 the The DEDIGATION

the Abuses of the English Stage are left unreform'd.

You have also by your Writings retriev'd the Honour of Poetry, and rescu'd the Muses from that vile Drudgery they've' of late Years been Condemn'd to, and convinc'd all unprejudic'd Readers, that the best Poetry, and Manly Sense, are very confistent; and that Wit never appears fo Illustrious, as when the borrows her Themes from Virtue and Religion.

May you long Live as great a Glory to Christianity, as to your Noble Profes, sion, and be as useful to Mens Souls as you are to their Bodies, is the Sincere Defire and Prayerof

Your Humble Servan

and Admire

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TH'E'

PREFACE

NY one who confiders the Nature of Man, must needs own that Poetry is very proper to work upon it; that it may be of Excellent Use unto him, and that it has in some respects the Advantage of Abstract Reafoning and Philosophy.

La reprise

ABOTSTAL

Tis true, were we nothing but pure Intelleft, were we fiript of Flefb and Blood, and arriv'd at that perfect State the Saints above. enjoy, then a bare abstraction of Thought, and orderly ranging of Idea's might ferve the Turn. But while we continue fuch Beings as we are, while Blood, and Spirits, Imagination and Paffion, make up a Part of our Nature, thefe must have their proper Objects and Incentives, or we fall foarcely engage in the Quefs of Glory: For what are these but a Sort of Wings to the Soul? She may Greep, but will hardly Soar without them. and soul to soul Now the great Business of Poetry (as ev'ry

(ne knows) is to paint agreeable Pictures on A 3 the

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be

the Imagination, to actuate the Spirits, and give the Passions a Noble Pitch. All its daring Metaphors, surprising Turns, melting Accents, lofty Flights, and lively Descriptions, serve for this End; While we Read we feel a strange Warmth boyling within, the Blood dances through the Veins, Joy lightens in the Countenance, and we are insensibly led into a pleasing Captivity.

These are fome of the genuine Effects of Poetry; fo that without all question it may be of excellent Use to Mankind, may improve our Souls, and serve as a powerful Charm to deter us from Vice, and engage us on the fide of Wildom and Virtue.

But then for the fame Reason it can't be dem'd that it may be equally Pernicious. Profame and Leud Poetry is one of the greatest Incentives to Wickedness in the World; like the Syren's Melody, while it Charms it Kills us. Fice is a deform'd and odious thing, and if expos'd Naked, wou'd have but few Admipers; it owes all its Luster to falle Colours, and these it chiefly borrows from the Poets; "is they that smooth the Monfter's Brow, and make ber Smile, that conceal her Defects, and fet her off to the greatest Advantage. How many, who would have started at the open Face of Vice, have been emtic'd into its Fapal Embraces by means of these bewitching Dilgui-

Difguifes that Poetry has befow'd on it ? Who that has any Concern for Religion, or the Happiness of Mankind, can confider without Melancholy, what Store of profane and leud Poetry these late Times bave produc'd, how much 'tis valued, and what great Mifchief is done by it? What Numbers of Plays, and other Books of Poetry and Gallantry, are daily expos'd to Sale, which befides the Wit (pity fo Excellent a Thing fould be employ'd to fuch forry Purpofes) contain nothing but Fewel for Mens Corruptions? That burlesque Religion, defie its Author, and turn the most ferious Things into fulfom Ridicule? Vice here rides Triumphant, has forgot to blub, and puts on that Air of Confidence which Truth and Virtue (bould only appear in: One would think these had refign'd up all their Authority to it, and acknowledg'd Vice to be the more Noble and Excellent Thing. The Heathens are at length conquer'd by us, Ancient Rome must give Place to London; and Jhould the Poets and Comedians of those Days return again. they'd freely own themselves outmatch'd by Christians, and wonder at our Improvements in all the Arts of Wickedness. 'Tis strange. as well as deplorable, to fee what Credit the Leudest Authors obtain among us; bow fast their Infection Spreads, and how foud Men are of the Inforuments of their Ruine. These are Tota

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are the Famous Volumes that crowd the Prefs. and enrich the Printer and Bookfeller ! Books of a contrary Strain, the' their Subjects are never fo Noble, and they are Writ with a great deal of Senfe and Wit, go off but dully, they want the most Charming Accomplishment, and don't agree (God forgive us) with the Taste of this refin'd Age! To Such a Degree of Degeneracy are we grown; and these are the difinal Effects of Loofe and Impious Authors! While Wur makes Havock abroad, the Stage ruins at home, and proves more Fatal to Mens Souls, than that to their Bodies; the Contagion Spreads wide, our Guilt cries lowd, and, like a mighty Deluge, threatens to overwhelm us, and to me und and

Tis hop'd bowever our Condition is not defperate: The Difeafe is deplorable, but may admit of a Cure. Virtue has still her Champions and Admirers, who are not asham'd of her despised Cause, nor dread to stem the Threatning Torrent. Some faint Dawnings of Reformation seem to appear, and things begin to recover a better Aspect than formerly. Mr. Collier (to whom the Age can never be sufficiently grateful) has given the Stage such a Blow, as in time I'm personaded will Ruine or Reform it. The very Answers to his Writings do but add to his Triumphs, and lowdy confess what feeble Arguments Vice is Supported

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ted with. Truth and Virtue are unconquerable; the' long Oppres'd and Smother'd, they'll at length break forth afresh, and shine in all their Native Lustre and Beauty. Happy ! Shou'd our Days afford fuch a Prospect as this. Should it be told to Posterity, that these Times faw Vice Confounded, and Virtue fit Enthron'd on the Ruine of Impiety. Nor have we any Caufe to despair of it, fince we have a Queen, who is the Glory of Princes as well as of her Sex : A Queen, who not only severely reproves Vice by her (hining Example, but has often declar'd her high Indignation against it; and who has already, by her Prudent Commands, given an Effectual Check to fome of the Diforders of the Theatre: Her Majefty, while the confounds her Enemies Abroad, by the Thunder of her Arms, by her Gentle and Pious Government Scatters ample Bleffings on ber Subjects at Home. I was oder yadt vinist

Gives Glorious Morals to a Vicious Age, To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage, Bids the Chafte Muse without a Blush appear,

And Wit be that which Heaven and fhe may hear. [Prologue Spoke at Court before the Queen

on her Majefty's Birth-Day, 1703-4.] We

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We are bless'd alfo with feveral truly Great Men, both in Church and State. Great I mean, not so much on the Account of their Dignity as Deferts. Men who feem rais'd up on purpose for some Glorious Work! who are govern'd by Generous Principles, and shew how great Moderaration in ev'ry thing, unless in opposing Vice, Bigottry, and Persecution. So that confidering these things, may nt we one Day hope to fee a Glorious Reformation ? One great Obstacle that lyes still in the Way is, That there are fo many Men of Extraordinary Senfe and Wit engag'd in the Caufe of Irreligion. Wou'd thefe but once. defert the Sorry Caufe they have espous'd, and come over to the Side of Virtue, wou'd they flew but half that Zeal in advancing Religion, they have unhappily done in discarding it, the defir'd Work wou'd go on Gloriouly; for certainly they who can fet off Vice with Advantage, and give Sin itself an agreeable Profpest, might far more eafily recommend Virtue; might with far less Pains reform the World, than they are at to ruine it. shado she shill.

Virtue is in itfelf Excellent and Charming, and wants but a little Art to render it Victorious. Wou'd but onr great Genius's then employ their Pens in its Service, and by a good Life, witness their Sincerity, what a Happy

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Happy Change (bould we foon fee! How wou'd they attract the Attention of Mankind? What Force or Act wou'd be able to withftand fuch skilful Advocates when employ'd in fo good a Caufe? How fast vou'd Vice lose Ground, and Blush at her own Deformity? How wou'd the fost and moving Strains of Poetry tame the Savage, inspire the Stupid, melt the Cruel, quench the Flames of Lust, and blow up the pure Flames of Devotion! These wou'd be the certain Effects of Divine and Virtuous Poetry. May the Wits of the Nation at length make the Experiment, and so bless the World and themselves together.

Thus now I have deliver'd my Mind with Some Warmth and Freedom, but the Importance of the Thing I prefume will fufficiently excufe me; not that I expect to escape uncensur'd, this were to betray my Ignorance of the Age we live in : But 'tis better I think to fuffer Man's Judgment than God's, better be cenfur'd for defending Religion, than for being a Traitor to its Caufe. This is what however pleafes me. My severest Censurer's (unless more bardned Sinners than Rochefter himself) will when Death approaches them alter their Opinion, and wifb, with me, they had been faithful to God, and to their Consciences; they'll give a World then to live over those precious DIVINE

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precious Minutes again, which are now fpent perhaps in the wildest Extravagancies. Virtue will then appear to them in all its Charms, and Vice in all its Deformity; and they'll be at length fadly convinc'd, that fuch are the only Wise and Happy Men, who fear God, and live as the Heirs of Glory and Immortality.

It remains now that a Word or Two be faid concerning the Collection the World is here prefented with ; 'tis partly borrow'd from Authors, and partly New. The Authors are Men of unquestionable Reputation in these Matters ; the Poems were dispers'd thro' several Volumes, and most of them mix'd with others of a quite different Nature, So that though Printed already, they cou'd come into but very few Hands, and will be altogether New to most People. Our Poets have fo little employ'd their Talents on Divine Subjects, that their numerous Volumes afford not Poems enough of that Nature to furnish out one Octavo, and for this Reafon we have added several New Copies, which make up about half the Book. 'Tis hop'd thefe will be no Difgrace to the reft. May the whole be attended with God's Bleffing, and help to revive languishing Piety Opinion, and with with me, they in gnome faithfut to God, and so their Conference they'll give a World then to live over mole DIVINE precions

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# DIVINE HYMNS And POEMS.

## ΗΥΜΝ Ι.



HE Glorious Armies of the Sky To thee, O mighty King! Triumphant Anthems confectate And Hallelujahs fing.

#### II.

But still their most exalted Flights \* Fall vastly short of thee; How distant then must human Praise From thy Perfections be!

III. Ye:

#### III.

Yet how, my God, fhall I refrain, When to my ravifh'd Senfe Each Creature in their various Ways Difplay thy Excellence?

#### IV.

The active Lights that thine above, In their eternal Dance, Reveal their skilful Maker's Praise With filent Elegance.

#### V.

The Blufhes of the Morn confefs That thou art much more fair, When in the Eaft its Beams revive To gild the Fields of Air.

#### **V1**.

The fragrant, the refreshing Breath Of ev'ry flow'ry Bloom, In balmy Whispers own from thee Their pleasing Odours come.

#### VII.

The fingle Birds, the warbling Winds, And Waters murm'ring fall, To praife the first Almighty Caufe With diff'rent Voices call.

VIII.Thy

#### VIII.

Thy numerous Works exait thee thus, And fhall I filent be ? No, rather let me ceafe to breathe, Than ceafe from praifing thee.

## ΗΥΜΝ Π.

#### I.

Begin the high celeftial Strain, My ravifh'd Soul, and fing A folemn Hymn of grateful Praife To Heaven's Almighty King.

#### Ħ.

Ye curling Fountains, as you rowl Your filver Waves along, Whifper to all your verdant Shores The Subject of my Song.

#### III.

Retain it long, you ecchoing Rocks, The facred Sound retain, And from your hollow winding Caves Return it oft again.

IV. Bear

3

#### IV.

Bear it ye Winds on all your Wings To diftant Climes away, And round the wide-extended World My lofty Theme convey.

#### V.

Take the glad Burden of his Name, Ye Clouds, as you arife,
Whether to deck the golden Morn, Or fhade the Evening Skies.

#### VI.

Let harmless Thunders rowl along The smooth etherial Plain, And answer from the chrystal Vault To ev'ry flying Strain.

#### VII.

Long let it warble round the Spheres, And eccho thro' the Sky, Till Angels with immortal Skill Improve the Harmony.

#### VIII.

While I with facred Rapture fir'd The bleft Creator fing, And warble confectated Lays To Heav'n's Almighty King.

HYMN

#### •••••••••••••••

## H T M N III.

#### I. THou didft, O mighty God, exift E'er Time begun its Race, Before the ample Elements Fill'd up the Voids of Space.

#### II.

Before the pond'rous earthly Globe In fluid Air was flaid, Before the Ocean's mighty Springs-Their liquid Stores difplay'd.

#### III,

E'er thro' the Gloom of ancient Night The Streaks of Light appear'd, Before the high celeftial Arch, Or ftarry Poles were rear'd.

#### IV.

Before the loud melodious Spheres Their tuneful Round begun, Before the fhining Roads of Heav'n Were measur'd by the Sun.

(

#### V.

E'er thro' the Empirean Courts One Hallelujah rung, Or to their Harps the Sons of Light Extatick Anthems fung.

#### VI.

E'er Men ador'd, or Angels knew, Or prais'd thy wondrous Name, Thy Blifs (O facred Spring of Life !) And Glory was the fame.

#### VII.

And when the Pallars of the World With fudden Ruine break,

And all this vaft and goodly Frame Sinks in the mighty Wreck;

#### VIII.

When from her Orb the Moon shall flart, Th' aftonish'd Sun rowl back, While all the trembling flarry Lamps Their ancient Course forsake;

#### IX.

For ever Permanent and Fix'd, From Agitation free, Unchang'd, in everlafting Years Shall thy Existence be.

HTMN

#### KÖRKERIKERIKERIKERIKERI

## $H \Upsilon M N$ IV.

#### I.

T<sup>O</sup> thee, my God, I hourly figh, But not for golden Stores; Nor covet I the brightest Gemms On the rich Eastern Shores.

#### II.

Nor that deluding empty Joy Men call a mighty Name, Nor Greatnefs in its gayeft Pride My reftlefs Thoughts inflame.

#### III.

Nor Pleafure's foft enticing Charms My fond Defires allure; For greater things than these from thee My Wishes wou'd secure.

#### IV.

Those blissful, those transporting Smiles That brighten Heav'n above, The boundless Riches of thy Grace, And Treasures of thy Love.

#### B<sub>4</sub> V. Thefe

V.

These are the mighty things I crave, O make these Bleffings mine, And I the Glories of the World Contentedly refign.

£ WWWWWWWWWWWW

## $H \Upsilon M N V.$

#### I.

IN vain the dusky Night retires, And fullen Shadows fly: In vain the Morn with purple Light Adorns the Eaftern Sky.

#### Π...

In vain the gawdy rifing Sun The wide Horizon gilds, Comes glitt'ring o'er the filver Streams, And chears the dewy Fields.

#### III.

In vain difpenfing vernal Sweets The Morning Breezes Play; In vain the Birds with chearful Songs Salute the new-born Day;

IV. In

#### IV.

In vain, unlefs my Saviour's Face Thefe gloomy Clouds controul, And diffipate the fullen Shades That prefs my drooping Soul.

V Oh! vifit then thy Servant, Lord, With Favour from on high, Arife, my bright, immortal Sun, And all thefe Shades will die.

#### VI.

When, when, fhall I behold thy Face All radiant and ferene, Without thefe envious dusky Clouds That make a Veil between?

#### VII.

When fhall that long expected Day Of facred Vision be, When my impatient Soul fhall make A near Approach to thee.

A P A.

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#### KARKARKARKARKARKARKAR

'A PARAPHRASE on John iii, 16.

By a Young Lady.

For God fo hoved the World, that be gave his only Begotten Son, &c.

I.

Y ES, fo God lov'd the World; but where Are this great Love's Dimensions? Ev'n Angels ftop, for baffled here Are their vast Apprehensions.

In vain they ftrive to grafp the boundless Thing; Not all their Comments can explain the mighty Truth I fing.

Ħ.

Yet fill they paule on the Contents Of this amazing Story;

How he that fill'd the wide Extents Of uncreated Glory:

- He whom the Heav'n of Heav'ns cou'd not contain,
- Shou'd yet within the Sacred Maid's contracted Womb remain.

Ill. They

They fee him born, and hear him weep, To aggravate their Wonder,

Whole awful Voice had thook the Deep,

And breath'd his Will in Thunder: That awful Voice chang'd to an Infant's Cry, Whilft in a feeble Woman's Arms he feems conftrain'd to lye.

#### IV.

A God (Ah! where are are human Boafts?) ' Extended in a Manger!

The Lord of all the heav'nly Hofts Expos'd to Scorn and Danger ! The Only Bleft, the All-fufficient weeps, But oh ! who guides the ftagg'ring World while its Protector fleeps?

#### V.

And canft thou Man ungrateful prove? When 'twas for thy Salvation He left those fplendid Seats above, His late bright Habitation, Where all his Deity fhone without th' Allay Of a feraphick Vehicle, or deficated Clay.

#### VI.

Where he transcendently posses'd The Fulness of Perfection,

Bб

Tho?

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Tho' here benighted and oppreft, The Type of all Dejection.

He asks for Food that gave the Ravens Bread, And the great Founder of the World wants where to lay his Head.

#### VII.

But oh! what dark Catastrophe Does Hell at last confpire! Behold upon the curfed Tree The Lord of Life expire : From this amaz'd the Sun withdraws his Eye, Afraid to fee his Maker bleed, and the Eternal die.

#### VIII.

The Seraphim that throng'd about. 'Twixt Hope and Confternation, Now blaze the wond'rous News about The radiant Corporation; Who vainly firive the Mystery to fcan, And fathom the flupendious Depth of this great Love to Man.

#### IX.

He on the Rights of Justice stood

With their exalted Nature,

That now thro' Streams of facred Blood Wafts the terrestrial Creature,

#### Wafts

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Wafts dufty Man to that Felicity

Which the Apostate Sons of Light must never hope to fee.

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A PARAPHRASE on the 148th Pfalm.

By the Earl of Roscommon.

Written at Twelve Years of Age.

O Azure Vaults! O Cryftal Sky! The World's transparent Canopy, Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know. With what Contempt you look on Things below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War, Who conquer wherefoe'er you are, Let ecchoing Anthems make his Praifes known On Earth his Footstool, as in Heav'n his Throne.

Great Eye of all, whole glorious Ray Rules the bright Empire of the Day, O praife his Name, without whole purer Light Thou hadft been hid in an Abyls of Night.

\*

Ye

13

Ye Moon and Planets, who difpenfe

By God's Command your Influence, Refign to him, as your Creator, due, That Veneration which Men pay to you.

Fairest as well as first of Things,

From whom all Joy, all Beauty fprings, O praife th' Almighty Ruler of the Globe, Who ufeth thee for his Imperial Robe.

Praife him ye loud harmonious Spheres, Whofe Sacred Stamp all Nature bears, Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw, And whofe Command is th' universal Law.

Ye watry Mountains of the Sky,

And you fo far above our Eye, Vast ever-moving Orbs exalt his Name, Who gave its Being to your glorious Frame.

Ye Dragons, whole contagious Breath Peoples the dark Retreats of Death, Change your fierce Hilling into joyful Song. And praile your Maker with your forked Tongue.

Praise him ye Monsters of the Deep, That in the Sea's vast Bosom Sleep,

At

At whose Command the fearing Billows rear, Yet know their Limits, tremble and adore.

Ye Mifts and Vapours, Hail and Snow,

And you who thro' the Concave blow, Swift Executers of his holy Word, Whirlwinds and Tempefts, praife th' Almighty Lond.

Mountains who to your Maker's View Seem lefs than Mole-hills do to you. Remember how, when first Jehevah Spoke,

All Heav'n was Fire, and sinai hid in Smoke.

Praise him sweet Off-spring of the Ground

With Heav'nly Nectar yearly crown'd, And ye tall Cedars celebrate his Praife, That in his Temple Sacred Altars raife.

Idle Musicians of the Spring,

Whofe only Care's to love and fing,

Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling Throat

Praise your Creator with the sweetest Note.

Praise him each salvage, furious Beast,

That on his Stores do daily feaft,

And you tame Slaves of the laborious Plow, Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.

#### Majeftick

Majestick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,

Whofe Pow'r hath here no Periods, May all Attemps againft your Crown be vain, But ftill remember by whofe Pow'r you reign.

Let the wide World his Praises fing,

Where Tagus and Euphrates fpring,

And from the Danube's frofty Banks to those . Where from an unknown Head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our Lives,

Praise him from whom your Pow'r derives; Be true and just like him, and fear his Word, As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praise him old Monuments of Time :

O praife him in your youthful Prime. Praife him fair Idols of our greedy Senfe, Exalt his Name fweet Age of Innocence.

Jebouah's Name shall only last,

When Heaven, Earth, and all is past; Nothing, Great God, is to be found in thee But unconceivable Eternity.

Exalt O Jacob's facred Race,

The God of Gods, the God of Grace, Who will above the Stars your Empire raife, And with his Glory recompense your Praise.

ТЕ

#### KRHKRHKRHKRHKRHKRH

## TE DEUM

## PARAPHRASED

By Mr. DENNIS.

#### Ī.

Long Adieu to mortal Lays, Our Voice t'immortal Heights we raife, And fing the great Creator's Praife; Thy Praise, O God, thy boundless Praise, In more than human Sounds we fing. O for an Angel's tow'ring Wing! O! Rather for thy Spirit to fuffain Each matchless Strain. That it may reach Eternal Heights. And in its lofty, daring Flights, The Heaven of Heavens may scale, Raife all your Voices, ftrike your Strings, 'Tis God, 'tis God we fing ; Sound all and cry with one accord, Hail thou Supream of Things ! The World's great Author Hail! Hail Infinite Eternal King, The God above all Heights ador'd!

We all confels, and all obey, Proftrate, and low, and trembling, all Before thy dreadful Majesty we fall, Acknowledging thy boundless Sway.

#### II.

Such Homage to their Eastern Kings The Indian and the Persian brings: But Eastern Kings [alas] to thee Vain Fantoms are of Royalty, That with a false, delusive, Pow'r Appear and vanish in an Hour. For thee what Homage fhall we find ? Infinite, Independant, Mind. What Homage worthy of the God That can unmake us with a Nod? Look from thy awful Throne on High, And with thy Omniprefent Eye Into our Souls Receffes pry : There fee a Homage worthy thee, Worthy Eternal Majefty, See profound Humility : See Souls entirely mortify'd, Down fenflefs Vanity and Pride; Vile as thou art vain Man appear, Behold Omnipotence is here. When he who only is, when he Appears, what Worms, what Mites, are we! Nay, we are not, we only feem, We're scarce a Shadow, scarce a Dream,

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A fenflefs Dream of what is not, That paffes and is farait forgot. Thou only art, for what thou art Thou always wilt be, always wert; For thou art Permanent and Fix'd, Uncreated, and Unmix'd; The radiant Heavens, and rowling Earth, Owe to thee their wondrons Birth; Thou of Ten Thoufand Worlds art Lord, And art by every World ador'd; They all confefs thy Pow'r Divine, For thee they move, for thee they fhine, And every World's for ever thine.

#### Шľ

And this great Planet Earth, which rowls Inceffantly around its Poles, And till the End of Time muft run Its Giant Race about the Sun; And moving round the Lamp of Day, O'ertake the Seafons in its way, While flanting in its oblique Flight, It fhortens or prolongs the Night; Thee Motion's Fountain, and its Source, It worfhips in its endlefs Courfe; Thee while it turns about the Sphere, Accomplifhing the mighty Year, Its great Creator thee it ferves, And thy eternal Laws obferves.

Crea.

Creatures to whom great Mother Earth; Fermented by thy Flame, gave Birth; All that on Lybian Mountains Roar, Or Flounder on the Indian Shore; All that in airy Caravans on high.

Intelligent of Seafons fly, Thro' the vaft Defarts of th' Aerial Sky, All to their Maker Adoration pay, All conftantly thy feveral Laws obey.

Which their diffinguish'd Tribes and different Nations sway.

Their Scafons pre-ordain'd by thee they know,

At thy Command they come, at thy Command they go.

#### IV.

None but irregular Man thy rightful Sway, Impious irregular Man dares difobey;

Yet impious Man too thee adores,

Thee from Cathaian to Peruvian Shores,

- With nameless Rights, unnumber'd Tongues, He every Hour implores.
  - Before thy Feet Earth's numerous King-Z doms all,

Before thy Feet a Thousand Monarchs fall,

And thee their everlafting Father call.

And thus they cry, thy potent Breath,

Our great Forefather call'd from more than Death.

When

When thou faidst let him be, the Sound

Drew him wond'ring from the Ground ;

Before thee low the World's great Rulers, bow,

Thou art our God, our mighty Maker thou, Thou Form'dit us at the first, and thou fustain's us now.

#### ₹.

Now let us Earth and Earthly things difdain, Now let us try a loftier Strain, Now let our Souls to Heaven repair, Direct their most aspiring Flight, To Fields of uncreated Light, And dare to draw Empyreal Air. 'Tis done, Oh, Place divinely bright ! Oh, Sons of God divinely Fair ! Oh Sight ! Unutterable Sight ! Oh, unconceivable Delight ! Oh Joy, which only Gods can bear ! Hark how their blifsful Notes they raife, And fing th' Eternal Maker's Praife; How in extatick Song they Cry,

Lo we the glorious Sons of Light, So Great, fo Beautiful, fo Bright ! Lo we the brighteft of Created things, Who are all Flame, all Force, all Spirit, and all Eye,

Are yet but vile, and nothing in thy Sight. Before thy Feet, O mighty King of Kings!

O Maker of this boundlefs All ! Thus lowly Reverent we fall ! Thou know'ft how many of us fell, To loweft Shame and loweft Hell ; But thou art Holy, thou, O Lord, Art only fit to be Implor'd, Of Sacred Sabbath, God Ador'd ! And thus they pafs Eternity, To thee all Angels in the Sky, And all Archangels loudly Cry ; The mighty Cherubim, Anfwer the flaming Seraphim, Holy, continually they Cry !

O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,

Of Sacred Sabboth God Ador'd.

- From them Dominions catch the blifsful Song, And Thrones the glorious Fugue prolong! Holy continually they Cry,
- Th'Harmonious Thunder rowls along the Skies, And to the Golden Orbs it flies.

The vast Intelligences all on Fire,

With flaming Zeal compleat th' immortaj Quire;

To fing the great Creator all confpire; All Ranks divinely touch the living Lyre: O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord, Of Sacred Sabbath, God Ador'd! Holy th' imperial Spirits cry, Holy the Regents of the Orbs reply.

Τo

<u>ر</u>

To the great Strain they tune their Spheres, And ravifu even immortal Ears:

And all th' harmonious Worlds on high Accompany the Song Divine, And in th' eternal Chorus join.

#### VI.

Thus thee they always worthip, at Thee God of Sacred Sabbath call. For thou haft been of holy Reft, From vaft Eternity poffeft. When all in yon created Mafs Does but appear, and move, and pafs; All moves, all fluctuates, without End, But Spirits that on thine depend. Yon glorious Worlds, that floating lye, In the profound Abyfs of Sky, In Matter's flormy Gulph are toft, Till in a flaming Wreck they're loft. We that fo far with Angels Ken can Trace Thy Godlike Works along the boundlefs Space, See Nought from endlefs Agitation free,

But thee, the Great, th' Eternal Mover, thee. Even we are mov'd, even we are toft In blifsful Rapture almost lost,

Even we fometimes almost complain, Of Transports that are near to Pain, Which without thee we never could fustain. S Thou mov's us all, yet ever bleft, Alone enjoy's perpetual Reft :

Thy

Thy great All-feeing Eyes ne'er Sleep; And yet for everlafting Days

They Sabbath, Sacred Sabbath, keep; The wondrous Subject of our Praise.

But who, tho' mounted on an Angel's Wing, Can ever hope to raife his Flight

To fuch a tow ring, fuch a Godlike Height,

As thee with equal Song to fing?

Thee over all the Worlds Supream,

Who must not flag beneath th' Almighty Theme.

Where-e'er at utmoft Stretch we caft our Eyes, Thro' the vaft frightful Spaces of the Skies, Even there we find thy Glory, there we gaze On thy bright Majefty's unbounded Blaze:

Ten Thousand Suns, prodigious Globes of Light

At once in broad Dimensions strike our Sight. Millions behind, in the remoter Skies

Appear but Spangles to our wearied Eyes :

And when our weary'd Eyes want farther Strength,

To pierce the Void's immeasurable Length, Our vigorous tow'ring Thoughts still further fly,

And ftill remoter flaming Worlds defery: But even an Angel's comprehenive Thought Cannot extend fo far as thou haft wrought; Our vaft Conceptions are by Swelling brought, Swallow'd and loft in Infinite to Nought.

HYM N

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# KAPKAPKERHKAPKAPKAPKAP

# HYMN on the Sacrament.

# By an unknown Hand.

I.

A N D art thou mine, my dearest Lord ? Then I have all, nor fly The boldest Wishes I can form Unto a Pitch more high.

#### H.

Yes, thou art mine, the Contract's feal'd With thy own precious Blood; And e'en Almighty Power's engag'd To fee it all made good.

#### HJ.

My Fears diffolve : For O what more Cou'd fludious Bounty do? What farther mighty Proofs are left Unbounded Love to fhew?

#### IV.

My Faith's confirm'd, nor wou'd I quit My Title to thy Love For all the valu'd things below,

Or chining things above.

V. Nor

V.

Nor at the profp'rous Sinner's State Do I at all repine;

No, let 'em parcel out the Earth,

While Heav'n and thou art mine.

REAL CONTRACTION REAL REAL

# A PASTORAL on the Nativity of our Saviour, in Imitation of an Italian Pastoral.

By Mrs. SINGER.

#### Menalca s.

Some mighty things the leawful Signs portend! Amaz'd, we fee new Stars the Skies afcend; A thou fand firange ufurping Lights appear, And dart their fudden Glories thro' the Air; A dazz'ling Day without the Sun returns, And thro' the Midnight's dusky Horror burns.

#### Palemon.

And in the Depth of Winter Spring appears, For lo! the Ground a fudden Verdure wears; The op'ning Flow'rs difplay their gaudi'ft Dye, And feem with all the Summer's Pride to vie.

·Ura-

#### Uranio.

Nor without Myft'ry are thefe Joys that rowl In Torrents thro' my now prophetick Soul, And foftly whifper to my ravifh'd Breaft, That more than all the Tribes the Race of Judak's bleft.

#### Menalcus.

But fee the Eastern Skies disclose a Light Beyond the Noontide's flaming Glories bright, This Way its Course the faered Vision bends, And with much State and solemn Pomp descends. Sonorous Voices eccho from afar,

And foftly warble thro' the trembling Air : The circling Spheres the charming Sound prolong,

And answer all the Cadence of their Song: And now the facred Harmony draws near, And now a Thousand heav'nly Forms appear.

#### Angels.

Immortal Glory give to God on High, Thro' all the lofty Stations of the Sky; Let Joy on Earth, and endlefs Peace enfue, The Great Meffiah's born, thrice happy Men to you.

UTA-

#### Uranie.

The Great Meffiah born ! Transporting Sound !

To the wide World fpread the bleft Accent<sup>s</sup> round.

What Joy these long-expected Tidings bring? To us is born a Saviour and a King.

#### Angels.

An Infant in a Virgin's Arms he lyes Who rides the Winds, and thunders thro' the Skies:

The God to whom the flaming Seraphs bow, Defcends to lead the Life of Mortals now.

#### Menalcas.

Surprizing Pow'r of Love! Ev'n God himfelf thy mighty Force does prove; Thou rul'ft the World below, and govern'ft all above!

#### Palemon.

You shining Messens be farther kind, And tell us where the wondrous Child to find.

#### Angels.

Your glad Conducters to the Place we'll be Eager as you this myflick Thing to fee.

(Ura-

#### Uranio.

Some Prefent to the Infant King let's bear, For Zeal fliou'd always liberal appear.

ŕ,

#### Angels.

Come on, we'll lead you to the poor bode, Where in a Manger lives th' Incarnate God, Reduc'd to lodge among the fordid Beaft, Who all the fpacious Realms of Light posses And he whose humble Ministers we were, Becomes a tender Virgin's helples Care. Thro' Heav'n but now the hasty Tidings rung, And Anthems on the wond'rous Theme they fung.

#### Palemon.

But to what happy Maid of human Race Has Heav'n allotted this peculiar Grace?

#### Angels.

Ye ecchoing Skies repeat Maria's Name, Maria thro' the flarry Worlds proclaim. In her bright Face celeftial Graces fhine, Her Mind's enrich'd with Treafures all divine, From David's Royal Houfe defcends her noble Line.

But see the humble Seat, the poor Abode, That holds the Virgin with the Infant God.

C .

Menal

Menalcas.

Thee, Virgin-born, thus proftrate I addre, And offer here the Choice of all my Store-Untill'd the Earth fhall now vaft Harvefts yield, And laughing Plenty crown the open Field. Clear Rivers in the Defarts fhall be feen. And barren Waftes cloath'd in eternal Green. Inftead of Thorns the ftately Firr fhall rife, And wave his lofty Head amidft the Skies; Where Thiftles once, fhall fragrant Myrtles

grow,

The beauteous Rofe on ev'ry Bufh fhall glow, And from the purple Grape rich Wines unprefs'd fhall flow.

#### Palemon.

Great Star of Jacob, that fo bright doft rife, Turn, lovely Infant, thy aufpicious Eyes: This foft and fpotlefs Wooll to thee I bring, My earlieft Tribute to the new-born King With thee each facred Virtue takes its Birth, And Peace and Juffice now fhall rule the Earth. Thou fhalt the Blifs of Paradife reftore, And Wars and Tumults fhall be heard no more. The Wolf and Lamb fhall now together feed, And with the Ox the Lions favage breed. The Child fhall with the harmlefs Serpent play, And lead unhurt the gentle Beaft away.

1 2

And

And where the Sun afcends the fhining East, And where he ends his Journey in the West, Thy glorious Name shall be ador'd and blest.

#### Uranio, 🗤

The Hope of *Ifrael* Hail—with humble Zeal To thee unqueftion'd Son of God, I kneel : All hail to thee, of whom the Prophets old Such mighty things to our Forefathers told. Thy Kingdom fhall from Sea to Sea extend, And reach the fpacious World's remoteft End. The fpicy Ifle, and *Saba*'s wealthy King, To thee from far fhall coftly Prefents bring. Thy ftedfaft Throne fhall ftand for ever faft, And thy Dominion Time it felf outlaft.

This gentle Lamb, the beft my Flocks afford, I bring an Off ring to all Nature's Lord.

### Angels.

And we the Regents of the Spheres, thus low Before Mankind's illustrious Saviour bow, Aftonish'd, in an Infant's Form we see, Difguis'd th' ineffable Divinity, Who arm'd with Thunder, on the Fields of Light O'ercame the potent Seraphims in Fight. Thus humbled—O unbounded Force of Love ! Subdu'd by that from all the Joys above, Thou cam's the wretched Life of Man to prove And thus our ruin'd Numbers will supply, And fill the Defolations of the Sky.

C4

MES-

# \* KENKENKENKENKENKEN

# MESSIAH:

A Sacred ECLOGUE, composed of several Passages of Isliah the Prophet.

Written in Initation of Virgil's Pollio.

Y E Nymphs of Solyma ! Begin the Song : To heav'nly Themes fublimer Strains belong.

The Moffie Fountains and the Silvan Shades, The Dreams of *Pindus*, and th' Aonian Maids Delight no more—O thou my Voice infpire Who touch'd *Ifaiab*'s hallow'd Lips with Fire! Rapt into future Times the Bard begun, A Virgin fhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son. From Juffe's Root behold a Branch arife Whole facred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the Shies

Th' Etherial Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move, And on its Top descends the Mystick Dove. Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy Nectar pour, And in soft Silence shed the kindly Show'r : The

The fick, the weak, the healing Plant shall aid, From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade. All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail.

Returning Juffice lift aloft her Scale; Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend. And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend. Swift fly the Years, and rife th' expected Morn ; O fpring to Light ! Aufpicious Babe be born. See Nature haftes her earlieft Wreaths to bring, With all the Incense of the breathing Spring: See lofty Lebanon his Head advance ; See nodding Forrests on the Mountains dance: See fpicy Clouds from lovely Saron rife, And Carmel's flow'ry Top perfumes the Skies! Hark! a glad Voice the lonely Defart chears; Prepare the Way ! a God, a God appears; A God, a God, the vocal bhills reply, The Rocks proclaim th'approaching Deity. Lo Earth receives him from the bending Skies ! Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Valleys rife : With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars Homage pay; Be fmooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way ! The Saviour comes ! by ancient Bards foregold : Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold ! He from thick Films shall purge the visual Ray, And on the fightlefs Eye-ball pour the Day. 'Tis he th' obfiructed Packs of Sound fhall clear, And bid new Musick charm th' infolding Eas.

Cs

The

- 34 Divine HYMNS and POEMS.
- The Dumb shall sing, the Lame his Crutch forgo;
- And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.
- No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World shall hear,
- From ev'ry Face he wipes off ev'ry Tear.
- In Adamantine Chains shall Death be bound,
- And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal Wound.

As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy Care, Seeks fresheft Pasture and the purest Air, Explores the lost, the wandring Sheep directs, By Day o'erfees them, and by Night protects; The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,

Feeds from his Hand; and in his Bosom warms.

Thus shall Mankind his guardian Care engage, The promis'd Eather of the future Age.

No more fhall Nation againft Nation rife, Nor ardent Warriors meet with hateful Eyes, Nor Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'es The Brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more; But ufelefs Lances into Scythes fhall bend, And the broad Faulchion in a Plow-fhear end: Then Palaces fhall rife; the joyful Son Shall finifh what his fhort-liv'd Sire begun; Their Vines a Shadow to their Race fhall yield,

And the fame Hand that fow'd fhall resp the Field

The

The Swains in barren Defarts with furprize, See Lillies fpring, and fudden Verdure rife, And ftart amidft the thirfty Wilds to hear New Falls of Water mum'ring in his Ear : On rifted Rocks, the Dragons late Abodes, The green Reed trembles, and the Bulrufh nods. Wafte fandy Vallies, once perplext with Thorn.

The fpiry Firr, and fhapely Box adorn; To leaflefs Shrubs the flow'ring Palms fucceed, And od'rous Myrtle to the noifome Weed. The Lambs with Wolves fhall graze the ver-

dant Mead.

And Boys in flow'ry Bands the Tyger lead; The Steer and Lyon at one Crib fha!l meet, And harmlefs Serpents lick the Pilgrim's Feet. The finiling Infant in his Hand fhall take The crefted Bafilisk and fpeckled Snake: Pleas'd, the green Luftre of the Scales furvey, And with their forky Tongue and pointlefs Sting fhall play;

Rife, crown'd with Light, imperial Salem rife, Exalt thy tow'ry Head, and lift thy Eyes! See a long Race thy fpacious Courts adorn! See future Sons and Daughters yet unborn, In crouding Ranks on every fide arife, Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies! See barb'rous Nations at thy Gates attend, Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend! C 6 See

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See thy bright Altars throng'd with proffrate Kings,

And heap'd with Products of Sabean Springs ! For thee Idame's fpicy Forefts blow,

And Seed of Gold in Ophir's Mountains glow. See Heav'n its sparkling Portals wide display,

And break upon thee in Flood of Day!

No more the rifing Sun shall gild the Morn,

Nor Ev'ning Cynthia fill her filver Horn;

But loft, diffolv'd in thy fuperior Rays,

One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blaze

O'erflow thy Courts : The Light himfelf fhall fhall

Reveal'd, and God's eternal Day be thine !

The Seas shall wafte, the Skies in Smoke decay,

Rocks fall to Duft, and Mountains melt away; But fix'd his Word, his faving Pow'r remains,

Thy Realm for over lasts, thy own Meffiah reigns.



7

## ne han de hande de heren de he

A PARAPHRASE on Rev. Chap. i. from v. 13. to v. 18.

# By a Young Lady.

#### L

WHO could and yet outlive th' amazing Sight ! O who could fland the Strefs of fo much Light !

Amidft the golden Lamps the Vilien ftood, Form'd like a Man, with all the Awe and Luftre of a God.

#### IL

A kingly Vefture cloath'd him to the Ground, And radiant Gold his facred Breafts furround, But all too thin the Deity to faroud; For Heav'nly Rays expressly faone thro' the unable Cloud.

### III,

His Head, his awful Head, was grac'd with Hair

As foft as Snow, as melted Silver fair;

And from his Eyes fuch aftive Glories flow,

The confcious Seraphs well might vail their dimmer Faces too.

IV. His

His Feet were ftrong, and dreadful as his Port,

Worthy the godlike Form they did fupport: His Voice refembled the Majeftick Fall

Of mighty Waves: 'Twas Awful, Great, Divine, and Solemn, all.

### V.

His pow'rful Hand a Starry Scepter held,

His Mouth a threatning two-edg'd Sword did wield,

His Face fo wondrous, fo divinely fair,

As all the glorious Lights above had been contracted there.

#### VI.

And now my fainting Spirits frove in vain The uncorrected Splendor to fustain: Unable longer fuch bright Rays to meet,

I dy'd beneath the pond'rous Load at the great Vision's Feet.

## VII.

But he that doth the Springs of Life contain Breath'd back my Soul, and bid me live again; And thus began—but Oh with fuch an Air As nothing but a Pow'r Divine had made me live to hear.

VIII. From

#### VIII.

- " From an unviewable Eternity
- " I was, I am, and must for ever be :
- " Once dead, but now an endless Life I gain,
- "And over Death and Hell triumphant " reign.

# A PINDARICK ODE ON THE

# Paffion of our SAVIOUR.

# By Mr. NORRIS.

#### **T**..

S A Y bold, licentious, Mule, What noble Subject wilt then chule? Of what great Hero, of what mighty Thing, Wilt thou in boundlefs Numbers fing? Sing th' unfathom'd Depths of Love; For who the Wonders done by Love can tell, By Love, which is it felf all Miracle? Here in vaft endlefs Circles may'ft thou rove, And like the trav'ling Planet of the Day, In an Orb unbounded Stray:

Sing

Sing the great Miracle of Love Divine, Great be thy Genius, fparkling ev'ry Line; Love's greateff Mysteries rehearse,

Greater than that

Which on the teeming Chaos brooding fat, And hatch'd with kindly Heat the Universe. How God in Mercy chofe to die,

To refcue Man from Mifery : Man, not his Creature only, but his Enemy.

#### **N**.

Lo in Geth/emane I feem him proftrate lye, Prefs'd with the Weight of his great Agony ; The common Sluices of his Eyes,

To vent his mighty Paffion won't fuffice : His tortur'd Body weeps all o'er,

And out of every Pore Buds forth a precious Gemm of purple Gore How strange the Power of Affliction's Rod. When in the Hand of an incenfed God !

Like the commanding Wand,

In Moles Hand.

It works a Miracle, and turns the Flood

Of Tears into a Sea of Blood.

See with what Pomp Sorrow does now appear, How proud the is of being feated here:

She never wore

So Richa Dye before.

Long washe willing to decline

Th' Encounter of the Wrath Divine; Thrice

Thrice he fent for his Releafe,

Pathetick Embassies of Peace;

At length his Courage overcame his Doubt, Refolv'd he was, and fo the bloody Flag hung, out.

#### HI.

And now the Tragick Scene's difplay'd, Where drawn in full Battalia are laid Before his Eyes That numerous Hoft of Mileries He must withstand, that Map of Woe Which he must undergo. That heavy Wine-prefs must by him be trody The whole Artillery of God. He faw that Face whofe very Sight Chears Angels with its beatifick Light, Contracted now into a dreadful Frown. All cloath'd with Thunder, big with Death, And Showers of hor burning Wrath, Which fhortly must be poured down : He faw a black and difmal Scroul Of Sins past, present, and to come, With their intolerable Doom, Which would the more oppress his spotlefs. Soul. As th' Elements are weighty prov'd, When from their native Station they're re-

moy'd.

He

He faw the foul Ingratitude of those Who would the Labours of his Love oppose, And reap no Benefit by all his Agonies.

He faw all this,

And as he faw, to waver he began, And almost to repent of his great Love to Man.

#### IV.

When lo ! a Heav'nly Form, all bright and fair,

Swifter than Thought fhot thro' th' enlightn'd Air;

He who fits next th' Imperial Throne,

And reads the Counfels of the great Three-One,

Who in Eternity's mysterious Glass.

Saw both what is, what was, and what muffcome to pairs ;

He came with Reverence profound,

And rais'd his profitrate Maker from the Ground, Wip'd off the bloody Sweat,

With which his Face and Garments too were wet.

And comforted his dark benighted Mind With fov'reign Cordials of Light refin'd. This done, with foft Addreffes he began To fortify his kind Defigns for Man, Unfeal'd to him the Book of God's Decree,

And fhew'd him what must be:

Alledg'd

Alledg'd the Ttuth of Prophecies, Of Figures, Types and Mysteries : How needful 'twas thus to supply Wich human Race the Ruins of the Sky: How this would new Accession bring. To the Celeftial Quire, And how withal it would infpire New Matter for the Praise of the great King: How he should fee the Travail of his Soul and blefs Those Sufferings which had fo good Success : How great the Triumph of his Victory: How glorious his Afcent would be : What weighty Blifs in Heav'n he shou'd obtain By a few Hours of Pain. Where to eternal Ages he should reign. He spake-confirm'd in Mind the Champion ftood. A Sp'rit Divine Thro' the thick Veil of Flesh did thine ; All over Powerful he was, all over Good, Pleas'd with his fuccessful Flight. Th' officious Angel posts away To the bright Regions of eternal Day; Departing in a Tract of Light: In hafte for News the heavenly People ran, And joy'd to hear the hopeful State of Man. V. And

And now that strange prodigious Hour, When God must Subject be to human Pow'r,

That Hour is come :

Th' unerring Clock of Fate has ftruck,

- 'Twas heard below down to Hell's loweft Room.
- And firsit th' infernal Pow'rs th' appointed. Signal took.

Open the Scene, my Mule, and fee

Wonders of Impudence and Villany :

How wicked mercenary Hands

Dare to Invade him whom they should Adore;

With Swords and Staves encompais'd round he ftands,

Who knew no other Guards than those of Heaven before.

Once with his powerful Breath he did repel The rude Affaults of Hell;

A Ray of his Divinity

Shot forth with that bold Answer, I am he.

They reel and ftagger, and fail to the Ground, For God was in the Sound.

The Voice of God was once again

Walking in the Garden heard,

- And once again was by the guilty Hearers fear'd,
- Trembling feifed ev'ry Joint, and Chilnefs ev'ry Vein.

This

This little Victory he won, Shew'd what he could have done. But he to whom as Chief was giv'n, The whole Militia of Heav'n; That mighty He Dechnes all Guards for his Defence, But that of his infeparable Innocence, And quietly gives up his Liberty. He's feiz'd on by the military Bands, With Cords they bind his Sacred Hands; But Ah how weak! What Nothings would they prove!

Were he not held by ftronger ones of Love?

## VI.

Once more my wearied Mufe thy Pinions try, And reach the top of Calvary.
A fteep Afcent! But moft to him who bore The Burthen of a Crofs this Way before.
(The Crofs afcends, there's fomething in itfure That Moral is and Myftical;
No Heights of Fortune are from thee fecure, Afflictions fometimes climb as well as fall.) Here breathe a while, and view The doleful'ft Picture Sorrow ever drew, The Lord of Life, Heavn's darling Son, The Great, th' Almighty One,
With out-firetch'd Arms nail'd to a curfed Tree, Crown'd with fharp Thorns, cover'd with Infamy.

He

45

He who before So many Miracles had done; The Lives of others to reftore, Does with a greater lofe his own. Full three Hours long he did fuftain Moft exquisite and poignant Pain : So long the simpathizing Sunshis light withdrew, And wondered how the Stars their dying L ord could view.

## VII.

This ftrange Defect of Light Does all the Sages in Aftronomy affright With Fears of an eternal Night: Th'Intelligences in their Courfes ftray, And Travellers below miftake their Way, Wondring to be benighted in the midft of Day: Each Mind is feiz'd with Horror and Defpair, And more o'erfpread with Darknefs than the Air. Fear on, 'tis wondrous all and new, 'Tis what paft Ages never knew, Fear on, but yet you'll find The great Eclipfe is ftill behind.;

The Lustre of the Face Divine Does on the mighty Sufferer no longer thine;

God

- -

God hides his Glories from his Sight With a thick Screen made of Hell's groffeft Night;

Clofe wrought it was, and folid all, Compacted, and fubftantial, Impenetrable to th' Beatifick Light :

Without Complaint he bore

The Tortures he endur'd before ; But now no longer able to contain Under the great Hyperbole of Pain, He mourns, and with a ftrong pathetick Cry, Laments the fad Defertion of the Deity.

Here ftop, my Mule, ftop and admire, The Breather of all Life does now expire. His milder Father fummons him away; His Breath obediently he does refign; Angels to Paradife his Soul convey, And calm the Belicks of his Grief, with Hymns Divine.



#### HTMN



# KRIKRIKRIKRIKRIKRI

# H Y M N

#### 0 N

# H E A V E N.

# By an unknown Hand.

#### I.

HAIL facred Salem plac'd on High ! Seat of the mighty King, What Thought can grafp thy boundless Blifs? What Tongue thy Glories fing?

#### II.

Thy cryftal Tow'rs and Palaces Magnificently rife, And dart their beauteous Luftre round The Empirean Skies.

## III.

The Voice of Triumph in thy Streets, And Acclamations, found : Gay Banquets in thy fplendid Courts, And Nuptial Joys abound.

IV. Bright

#### FV.

Bright Smiles on ev'ry Face appear, Rapture in ev'ry Eye; From ev'ry Mouth g'ad Anthems flow, And charming Harmony.

#### V.

Illustrious Day for ever there, Streams from the Face Divine: No pale-fac'd Moon e'er glimmers forth, Nor Stars, nor Sun, decline.

#### VI.

No fearching Heats, no piercing Colds, The changing Seafons bring, But o'er the Fields mild Breezes there Breathe an Eternal Spring.

#### VII.

The Flow'rs with lafting Beauty fhine, And deck the fmiling Ground, While flowing Streams of Pleafure all The happy Plains furround.



D

Come,

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Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Fields, let us lodge in the Villages. Cant. 7. 11.

#### I.

T Hou Object of my higheft Blifs, And of my dearest Love, Come let us from this tiresome World, And all its Cares remove.

#### H.

Among the murm'ring crystal Streams, The Groves, and flow'ry Fields, Let's try the Calm and Silent Joys That bleft Retirement yields.

#### HI.

There, far from all the busie World, To thee alone I'll Live, And taste more Pleasure in thy Smiles

Than all things elfe can give.

### IV.

My pure Defires, and **holy** Vows, Shall Centre all in thee, While ev'ry Hour to Sacred Love Shall confectated be.

HTMN.

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# KER KERKER KER KER

# H Y M N.

I.

B Efore the rolie Dawn of Day To thee my God, I'll Sing, Awake my foft and tuneful Lyre, Awake each charming String.

#### II.

Awake, and let thy flowing Strain Glide through the Midnight Air, While high amid'ft her filent Orb The filver Moon rouls clear.

#### III.

While all the glitt'ring Starry Lamps Are lighted in the Sky, And fet their Maker's Greatness forth To thy admiring Eye

#### IV.

While watchful Angels round the Juft As nightly Guardians wait, In lofty Strains of grateful Praife Thy Spirit elevate.

V.

Awake my foft and tuneful Lyre, Awake each charming String, Before the rofie Dawn of Day To thee, my God, I'll Sing

### VI.

Thou round the Heav'nly Arch doft draw A dark and fable Veil, And all the Beauties of the World From mortal Eyes conceal.

#### VII.

Agen the Sky with golden Beams Thy Skilful Hands adorn,

And Paint with chearful Splendor gay The fair afcending Morn.

#### VIII.

And as the gloomy Night returns, Or fmiling Day renews, Thy conftant Goodnefs fiill my Soul With Benefits purfues.

#### 'IX.

For this I'll midnight Vows to thee With early Incenfe bring, And e'er the rofie Dawn of Day Thy lofty Praifes fing.

#### PSALM

# REELESSICE HERE

# PSALM Cxrv.

#### I.,

W Hen Ifrael, freed from Pharaeh's Hand, Left the proud Tyrant and his Land, The Tribes with cheerful Homage own Their King, and Judah was his Throne.

#### II.

Aerofs the Deep their Journey lay. The Deep divides to make them way; The Streams of *Jordan* faw, and fled With backward Current to their Head.

#### III.

The Mountains shook like frighted Sheep Like Lambs, the little Hillocks leap; Not Sinai on her Base could stand, Conficious of Sovereign Power at Hand.

#### IV.

What Power could make the Deep divide ? Make Jordan backward roll his Tide ? Why did ye leap, ye little Hills ? And whence the Fright that Sinai feels ?

#### D\_3

V. Let

V.

Lot every Mountain, every Flood Retire, and know th' approaching God, The King of *Ifrael*: See him here; Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

#### VI.

He Thunders, and all Nature mourns; The Rock to ftanding Pools he turns; Flints fpring with Fountains at his Word, And Fires and Seas confess their Lord.

#### 

## A PARAPHRASE on John xxi. 17.

#### By a Young Lady.

Y E S, thou that knoweft all, doft know I love thee, And that I fet no Idol up above thee, To thy unerring Cenfure I appeal, And thou that knoweft all things fure can'ft tell: I love thee more than Life or Intereft;

Nor haft thou any Rival in my Breaft :

I love

I love thee to that I could calmly bear The Mocks of Fools, and blefs my happy Ear, Might I from thee but one kind Whifper hear:

I love thee fo that for a Smile of thine, Might this and all the brighter Worlds be mine I wou'd not paufe, but with a noble Scoro, At the unequal, flighted Offer, Spurn; Yes, I to Fools thefe Trifles can refign, Nor envy them the World, whilft thou art mine:

I love thee as my Centre, and can find No Point befides to ftay my doubtful Mind; Potent and uncontroul'd its Motions were, Till fix'd in thee its only congruous Sphere: Urg'd with a Thoufand fpecious Baits I ftood, Difpleas'd and Sighing for fome diftant Good To calm its genuine Dictates----but betwixt Them all, remain'd fufpended and unfixt. I love thee fo'tis more than Death to be, My Life, my Love, my All, depriv'd of thee; Tis Hell, 'tis Horror, Shades and Darknefs, then.

"Till thou unveil'ft thy heav'nly Face agen : I love thee fo I'd kifs the Dart fhou'd free My flutt'ring Soul, and fend her up to thee,

- O wou'dst thou break her Chain, with what Delight
- She'd fpread her Wings, and bid the World good Night !

Scarce

Scarce for my bright Conductors wou'd I ftay,

But lead thy flaming Ministers the Way, In their known Passage to eternal Day.

And yet the Climes of Light wou'd scarce feem Fair,

Unlefs I met my bright Redee mer there, Unlefs I there could view his charming Face, And cope all Heaven in his dear Embrace.

REPHERENCE MERINE

# The WISH.

By a young Lady.

Wou'd fome kind Vision represent to me How Bright thy Streets, celestial salem : be,

I'd trace thy fhining pearly Paths, and tell How bleft are those that in thy Temple dwell. How much more Bright than e'er proud *Phabus* shed

Are those vast Rays, th' eternal Sun does fpread!

Cou'd I the Fairest of ten Thousand view, Wou'd Angels me their Admiration shew,

I'd

I'd tell the Virgins, tell 'em o'er agen,

- How Fair he look'd, to the black Sons of Men : Might I (but Ah, while clogg'd with finful Flefh,
- In vain I breathe out the impatient Wish)
- But have a Glimpfe of those fair Fields above,
- Where dreft in Beams the fhining Saints do move,

More Gay than all the fancy'd Shades of Love.) Where the true Sun of Glory ne'er declines, But with unclouded Vigour always fhines : Where endlefs Smiles celeftial Faces wear, No Eye eclips'd with a rebellious Tear, For Grief is an unheard-of Stranger there.



A DIALOGUE between the fallen Angels and a humane Spirit just entred into the other World.

By an unknown Hand.

Humane Spirit.

L Ong ftruggling in the Agonies of Death, With Horror I refign'd my mortal Breath With Horror long the fatal Gulph I view'd, And fhiv'ring on its utmost Edges stood, D s Till

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Till forc'd to take th' inevitable Leap, I hurry'd headlong down the gloomy Steep : And here of every Hope bereft, I find My felf a naked, an unbody'd, Mind, My lov'd, my fond, officious, Friends in vain My fleeting Soul endeavour'd to retain; In vain its blooming Manfion did invite, Grandeur, and Wealth, and Love, and foft Delight,

With tempting Calls in vain its Flight would flay.

When forc'd by the fevere Decree away. 'Tis paft-----and all like a thin Vision gone, For which I have my wetched Soul undone, And wand'ring on this dark detefted Shore, My Eyes shall view the upper Light no more.

#### Fallen Angels.

Then welcome to the Regions of Defpair, Thy Ruin coft us much Defign and Care, And thou hadft 'scap'd but for one happy Snare,

And in the blifsful Skies fupply'd the Place Of fome fall'n Spirit of our nobler Race; Thou cou'dst the Thirst of Wine or Wealth controul.

• 1

And no malicious Sin has stain'd thy Soul, But for the Joys of one forbidden Love Hast lost the boundless Extances above.

Humante

#### Humane Spirit.

And all was freely, freely all was loft ;

How Dear has one short Dream of Pleafure coft !

But yet this fatal, this enchanting Dream, I should perhaps to Heaven it felf esteem, Were it as permanent : But Ah ! 'Tis gone, And I a Wretch abandon'd and undone : Of God, of every fmiling Hope, am left, And all my dear Delights on Earth bereft, While here for gilded Roofs, and painted Bowers.

For pleafant Walks, and Beds of fragrant Flowers.

I find polluted Dens, and pitchy Streams, And burning Paths with Beds of raging Flames; Instead of Musick's fweet inspiring Sound, Repeated Yells, and endless Groans, go round; And for the lovely Faces of my Friends, I meet the Ghaftly Viffages of Fiends. A Thousand nameless Terrors are behind, Defpair, Confusion, Fury, feize my Mind : But will my Griefs no happy Period find ?

## Fallen Angels.

Count all the twinkling Glories of the Sky, Count all the Drops that in the Ocean lye, Of all the earthy Globe the Atoms count, Eternal Years thy Numbers still furmount.

D 6

Millione

Millions of tedious ling'ring Ages gone, Thy Mifery, thy Hell, is but begun. As fix'd, as permanent, thy Blifs had been, But for one darling, one beloved, Sin; Cold to the Baits of any other Vice Beauty alone could thy fond Thoughts entice By this, or all our Stratagems had fail'd, By this we o'er thy temp'rate Youth prevail'd. Poor fottifh Soul ! Below our Envy now, For what a Toy didft thou a Heaven forego !

#### Humane Spirit.

O tell me not from what fair Hopes I fell, Just missing Heaven but aggravates my Hell.

#### Fallen Angels.

Thou know'ft not what thou'ft loft, but we too well

The Glories of that happy Place can tell. There endlefs Heights of Extafic they prove, There's lafting Beauty and immortal Love; There flowing Pleafures in full Torrents roul, For Pleafures form'd, this Lofs must rack thy. Soul.

#### Humane Spirit.

With how much cruel Art you aggravate My Miferies intolerable Weight.

Fallen

Fallen Angels.

Our Envy once, thou'rt now become our Scorn,

In vain for thee the Son of God was Born; That mighty Favour, that peculiar Grace, Too Glorious for the fall'n Angelick Race, Serves only to exasperate thy Doom, And give th' infernal Shades a darker Gloom.

#### Humane Spirit.

Oh that's the wounding Circumstance of all. To lower Depths of Woe I cannot fall : Ye curst Tormentors, now your Rage is spent, Your Fury can no further Hell invent; A Saviour's Title, a Redeemer's Blood, Their Worth till now I little understood.



HYMN.

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#### 

# HYMN.

#### By Mr. BOWDEN.

#### I.

F Rom Earth's dull Joys, and fendlefs Mirth, O come, my Soul, in haft retire, Aflume the Grandeur of thy Birth, And to thy native Heav'n afpire.

#### II.

Here's Nought [Alas!] deferves delay, Nought that can bribe thy fwift remove, No folid Ground thy Hopes to ftay, Nor worthy Object of thy Love.

#### Ш.

Its Mines can ne'er thy Treas'ry fill, Nor Fountains cool thy foorching Rage, Its feanty Feafts thy Hunger kill, Nor all its Seas thy Thirft affwage.

#### IV. The

#### IV.

Tis Heav'n alone can make thee bleft, Can ev'ry Wifh and Want fupply, Thy Joy, thy Crown, thy endless Reft, Are all above the lofty Sky.

#### ¥.

There pureft Streams of Pleafure flow, There Wifdom's facred Springs arife, There, there, the Tree of Life does grow, Which flourifh'd once in Paradice.

#### VI.

O there immortal Glories firay, Immortal Songs of Praife refound, Immortal Robes the Saints array, And with immortal Youth they're crown'd.

#### VII.

There dwells the Sov'reign Lord of all, The God that num'rous Worlds adore, With whom is Blifs that ne'er does pall, And Joys which last for evermore.

#### VIII.

No longer then delay thy Flight,

But mount, O mount, with eager Wing ? The joyful Stars thy Way will light, The joyful Angels round thee fing.

170-

62

## 

## Another.

#### I.

TO thee, Dear God, with eager Hafte My panting Soul does move; To thee the Fountain of my Life, And Object of my Love.

#### Π.

Long have I rang'd the Maze of Sin, Long fpent my felf in vain, Too long been fond of false Delights, And fported with my Chain.

#### III.

Ye Dreams and Shadows now farewel, Farewel each gilded Toy, A nobler Prospect chears my Sight, I tafte a nobler Joy.

#### IV.

Welcome dear Virtue to my Soul, How fweet thy Practice is ! Ten Thoufand Pleafures croud thy Way, Thy End's eternal Blifs.

V. Thy

#### V.

Thy facred Paths I'll fwiftly run, And c imb from Grace to Grace, Till on bleft Zion's lofty Mount I view my Saviour's Face.

#### Vſ.

This, Lord, my folemn Purpole is. O may thy Aid confpire, To crown my Labour with Success, And fill my vast Defire.

## The Second PSALM

#### PARAPHRAS'D.

By Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

WHat means this mighty Uproar? Whence arife

This great Commotion, these tumultuous Cries?

What has alarm'd the Nations? What Offence Does all the jealous States around incenfe?

As

What does the Heathen Fire with fo much Rage?

What Jacob's Sons in fuch Defigns engage

As they can ne'er effect? Or if they do, They'll mits the End they furioufly purfue. Infatuated Men! you'll fure repent Your rafh Artempts, too late the fad Event Will fhew your Projects vain, your Malice impotent.

Confed'rate Princes wicked Friendship make, And in their Anger defp'rate Counfels take Against their great Creator and his Son, And hope the Lord's Anointed to dethrone. Let us, fay they, affert our Liberty, And keep our Kingdoms from Oppression free, We'll ne'er agree to vindicate the Cause Of this new King, nor e'er obey his Laws. Th' Almighty sets his Fav'rite up in vain; We'll ne'er confent to this Usurper's Reign. We his proud Yoak will never tamely bear, But will his fervile Chains afunder tear.

But the Great God, who fits enthron'd on high Above the Starry Convex of the Sky, Infultingly will mock their foolifh Fride, Laugh at their Threats, and their vain Plots deride.

In fiery Indignation he shall pass A dreadful Sentence on this impious Race. The Marks of high Displeasure he shall show, And pour Destruction on th' audacious Foe.

Thus

- Thus from his Throne fublime th' Eternal fpoke,
- And with his awful Voice the Frame of Nature shook,

In Spite of all the Princes that combine, Or to retard or fruftrate my Defign, On Zion's Hill my Favourite I'll enthrone, And fix upon his Head th' Imperial Crown. Submiffive States his Empire shall obey, And at his Footstool Kings their Scepters lay. He shall tyrannick Cruelty correct, And tenderly his Subjects Rights protect. He shall affert divine religious Cause, Heav'ns facred Interest manage with Applause,

And rule the World with just and equal Laws.

To execute his high, important, Charge, My Viceroy I inveft with Pow'r at large : Vaft Pow'r I give him, but I give him none But what is mixt with Mercy like my own. No other Pow'r but what is underftood To be intended for his Subjects Good, His juft and gentle Conduct shall confess He seks his Glory in their Happines.

I to the World will puplish my Decree That railes him to regal Dignity.

Thus

Thus faid the Lord, - let it this Day be known

Thou art my begotten only Son. Thy high Descent let all the Nations own. Thou art entitul'd by thy Royal Birth To all the Realms and Nations of the Earth; Make thy Demand, and by my Grant Divine The Pagan States and Kingdoms shall be thine-I'll subject all the spacious Tracts of Land From Pole to Pole to thy fupream Command. Thou shalt of all the Regions be possefit, From the Sun's rifing to the adverse Weft. Only the Limits which the World furround Thy universal Monarchy shall bound. Arm'd with a Rod of Iron thou shalt Reign, O'er proud Oppressors, and their Rage restrain: Thou shalt in Pieces dash like Potters Clay Thy stubborn Foes, who infolently fay, We'll ne'er his Title own, nor his Commands obey.

Ye foolifh Kings and Potentates be wife, And be inftructed where your Safety lies. The Son of God with Acclamations meet, And proftrate lye adoring at his Feet. Bow down your Necks to take his gentle Yoak, Left your Neglect his Fury fhou'd provoke. If you refufe this Monarch to obey, Befure you'll perifh in your wicked Way. For if his Wrath fo dreadful does appear, When fcarcely kindled, what have you to fear, Who

Who by your defp'rate Provocations raile The Spark to Flames, and make his Fury blaze?

No longer your Subjection then delay, The fafe and happy Men are only they, Who, as their Refuge and fecure Defence, Repose in him their Trust and Confidence.

## The CXLVIII PSALM

#### PARAPHRAS'D.

#### By the fame Hand.

Y<sup>E</sup> bright immortal Colonies, That People all the Regions of the Skies.

That in your blifsful Seats above Inhabit Glory, dwell in Light and Love ; Ye mighty Gen'rals, who command Th'Almighty's Hoft.; ye Minifters that ftand In his bleft Prefence to receive What Orders he is pleas'd to give ; Ye Guards and Houfhold Servants who refort To pay Attendance at his Court ; Ye Saints and Seraphs who aftonifh'd fee His Greatnefs, and Effential Majefty; Tune your celeftial Harps, and fing The Triumphs of th' eternal King;

All ye his heav'nly Hofts applaud

In long-continu'd Shouts your Wonder-working God;

Ye Sun, and Moon, and Stars, that grace the Night,

Praise him the unexhausted Spring of Light, Whence your dependant Influence streams,

Whence you derive your delegated Beams; Exalt his Name, and foread his Praise,

As far as you diffuse your Rays.

Let all the glorious Worlds above agree In this celeftial Harmony;

And in the dancing, ecchoing, Spheres around, Reverberate the Joy, and propagate the Sound.

Ye thin transparent Regions of the Air,

And all ye flying Nations there, With one melodious Voice th' Eternal's Praife declare.

Let Tempests with their ftormy Noise, And thunder with its roaring Voice, (God's own Artillery) proclaim Thro' all the listing World th'Eternal's Fame.

From

From ev'ry Quarter all ye Winds arife,

On whole swift Wings th' Almighry flies, (

When he his Progress makes into th' inferior (. Skies.

Blow all your Blafts, and all your Breath employ

In loud Applaufes, and in Songs of Joy.

Ye Vapours that by God's Command arife, To fill Heav'ns Magazines with frefh Supplies, And for the Meteors new Materials bring, As you alcend th' Eternal's Praifes fing. Ye Clouds that by purfuing Winds are driv'n, Pour with your Rain your Praifes forth, . Let these alcend as high as Heav'n, While that descends to bless the Earth.

Praise the divine Artificer Ye Light'nings, which his Hands prepare, And all ye curious Fire-works of the Air. Praise him ye other Meteors of the Sky,

Ye Hailftones, Mifts, and woolly Snow, The Manufactures which he works on high For Nature's Service here below.

Let Nature's mighty Sov'raign Lord, Be by the Deep and all the Floods ador'd.

In Confort let the Billows roar,

The

٦,

And make his Praise rebound from Shoar to Shoar.

The fcaly People let them dance;

And High amidst the Air on this great Day Let all the Water-works from their vast Nostrils play.

And while the Deep, the Air, and Sky,

Vocal become th' Almighty's Name to raife,

Let not the Earth stand Silent by,

But join to celebrate his Praise.

Ye Dragons, Wolves, and all ye Savage Kind, On ecchoing Hills in Confort join'd,

To him your Adoration pay,

Whose Bounty in the Defart finds you prey; Do you your Gratitude express,

And make his Praifes ring thro' all the Wildernefs.

Ye Pines and Cedars tune your felves to play Th' Almighty's Praifes on this folemn Day; And fing ye Mountains, Hills, and Floods, To th' Inftrumental Mufick of the Woods.

Ye Kings, the King of Kings adore, And at his Feet your borrow'd Scepters lay, Applaud the Spring of all Imperial Pow'r, You're here but Subjects, and shou'd Homage

pay,

Let

Before 'em let their Lords, the mighty Whales, advance.

Let rapt'rous Zeal young Men and Maids inflame.

To celebrate their Maker's Fame; Let lifping Infants at his Praifes aim; Let all th' Eternal's Works confpire To execute this bleft Defign,

To praife him let them all combine, And make the World one Universal Quire.

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## A Description of HELL,

In Imitation of Mr. MILTON.

#### By an unknown Hand.

D Eep, to unfathomable Spaces deep, Defcend the dark, detefted, Paths of Hell, The Gulphs of Execration and Defpair, Of Pain, and Rage, and pure unmingled Woe; The Realms of endlefs Death, and Seats of Night, Uninterrupted Night, which fees no Dawn, Prodigious Darknefs! Which receives no Light But from the fickly Blaze of Sulph'rous Flames, That caft a Pale and Dead Reflection round, Difclofing all the defolate Abyfs,

D

Dread-

Dreadful beyond what humaue Thought can form.

Bounded with circling Seas of liquid Fire. Aloft the blazing Billows curl their Heads, And form a Roar along the direful Strand, While ruddy Cat'racts from on high defcend And urge the fiery Ocean's flormy Rage. Impending Horrors o'er the Region frown, And weighty Ruin threatens from on high; Inevitable Snares, and fatal Pits, Gulphs of deep Perdition wait below:

- Whence iffue long, remedilefs, Complaints, With endlefs Groans, and everlafting Yells, Legions of ghaftly Fiends, (prodigious Sight!) Fly all coufus'd acrofs the fickly Air, And roaring horrid, fhake the vaft Extent.
- Pale meagre Spectres wander all around, And penfive Shades, and black deformed Ghofts.
- With impious Fury fome aloud Blafpheme,
- And wildly staring upwards Curfe the Skies;
- While fome, with gloomy Terror in their Looks,

Trembling all over, downward caft their Eyes, And tell in hollow Groans their deep Despair,

Convinc'd by fatal Proofs, the Atheift here Yields to the fharp tormenting Evidence, And of an infinite Eternal Mind, At last the challeng'd Demonstration meets

The

75

The Libertine his Folly here laments, His blind Extravagance, that made him fell Unfading Blifs, and everlasting Crowns, Immortal Transports, and Celestial Feasts. For the fhort Pleasure of a fordid Sin. For one fleet Moment's despicable Joy. Too late, all loft, for ever loft, he fees The envy'd Saints triumphing from afar, And Angels basking in the Smiles of God. But Oh! That all was for a Trifle loft. Gives to his bleeding Soul perpetual Wounds.

The wanton Beauty, whofe bewitching Arts, Has drawn Ten Thousand wretched Souls to Hell.

Depriv'd of ev'ry Blandishment and Charm, All black, and horrid, feeks the Darkest Shades To fhun the Fury of revengeful Ghofts,

That with vindictive Curfes still purfue

The Author of their miserable Fate.

Who from the Paths of Life feduc'd their Souls.

And led them down to these accurit Abodes.

The Fool that fold his Heav'n for gilded Clay, The Scorn of all the Damn'd ev'n here laments His fordid Heaps; which still to purchase, he A fecond Time wou'd forfeit all above : Nor covets Fields of Light nor Starry Wreaths. Nor

Nor Angels Songs, nor pure unmingled Bliß, But for his darling Treafures fill repines; Which from afar, to aggravate his Doom, He fees fome thoughtlefs Prodigal confume. Beyond them all a miferable Hell The execrable Perfecutor finds, No Spirit howls among the Shades below More Damn'd, more Fierce, nor more a Fiend then he

Aloud he Heav'n and Holinefs blafphemes, While all his Enmity to Good appears, His Enmity to Good; once fally call'd Religious Warmth, and Charitable Zeal. On high, beyond th' unpaffable Abyfs, To aggravate his Righteous Doom, he views The blifsful Realms, and there the Schifmatic, The Vifionary, the deluded Saint,

- By him fo often hated, wrong'd and fcorn'd, So often curs'd and damn'd, and banish'd thence,
- He fees him there possel of all that Heav'n, Those Glories, those Immortal Joys, which he, The Orthodox, unerring Catholic,
- The mighty Fav'rite, and Elect of God, With all his mifchievous, converting, Arts,
- •His killing Charity, and burning Zeal,
- His pompous Creeds, and boasted Faith, has lost.

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# $H E A^{\circ N} E N.$

By an unknown Hand.

W Hat glorious things of thee, O glorious Place ! Shall my bold Mufe in daring Numbers fpeak ? While to immmortal Strains I tune my Lyre, And warbling imitate Angelick Airs: While Extaile bears up my Soul aloft, And lively Faith gives me a diftant Glimple Of Glories unreveal'd to humane Eyes.

Ye Starry Manfions, hail: My native Skies: Here in my happy, pre-existent State, (A spotless Mind) I led the Life of Gods. But passing, I falute you, and advance To yonder brighter Realms allow'd Access.

Hail, fplendid City of th' Almighty King! Celeftial Salem, fituate above; Magnificent thy Profpect, and August, Thy Walls Sublime, thy Tow'rs and Palaces Hlustrious far, with orient Gems appear. There Regent Angels, crown'd with Stars command.

E 3

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High in the midst, the awful Throne of Goda Afcends the utmost Empirean Arch.

The Heav'n of Heavens, were inconceiveless. Light,

Such as Infinity alone can prove, H' enjoys th' extreament Bounds of Happinens, And was in perfect Bleffednens the fame E'er any Thing existed but himfelf; E'er Time, or Place, or Motion, had a Name; Before the Spheres begun their tuneful Round; Or through the Air the Sun had spread his. Beams;

E'er at his Feet the flaming Seraphs bow'd,

And caft their shining Crowns before his Throne;

E'er fmiling Angels tun'd their golden Harps, Or fung one Hallelujah to his Praise,

But mighty Love which mov'd him to create, Still moves him to communicate his Blifs.

O fpeak you happy Spirits that furround His dazling Throne, for you alone can tell, For you alone those Raptures can describe, And stem th' impetuous Floods of Joy that rise Within your Breasts, when all unvail'd you View

The Wonders of the beatifick Sight :

When from the bright unclouded Face of God You drink full Draughts of Blifs and endlefs Love,

And

- And plunge your felves in Life's immortal Fount ;
- The Spring of Joy which from his darling Throne
- In endless Currents smoothly glides away,
- Thro' all the verdant Fields of Paradice,
- Thro' balmy Groves, where on their flow'ry Banks,
- To murm'ring Waters, and foft whifp'ring Winds,
- Fair Spirits in melodious Confort join,
- And fweetly warble their heroick Loves :

For Love makes half their Heay's, and kindles here

New Flames and ardent Life in ev'ry Breaft; While active Pleafure lightens in their Eyes, And fparkling Beauty fhines on every Face: Their fpotlefs Minds, all pure and exquisite, The nobleft Heights of Love prepar'd to Act In everlasting Sympathies unite, And melt in flowing Joys Eternity away.

To these bleft Shades, and amarantino Bow'rs,

When dazled with th' unfufferable Beams That iffue from the open Face of God, For Umbrage many a Seraphim reforts : Nor longer here o'er their bright Faces clafp Their gorgeous Wings, which open wide difplay.

More -

More Radiance than adorns the chearful Sun,. When first he from the rosie East looks out : Gentle as Love, their Looks; ferene as Light, Blooming and Gay as everlasting Springs.

But Oh ! When in the lofty blifsful Bow'rs, With heav'nly Skill, to the harmonious Lyre,

The clear, the fweet, the melting Voice they join,

The Vales of Heav'n rejoice, and ecchoing. loud,

Redouble ev'ry charming Clofe agen,

While trembling Winds upon their fragrant. Wings

Bear far the foft melodious Sounds away,

The filver Streams their winding Journeys stay, Sufpend their Murmurs, and attend the Song 3. The laughing Fields new Flow'rs and Verdure

wear,

And all the Trees of Life bloom out afresh.

The num'rous Suns which gild the Realms of Joy

Dance in their lightfome Spheres, and brighter. Day,

Thro' all th' interminable Æther Dart,

While to the great unutterable Name

All Glory they ascribe in losty Strains.

In Strains expresels by a mortal Tongue.

O happy Regions ! O transporting Place !

With what Regret I turn my loathing Eyes

Τo

To yonder earthly Globe, my dusky Seat; But, Ah, I muft return, no more allow'd To breathe the calm, the foft, celeftial, Air, And view the myftick Wonders of the Skies.

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# The LAMENTATIONS of JEREMIAH.

By Mrs. WHARTON.

Chapter 1st, the Argument.

Verse. 1. The miserable State of Jerusalem, by reason of her Sins. 12. She complaineth of her Grief. 18. And confesseth God's Judgments to be righteons.

THOW doth the mournful widow'd City bow, She that was once fo great : Alas, how low : S Once fill'd with Joy, with Defolation now.

2. Tears on her Cheeks and Sables on her Head;

She mourns her Lover's Loft, and Comforts dead:

Es

Alas,

Alas, alas, loft City, where are those, So proud once to be Friends, now turn'd her Foes.

3. Judsh is gone; alas, to Bondage gone, Amongst the Heathen Judsh mourns alone, Griev'd, and in Servitude, she finds no rest; Follow'd by nose but those by whom oppress'd.

4. The Feafts of Zion, no one now attends; Unhappy Zion, destitute of Friends: Her Priests still sigh and all her Virgins mourn, Because her Gladness finds now no return.

5. Her Enemies are great, and ever high, Still Fortunate, becaufe her Crimes were nigh: Her captiv'd Children ftill her Guilt upbraid, Who mourn, whilft their infulting Foes invade

6. Her Beauty which excell'd, is now no more That Brightnefs which all Nations did adore; Her Princes are like hunted Harts become, Breathlefs and Faint, whilf the Purfuit

goes on : Alas for Zion, all their Strengh is gone.

7. Jersfalem then thought upon the Hour When the was Crown'd with Peace, Delight and Power;

Thoughts

Thoughts once to joyful, mournful now and vain,

The Foe infults, whilf the no Help fuffains, Mocking both at her Sabaths and her Pains.

- 8. Her Crimes have caus'd her to be far re\_ remov'd,
- Jerusalem, who was to well belov'd.

All those who in her Pride admir'd her Fame,

Defpise her now, because they've feen her shame.

Sighing, the turns away, with Shame distrefs'd, Amaz'd, defpis'd, deferted and opprefs'd.

9. Circl'd with Guilt and Shame, the cannot fly,

Her Comforts far remov'd, her End too nigh; She vainly thinks on that 'tis now too late, Behold those Griefs, which no one can repeat Her Fall is steep, and all her Foes are great.

10. Her Sanctuary is by them hetray'd, All her Delights they carelefly invade, Even the Meathen of whom God had faid, They fhould not in her holy Temple tread.

11. Her hungry People Sigh, and give a way For Bread, their Treasures, left their Lives decay.

Confider,

Confider, Lord, see her with Cares bow'd down,

For I am Vile, and Zion left alone:

12. All you who pais this way, behold and size,

Are my Griefs fmall? Do others grieve like me? Are not these Sorrows, under which I bow,

With which the Lord hath brought my Soul fo . low?

Turn back and mourn with me, because my. Lord

In his fierce Anger doth no Peace afford-

13. He from above hath Flames and Horror: fent,

Gircling my Soul with Pain and Difcontent;

His Snares alas my weary Feet betray. Whilft defolate and faint I mourn all Day For Zion's loft, her Glory thrown away.

14. Our Sins have brought those Chains

Hath.fasten'd, now, who can his Power with.

How they are link'd by his almighty Hand. J The Lord forfakes, and I am now the Scorn Of Enemies, becaufe of God forlorn : He was my Strength, and now alafs 'tis gone. 15. My mighty Men are all by him caft down,

They're crufh'd by Numbers and I'm left alone Whilft filently thy Virgin Daughters mourn, Unhappy mournful Judah, left forlorn.

16. For this I weep, and wast my self in Tears,

Because her Help's far off, and Sorrow's near: Ah, wretched *Judah*, where is now thy Hope: Thy Foes still Triumph whilst thy Children Droop.

17. Zion spreads forth her Arms to be reliev'd, But who can Comfort whom the Lord hath Griev'd:

Her Enemies encrease and flourish still,

By his Command, by his all powerful Will.

Ah ! wretched City, fcorn'd and fham'd by all, Who can enough lament thy dreadful Fall ?

18. Yet he is Just, for I am Guilty found : The Lord, with Righteousness is always Crown'd.

Ye that pass by see me with Sorrows drown'd, My weight of Sin hath press'd me to the Ground.

Who is it now my Freedom can reftore? My Youth and captive Virgins are no more.

19. 1

19. I call'd for all my Friends, but they 5 were gone,

Friendship grows cold when Misery comes on : With Hunger pin'd my Priests and Rulers dy'd, Within my Walls perish'd my Strength and Guide.

20. My Crimes are great, fo are my Sorrows now,

Behold, my Lord, fee the afflicted bow; Abroad th' unerring Sword bereaves of Breath, And Grief at home is a more cruel Death.

21. All round me hear my Sighs, and fee my Tears,

Whilft there is none that can relieve my Cares: My Foes hear and rejoyce at what is done. But thon wilt furely, Lord, at laft return, And then the Enemy like me will mourn.

22. Their Crimes are great, turn mighty Lord, and fee,

Afflict 'em then as thou afflictest me.

٠.

My Griefs are great, turn therefore and relent. My Sighs are many, and my Heart is faint.

Par;

Part of the Third Chapter of HAB-BAKKUK, Paraphras'd.

#### By a young Lady.

#### I.

WHen God from Temm came,

And Cloath'd in Glory from Mount Paran fhone, Dreft in th' unfufferable Flame

That hides his dazling Throne,

- His Glory foon eclyps'd the once bright Titan's Rays,
- And fill'd the trembling World with Terror and Amaze;
  - Resplendent Beams did Crown his awful Head,
  - And thining Brightness all around him foread;

Omnipotence he grafpt in his ftrong Hand,

- And lift'ning Death ftood waiting on his dread Command :
- Waiting 'till his refiftles' Dart he'd throw; Devouring Coals beneath his Feet did glow:

All

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- All Nature's Frame did quake beneath his Feet,
- And with his Hand he the waft Globe did meet;

The frighted Nations scattered ;

And at his Sight the bashful Mountains fled ;

The everlasting Hills their Founder's Voice obey,

And ftoop their lofty Heads to make th' Eternal way.

The diftant Ethiops all Confusion are,

- And *Midions* trembling Curtains cannot hide their Fear :
  - When thy fwift Chariots pass'd the yielding Sea,

Thy blushing Waves back in Amazement flee; Affrighted Jordan stops his flowing Urn,

And bids his forward Streams back to their Fountain turn.

#### II.

Arm'd with thy mighty Bow,

Thou marched'st out against thy daring Foe : And very terrible thou didst appear

To them, but thus thy darling People chear: \* Know Jacob's Sons, I am the God of Truth, "Your Father Jacob's God, nor can I break my "Oath:

The.

- The Mountains flook as our dread Lord advanc'd,
- And all the little Hills around them danc'd:
- The neighb'ring Streams their verdant Banks o'erflow,
- The Waters faw and trembled at the Sight, Back to their old Abyls they go,

And bear the News to everlasting Night :

The Mother Deep within her hollow Caverns. rears,

And beats the filent Shores;

- The Sun above no longer dares to ftrive,
- Nor will his frighted Steeds their wonted Journey drive.
  - The Moon to see her Brother stop his Carr
  - Grew pale, and curb'd her Sable Reins for Fear;
  - Thy threat'ning Arrows gild their flaming. Way,
- And at the glitt'ring of thy Spear the Heathen dares not flay.

Thy very Sight does them fubdue,

And arm'd with Fury thou the Vict'ry doft purfue.



8 T

SERA-

# SERAPHICK LOVE.

By an unknown Hand.

#### I. .

T'Hou Beauty's valt Abyls, Abftract of all ?

My Thoughts can lovely, great, or iplendid call :

#### H.

With Admiration, Praife, and endlefs Love; Thou fill'ft the wide refplendent Worlds above,. And none can Rival, or with thee Compare, Of all the bright Intelligences there.

#### III.

What Vapours then, what fhort-liv'd Glo--ries be

The Faireft Idols of our Senfe to thee? Before the fireaming Splendor of thine Eye, The languid Beauties fall away and die.

#### IV.

Farewel then, all you flat Delights of Senfe, . I'm charm'd with a Sublimer Excellence,

To

To whom all mortal Beauty's but a Ray, A fcatter'd Drop of his o'erflowing Day,

#### **V**.

How frongly thou my panting Heart doft move With all the Holy Extances of Love! In these fweet Flames let me expire, and see Unveil'd the Brightness of thy Deity.

#### VI.

Oh! let me die, for there's no earthly Blifs My Thoughts can ever relifh after this; No, dearest Lord, there's nothing here below, Without thy Smiles, to please, or satify menow.

REPRESENCE REPRESENCE

# The Translation of Elijah.

### By an unknown Hand.

H IS Lecture to the fad Young Prophets done, And last Adieus, the Rev'rend Seer goes on, Obedient as the Sacred Instinct guides, And now advanc'd to Jordan's verdent fides; Elijab with his great Successor stood, And gave a Signal to the passing Flood;

The

- Th' oblequious Waters stay, for well they know What to his high Authority they owe,
- While Wave on Wave with filent Awe crowds back,
- To leave a clean, and spacious, fandy, Track.
- Elijah on with his Companion goes,
- Behind 'em scon the Crystal Ridges close,
- No more revers'd, the troubled Current S
- Then forward still they went, discoursing High. Of Heavenly Blifs and Immortality,
- When from a Cloud breaks, (like the Purple. Dawn)
- By Fiery Steeds a Fiery Charlot drawn!
- A glittering Convoy fwift as that defcends,
- And in an Inffant parts th' embracing Friends 3-To the bright Carr conduct the Man of God,
- And mount agen the steep Ætherial Road.
- The passing Triumph lightens all the Air
- With ruddy Lustre, than high Noon more fair,
- And Paints the Clouds than Evening Beams more Gay,
- Thro' which with wond'rous Speed they cut their Way.

Now lofty Piles of Thunder, Hail, and Snow, Th' Artillery of Heav'n, they have below; Below the glimm'ring Moon's pale Regency They leave, and now more free afcend the Sky, Breathing agen Immortal Air, nor here Refent the Preffure of the Atmosphere.

By

By Holy Extaíles and Flames intenfe, Here Purg'd from all the Dregs of mortal Sence, With Heavenly Luftre eminently Gay Elijab wondring does himfelf Survey; All o'er Sureys himfelf, and then the Skies, While new flupendious Objects meet hisEyes. With his new Being pleas'd thus, the first man As just to Live and Reason, he began On Hills, and Valleys, Groves and Founnains, Gaz'd, With Skies and Light thus ravifh'd, thus amaz'd.

But now the utmost Firmament they cleave, And all the Starry Worlds behind them leave,

- Hark, Angels Sing! Of Light appears new Streaks!
- Celeftial Day with gawdy Splendour breaks! On Heav'ns Rich Solid Azure now they tread The blifsful Paths that to God's Prefence led, While to the new Inhabitant all the Way
- Loud welcomes on their Harps his Guardians Play,

A Thousand joyful Spirits crowd to meet. The glorious Saint, and his Arrival great.



PARA-

# Paraphrase on the 29th. Pfalm.

TE mighty Princes, and ye Gods of Earth!

Who Great by Merit as you're Great by Birth,

'With Look Imperial strike a trembling Awe

In prostrate Slaves, to whom your Words are Law!

- Confels the Lord, the mighty Lord, to be In Pow'r unrivall'd as in Majefty.
- The Honours you receive, repay to him

With double Rev'rence, as he's God's Supream. Visit the Temple bleft by his Abode,

But fee the Glory, and you'll own the God ;

'Twill warm your Breafts with true Devotion's Fire,

And wondrous Tho'ts with wondrous Words infpire,

And join your Praifes to the Solemn Quire. The yielding Clouds obey his pow'rful Voice. And Earth and Ocean tremble at the Noife.

Through the wide Heav'ns his rowling Thunders found,

With what Majestick Dread and Horror crown'd! Nor Depth, nor stately Bulk, the Trees defend, At his Approach the shady Forests bend.

Nor

"Not Libanus his ancient Pride can boaft, "His Honour's now in rude diforder loft,

ris riondur sudw in rude unorder ion,

- "The fhatter'd Branches from the Trunk are Stoft.
  - Nor funder'd long, an equal Fate they thare,
- Branches and Trees are whirl'd aloft in Air,
- Nor does the furious Shock the jealous Mountains spare.
- His forked Lightnings cut their fhining Way, And with brisk Flashes thro' the Clouds they

play.

- To vast wild threatning Defarts too, afar,
- With rapid Speed he fends the flormy War; The flormy War whole Defarts overthrows,
- Pleas'd with the hideous Ruin on it goes.
- Till horrid *Kadifb* ftill more horrid fhews. The helplefs Hinds, thro' Terror and Surprize, Their doubtful lab'ring Weight difcharge with Eafe.
- Bold Ravagers their wily Coverts bare,
- •Search their known Dens, and shake with confeous Fear;
- But Pious Worshippers his Temple feek,

And there fecurely of his Glory fpeak;

- 'Tis God, fay they, 'tis God fets King above,
- Him can the Mighty from his Throne remove! 'Tis he protects us from our bloody Foes,
- Thunder and Lightning are at his Difpofe;
- He'll be our Strength, and to compleat the Blifs, Will grant the Bleffings of a lafting Peace.

A DIA-

306



# A DIALOGUE between the Soul, Riches, Fame, and Pleasure.

# By an unknown Hand.

#### Riches.

DEluded Mortal, turn and view my Store, While all my glitt'ring Treafures I explore.

The Gold of both the Indian Worlds is mine, And Gems that in the Eaftern Quarries fhine. For me advent'rous Men attempt the Main, And all the Fury of its Waves fuftain! For me all Toils and Hazards they difdain. For me their Country's fold, their Faith betray'd The Voice of Intreft ne'er was difobey'd.

#### Soul.

Yet I thy tempting Offers can defpife, Nor lofe a Wifh on fuch a worthlefs Prize. When yonder fparkling Stars attract my Sight, Thy Gold, thy boafted Gems lofe all their Light.

My

My daring Thoughts above these Trifles rise, And aim at glorious Kingdoms in the Skies. I there expect Celestal Diadems, Out-shining all thy counterfeited Gems.

#### Fame.

'Tis nothing firange that thy ambitious Mind In fordid Wealth fhould no Temptation find. But I have Terms which thy Acceptance claim, Heroick Glory, and a mighty Name! To thefe the greateft Souls on Earth afpire, Souls, most endow'd with the Celestial Fire; Whom neither Wealth nor Beauty can inflame; Thefe hazard all for an Illustirous Name,

#### Soul.

And yet thou art a meer Fantastick Thing, Which can no folid Satisfaction bring. Should I in costly Monuments furvive, And after Death in Men's Applauses live, What Profit were their vain Applause to me, If doom'd below to endless Infamy? Sunk in Reproach, and everlasting Shame, With God, and Angels, where's my promis'd Fame?

- But if their Approbation I obtain,
- And deathless Wreaths, and heavenly Glories gain,
- I may the World's false Pageantry disdain.

F

Pleasure

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#### Pleasure.

But where the Baits of Wealth and Honour fail, Th'inchanting Voice of Pleafure may prevail. The Lewd and Virtuous both my Vaffals prove; No Breaft fo guarded but my Charms can move. All that delights Mankind attends on me, Beauty and Youth, and Love, and Harmony. I wing the fmiling Hours, and gild the Day, My Paths are fmooth, and flow'ry all my Way.

#### Saul.

But Ah! these Paths to black Perdition tend, There foon thy fost deluding Visions end.

Those smooth, those flow'ry Ways, lead down to Hell,

Where all thy Slaves in endless Night must dwell.

The Road of Virtue far more rugged is,

But O ! it leads to Everlasting Blifs.

And all beyond the thorny Passage lies

The Realm of Light discover'd to mine Eyes.

Gay Bowers, and Streams of Joy, and lightfome Fields.

With happy Shades, the beauteous Prospect vields:

Those blissful Regions I shall shortly gain,

Where Peace and Love, and endless Pleasures reign.

The

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The 38th Chapter of JOB Translated.

By Mrs. SINGER.

IN Thunder now the God his Silence broke, And from a Cloud this lofty Language fpoke.

Who, and where art thou, fond, prefumptuous, Man,

That by thy own weak Measures mine woud'ft fcan?

Undaunted as an equal Match for me,

Stand forth, and answer my Demands to thee.

And first let thy Original be trac'd, And tell me then what mighty Thing thou waft When to the World my potent Word gave Birth, And fixt the Centre of the floating Earth ? Didft thou affift with one defigning Thought. Or my Idea's rectifie in ought, When from Confusion I this Order brought? When like an Artift I the Line ftretch'd out. And markt its wide Circumference about. Didft thon contribute, Job, the needful Aid; 7 When I the Deep, and ftrongFoundations laid, And with my Hand the rifing Pillars ftay'd? )

F 2

When from the perfect Model of my Mind The vaft and ftately Fabrick was defign'd. So wondrous, fo compleat in ev'ry Part, Adorn'd with fuch Variety of Art. The Sons of Light the goodly Frame furvey, As their own Seats Magnificent and Gay. Around the fhining Verge of Heav'n the Crowd, And from the Crystal Confines, shout aloud. For Joy the Morning Stars together fang, And Heav'n all o'er with glad Preludiums rang.

Were the tumultuous Floods by thee controul'd.

When without Bounds the foaming Billows roul'd?

Didft thou appoint 'em then their oozy Bed, And humid Clouds o'er all their Surface fpread? Affixing Limits to th' imperious Deep, The Limits it perpetually shall keep,

Tho' mounting high the angry Surges roar, And dash them selves with Rage against the Shore.

When did'ft thou fummon up the ling'ring

Day,

And hafte the lovely blufhing Morn away? Swift as my flaming Messengers above, Its gaudy Wings of my Direction move.

Haft

Haft thou furvey'd the Ocean's dark Abodes. The fteep Defcents, the Vaults and craggy Roads.

Thro' which hollow Rumour rush the nether Floods

Or haft thou measur'd the prodigious Store

Of Waves that in those ghastly Caverns roar? Or hast thou, Job, the Fatal Valley trac'd,

And thro' the Realms of Death undaunted pais'd Where the pale King a rufty Scepter weilds,

- And reigns a Tyrant o're the dusky Fields?
- Doft thou the Pure Immortal Fountain know,

From whence thole num'rous Streams of Glory flow,

Which feed the radiant Lamps that in the J Æther glow?

Or from what Caves the fullen Shadows rife When, like a Deluge, Night involves the Skies? How does the Sun his Morning Beams display Thro'golden Clouds, and fpread the fudden Day, When breaking from the East, all fresh and fair, He dances thro' the glitt'ring Fields of Air? At his Approach all Nature looks more Gay, Thro' ev'ry Grove refreshing Breezes play, And o'er the Streams, and o'er the Meadows, ftray.

Doft thou the Clouds amidst the Air fustain, And melt the floating Rivers down in Rain.

F 3

When

When overcharg'd, the yielding Atmosphere No longer now the watry Load can bear; On gloomy Wiagsthe founding Tempess flies, And heavy Thunders roul along the Skies; Around the airy Vault fierce Lightnings play, And burn themselves thro' folid Clouds away: With Water, who the Wilderness fupplies? And tell me whence the Midnight Dews arise? Or from what cold and putrifying Womb The Ice and nipping hoary Frost does come? What fecret Pow'r its fluid Parts cement, Congeal, and harden, the fost Element? All stiff and motionless the frozen Deep, No curling Winds its schining Surface sweep.

Canft thou the chearing Influences ftay Of those mild Stars which deck the Spring fo gay? Or loofe the fullen Planets Icy Bands, Which Frofts, and rough Tempestuous Winds, commands ? Canft thou bring out Fair Maz'roth's fultry Beam? · Or guide thro' Heav'ns Blue Tracks the Starry Team ? Do all the shining, vast Machines above ξ By thy Contrivance in fuch Order move? If fo - Still thy Divinity to prove. Set open now the Flood-gates of the Sky. And call a mighty Deluge from on high, Kindle prodigous Light'nings, and command The burning Flashes with a daring Hand, FII

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I'll then confess thou haft an Arm like me, And that thy one Right Hand can succour thee.

# H Y M N.

Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, &c. Pfal. 73. 25.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

THE Calls of Glory, Beauties Smiles, And Charms of Harmony, Are all but dull infipid Things, Compar'd, my God, with thee.

#### II.

Without thy Love I nothing crave, And nothing can enjoy, The profer'd World I shou'd neglect As an unenvied Toy.

ž

#### III.

The Sun, the num'rous Stars, and all The Wonders of the Skies,

F.4

If

#### If to be purchas'd with thy Smiles Thou know'ft I wou'd defpife.

#### IV.

What were the Earth, the Sun, the Stars, Or Heav'n it felf, to me, My Life, my everlafting Blifs, If not fecur'd of thee.

#### V.

Celeftial Bow'rs, Seraphick Songs, And Fields of endlefs Light, Wou'd all unentertaining Prove Without thy Blifsful Sight.

# By an unknown Hand.

Come, I come, and joyfully obey The Fatal Voice that fummons me away: With Pleafure I refign this mortal Breath, And fall a willing Sacrifice to Death. O welcome Stroke that gives me Liberty! Welcome as to the Slave a Jubilee. Of the vain World I take my laft Adieu, The promis'd Land is now within my View; The Clouds difpel, the ftormy Danger's paft And I attain the peaceful Shores at laft. My Hopes dear Objects now are all in Sight, The Lands of Loye, and unexhaufted Light, The.

The flowing Streams of Joy, and endlefs Blifs The fhining Plains, and Walks of Paradice, The Trees of Life, Immortal Fruits and Flowers, The tall celeftial Groves, and charming Bowers. I breathe the balmy Empirean Air, The Songs of Angels, and their Harps, I hear And fcarce the fierce tyrannick Joy can bear

## B Correct of the corr

# H Y M N.

#### I.

Mmortal Fountain of my Life, My laft, my nobleft, End. Eternal Centre of my Soul, Where all its Motions tend.

#### II.

Thou Object of my deareft Love, My Heav'nly Paradice, The Spring of all my flowing Joys, My everlafting Blifs.

#### III.

My God, my Hope, my vaft Reward, And all I wou'd poffefs, Still more than these pathetick Names And charming Words express!

#### Fş

Thoughts

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# Thoughts on DEATH.

# By a Young Lady.

· I.

I'M almost to the Fatal Period come, My forward Glass has well nigh run its last; E'er a few Moments I must hear the Doom, Which ne'er will be recall'd when once 'tispast.

#### П.

Methinks I have Eternity in View, And dread to reach the Edges of the Shore; Nor doth the Profpect the lefs difmal fhew For all the Thoufands that have launch'd before.

#### III.

Why weep, my Friends? What is their Lofs to mine?

I have but one poor doubtful Stake to throw And with a dying Pray'r my Hopes refign,

If that be loft, 1'm loft for ever too.

## IV. 'Tis

Tis not the painful Agonies of Death, Nor all the gloomy Horrors of the Grave? Werethat the worft, unmov'd I'd yield myBreath, And with a Smile the King of Terrors brave.

#### V.

But there's an After-day, 'tis that I fear :

Oh, who shall hide me from that angry Brow? Already I the dreadful Accents hear,

Depart from me, and that for ever too.

LENKENKENKENKENKEN

PARAPHRASE on Cant. vii. 11.

By the Same Hand.

#### I.

Ome, thou most charming Object of my Love,

What's all this dull Society to us?

Let's to the peaceful Shades and Springs remove, I'm here uneasie, tho' I linger thus.

#### 11.

What are the Trifles that I leave behind ? I've more than all the valu'd World in thee,

Fб

Where

Where all my Joys and Wifnes are confin'd,

Thour't Day, and Life, and Heav'n it felf to me.

#### III.

Come, my Beloved, then let us repair To those bleft Seats where we'll our Flames improve.

Oh, with what Heat shall I caress thee there ! And in fweet Transports give up all my Love.

PARAPHRASE on Micah vi. 6, 7.

# By the fame Hand,

#### Ī.

Wherewith fhall I approach this awful Lord? What fhall I bring? What Sacrifice
Will not fo great a Deity defpife?
Tell me you lofty Spirits that fall down, The neareft to his Throne, O tell me how,
Or wherewithal fhall I before my own and your dread Maker bow?
Will Carmel's verdant Top afford No equal Offering?
Ten Thoufand Rams: A bounteous Prefent

'tis,

When

When all the Flocks upon a Thouland spacious Hills are his,

Will Streams of Fragrant Oil his Wrath - controul?

Or the more precious Flood

Of my dear First-born's Blood,

Compound for all my Debts, and make a full Atonement for my Soul?

#### II.

If not, Great God, what then doft thou require? Or what wilt thou defign to accept from me? All that my own thou giv'ft me leave to call I willingly agen refign to thee,

My Youth, with all its blooming Heat, My Mufe, and ev'ry raptur'd Thought to thee I dedicate.

'Tis fit the Product of that Sacred Fire Shou'd to its own Celeftial Orb retire, And all my darling Vanities

For thee I'll facrifice :

My fav'rite Vice and all,

Among the reft promifcuoufly fhall fall? No more the fond Beloved Sin I'll fpare, Than the great Patriarch wou'd have done his

Heir.

And this, Great God, altho' a worthlefs Prize, Is a fincere, entire, and early, Sacrifice.

DIA-

# KÉHTÉRKÉRKÉRKÉRKER

DIALOGUE between a good Spirit newly parted from the Body, and the Angels that came to conduct him to Glory.

# By Mr. BOWDEN.

#### Spirit.

T length the difinal Strife is past, The cruel Bond diffolv'd that held i me back fo fast.

I felt when first the curdling Blood grew cold, And rapid Wheels of Life no longer roul'd? With Joy I felt all this, with Joy refign'd My vital Breath, and left the Flesh behind : Long, long I struggled with my mortal Chain,' Long bore the double Load of Sin and Pain? Long figh'd and wish'd for this auspicious Day, And wonder'd at the Moments dull Delay. Wide was the Gulf, and Deep, but now I'mo'er, Am landed fase on the Eternal Shore. Welcome for ever then this happy Change, Welcome the charming Paths I now shall range; Welcome first Dawnings of Immortal Light, Welcome ye glorious Beings to my Sight,

Angels.

Angels.

And Welcome, Welcome, to our peaceful Arms, We come to guard thee from all future Harms; From Heav'ns high Court we come—th' Eternal.

King,

Whofe Will we all obey, and Praifes fing, .

Sent us thus far, (fo Great his Bounty is !)

To waft thee to the Seats of endless Blifs :

This Morn we left his Throne-The conquer'd Light

Lagg'd dully after, wondring at our Flight.

#### Spirit.

O Sacred Ministers of Heav'ns Decree !

O you that ftream with radiant Majefty!

Why on this Meffage fent? Why this Regard

Return, return, to Heav'a from whence you came,

There warble Hymns to the Creator's Name,

Make fhining Circles there around his Throne.

'Tis he deferves fuch Guards, and he alone :

Unworthy I in fuch a Grace to fhare;

Unworthy of your least Regard or Care.

### Angels.

Not thy Deferts, but free, unbounded, Love, Was all the Spring that cou'd thy Maker move.

That

That Love which did at first they Being raife, Preferve thy Health, and number out thy Days, And all those num'rous ample Gifts bestow While yet a Tenant of the World below? That Love which fent his Dear and Only Son To Ranfom thee, and all Mankind, undone; Sent him to feel th' Extreams of Misery, To want, to mourn, be tortur'd, bleed and die; Which shelter'd thee from th' avenging Stroke, And Hell's Eternal Chain asunder broke: Which Heavn's Immortal Doors fet open wide, And did in shining Paths of Virtue guide; Ev'n that now fends us forth to lead the Way To the bright Regions of Celeftial Days

Nor come we only for Solemnity,

To make a pompous Progress thro' the Sky :

- Thou need'ft these Rays, thou need'ft these potent Arms,
- To guide and guard thee from furrounding Harms;

For long's the Way, and vaft, thou art to fteer,

No Land-marks there, nor beaten Roads appear

Ten Thousand, Thousand, Thousand, Leagues, and more,

Thou must thro' Fields of trackless Æther foar, And here thou'lt pass th' unhospitable Plains, Where Night in everlasting Silence reigns, Where

Where no Glad Rays do e'er the Gloom adorn, Save what by us are in our Paffage worn: There mighty Orbs will roul acrofs the Skies, And Comets of prodigious Form and Size, Myriads of Starry Worlds furprize thy Sight With Blazes of unfufferable Light.

Thus then by Turns thou'lt need our pow'rful Aid.

Our Rays to Light, and fpreading Wings to Shade.

Befides ——— Apostate Angels in thy Way, More thick than falling Leaves of Autumn.

ftray ;

These, were we absent, tho' they can't destroy. In spight would all their hellish Arts annoy: Some dress in hideous Shapes, wou'd stalk be-

fore,

Some dog it after with infernal Roar;

Some Icy Hills along thy Paffage ftrow,

Some make thro' Pitchy Clouds red Light-

Some Thunder from above, fome from below.) And when these frightful Methods don't avail, Nor shock thy Peace, nor make thy Courage fail, They'll next with tender, flatt'ring Charms

amufe.

And all their foft enticing Arts will ufe ;...

Will

Will feem like us, Celeftial Angels fair; Such their Proportion, fuch their Mien and Airr In all the Bloom of Heav'nly Youth appear, And with melodious Sounds invite thy Ear: Here warbl'ing Birds will foftly hover round, While Silver Fountains murmur to their Sound: There flow'ry Fields their Fragrancy difpenfe, And with Ten Thoufand Beauties court thy

- Senfe.
- These Arts, and more, if found alone, they'll try
- To curb thy foaring Flight, and flain thy Piety. But at our Sight they feel a trembling Awe,
- Run howling o'er the Waste, and to their Dens withdraw.

Nor think we fuch a Charge as this difdain, And undergo the humble Task with Pain. For ev'ry Part of the Almighty's Will, With eager Joy, with Raptures, we fulfil; But Love it felf's a pow'rful Motive here, Love makes thee to these Eyes, these Arms

most dear.

Let's then afcend—And thus we fpread our Wings,

And thus we foar-Adieu to earthly Things.

#### Spirit.

Adieu, adieu, with Joy, dear Guides I go? Adieu the naufeous Sink of Sin and Woe.

No

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No more fhall I thofe difmal Profpects view, Which did each Day my bitter Griefs renew. No more behold the Perfecutors Rage, Nor all the monftrous Vices of the Age. In *Mefech's* curfed Tents no more fhall dwell, No more be tortur'd with the Sons of Hell. No more fhall Sin's foul Stains pollute my Soul, Nor earthly Cares my better Part controul. No more fhall bear Difeafes cruel Smart, Nor feel Death's Fatal Arrows wound my Heart

#### Angels.

No, happy Soul, thy Tragick Part is o'er, Thy Sorrows all are fled, thy Dangers are no more. Pure Love, triumphant Peace, and high Renown Shall float around thee now, and all thy Labours

crown.

Happy the Day that faw thee leave thy Sin, And bravely Vertue's fining Race begin. That faw thee bearken to the Voice of God, His Laws obey, and tremble at his Rod. Saw thee diffolve before his flaming Love, And towards his awful Throne in holy Breath-

ings move.

O had'ft thou ftill thy darling Vice purfu'd,

And fill been like thy Tempters, Vain and East

How wretched now had been thy certain Fate!

And in what Floods of Tears woud's thou repent too late?

Thou

- Thou must, for these kind Looks and Arms of ours
- Have felt the Fury of Infernal Pow'rs,
- To Hell's dark Prison in their Paws been drawn,
- Where Goblins stalk, Snakes hifs, and Monsters yawn;
- Where roaring Flames, and Shrieks of thole in Pains,
- Mix with the Yells of Fiends; and Clinks of Chains;
- Where no bright Morn difplays a chearful Face,

But crouding Horrors fill the gloomy Space,

And num'rous dreadful Woes all Joys for ever chace.

- But now thou'rt fafe---and now to Heav'n we
- To Heav'n, where Ties of endless Glory flow,

And Light's diffusive Rays no Limits know : ]

Where Scenes of Blifs, and charming Wonders, dwell,

Wonders too big for Angels Tongues to tell !

There fits th' Almighty thron'd in awful ' State,

As kind as High, as Good as he is Great; From thence his Eyes remoteft Cornes pierce, And range thro' all the spacious Universe,

From

<sup>116</sup> Divine HYMNS and POEMS.

- From thence he featters Bleffings, and from thence
- Does Sov'reign Rule to num'rous Worlds dif-
- While meaneft Creatures feel his chearing In-)

• Immortal Beams his dazling Throne furround, And in his Prefence all Delights abound.

Seraph, and Cherub, bow before his Seat, And Everlasting Songs of Praise repeat:

Down proftrate at his Feet themfelves they lay, His mighty Name adore, and dread Commands obey.

Thefe, and the Saints, shall thy Companions be,

The Saints, from all their Imperfections Free, And grac'd with Knowledge, Love, and Piety. We all are there array'd in Heav'nly Light.

And all in strictest Bonds of Love unite.

And jointly all with rapt'rous Ardour fing Glad Hallelujahs to th' Eternal King.

There too thou shalt thy Kind Redemer fee,

- Who fcorn'd his State, and left all Heav'n for thee;
- Shalt feelthe Transports of his charming Face,
   And dwell for ever in his Dear Embrace.
   Thy Pious Friends who fought with Vice below.

And flood the Torrent till Death's Fatal Blow,

Ia

In these bleft Manhons thou agen shalt find More Pure, more Wise, more Generous and Kind.

Thy Dear Palemon, Dearer than thy Soul, Whofe mighty Lofs thou did'ft fo long condole, Who with thee joy'd to run the glorious Race, With equal Love, and with an equal Pace, Shall thee agen with foft Carefles meet, And in loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet; You both fhall now your Sacred Flames improve Shall both diffolve in pure Empireal Love, For ever both in thefe bright Realms remain, In Joys be delug'd, and in Glory reign.

PARAPHRASE on Malachi iii.

# By a young Lady.

IN vain ye murmur; we have ferv'd the Lord; As vainly lift'ned to his flatt'ring Word; He has forgot, or fpake not as he meant, Elfe why are we thus idly penitent? Ye call the Haughty, Bleft, creding those That dare my Judgments impioufly oppose, And own, nay, almost boast, themselves my Fces:

Whofe

Whofe Crimes wou'd, were I not a God, command

The flaming Bolts from my unwilling Hand.

Then they that fear'd my great and awful Name,

The only few that dar'd oppole the Stream, Unmov'd, against the vulgar Torrent stood, In spight of Numbers resolutely Good; Not taxing with undecent Insolence The dark Enigma's of my Providence; But saw me still illustrious thro' the same, And lov'd, and spake, spake often of my Name. As oft I closely listned, nor shall they Pass unrewarded at the last great Day; When all their Pious Services I'll own, For in my Records I shall find them down.

- Their Brows I'll crown with Wreaths of Victory,
- Whilft Men and Angels stand Spectators by:

Aloud I'll then, aloud proclaim them mine,

And 'mongft my brighteft Treafuges they fhall fhine;

Their Frailty with more Tendernefs than e'er A Father did his only Sons, I'll spare;

And then, - but oh ! too late, you'll find it then,

Who were the Wife, the only Thinking Men:

Then

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Then you shall nothing but Derision meet, Whilst Angels them with loud Applauses greet.

KENKENKENKEN

# The MFDITATION.

IT must be done, my Soul, but 'tis a ftrange,

A difmal, and mysterious Change ! When thou shalt leave this Tenement of Clay, And to an unknown Somewhere wing away, When Time shall be Eternity, and thou Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st not how.

II.

Amazing State! No Wonder that we dread To think of Death, or view the Dead; Thou'rt all wrapt up in Shades, as if to thee Our very Knowledge had Antipathy: Death could not a more fad Retinue find, Sicknefs and Pain before, and Darknefs all behind.

### III.

Some courteous Ghoft tell this great Secrecy, What 'tis you are, and we must be.

You

I.

You warn us of approaching Death, and why?

May we not know from you what 'tis to die? But you having fhot the Gulph, delight to fee Succeeding Souls plunge in with like Uncertainty.

#### IV.

When Life's close Knot by Writ, from Delfiny, Disease shall cut, or Age untye,

When after fome Delays, fome dying Strife, The Soul stands shivering on the Ridge of Life,

With what a dreadful Curiolity

Does the launch out into the Sea of vaft Eternity.

#### V.

So when the fpacious Globe was delug'd o'er, And lower Holds could fave no more,

- On th' utmost Boughs th' astonish'd Sinners stood,
- And view'd th' Advances of th' incroaching Flood;

Oe'r-topp'd at length by th' ElementsIncrease, With Horror they resign'd to the untry'd Abyss.



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# The LXIIId Chapter of ISAIAH Paraphras'd to the Sixth Ver(e.

# A Pindarick ODE.

#### "**I**.

S Trange Scene of Glory ! Am I well awake ? Or is't my Fancy's wild Miftake ?

It cannot be a Dream, bright Beams of Light, Flow from the Vision's Face, and pierce my tender Sight.

No common Vision this, I fee

Some Marks of more than humane Majesty.

Who is this mighty Hero? Who?

With Glories round his Head, and Terror in his Brow?

From Bozrah lo he comes, a Scarlet Dye O'er fpreads his Cloaths, and does outvie The Blufhes of the Morning Sky.

- Triumphant and Victorious he appears.
- And Honour in his Looks and Habit wears.
- How firong he treads ? How flately does he go? Pompous and Solemn in his Pace,
- And full of Majesty, as is his Face.

Who

Who is this mighty Hero? Who? 'Tis I, who to my Promife Faithful ftand; I who the Powers of Death, Hell and the Grave Have foil'd with this All-conquering Hand; I, who most ready am, and mighty too, to fave.

#### II.

- Why wear'ft thou then this Scarlet Dye? Say mighty Hero, why?
- Why do thy Garments look all Red, Like them that in the Wine-prefs tread? The Wine-prefs I alone have trod,
- That vaftunweildly Frame which long did ftand Unmov'd, and which no mortal Force could e'er command;

That pond'rous Mass I ply'd alone, And with me to assist were none.

A mighty Task it was, Worthy the Son of God, Angels flood trembling at thy dreadful Sight, Concern'd with what Success I should go thro'

The Work I undertook to do;

Enrag'd I put forth all my Might,

And down the Engine prefs'd, the violent Force Difturb'd theUniverfe, put Nature out of Courfe: The Blood gufh'd out in Streams and chequer'd o'er

My Garments with its deepeft Gore, With ornamental Drops bedeck'd I ftood, And writ my Victory with my Enemies Blood.

#### HI.

The Day, the Signal Day, is come,

When of my Enemies I must Vengeance take ;

- The Day when Death shall have its Doom,
- And the dark Kingdom with its Powers shall shake.
- Fate in her Kalendar mark'd out this Day with Red,

She folded down the Iron Leaf, and thus fhe faid:

This Day, if ought I can divine be true, Shall for a Signal Victory Be celebrated to Pofterity:

Then shall the Prince of Light descend,

And refcue Mortals from th' Infernal Fiend,

Break through his ftrongeft Forts, and all his Hofts fubdue.

This faid, she shut the Adamantine Volume close,

And with'd the might the crowding Years tranfpole 3

So much fhe long'd to have the Scene difplay,

And fee the vaft Event of this important Day. And now in midit of the revolving Years,

This great, this mighty one appears:

The Faithful Traveller, the Sun,

Hasnumber'd out the Days, and the fet Period run :

I look'd, and to affift was none.

My

My Angelick Guards flood trembling by, But durft not venture nigh.

In vain too from my Father did I look For Help, my Father me forfook:

Amaz'd I was to fee

How all deferted me;

I took my Fury for my fole Support,' And with my fingle Arm the Conquest won; Loud Acclamations fill'd all Heaven's Court;

The Hymning Guards above, Strain'd to an higher Pitch of Joy and Love, The great Jebevah prais'd, and his victorious Son.



# The ELEVATION.

#### I.

TAke Wing, my Soul, and upwards bend thy Flight,

To thy originary Fields of Light.

Here's nothing, nothing, here below That can deferve thy longer Stay ;

A fecret Whifper bids thee go To purer Air and Beams of native Day. Th'Ambition of the tow'ring Lark outvie, And like him fing as thou doft upward fly.

How

How all things leffen which my Soul before Did with the grov'ling Multitude adore!

Those Pageant Glories disappear,

Which charm and dazle Mortals Eyes; How do I in this higher Sphere, How do I Mortals with their Joys defpife? Pure uncorrupted Elements I breathe, And pity their grofs Atmosphere beneath.

# III.

How Vile, how Sordid, here those Trifles shew, That place the Tenants of that Ball below?

But ha ! I've loft the little Sight,

The Scene's remov'd and all I fee

Is one confus'd, dark, Mafs of Night; What nothing was, now nothing feems to be. How Calm this Region, how Serene, how Clear, Sure I fome Strains of Heavenly Mufick hear.

# IV.

On, on, the Task is case now and light, No Steams of Earth can here retard thy Flight . Thou need'st not now thy Stroaks renew

'Tis but to fpread thy Pinions wide,

And thou with cafe thy Seat wilt view, Drawn by the Bent of the Ætherial Tide.

'Tis

'Tis fo. I find how fweetly on I move,

Not let by things below, and help'd by those above.

# V.

But fee to what new Region am I come, I know it well, it is my native Home. Here led I once a Life Divine.

Which did all Good, no Evil, know,

Ah! Who would fuch fweet Blifs refign For those vain Shews which Fools admire below ? 'Tis true, but don't of Folly past complain, But joy to fee those bleft Abodes again.

#### VI.

A good Retrieve? but lo, while thus I fpeak With piercing Rays th' Eternal Day does break : Beauties of the Face Divine

Strike strongly on my feeble Sight. With what bright Glories does it shine! 'Tis one Immenfe and Everflowing Light : Stop here, my Soul, thou canft not fear more Blifs Nor can thy now rais'd Palate ever relifh lefs.



G.

# KENKENKENKENKENKEN

# The CXLVIII PSALM

# PARAPHRAS'D.

By the fame Author.

L

O Come let all created Force configure A general Hymn of praife to fing, Joyn all ye Creatures in one Solemn Quire, And let your Theme be Heaven's Almighty King.

#### IĨ.

Begin, ye bleft Attendants of his Seat, Begin your high Seraphick Lays, 'Tis Juft you fhould, your Happiness is great, And all you are to give again is Praise.

#### Пſ.

Ye gloriousLamps that rule both Night and Day. Bring you your Hallelujahs too; To him that Tribute of Devotion pay Which once blind Superstition gave to you.

IV. Thou

۳.

# **IV**.

Thou First and Fairest of Material Kind,

By whom his other Works we fee, Subtil and Active as pure Thought and Mind, Praife him that's Elder and more Fair than thee.

# V.

Ye Regions of the Air his Praises fing,

And all ye Virgin Waters there, Do you Advantage to the Confort bring, And down to us the Hallelujah bear.

#### VI.

In chanting forth the great Jehovah's Praise,

Let these the upper Confort fill; He spake, and did you all from nothing raise, As you did then, so now obey his Will.

# VII.

His Will that fix'd you in a constant State,

And cut a Track for Nature's Wheel; Here let it run, faid he, and made it Fate; And where's that Power which can this Law repeal?

# VIII.

Ye Powers that to th' inferiour World retain, Joyn you now with the Quire above :

And fust, ye Dragons, try an higher Strain,

G۶

And

And turn your angry Hiffings into Praise and Love.

#### IX.

Let Fire, Hail, Snow and Vapours, that afcend, Unlock'd by *Phabus* fearching Rays; Let Stormy Winds ambitioufly contend, And all their wonted Force employ in Praise.

# X.

Ye Sacred Tops which feem to brave the Skies, Rife higher, and when Men on you Religious Rites perform, and Sacrifice, With their Oblations fend your Praifes too.

# XI.

YeTrees, whole Fruits both Men and Beafts confume,

Be you in Praises Fruitful too;

Ye Cedars, why have you fuch choice Perfume, But that fweet Incenfe faould be made of you?

# XII.

Ye Beafts, with all the humble creeping Train, Praife him that made your Lot fo high; Ye Birds, who in a nobler Province reign,

Send up your Praises higher than you fly.

# XIII.

Ye Sacred Heads that wear Imperial Gold, Praise him that you with Power Arrays:

And

And you whole Hands the Scale of Justice hold, Be Just in this, and pay your Debt of Praise.

# XIV.

Let fprightly Youth give Vigour to the Quire, Each Sex with one another vie :

Let feeble Age diffolv'd in Praise expire, And Infants too in Hymns their tender Voices try.

XV.

Praise him ye Saints who Piety profes, And at his Altar spend your Days;
Ye Seed of *Israel* your great Patron bless, Tis Manna this, for Angels Food is Praise.

# The RESIGNATION.

By the fame Hand.

#### I.

L Ong have I view'd, long have I thought, And held with trembling Hands this bitter Draught;

'Twas now just to my Lips apply'd, Nature shrunk back, and all my Courage dy'd-:

G 6

But

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But now Refolv'd and Firm I'll be, Since, Lord, 'tis mingled and held out by thee.

#### II.

I'll truft my great Phyfician's Skill; I know what he prefcribes can ne'er be ill:

To each Difease he knows what's fit ; I own him Wise, and Good, and do submit :

I now no longer grieve or pine, Since 'tis thy Pleafure, Lord, it shall be mine.

#### III.

Thy Med'cine puts me to great Smart, Thou'ft wounded me in my most tender Part :-

But 'tis with a Defign to cure; I must and will thy Sovereign Touch endure:

All that I priz'd below is gone, But yet I still will pray thy Will be done.

# IV.

Since 'tis thy Sentence I should part With the most precious Treasure of my Heart,

I freely that and more refign ;.

My Heart it felf, as its Delight, is thine;

My little All I give to thee;

Thou giv'ft a greater Gift, thy Son, to me.

#### V.

He left true Blifs and Joys above; Himfelf he emptied of all Good but Love;

For

For me he freely did forlake More Good than he from me can ever take; A mortal Life for a Divine He took, and did at laft ev'n that relign.

# VI.

Take all, Great God, I will not grieve; But fill will wifh that I had fill to give;

I hear thy Voice, thou bidft me quit My Paradice, I blefs and do fubmit.

I will not murmur at thy Word, Nor beg thy Angel to fheath up his Sword.

# The PROSPECT.

By the Same Author.

# I.,

WHat a strange Moment will it be,

My Soul? How full of Curiofity? When wing'd and ready for thy Eternal Flight, To th' utmost Edges of thy tottering Clay.

Hovering, and wifhing longer Stay, Thou fhalt advance, and have Eternity in Sight When just about to try that unknown Sea,

What a ftrange Moment will it be!

II. But

#### II.

But yet how much more ftrange that State!

Thou shalt at once be plung'd in Liberty,

- And move as Swift and Active as a Ray Shot from the lucid Spring of Day.
- Thou who just now wast clogg'd with dull Mortality,
- How wilt thou bear the mighty Change? How know

Whether thou'rt then the fame or no?

# III.

Then to strange Mansions of the Air,

'And stranger Company, must thou repair;

What a new Scene of Things will then appear;

This World thou by degrees was taught to know,

Which leffen'd thy Surprize below

- But Knowledge all at once will overflow the there.
- That World, as the first Man did this, thou'lt see Ripe grown in full Maturity.

# IV.

There with bright Splendours must thoudwell,

There

When loofen'd from th' Embrace of this close Mate,

And be what only those pure Forms can tell;

There must thou live awhile, gaze and admire,

'Till the great Angels Trump this Fabrick fhake,

And all the flumbering Dead awake;

- Then to thy old forgotten State must thou retire;
- This Union then will be as ftrange, or more Than thy new Liberty before.

# v.

Now for the greatest Change prepare,

To fee the only Great, the only Fair,

Veil now thy feeble Eyes, gaze and be bleft;

Here all thy Turns and Revolutious ceafe,

Here's all Serenity and Peace;

- Thou'rt to the Centre come, the Native Seat of Reft
- There's now no further Change, nor need there be
  - When one shall be Variety.



# PSALM



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# **PSALM** CXXXVII.

# Paraphras'd to the Seventh Verfe.

By the fame Author.

# 1.

**B** Eneath a reverend gloomy Shade. Where Tygris and Euphrates cut their Way, With folded Arms and Heads fupinely laid, We fate and wept out all the tedious Day;

Within its Banks Grief could not be Contain'd, when, Sion, we remember'd thee.

#### IF.

Our Harps, with which we oft had fung In Solemn Strains the great *Jehovah'*, Praife, Our warbling Harps, upon the Trees we hung, Too Deep our Grief to hear their pleafing Lays.

Our Harps were fad as well as we,

And tho' by Angels touch'd would yield no Harmony.

# III.

But they who forc'd us from our Seat, The happy Land and fweet Abode of Reft, Had Had one Way left to be more cruel yet,

And ask'd a Song from Hearts with Grief oppreft;

Let's hear, fay they, upon the Lyre, One of the Anthems of your Hebrew Quire.

# IV.

How can we frame our Voice to fing The Hymns of Joy, Festivity, and Praise, To those who're Aliens to our Heavenly King, And want a Taste for such exalted Lays?

Our Harps will here refuse to found ; An Holy Song is due to Holy Ground.

# V.

No, Dearest Sion, if we can

So far forget thy melancholy State,

As now thou mourn'ft, to fing one chearful Strain,

This Ill be added to our Ebb of Fate,

Let neither Harp nor Voice e'er try

One Halleujah more, but ever filent lye.



HTMN

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# HTMN to the Redeemer of the World.

By Mr. BOWDEN.

# I.

Whofe Praifes Angels fing. Who the Eternal Envoy art Of the Eternal King.

# II.

From Heav'ns High Court thon didft defcend : Love led thee on thy Way : Thou faw'ft Man's fatal Wreck, and lo ! Thy Pity cou'd not flay.

#### III.

Swift as the Journeys of the Morn To Earth thou tak'ft thy Flight : A new-born Star attends thy Birth, And glows with joyful Light.

#### IV.

Seraph and Cherub hail the News, Fresh Joys their Heaven improve,

While

While loft in Wonder they reflect On th' unexampled Love.

# V.

In Throngs their lofty Seats they leave, And humble Æther prefs; Look down and view the wondrous Scene. And as they view they blefs.

#### VI:

To loftier Notes their Harps they raife, And loftier Hymns rehearfe, While Shepherds leave their Rural Strains-To hear Celeftial Verfe.

# VII.

" Glory to God, is all their Song, " Glory to God moft high,

" All Glory to the Ranfomer " Of Man's Polierity.

VIII. Jrack

Thro' all th' immeasur'd **Invisits** of Space, And rowling Orbs on high, Thro' all the Fields of heav'nly Light, And Kingdoms of the Sky.

# IX.

Down thro' the Hollows of the Earth, Thro' Hell's extensive Bounds,

And

And all the difmal Vaults below The Harmony refounds.

#### Х.

. . .

With trembling hellifh Furies hear-The News of Man's Relief; It tracks them with redoubled Pains-

And more inflames their Grief.

#### XI.

With hideous Roars they fhake all Hell, And rage in wild Defpair, They bite their everlafting Chains, And rend their Snaky Hair.

# XII.

But O the Joy, the Peace, the Blifs, The found to Mortals brings, It chears the difmal Gloom and flies With Raptures on its Wings.

# XIII.

Redemption? O the charming News ! From deepeft Guilt and Hell. Redemption! For a trayt'rous World That freely did rebel.

# XIV.

Wondrous Redemption ! wondrous Grace ! That does Mankind reftore

Te

To all the Joys were loft by Sin, To all, and vaftly more.

#### XV.

That points the Way, and opens wide The everlasting Gate, Allures us with immortal Crowns, And Robes of heav'nly State.

# XVI.

• O Action worthy of a God ? O Love beyond Degree ! • O Condefcention infinite! O boundlefs Charity !

#### XVII.

 O ! how I'm delug'd o're, and loft, In this profound Abyss;
 It fills my Head with glorious Scenes, My Heart with Extasses.

# XVIII.

Lord, why to Rebel Man fhou'dft thou Such matchless Favours fhew?

Why court the Wretch that fhun'd thy Sight, That fought thy Overthrow?

#### XIX.

Is it because thou need'st his Aid, Thou dost his Friendship fue?

Will

Will elfe thy Blifs be incompleat? Thy Praifes be but few?

# XX.

Or waft thou, Lord, compell'd to leave Thy Triumphs in the Sky? And range along the horrid Vale Of Death and Mifery?

# XXI.

Alas! what Force cou'd Thee compel; Who art Almighty ftill? Who mad'ft and rul'ft the floating Worlds According to thy Will?

# XXII.

Or, Lord, what Want can'ft Thou endure, Who all Things doft poffefs? Whofe flowing Glories know no ebb, No Bounds Thy Happinefs?

#### XXIII.

Ten Thoufand Thoufand Angel-Troops Thy Majefty adore :

And with a Word Thou canft create Ten Thousand Thousand more.

# XXIV.

Ev'n thefe with all their Hymns of Praife No Profit bring to Thee,

Wh o

Who only art Thy own Delight, Thy own Felicity.

# XXV.

Why then to Rebel Man fhould'ft Thou Such matchless Favour fhew? Why court the Wretch that fhunn'd thy Sight? That fought thy Overthrow?

# XXVI.

Why; but because, dear Lord, with TheeWas Mercies boundless Store,Because Thy Goodness fcorn'd Restraint,And proudly delug'd o're.

# XXVII.

'Twas this alone that made Thee leave Thy gorious State above, In Manhood veil the God, and part With all thy Heav'n but Love.

# XXVIII.

A Servant's defpicable Form This made Thee gladly wear, Sleep, Hunger, Thirft, and Cold endure, And Mocks of Sinners hear.

# XXIX.

This led Thee thro' the raging Flames, And thro' th' impetuous Flood,

With

With difinal Clouds involv'd thy Soul, And dy'd thy Robes in Blood.

#### XXX.

The Wine-prefs of Almighty Wrath This made Thee freely tread, With bafeft Villains chofe thy Lot, And with the filent Dead.

#### XXXI.

O ftrange Effect of Saving Love ! What Love does this require ? How fhou'd it melt away thy Soul In Flames of Am'rous Fire ?

### XXXII.

How fhou'd thy Mouth be fill'd with Praife? What Homage fhouldft thou pay To him who plung'd in Night for Thee, And turn'd thy Night to Day?

# XXXIII.

O can'ft thou fee God's darling Son Forfake his Lofty Throne? Forfake his Guards and Glories all To try the Vaft alone?

# XXXIV.

From World to World, from Heav'n to Earth, Behold him fwiftly come,

Behold

Behold him fhroud his facred Form In Mary's Virgin Womb?

#### XXXV.

Behold the God [O wonder] born! Behold him bleed and die, And not by Turns within Thee feel Th' Extreams of Grief and Joy?

#### XXXVI.

Of Grief, to think what He endur'd, Of Joy, and Praife, to fee What mighty Bleffings He defign'd In all my Soul for Thee.

# KENKENKENKENKENKEN

# The WARNING.

A LL you who leap Religion's facred Fence, And hunt th' ignoble Chace of Luft and Senfe,

Whofe impiousBreaft fome hellifh Fiend infpires! And Tongues, and Eyes confefs adult rous Fires; Who down your wretched Souls in Floods of

Wine,

And to the Beaft the nobler Man refign :

Who with loud Oaths, and Curfes rend the Sky, And dare immortal Virtue's bright Authority.

With

With earnest Speed your darling Vice forego, Which elfe will prove your certain Overthrow. For fince Heayen's awful King is Just and Pure, You must the Lashes of his Wrath endure. Must e're 'tis long, to your Confusion, find That th' injur'd God is neither Deaf nor Blind.

# By Mr. $W E S L E \Upsilon$ .

MY Harbingers the feven Archangels bright. Hark how their Trumps the guilty World affright;

The awful Trump of God ! a Call they found, Is heard thro' Nature's universal Round. That Signal heard from the diffolving Sky. Decrepid Nature lays her down to dye. Not fo Man's deathlefs Race, who now revive. And must in Joy, or Pain for ever live. From long confining Tombs each dusky Gueft Difturb'd arise, most never more to rest. The cluftring Atoms, as before they were, Together troop, the Earth, the Sea, the Air, Give up their Dead, how different all they rife! These light and chearful, these behold the Skies With Looks adverse, and horrid, how they shine All dreadful bright, all red with Wrath Divine ! Even you fair Star, whofe Webs of Light difperfe Their golden Threads around the Universe,

Loofe from its Centre down Heaven's Hill must roll,

And by its Fall unhinge the fteddy Pole.

And whilft it hiffing in th' Abyfs is found,

Ten thousand leffer Suns lye scatter'd round.

The Moon's bright Eye fhall dark and blood-fhot grow,

Reflecting only Smoak, and Fire below.

Vast Heaps on Heaps, thick Orbs on Orbs are hurl'd,

'Chaos on Chaos, World confus'd with World, Huge Spheres fo fast each after other roll'd, Even boundlefs fpace their Ruins fcarce will hold If the great Whole's no more from Fate fecure, What Ravage fhall this little part endure? This Point in the great Circle as before, When by th' impetuous Deluge floated o're, The Oceans both of Heaven and Earth did join Both with the Fountains of the Deep combine, And Wave did after Wave unweary'd come, Sea after Sea from its Hydropick Womb, So from the Sources whence that Ruin came Delug'd with Seats of Fire, and Waves of Flame. As when Heaven's Vengeance on curft Sodom fell, The Would's one Tophet, now one Etna, or one Hell.

From Earth's wide Womb large Floods of Flame fhall flow

The fiery Worlds above shall meet with this below,

H 2

Hence

Hence holy Souls refin'd, and made more bright, Shall fafe immerge to Worlds of calmer Light, Whilft those ftill ftain'd with odious Marks of Sin, Must desperate fink, for ever fink therein. But first that Doom, which they deserv'd so well,

They must receive that Sentence, half their Hell.

The Thrones are fet, the confcious Angels wait,

And turn th' Eternal brazen Leaves of Fate. High in the midft fhall my Tribunal ftand, Apoftles, Prophets, Saints at my Right Hand: Martyrs and Confeffors, a glorious Train, Now well content to fuffer, then to reigh; Whilft on the Left a difmal gloomy Band Of Kings, proud Nobles, factious Commons ftand : Lewd Priefts, Apoftate Poets, who difgrace Their Character, and ftain their Heaven-barn Race.

Lean Hypocrites who by long Fasts and Prayer, Get Dann'd with much of Pains, and much of Care. But strange ! there will not be an Atheist there.

All Marshal'd thus, tho' now they're mingled feen,

To you I'll with applauding Smiles begin.

Come you by me and my great Father bleft, Come holy Souls to endlefs Peace and Reft.

For fome fhort Years of Milery and Pain, In Light, and Joy, for ever with me reign In that bleft Place, before all Worlds prepar'd, By Heavenly Skill, by Hands Almighty rear'd. In that bad World your felves you've faithful fhown.

You own'd me there, and you in this I'll own. Fainting for Hunger me you oft reliev'd,

And burnt with Thirst I your kind Aid receiv'd. Wide wandring thro' the World, youentertain'd Half naked, not my Poverty difdain'd,

But careful Cloath'd ; when fick your Help did lend,

Nay, even imprison'd not forsook your Friend.

With modeft Joy in their enlighten'd Eyes, Thus humbly all the Righteous Hoft replies : Thy Mercy not our Merits, Lord, we own Must place us by thee on thy radiant Throne. Much of our felves, of Ill our felves we know, Such Good alas, when did we ever do.

Then to th' Unjust he turns, who trembling wait

H 3

Their too well known intollerable Fate.

Juffice

Juffice unmix'd dwells on his Angry Brow, Tho' Mercy only there, and Pasdon now. (Ah what a Change ! why will they not relent, Since now they may? why will they not repent? Yet, yet, there's Hope, I'll cover all their Sins; Then all too late, for thus their Judge begins.)

Go ye accurft, to endleis Torment go, For fuch your Choice, to endleis Worlds of woe, Brepar'd at first for those lost Spirits that fell, You shar'd their Crimes, now doom'd to share their Hell.

In t'other World unkind your felves you've fhown:

Me you difown'd, you now I here difown: Fainting for Hunger, me you'd not relieve, For Thirft you'd not one Cup of *Water* give, When wandring thro' the World ne're entertain'd.

Half Noked, Peor and Mean, you me difdain'd : Or Cloath'd with Stripes, when Sick did Curfes lend,

For Balm, Imprison'd; Stones for Bread you fend.

With all the haft of Impudent Defpair, They'll all deny, and ask me when and where?

To them my Answer like the last shall be, What to my Brethren's done, is done to me.

# A Place

A Place there is from Heav'ns Tweet Light debarr'd,

Where difmal Shricks of guilty Souls are heard : Loud Yells, deep Groans, thick Stripes, long clank of Chains,

There folid everlafting Darknefs Reigns. Even that fad Fire, which on the Wretched feeds (Nor new Supplies of Matter ever needs,) Lends 'em no Gleam, no comfortable Ray, But change of Torments, measure Night and Day, Hither black Fiends shall snatch th' Unjust away. And on the Ruins of this flaming Ball, Tormentors and Tormented both shall fall, Whill to th' Abys on Waves of Sulphur tost And in that direful Gulph for ever lost.

Not fo the Juft; who fhall their Lord attend ToWorlds of Joy, fhall know no bound, nor end. A Place there is remov'd far, far away, From that faint Lamp, that makes this Mortal

Day. A blifsful Place, that knows no Clouds or Night, But God's high Throne fcatters perperual Light There Angels live, there Saints fo far refign'd Their Bodies fcarce lefs glorious than their Mind. There true Eternal Friendfhip all profefs, There in the height of Piety poffefs The Heaven of Heavens, the height of Hoppinefs.

H 4

Perfe&

:::

Perfect their Joys, yet still their Joys improve,-For still the Infinite they see, and love.

Here shall they enter, here triumphant plac'd, Unutterable Blifs for ever taste;

In mine, and my Great Father's Arms embrac'd.

# The Vanity of the World.

# By a young Lady.

W Hat if ferenely bleft, with Calms I fwam, Pastolus, in thy golden fanded Stream ?

- Not all the Wealth, that lavish Chance cou'd give.
- My Soul from Death cou'd one thort Hour reprieve.
- When from my Heart the wandring Life must move,

No Cordial, all my useless Gold wou'd prove.

What tho' I plung'd in Joys fo deep and wide,

'Iwou'd tire my Thoughts to reach the diftant fide ?

Fancy it felf'twou'd tire to plumb th' Abyfs, 7 If I for an uncertain Leafe of this Sold the fair Hope of an Eternal Blifs? What

What if invefted with the Royal State Of darling Queens, ador'd by King's I fate? Yet when my trembling Soul diflodg'd wou'd be

No room of State within the Grave for me. What if my Youth in Wit, and Beauty's Bloom Shou'd promife manya flattering Year to come; Tho' Death fhou'd pafs the beauteous Flourifher.

Advancing Time wou'd all its Glories marr. What if the Muses loudly fang my Fame, The barren Mountains Ecchoing with my Name, An envious Puff might blass the rising Pride, And all its bright conspicuous Lustre hide.

If o'er my Relicks Monuments they raise, And fill the World with Flattery or Praise, Oh! what wou'd all avail, if fink I must, My Soul to endless Shades, my Body to the Dust?



H 5

A Pro-

# KANKANKANKANKANKAN

# A Prospect of DEATH.

# A PINDARIQUE ESSAY.

#### I.

CInce we can die but once, and after Death Our State no alteration knows : Buz, when we have refign'd our Breath, Th'immortal Spirit goes To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes. Wife is that Man who labours to focure The mighty and important State : And, by all methods, ftrives to make His passage fafe, and his reception fure. Merely to die no Man of Reason fears. For certainly we muft. As we are born, return to Duft: Tis the last Point of many lingering Years. But whither then we go, Whither, we fain wou'd know : But human Understanding cannot show. This makes us tremble, and creates Strange apprehensions in the Mind; Fills it with reftless Doubts, and wild Debates Con.

Concerning what, we living, cannot find.

None know what Death is, but the Dead, Therefore we all by Nature dying dread,

As a ftrange, doubtful way, we know not how to tread.

#### П.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come, And fcarce have one black painful hour to live, No hopes, no profpect of a kind reprieve, To ftop our freedy passage to the Tomb,

How moving, ard how mournful is the fight

How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous fad;

Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had :

In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,

To chear our drooping Souls for their amazing flight?

Feeble and Languishing in Bed we lie,

Defpairing to recover, void of reft,

W ishing for Death, and yet afraid to die:

Terros and Doubts diffract our Breaft : With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppreft.

#### III.

Our Face is moisten'd with a clammy Sweat; Faint and irregular the Pulses beat; The Blood unactive grows,

And thickens as it flows,

# H 6 Depriv'd

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Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat. Our dying Eyes roul heavily about; Their Light juft going out; And for fome kind Affiftance call, But Pity, ufelefs Pity's all Our weeping Friends can give, Or we receive; Tho' their Defires are great, their Pow'rs are-

fmall.

The Tongue's unable to declare The Pains, the Griefs, the Miferies we bear ; . How infupportable our Torments are. Mufick no more delights our deaf ning Ears, Reftores our Joys, or diffipates our Fears ; . But all is melancholly, all is fad.

In Robes of deepeft Mourning clad: For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sence Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

# IV.

Then we are fenfible, too late,

'Tis no advantage to be Rich or Great :

For all the fulfome Pride, and Pageantry of States No confolation brings.

Riches and Honours, then are useles things,. Tastlefs, or bitter all;

And, like the Book which the Apostle eat, To the ill-judging Palate fweet,

But turn at last to nauseousness and gall. Nothing will then our drooping Spirits chear. Eut

But their remembrance of good Actions paft, Virtue's a Joy that will for ever laft;

And makes pale Death lefs terrible appear;

Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear.

In the dark Anti-Chambers of the Grave,

What wou'd we give, ev'n all we have, All that our Cares, and Industry had gain'd, All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd, Cou'd we recall those fatal Hours again.

Which we confum'd in fenfeles Vanities,

Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Eafe;

For then they urge our Terrors, and increase our Pain.

V.

Our Friends and Relatives ftand weeping by, Diffolv'd in Tears to fee us die:

And plunge into the deep Abyis of wide Eternity,

They pity our deplorable Estate,

But what, alas, can pity do,

To foften the decrees of Fate!

Besides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.

All their Endeavours to preferve our Breath,

Tho' they do unfuccefsful prove, Show us how much, how tenderly they love, But cannot cut off the entail of Death.

Mournful

Mournful they look, and croud about our Bed, One with officious hafte

Brings us a Cordial, we want Sence to take : Another foftly raifes up our Head;

This wipes away the Sweat, that, fighing cries See what Convultions, what frong Agonics,

Both Soul and Body undergo!

His pains no intermission know;

To ferve his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend; But fill in vain with Deftiny they all contend.

#### VI.

Our Father, pale with grief and watching grown,

Takes our cold Hand in his, and cries adieu, Adieu, my Child, now I must follow you.

Then weeps, and gently lays it down. Our Sons, who in their tender Years Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears, Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry Blefs us, O Father! now before you die ; Blefs us, and be you bleft to all Eternity. Our Friend, whom equal to our felves we love, Compafionate and kind, Cries, will you leave me here behind, Without me fly, to the bleft Seats above? Without me, did I fay, ah no!

W ithout thy Friend thou can's not go, For

For ev'ry galp of Air he draws, returns in fighs. Each wou'd his kind affiltance lend

For tho' thou leav'ft me grov'ling here below, My Soul with thee fhall upward fly, And bear thy Spirit company,

Thro' the bright Passage of the yielding Skie.

Ev'n Death that parts thee from thy felf, **fhall** be

Incapable to separate

(For 'tis not in the Power of Fate)

My Friend, my beft, my dearest Friend, and me:

But fince it must be so, Farewel For ever ! No: for we shall meet agen,

And live like Gods, the' now we die like Men, In the eternal Regions, where just Spirits dwell,

#### VII.

The Soul, unable longer to maintain The fruitless and unequal Strife, Finding her weak Endeavours vain, To keep the Counterscarps of Life;

By flow degrees retires toward the Heart, And fortifies that little Fort

With all the kind Artilleries of Art; Botanick Legions guarding ev'ry Port.

But Death, whole Arms no Mortal can repel, A formal Siege difdains to lay, Summons his fierce Battalions to the fray, And in a minute ftorms the feeble Cittadel. Sometimes we may capitulate, and he

# Pretends

Pretendsto make a folid Peace, But 'tis all sham, all artifice ;

That we may negligent and careless be : For if his Armies are withdrawn to day,

And we believe no danger near, But all is peaceable, and all is clear, His Troops return fome unfufpected way; While in the foft Embrace of Sleep we lye, The fecret Murd'rers ftab us, and we die.

#### VIII.

Since our first Patents Falk. Inevitable Death descends on all! A Portion none of human Race can mifs. But that which makes it fweet, or bitter, is The fears of Misery, or certain hopes of Blis: For when the Impenitent and Wicked die, Loaded with Crimes and Infamy. If any Senfe at that fad time remains. They feelumazing Terrors, mighty Pains, The Earnest of that vast stupendious Woe. Which they to all Eternity must undergo; Confin'd in Hell with everlafting Chains. Infernal Spirits hover in the Air, Like rav'nousWolves, to feize upon the Prey, And hurry the departed Souls away ' To the dark Receptacles of Despair ; Where they must dwell till that tremendous Day,

When the loud Trump shall call them to appear Before Before a Judge most terrible, and most fevere : By whose just Sentence they must go To everlasting Pains, and endless Woe.

# IX. -

But the good Man, whole Soul is pure, Unspotted, regular, and free

From all the ugly stains of Lust, and Villany, Of Mercy, and of Pardon sure:

Looks thro' the Darkneis of the gloomy Night,

And fees the dawning of a glorious Day 5 Sees crouds of Angels ready to convey

His Soul, whene'er fhe takes her flight, To the furprizing Manfions of immortal Light-Then the Celestial Guards around him stand; Nor fuffer the black Dæmons of the Air T' oppose this Passage to the promis'd Land; Or terrifie his Thoughts with wild Despair :

But all is calm within, and all without is fair. His Prayer, his Charity, his Virtues prefs, To plead for Mercy, when he wants it most; Not one of all the happy Number's lost; And those bright Advocates ne'er want Succefs.

But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality, She paffes up in Triumph thro' the Skie; Where fhe's united to a glorious Throng Of Angels, who with a Celeftial Song, Congratulate her Conquest as fhe flies along.

X. If....

#### X.

If therefore all must quit the Stage,

When or how foon we cannot know, . But late or early, we are fure to go; In the fresh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age; ... We cannot take too fedulous a Care; ...

In this important, grand Affair.

For as we die, we must remain, >

Hereafter all our hopes are vain, as

To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return again.

The Heathen, who no better understood

Than what the Light of Nature taught, de-

No future Mifery cou'd be prepar'd,

For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good **;** But, if there was a State of reft,

They shou'd with the same Happiness be bless, As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, polfest.

We have the promife of Eternal Truth,

Those who live well, and Pious Paths pursue, and to their Maker true,

Let 'em expire in Age, or Youth, Can never mifs

Their way to everlafting Blifs : But from a World of Mifery and Care, To Manfions of eternal Eafe repair :

Where

Where Joy in full Perfection flows, No interruption, no ceffation knows, But in a mighty Circle round for ever goes.

\$

## The APPEAL.

## By an unknown Hand.

#### I:

T<sup>O</sup> Thee great Searcher of the Heart I folemnly Appeal, Who all the Secrets of my Soul, And inmost Thoughts canft tell:

#### 11

Even Thou, th' unerring Judge of all, Doft my dread Witnefs prove, That Thee, beyond whate're the World Can tempt me with, I love.

#### III.

That Thee, whatever elfe I mifs, Whatever elfe I lofe, As my exceeding great Reward, And higheft Blifs I chufe.

#### IV. Leave \*

#### IV.

Leave me of Wealth, of Honour, Friends, And all Things elfe bereft.

But of thy Favour, gracious God,

Let me be never left.

#### V.

Oh hear, and grant thy boundless Love's Ineftimable Store, And I'll hereafter close my Lips

And never urge Thee more.

#### VÍ.

With this alone I'll be content, But, Lord, of this deny'd, I fhou'd despise the noblest Gift, Thou cou'ds bestow beside

#### VII.

Among the brighteft Joys of Life. I fhou'd no Pleafure know, But murm'ring to the fullen Shades Of endlefs Night would go.



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Tel

## •

Tell me, O thou whom my Soul loves, where thou feedeft, where thou caufeft thy Flocks to reft at Noon, Cant. 1.7.

By an unknown Hand.

#### Ï.

O Lovelier to my ravifh'd Eyes Than all they ever faw, Much dearer than the Light I yiew, Or vital Breath I draw.

#### ; **II**.

Eternal Treafure of mysHeart,
 Whom as my Soul I love,
 Oh tell me, to what Happy Shades

Thou doft at Noon remove.

#### III.

 C Oh tell me where, by Chryffal Streams Thy Snowy Flocks are led,
 And in what fruitful Meadows they Are by thy Bounty fed.

IV. For

#### IV.

For Thee I languish all the Day,
For Thee I hourly pine,
As Flow'rs that want the chearing Sun Their Painted Heads decline.

#### V.

Ah why from my impatient Eyes Doft thou thy felf conceal? Whilft I in vain in lonely Shades My reftlefs Pain reveal.

And tho' after my Skin Worms deftroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God, Job xix. 26.

By a Young Lady.

W Hat tho'my Soul rent from the clofe Embrace Of this material Confort, takes her Flight, (Exil'd the Confines of her Native Place) And leave thefe Eyes clos'd in a difmal Night? She

7

She fhall agen refume the dear Abode, And cloath'd in Flefh I fhall behold my God.

#### П.

Tho' in the gloomy Regions of the Grave Forgotten, and infenfible I lye, That tedious Night fhall a bright Morning have, The welcome Dawnings of Eternity. My Soul fhall then refume Her old Abode, Aud cloath'd in Elefh, I fhall behold my Ged.

#### ΠI.

Altho', refolv'd into my native Duft, Its proper part, each Element refign: Yet at my awful Maker's Breath they must Agen the num'rous Particles refine: And then my Soul shall take Her old Abode, And cloath'd in Flesh I shall behold my God.



## ΗΥΜΝ.

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## E HERNER HERNER HERNER

# $H \Upsilon M N.$

#### I.

HOW fhall I fing that Majefty "Which Angel-Hofts admire? Let Duft in Duft and Silence lye, Sing, fing ye heav'nly Quire.

l

#### II.

Thousands of Thousands stand around Thy Throne, O God most High, Ten thousand times ten thousand sound Thy Presife, but who am I?

## III.

Thy brighteft Rays to them appear, While I thy Footfteps trace, A found of God ftrikes on my Ear, But they behold thy Face.

#### IV.

They fing becaufe thou art their Sun; Lord, dart a Beam on me; For where Heav'n is but once begun There 'Hallelujahs be.

V. En.

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#### V.

Enlighten and enflame my Heart With Loves most Sacred Fire, Then shall I sing, and bear a part With thy Celessial Quire.

#### VI.

Howgreat a Being, Lord, is thine, Which doth all Beings keep ! Thy Knowledge is the only Line To Sound fo yaft a Deep.

#### VII.

Thou art a Sea without a Shore, A Sun without a Sphere, Thy Time is now and evermore, Thy Place is ev'ry where.

#### VIII.

How good art thou, whole Goodnels is My Parent, Nurfe and Guide? Whole Streams do Water Paradice, And all the World befide.

#### IX.

Thy mighty Arm, O mighty King! Both Rocks and Hearts can break : My God, thou canft do ev'ry thing But what wou'd fhew Thee Weak.

## I

X. Who

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3

Who wou'd not fear thy fearching Eye, Witnefs to all we do? Dark Hell and deep Hypocrify Lye open to thy View.

#### XI.

Thy wife and bounteous Works, and Ends, O may we ftill admire. Creation all our Wit transcends.

Redemption rifes higher.

#### XII.

How pure, and holy are thine Eyes? How holy is thy Name! Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties, Thy Holinefs proclaim.

#### XIII.

Thy wondrous Mercies out-firetch'd Rays Shine glorioufly to All. For this thy Creatures Love, and Praife,

And thee their Father Call.

## XIV.

Thy hinder Parts, O God of Grace! We only here adore; Difplay the Glory of thy Face, That we may praife thee more.

## XV. And

XV. And fince none fee this Sight and live. For me to die is best; Thro' Jordan's Streams, who wou'd not dive, To land at Canaan's Rest?

# $H \Upsilon M N$

. **I.** 

When Man in Sin's wild Maze was loft, And on impetuous Billows toft. While Hope and Help all Aid denies, Lo ! God his vaft Compaffion fhews, His dear, and only Son beftows Who for our Safety freely dies.

#### II.

O Heighth? O Length ! O Breadth ! O Deep ? What Love with thine can Meafures keep ? Love! that from Glory Jefus brought : That plung'd him deep, in Sorrows Flood, That peirc'd his Soul, and drein'd his Blood, O Love transcending Angels Thought !

III. May

#### JII.

O may at length my willing Breaft Be all with Love of thee poffeft, Be all inflam'd with heav'nly Fire; May I thy praife, in Raptures fing, Thy boundle's Praife, my God, my King And thee, and only thee admire.

## $H \Upsilon M N$

#### I.

THou, Lord, who raifed'ft Heav'n and Earth, Doft make the Building ftand : The pond'rous Weight does wholly reft On thy Almighty Hand.

#### Π.

Should'ft thou one Moment, Lord, with-draw, The Earth wou'd leave its Place, The num'rous fhining Orbson high Refign to empty Space,

#### III.

Thou needest none to fing thy Praise, As if thy Joy cou'd fade,

1

Could'ft

Could'st thou have needed any Thing, Thou nothing could'st have made!

#### IV.

Lord, what is Man? that Child of Pride, Who boafts his high Degree? If but one Inftant thou him leave He finks, and where is he?

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# In Fraise of VIRTUE.

## By Mr. TATE.

O For a Quill drawn from an Angel's Wing! O for a Mafter Seraph's Voice to fing! A Subject worthy of Seraphick Lays, 'Tis Virtue, bright celeftial Virtue's Praife! Virtue beyond compare, by all allow'd The fair ft Beauty, and the beft endow'd. For what Imperial Dame like her can fay I've Wealth can ne'er be loft, and Charms will ne'er decay?

An Eden when unfading Pleasures grow,

And Joys pure Streams uninterrupted flow.

Not fo, when Vice does her feign'd Smilesdifplay,

That Dalilah's Carefles to betray.

#### I 3. Virtue's

- 174 Divine HYMNS and POEMS.
- Virtue's alone the chast and real Friend.
- On whom th' enamour'd Soul fecurely can depend.
- She Steel has prov'd, throughout the tedious. Stage
- Of mortal Life, and dang'rous Pilgrimage,
- To all who on her Conduct have rely'd,
- The best Companion, and most faithful Guide.
- Our fhadowing Cloud in Fortune's Darling. Light,
- Our fhining Pillar in Affliction's Night.
- Our Heav'nly Manna, when for Food diffresid,
- Our Fountain, when with fcorchiug Thirst opprefs'd.
- She makes our Wilderness all blooming Gay, And scatters Roses in the Desart Way.
- The very Thorns that make her Trav'lers bleed,

Are but Remembrancers to mend their Speed, Left too much Eafe their farther Care disband, And they ftop fhort, fhort of the promis'd Land. Ev'n am'rous Youth with her fecurely fteer, Where Syrens deck'd in all there Charms appear, Of Circe's Ifle the tempting Prospect fhun, When th' unadvis'd to fimiling Ruin run. By her the beauteous Sex are taught to know Both what to Heav'n, and to themselves they owe:

Honour, and fpotlefs Innocence to prize, Above the Triumphs of their conqu'ring Eyes. How

How difmal dear the Bargain when they fell? Those Gems for ought that does on Earth? excel, That, Oh!'tis Life for Death, and Heav'n for Hell.

But then in largest Streams her Blessings flow, When Life grown Bankrupt can no more bestow; She gives what mortal Nature never gave, Immortal Blifs, and Life beyond the Grave.

\$

# The CHARACTER of a HAPPY LIFE.

By Sir Henry Wotton.

#### F.

HOW happy is he born, and taught, That ferveth not another's Will? Whofe Armour is his honeft Thought. And fimple Truth his utmoft Skill?

#### II.

Whofe Paffions not his Mafters are, Whofe Soul is ftill prepar'd for Death; Unty'd unto the World by Care Of publick Fame, or private Breath.

L 4

III. Who

#### HI:

Who envies none that Change doth raife, Nor Vice hath ever underftood;

How deepest Wounds are giv'n by Praise, Nor Rules of State, but Rules of Good.

#### IV.

Who hath his Life from Rumors freed, Whole Confcience is his ftrong Retreat : Whole State can neither Flatt'rers feed, Nor Ruin make Oppreffors great.

#### V.

Who God doth late and early pray More of his Grace, than Gifts to lend : And entertains the harmless Day, With a Religious Book, or Friend.

#### VI.

This Man is freed from fervile Bands, Of Hope to rife, or Fear to fall : Lord of himfelf, tho'not of Lands, And having Nothing, yet hath All.



#### CHRIST's





## CHRIST'S PASSION.

## Taken out of a Greek ODE.

I.

Nough, my Muse, of Earthly Things; And Infpirations but of Wind; Take up thy Lute and to it bind Loud, and everlasting Strings; And on 'em play, and to 'em fing, The happy mournful Stories. The lamentable Glories. Of the great Crucified King. Mountainous Heap of Wonders! which doft rife 'Till Earth thon joinest with the Skies !-Too large at Bottom, and at Top too high, To be half feen by mortal Eye. How shall I grafp this boundles' Thing! What fhall I play ! What fhall I fing ! I'll fing the mighty Riddle of Mysterious Love. Which neither wretched Men below, nor bleffed Saints above. With all their Comments can explain ; How all the whole World's Life, to die did not difdain

II. I'll:

#### II.

I'll fing the fearchless Depths of the Compassion Divine,

The Depths unfathom'd yet

By Reafon's Plummet, and the Line of Wit : Too light the Plummet, and too fhort the Line: How the Eternal Father did beftow

His own Eternal Son a Ranfom for his Foe: I'll fing aloud, that all the World may hear The Triumph of the buried Conqueror: How Hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led, And the great Slayer, Death, flain by the Dead.

#### Ш:

Methinks I hear of murthered Men the Voice,

Mixt with the Murtherers confused Noise, Sound from the Top of Calvarie

My greedy Eyes fly up the Hill and fee Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the three:

Oh how unlike the Others he,

Look how he bends his gentle Head with Bleffings from the Tree !

His gracious Hands ne'er firetcht but to dogood,

Are nail'd to the infamous Wood :

And

And finful Man does fondly bind, The Arms which he extends t'embrace all humane Kind.

#### IV.

Unhappy Man, can'ft ftand by and fee All this as Patient as he? Since he thy Sins does bear, Make thou his Sufferings thy own, And weep, and figh, and groan, And beat thy Breaft, and tear Thy Garments, and thy Hair, And let thy Grief, and let thy Love Thro' all thy bleeding Bowels move. Doft thou not fee thy Prince in Purple clad all o'er? Not Purple brought from the Sidonian Shore, But made at home with richer Gore.

Doft thou not fee the Rofes, which adorn Thy Thorny Garland by him worn? Doft thou not fee the livid Traces Of the fharp Scourges rude Embraces? If yet thou feeleft not the Smart Of Thorns and Scourges in thy Heart, If yet that be not Crucified.

Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side.

V. Open

V.

Open Oh! Open wide the Fountains of thine-Eyes,

And let 'em call

Their Stock of Moisture forth, where'er it lies, For this will ask it all.

'Twould all (alafs) too little be,

Tho' thy Salt Tears came from a Sea ;, Canft thou deny him this, when he

Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee.

Take heed ; for by his Sides mysterious Flood. May well be understood.

That he will still require fome. Waters to his Blood.

## Thoughts in SICKNESS.

#### ٠Ι.

MY God, my Maker, humbly I adore Thy Pow'r and Wifdom in my goodly Frame.

I view the Work, and blefs thy Sacred Name. Thou took'ft this Body from the common Store; A rude, and undigefted Mafs before :

And lo ! all Art, and Order it became.

#### IL And.

And when thou had'ft compleated ev'ry Part, Had'ft taught each Spring, and W heel their deftin'd Ufe,

And made a Purple Flood of Vital Juice Rufh thro' the Channels of the Active Heart, And Life, and Vigor to the Whole impart, Thou an immortal Soul did'ft then infufe.

#### III.

And both, dear God, are ffill at thy difpofe; For as thy awful Word cou'd first unite Things in their Natures strangely opposite,

So with the fame can'ft thou diffolve the Clofe, And each unto its Native Region goes,

Earth back to Earth, my Soul to Realms of Light.

## IV.

I know thy Providence difpofes All; I know that what foe'er thou doft is beft:

O let me then in thy Appointments reft ! Does God pre-order all Things, great and fmall? No Nail, nor dropping Hair without him fall :

And yet shall any Change my Peace molest?

V.

If thou haft Businels for me here below, I know thou foon wilt all my Pains expel.

My

My Sickness foon controul, and speak me well:

If not, why fhall I think it hard to go;

To leave this naufeous World of Sin and Woe, And in immortal Joy, and Glory dwell?

#### IV.

I will not, no, I will not, Lord, repine, Tho' now thou pleafe to Summon me away, To bid me die, and leave this Houfe of Clay: Thy Pleafure, as 'tis juft, fhall govern mine,

To thee, the Owner I my All refign :

Command whate'er thou wilt, I chearfully obey.

## The RAPTURE.

By a Young Lady.

#### I.

L Ord ! If one diftant Glimple of Thee Thus elevate the Soul, In what a height of Extafy Do those bleft Spirits roll?

#### H.

Who by a fixt, Eternal View, Drink in immortal Rays;

To

To whom unveiled thou doft fhew Thy Smiles without Allays?

#### III.

An Object which, if Mortal Eyes Cou'd make Approaches to, They'd foon efteem their beft lov'd Toys' Not worth one fcornful View.

#### IV.

How then beneath its Load of Fleff Wou'd the vext Soul complain ! And how the friendly Hand she'd blefs, Wou'd break her hated Chain !

## KENKENKENKENKEN

# The cxxxixth PSALM para\_ phras'd to the 14th Verse.

## By Mr. Norris.

#### I.

IN vain great God, in vain I try T'efcape thy quick All-fearching Eye, Thou with one undivided View Doft look the whole Creation through,

The

The unfhap'd Embryo's of my Mind, Not yet to Form or Likenefs wrought,

The tender Rudiments of Thought,

Thou fee'ft before fhe can her own Conceptionsfind.

### Π.

My private Walks to thee are known, In Solitude I'm not alone, Thou round my Bed a Guard doft keep, Thy Eyes are open while mine fleep, My fofteft Whifpers reach thy Ear, 'Tis vain to fancy Secrecy;

Which way foe'er I turn thou'rt there; I'm all around befet with thy Immenfity.

### III.

I can't wade thro' this Deep I find, It drounds and fwallows up my Mind: 'Tis like thy immenfe Deity, I cannot fathom that or thee.: Where then fhall I a Refuge find, From thy bright Comprehensive Eye? Whether, O whether fhall I fly! What Place is not possed with thy All-filling

What Place is not policit with thy All-filling Mind !

## IV.

If to the Heavenly Orbs I fly These is thy Seat of Majefty,

F

If down to Hell's Abyfs I go, There I am fure to meet Thee too. Shou'd I, with the fwift Wings of Light, Seek fome remote and unknown Land, Thou foon woul'dft overtake my flight

And all my Motions rule with thy long-reaching Hand.

#### V.

Shou'd I t'avoid thy piercing Sight, Retire behind the Skreen of Night, Thou canft with one Celeftial Ray Difpel the Shades and make it Day. Nor need'ft thou by fuch *Mediumi* fee, The Force of thy clear radient Sight Depends not on our groffer Light :

On Light thou fit'ft enthron'd, 'tis ever Day with Thee.

## VI.

The Springs which Life and Motion give Are thine, by thee I move and live; My Frame has nothing hid from thee, Thou know'ft my whole Anatomy. T'an Hymn of Praife I'll tune my Lyre: How amazing is this Work of thine! With Dread I into my felf retire For tho' the Metal's base the Stamp is all Divine.

## 

# The CONSUMMATION.

## A Pindarick ODE.

By the *fame* Hand.

#### Ι.

THE rife of Monarchies, and their long weighty fall,

My Muse out soars, she proudly leaves behind The Pomp of Courts, she leaves our little All,

To be the humble Song of a lefs reaching Mind.

In vain I curb her tow'ring Flight,

All I can hear present's too small,

She preffes on, and now has loft their Sight: She flys and haftens to relate

The last and dreadful Scene of Fate,

Nature's great Solemn Funeral.

I fee the mighty Angel ftand

Cloath'd with a Cloud, and Rainbow round his Head.

His right Foot on the Sea, his other on the Land, He lifted up his dreadful Arm, and thus he faid :

By the Mysterious great Three-One,

Whofe

Whofe Power we fear, and Truth adore,

I fwear the fatal Thread is fpun,

Nature shall breath her last, and Time shall be no more.

The Ancient Stager of the Day

Has run his Minutes out, and number'd all his way.

The parting Ifthmus is thrown down,

And all fhall now be overflown:

Time fhall no more her under Current know, But one with great Eternity fhall grow,

Their Streams shall mix, and in one Circling Channel flow.

#### II.

He spake—Fate writ the Sentence with her Iron Pen,

And mighty Thund'ring faid, Amen.

What dreadful Sound's this strikes my Ear ?

'T is fure th' Arch-Angels Trump I hear, Natures great Paffing Bell, the only Call, Of God's, that will be heard by all :

The Universe takes the Alarm, the Sea

Trembles at the great Angel's Sound, And roars almost as loud as he :

Seeks a new Channel and would fain run under Ground.

The Earth it felf does no lefs quake

And all throughout down to the Centre shake -

The.

- The Graves unclose, and the deep Sleepers there awake.
  - The Sun's arrested in his way,

He dares not forward go,

- But wondring fands at the great Hurry here be low.
- The Stars forget their Laws, and like loofe Planets ftray.

See how the Elements refign

- Their numerous Charge, the fcatter'd Atoms home repair,
- Some from the Earth, Some from the Sea, Some from the Air.
  - They know the great Alarm,

And in confus'd mixt number swarm.

- 'Till rang'd and fever'd by the ChymistryDivine.
- The Father of Mankind's amaz'd to fee
- The Globe too narrow for his Progeny: But 'tis the clofing of the Age,
- And all the Actors now at once must grace the Stage.

## III.

Now, Mufe, exalt thy Wing, be bold and dare, Fate does a wondrous Scene prepare.

The Central Fire which hitherto did burn

- Dull, like a Lamp in a moift clammy Urn,
- Tann'd by the Breath Divine begins to glow, The Fiends are all amaz'd below,

But that will no Confinement know,

Breaks

Breaks thro' its Sacred Fence, and plays more free
Than thou with all thy vaft Pindarick Liberty.
Nature does fick of a firong Fever lye,
The Fire the Subterraneous Vaults does fpoll,
The Mountains Sweat, the Sea does boil,
The Sea her mighty Pulfe beats high:
The Waves of Fire more proudly rowl,
The Fiends in their deep Caverns howl,
And with the frightful Trumpet mix their hideous Cry.
Now is the Tragick Scene begun,
The Fire in Triumph marches on
The Earth's girt round with Flames, and feems another Sun.

## TV.

.But whither does this lawlefs Judgment roam? Muft all promifcuoufly expire

A Sacrifice in Sodom's Fire?

Read thy Commission, Fate, fure all are not thy due,

No, thou must fave the Virtuous few.

- But where's the Angel Guardian to avert the Doom,
  - Lo with a mighty Hoft he's come!
  - I fee the parted Clouds give way,

Efec the Banner of the Crofs difplay.

Death's

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Death's Conqueror in Pomp appears, In his right Hand a Palm he bears, And in his Looks he Sweetnefs wears. Th' illustrious Glory of this Scene Does the defpairing Saints infpire

With Joy, with Rapture and Defire.

- Kindles the higher Life, that dormant lay within.
  - Th' awaken'd Virtue does its Thoughts difplay,
    - Melts and refines their droffy Clay :

New caft into a pure Etherial Frame.

- They fly, and mount aloft in Vehicles of Flame.
  - Slack here, my Muse, thy roving Wing,

And now the World's untun'd, let down thy high-fet String.



Veni

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## 

# Veni Creator Spiritus.

## Translated into Paraphrafe.

## By Mr. DRYDEN.

#### Ί.

CReator Spirit ! by whole Aid The World's Foundations first were laid; Come visit ev'ry pious Mind, Come pour thy Joys on Human kind, From Sin and Sorrows set us free, And make thy Temples worthy thee :

#### II.

O Source of uncreated Light! The Father's promis'd *Paraclite*! Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire, Our Hearts with Heavenly Love infpire; Come, and thy facred Unction bring To fanctify us while we fing.

#### III.

Plenteous of Grace descend from high, Rich in thy Sey'nfold Energy !

Thom

Thou Strength of his Almighty Hand, Whole Power does Heav'n and Earth command; Proceeding Spirit, our Defence, Who doft the Gift of Tongues Difpenfe, And crown'ft thy Gift with Eloquence. Refine, and purge our Earthly Parts, But Oh! inflame and fire our Hearts!

#### IV.

Our Faculties help, and Vice controul, Submit the Senfes to the Soul, And when Rebellious they are grown, Then lay thy Hand and hold 'em down.

#### **V**.-

Chafe from our Mindsth' infernal Foe, And Peace, the Fruit of Love, beftow; And left our Peace fhou'd ftep aftray Protect and guide us in the Way.

#### VI.

Make us Eternal Truths receive, And Practife all that we believe, Give us thy Self, that we may fee The Father and the Son by thee.

#### VII.

Immortal Honours, endless Fame Attend th' Almighty Father's Name;

The

The Saviour Son be glorify'd, Who for loft Man's Redemption dy'd: And equal Adoration be, Eternal Paraclite, to thee.

KAN KANKANKANKANKAN

## GOD the Creator, and the Preserver.

## By Mr. DANIEL.

#### I.

- OFFSPRING of Heav'n, Celeftial Flame, I own thy Pow'r, Thou lovely Gueft; Numbers fmooth and foft infpiring, I bid Thee welcome to my Breaft: Unfold thy rich Harmonious Store, And to my Mind thy Warmth impart; Give me to feel thy pleafing Rage,
- And let thy Sacred Fire diftend my Heart. And thou, my Lyre, refume thy Lays, And thro' thy painful Silence break, To fing the Great CREATOR'S Praife; 'Tis he who calls, my Lyre, Awake : Proud of the Theme, refume the Lay For Him, whom Earth and Heay'n obey:

ĸ

Each

Each Note shall bear the hallow'd Name around, And to Superiour Worlds convey the distant Sound.

#### II.

Parent of all Created Things, From whom this Scene of Nature fprings, To our charm'd Sight thy Pomp difplay, Open all thy Heav'n of Day; Amidft thy fhining Guards be fhewn The Glitt'ring Hoft who grace thy Throne: For Thee their Golden Lyres they ftring; Of Thee in fweeteft Numbers fing; Confefs Thee GOD, and hail Thee KING.

#### III.

On ISRAEL's Foes to execute thy Rage Intent, and waiting for thy high Command; Whether defign'd to blaft an impious Age,

Or fave from Lawlefs Pow'r a Fav'rite Land : Mounted on Wings of Winds, they fleer their Courfe.

And wondrous is their Speed, and wondrous is their Force.

#### IV.

All dark as yet, th' unactive Mass Lay bound in heavy Chains of Sleep, When big with Life GOD's awful Spirit Sat brooding o'er the mighty Deep.

.

Les

Let there be Light, He faid; and lo,

The nimble Beams the FIAT heard, Sprang from the Womb of Ancient Night, And cheerful Light its fimiling Vifage rear'd: On Purple Wings it upward flew.

And by his Order fixt on high ; Around its darting Glories threw,

And flain'd the Curtains of the Skie: Whether it paints the blufhing Eaft

With Rose Streaks, or gilds the West: Not undifcern'd by Him, the Heav'nly Ray, He faw that it was Good, and blest the Infant Day.

V.

The vaft Apyfs now meets his Eyes, Where Nature yet in Embrio lies; Where Tyrants of the boundlefs Plain, Chaos and wild Diforder Reign; The Hot, and Cold, the Moift, the Dry Blended in vaft Confusion lye:

 Struggling they bear alternate Sway, Around in circling Whirlpools play And win a Momentary Day

## IV.

But to his Dread Command Obedient prove, And now no more for fruitless Empire try; The various Seeds of future Beings move, And each to their appointed Stations fly;

K 2

There

There wait his Voice, and at his wondrous Call Leap fudden into Life, and Form this Beauteous ALL.

#### VII.

In the great Lap of Nature laid. And breaking from its Oozy Bed, The Huge, the Pondrous Globe of Earth. Above the Waters rears its Head : The tall, th' aspiring Mountains rife. And high in Air their Foreheads flow ; Some their broad Shoulders hide in Clouds, And proudly caft a length of Shade below. Beneath the humble Valley lyes, Where, in their Kinds, the Flocks are feen : Where new created Sweets arife, And with fresh Verdure cloath the Plain. Swifter than flitting Winds the Roe Is feen to quit the Mountain's Brow : He feeks the Stream which living Fountains yield,

Sweeps o'er the Flow'ry Lawns, and flies along the Field.

#### VIII.

The mighty Deep his Eye furveys, When firait its watry World obeys; Here the rough Surges loudly roar. And in proud Wayes infult the Shoar:

There

There fofter Rills more easie glide, And steal adown the Mountain's Side. Various the winding Rivers pass, Cooling the fultry Meadow's Face, And gently roll their floating Glass.

#### IX.

- Some, where the dreadful Precipice on high Does to th' affrighted View its Horrors flow,
- In a white Mift difperft involve the Skie,

And from the Airy Summit plunge below ;

Then join their fcatter'd Streams, and force their Way,

Rufh headlong o'er the Plain, and pour into the Sea.

#### X.

See, at his Voice the blooming Spring In rich Attire the Autumn meets;
She rivals with her Flow'rs its Fruits. And boafts a Wildernefs of Sweets : Her lovely Off-fpring, Nature's Pride, Difclofe their Beauties all around;
With Odours fcent the Balmy Air,
And with a gay Perfusion ftrew the Ground. The Vine in purple Blushes dreft, Clofe to the Elm, difplays her Charms,
Curls her foft Tendrils round his Waft, And fpreads luxuriantly her Arms.

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The ripened Grain on rifing Fields, To Man a pleafing Profpect yields:

In even Ranks the waving Heads appear,

Bend with the fruitful Load, and crown the lufty Year.

#### XI.

GOD fpake, when ftrait above the reft (Fair Native of the Spicy Eaft) A Garden rofe, delicious Scene, Offloury Walks, and lively Green; Whatever Sweets adorn the Woods, Paint the Fields, or Grace the Floods, All that's Lovely, all that's Fair, Form'd by his peculiar Care, Unite their Charms, and fix them there.

#### XII.

On ev'ry Tree the tuneful Choir appears, Of warblingBirds which fing their artlefsLays, First taught by Him to charm the list'ning Ears, And pay Him back his Musick in his Praise : Such EDEN was, his Fav'rite's fost Abode, Raisd by a Hand Divine, and Worthy of a GOD.

### XIII.

Great Nature's watchful Eye, the SUN, Hears his Voice, and mounts the Skies, Who comb'd his Beamy Locks with Gold, And bid the wond'rous Planet rife.

Around

ξ

Around his Orb in meafur'd Dance The circling Hours and Moaths appear; The fwift-wing'd Minutes lightly move, And mark the Periods of the rolling Year. When from on high he darts his Fires, The glowing Breaft to transport warms; Life bounds afresh with fost defires, And rosie Beauty fweetly charms : His flaming Arrows pierce the Flood,

And to the bottom bake the Mud :

Where e'er he points his Beams gay Landskips rife.

Whilst with his quickning touch he paints them as he flies.

#### XIV.

But when he fhoots the milder Ray, And downward drives the falling Day; Cool Evening now its Beauty rears, And blufhes in its dewy Tears : The wand'ring Flocks no longer rove, But feek the covert of the Grove : The fighting Winds now ceafe to roar, The drowfie Ocean ftorms no more, But gently dies along the Shore.

#### XV.

Near to the Margin of fome peaceful Flood, The Nightingal alone in mournful Strains, Tunes her fweet Chorals to the ecchoing Wood K 4 And

7 ( And with her various mulick fills the Plains : Sleepfhakes its downy wings o'er Man and Beaft, The SOUL melts thoughtless down, and softens, into Reft.

#### XVI.

The lovely Queen of filent Shades, The MOON, in trembling Streams of Light; Wheels her pale Chariot flowly on O'er the foft Bofom of the Night: Millions of bright refulgent Worlds Heav'ns glitt'ring Lamps are feen to rife; They as her Virgin Train appear, And She the fair Vicegerent of the Skies. Each Planet in its rolling Sphere Proclaims aloud the SACRED NAME, With founds harmonious charms the Air. And fpeaks the POWER from whence it came : Here in full blaze they fingly fhine,

Whilft fome their mingled Beauties join, Like a rich Pavement on the face of night Burn with promifcuous beams, a Galaxy of Light.

#### XVII.

Whilft wearied Nature fleeps around, And Silence broods upon the Ground, Fir'd with a painful thirft of Blood The gen'rous Lyon feeks his Food :

The

The trembling Flocks his Rage defcry, And round th' affrighted Shepherd flie; But where the Herd more careles flray, With fullen Joy he takes his way, And leaps at once upon the Prey.

#### XVIII.

In vain they ftruggle with fuperiour Might,

His fiercest Foes an easie conquest yield: Till from on high he sees returning Light,

And grieves to quit the Triumphs of the Field; He roars aloud, he shakes his angry Mane, Grins back upon the Day, and scours along the Plain.

#### XIX.

Loft in an endlefs Maze of Thought, What Limits can our wonder keep ? What Tongue can fpeak? What Heart conceive, Great GOD, thy Aftions in the deep ! High as its frothy Billows rife, The vaft Enquiry lifts the SOUL, And ftretches out the MIND as wide As fierceft Storms can give its Waves to roll. When thy Breath heaves the fwelling Tides, And fubtle Lightnings round Thee play, When thy keen wrath in whirlwinds rides, And in black Clouds involves the Day, K 5

Thy Voice can caufe their Rage to ceafe, And fpeak the Thunder into Peace: Thy ANGEL at the word darts fwiftly down, Bounds lightly o'er the Waves, and bids them fmoothly run.

#### XX.

Where moffy Caves the fight furprife, And blufhing Groves of Coral rife, The Fifh their various Tribute bring, And of the Ocean hail Thee KING: To court thy Eye their Revels keep, And skim with eafie Fins the Deep: On Thee they wait with one Accord, As form'd by thy ALMIGHTY WORD, And in juft Praife confefs Thee LORD.

#### XXI.

Warm'd with the Glories of a finiling Day, The wanton Dolphins do each other chace,
Through the green Waves their filver Scales difplay,
And fwiftly prefs to win the watry Race :
Flufh'd with immoderate Life, they fcorn to yield,
Ent darting to the Goal, divide the Honours of

#### the Field.

#### XXII. Lo,

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#### XXII.

Lo, the great Monarch of the Floods, Leviathan in Pomp appears, Like fome large floating Ifland moves, And his huge Bulk in Triumph rears: Swiftly th' affrighted Waves divide, When thro' the Deep He plows his Way; In aukward Sport he rolls along, And from his ample Forehead fpouts a Sea. Pleas'd to obferve the Danger nigh, He treats with Scorn the hiffing Spear, And mocks the Arrows as they fly, As the dull Trump'ry of the War. What Hand but thine, Great God, could give Th' unweildy Mafs to move; and live?

Yet He, e'en He, does for his Food refort,] Obedient to thy Call, to grace thy Wat'ry Court

#### XXIII.

Fond Man shall tempt the flormy Main, (Oh! whither won't he fleer for gain!) Of present Bliss forego his Hold, And barter Happiness for Gold. See the tall Ship with flutt'ring Pride Upon the dancing Billows ride: When long expected Gales prove kind. She leaves the less'ning Shore behind, And gives her Colours to the Wind.

K 6

XXIV. But

## XXIV.

But when the angry Surge begins to rage, And thro' the boundless Waste the Tempests.

roar;

O Gracious GOD, do thou their Wrath affwage, And bid the fighting Whirlwinds ftorm no more:

Let gentle Pity flow within thy Breaft;

Oh cheer his melting Soul, and give the wearied Sailor Reft.

#### XXV.

Fountain of Joy, Eternal Spring, From whom our Mortal Beings flow. How doft Thou deal thy Good around ?. And blefs the Subject World below ? How shall we clear the large Account? We wretched Heaps of Duft and Sin, Would we our Gratitude express? Where shall our vast Acknowledgments begin ?! When we thy wondrous Work- furvey, And musing feast our ravish'd Eyes : The lovely Seene knows no Decay, Bat inexhausted Beauties rife : When thy just Praifes claim our Song, Expression dies upon the Tongue: Too big for Birth, our falt'ring Accents break And Silence must enforce what we want Pow'r to fpesk.

XXVI. Thy.

# XXVI.

Thy Creatures all expecting ftand; And wait the Bounty of thy Hand; Whether they haunt the fhady Woods, Graze the Plain, or range the Floods; Whether of various Kinds the Fowl, Which row the Lake, or fwim the Pool; Happy by Nature, wild, and free, Inglorious Chains they chufe to flee; Full of Life, and full of THEE.

### XXVII.

E'en the fmall Ants do thy Protection fhare, By Thee advis'd, to fave their Wintry Store; Their little Commonwealth employs thy Care, Too wife to want, too frugal to be poor: Well may they fhame the puzzled Schemes of Man.

Since from thy THOUGHT DIVINE they drew the wondrous Plan.

# XXVIII.

In all the radiant Pomp of Heav'n,

Plac'd on thy bright refulgent Throne,,

Regard thy ISRAEL here below,

And look with foft Compassion down.

And Thou, my SOUL, with strifteft Care,

And trembling Awe, his Statutes keep ;

Think what thou art, from whom thou cam'ft; Re calmly wife, and let his Thunder fleep.

For:

Z

For, oh! fhould he but once command His dreadful Legions to engage,

Not Worlds can fave Thee from his Hand,

Or dare to skreen Thee from his Rage. To the tall Hills wou'dft thou complain,

To hide thee there, alas! is vain:

Those everlasting Hills his Rage would flee; Would run about as wild, and prove as weak as thee.

#### XXIX.

When a Cloud thickens on his Brow, And rifing Storms his Anger fhow; No more thefe fpringing Sweets appear, But fudden Winter chills the Year: Amazement checks the wond'ring Flood, And the MOON blots her Orb with Blood; I he SUN no more in Glory burns, Each Creature to its Duft returns, And Univerfal Nature mourns.

#### XXX.

With folded Arms the penfive Gard'ner flands, Whilft his deftoying Angel taints the Air,

Which fpreads the dire Contagion o'er his Lands,

And nips the Glories of his flow'ry Care:

On the parch'd Earth their with'ring Beauty lies,

XXXI.

Whilst blasted by his Breath, the fair Creation dies.

#### XXXI.

Hail, Man belov'd, whole fining Forms Employ'd thy Makers nobleft Care;
Who fhap'd with Art thy tender Limbs, And caft thee in a Mould fo fair:
Thy groffer Subftance to refine, He purg'd the Mais from its Allay;
Infus'd a quick, immortal Soul,
And ftamp'd his glorious Image on the Clay. Canft thou forget the mean Eftate From which thy humble Lot was ta'en?
Or him who fix'd thy better Fate, And kindly bid thee live and reign?
What Privilege to thee is giv'n, Thou laft, thou fav'rite Work of Heav'n?
With Face erect, to view his bright Abode,

To learn his righteous Laws, and know him for thy GOD.

#### XXXII.

Those Ills which guilty Sinners dread, Shall harmless play around thy Head: Why should'st thou fear the Shock to stand, When cover'd by thy Maker's Hand? He form'd thee free, as freely live; Enjoy what Innocence can give: For Bliss Supreme thy Taste prepare, Within his Bosom lodge thy Care, And place thy lov'd Elizium there.

XXXIII.

### XXXIII.

Sleep, happy Man, do thou fecurely reft;

Let no dark Thought thy even Mind controul, Whilft Virtue reigns the Sov'reign of thy Breaft,

And wifely fways the Motions of thy Soul: In a foft Flow thy easie Life shall glide;

Heav'n be thy firm Support, and Providence thy Guide.

### XXXIV.

Hence, ye Prophane, ye empty Names, Whofe beasted Influence we defy :. Milcom, and Albtoreth, and Baal, Ye idle Rabble of the Sky : Pounded to Duft, your Statues fall, Your folemn Rites fhall found no more : Your Maker's Maker, as our Lord, We own with Transport, and with Pride adore. Ye Angels, praise his facred Name, Ye heard the mighty Fiat giv'n; And hail'd the WORD with loud Acclaim, Which shook the Battlement of Heav'n: Whilst wond'ring Worlds shall catch the Sound. And waft the hallow'd Notes around : With flying Fingers touch the trembling Lyre.

Sweet, as what Love Divine, and Gratitude infpire.

XXXV.

# XXXV.

Whilft fervent Vows from Altars rife, And Clouds of Incenfe reach the Skies; Whilft Nature speaks in ev'ry Part, And Senfe of Duty warms the Heart; Could'st thou, my Soul, forgetful be? Silence would be a Crime in thee. Raife on Devotion's swiftest Wing, Do thou thy tuneful Tribute bring To Him, who gave the Muse to fing.

#### XXXVI.

How vast the Thought? How daring are the Lays,

Which fpeak thy Actions to recording Fame? To found to lift'ning Worlds, Great God! thy Praife.

Weak is my Force, tho' glorious is my Theme. Mount, mount, my Soul, in that Etherial Fire Which burns within my Heart, and never shall expire.



DEATH's

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# DEATH'S VISION.

# A POEM.

I.

COme gentle Ghoft, that's launch'd and gone From Coafts of dull Mortality. That's well arriv'd, and entertain'd as one Of the triumphant Colony, That flocks the Regions of the bleft Eternity, Come ease my burthen'd Mind, and tell What 'tis to bid the World farewel: What 'tis t abandon all that's dear, My Hopes and Joys below, My Friends and Studies too. And all my known Converfes here. Oh! tell what 'tis to take a Flight Beyond the Changes of revolving Light, To Worlds I never faw. Worlds of Wonder, and of Awe, Or fill'd with folid Glory, or with folid Night? Come, candid Spirit, hafte and fly,

1

And

And (if thou canft declare, And I the News can bear) Come, tell me what it is to die.

Π.

Oh! fay what will become of me, When Monumental Cold fhall feize This Organized Cask, and freeze Its active Pow'rs and Faculties! In what mysterious Plight shall I then be, When Life's weak Lamp, that now these Years has shone, Shall be extinct and gone; And when the Primigenial Fire, That bad the Pulfe keep Time, and beat-And strike the Moments of its Heat. Shall languish and expire. When these soft Bellows too, that fo Unweariedly do blow, Are working Day and Night, To fan, and to foment the wasting Light, Shall all unmechaniz'd, and all unactive grow: Shall all their toilfome Labour spare, And play no more with fwelling Gales of intercurrent Air. And when the Purple, Vital Flood, That drives the Wheels, and keeps the Bellows going, Always fwelling, always blowing, That never yet has flood ;

A meer

A meer Maotis shall be found,

Forget its beaten trace,

Be weary of its native Pace,

And run no more its long accuftom'd hafty Round.

#### IH.

Alas! what shall poor I become. When all the Ministers of Sense. The Posts of quick Intelligence, Shall march no more from home !. Shall neither tell th' Affairs abroad. Nor their Domestick News bring in, Being flain upon the Road, Difpatch no more Advices to the Mind within When nimble Spies that were So ready to detect from far, Shall be cashier'd their Office quite. No fprightly Images reftore, And bufily converse no more With the unnumber'd Offspring of reflected Light; When the deaf Drum shall not rebound. And Trumpet's winding Space Shall modulate no more a needful Sound.

T' allarum or allure the Regent of the Place; When the perceptive Hammer fhall not know Its Practice, nor confign prefcribed Blow Unto the wonted Anvil there, and fo No more fhall in the fon'rous Forge be coin'd The

The airy Medals of a speaking Mind: When the officious Guards that wait Their Duty at the Palace-Gate. Still girt to execute Commands, Or Embaffy to Feet or Hands, Shall be disbanded from their Coafts, And hurry'd away from their attended Pofts, Or flupid fink, unable to difclose Occurring Friends or Foes; When the rich Palace with its Tower on high (The Sacred Microcofm's Court. Where now Ideas of all Qualities refort,) Shall fall, and in its fatal Ruins lie : When the bright Regent, fcar'd by this Decay, Shall take her forc'd relenting Flight away, From her old-tenanted, inhospitable Clay.

### IV.

Then in what Shape will Death appear ! What alter'd Apprehensions will he bring?

Death ! that has often walk'd fo near, In Grandeur of a proud, remorfelefs King! The heft'ring Ghoft, at whofe black Triumphs gain'd,

I have fo oft been entertain'd ; Whofe breathlefs Trophies, fcatter'd all around, Have fo augmented, and enrich'd the Ground ? Dread Heaven's infatiate Minister, that still Is eager, and impatient to fulfil His bloody, old Commission, *Slay and Kill* ! That

That has paft Ages into Darknefs hurl'd, And ftill difpeoples the fucceeding World; Death, the unceilant Sting, and future Bane Of all the galled Guilty and Prophane! The undifturb'd Retreat, th' immortal Eafe Of wafh'd and undefiled Confciences: Sworn Enemy to all that's brave and bright: Sole Ufher to the World of Joys and Light. Death! the ftrange Finite, Uncreated Thing, The abfolute, the poor, precarious King; The potent, metaphyfick Shade, which all The Learned will but mere *Privation* call. Great Sov'raign! who exalts his Subjects moft, Yet tramples them to Silence and to Duft: The legal Monarch, whofe juft Pow'r and

Throne

÷

Is founded in Unrighteoufness alone:

Whofe rightful Claims t'oppole with fliff De-' fence,

Is facred Duty and Allegience.

Thou crafty Foe, whole unexampled Pow'r

Cou'd wound and flay ev'n thine own Conqueror.

Tyrannick Fool too, who by haft'ning fo To lov'd, repeated Victories,

New Triumphs and Solemnities,

Art poffing fill to thine own Overthrow. The greatest Captive thou could'ft ever boast, Whose Life in conqu'ring thee was lost:

W hom

W hom more thy growing Pride oppreft, More bruis'd and mortify'd than all the reft, Will come e're long, in Grandeur come to fee Himfelf and all his Friends reveng'd on thee: Will grind thy Bones, and break thy Matter's Head.

And thou that ftol'ft a World of Life, shalt ever then be dead.

#### V.

Ah me! kind Spirit, that's march'd Above,

What will Death's Paffion, Pow'r, and Conqueft prove?

What will befal me, when these Corps shall lie

A Proftrate Victim to his Soveraignty? Whither, O whither fhall I flee,

When once his greedy Stroak is paft?

To what ftrange Climate fhall I hafte?

And what then fhall I be?

How shall I act? what shall I do?

What Wonders shall I fee?

What Scenes and Worlds will then be open'd to my View?

My View! with what Amazement prefs'd, To fee my felf ftript naked, and undrefs'd: Stript of that Garb that I should always wear.

Had not Tranfgreffion entred there ; The native Garb, which the Creator's Mind

As half of Compound-felf defign'd.

What

What Start will fhake me at Surprize, To fee an Uncompounded felf arife: To fee what 'tis will then leap out alive, A Novel felf that muft my felf furvive. This indivisible, extended Point,

That fcatters Life thro' ev'ry Joint: That while it fits, and reigns on high, To loweft Office condefcends, From Head to Foot, from Hand to Eye, Quick Errands and Difpatches fends:

That guides at once the Head and Heart,

Being All in All, and All in ev'ry Part.

The intellective, vital Flame,

That cold and dormant lies,

- Is thoughtlefs ftruck, and dies
- By the untun'd Contexture of th' unthinking Frame.
- Effential Thought! that can pure Light commence,

Can clear Ideas join,

Divide, review, refine,

Run Round Imagination's Line,

Lock'd up Close Pris'oner by the Ministers of Sense!

Kind Immaterial Form, that quick Receives

Material Laws our Mechanism Gives!

Dependent Life, that Independent lives!

Proteus! That varies to all Shapes at Will,

Assumes all Figures, that submit

To Teft of Mathematick Wit.

Strange

Yet incorporeal stands, and shapeless still;

Strange Wanderer, that loves to roam

- Thro' Earth, and Seas, and Stars, yet flays at home.
- Celestial Spark, that Band and Cement flies,
- Yet bound by Fumes, and flavish Sym<sub>1</sub> athies:

That shou'd by Int'rest, and by Nature move

- Tow'rds th' unconfin'd, congenerous Realms above;
- Yet fondly, 'midst its num'rous Cracks, and Storms,
- Still craves the crazy Cabin it informs; Substantial Mystery, that knows Exotic Beings well;

But what it is, how acts and does, Is to itfelf all unconceivable.

## VI.

But now arriv'd at foreign Land, How mute and hov'ring fhall I ftand, Struck thro' with various Fright; Not knowing what to do, Nor whither I'm to go, Nor how to fpring an unembodyed Flight. Won't ev'n a fmart Refentment rife, At thofe, whole decent Art Performs the last obliging Part, In fealing up the Lips and Eyes? Refentment; that unfriendly they Wou'd studioully prevent my Stay,

L

Őr

218 Divine HYMNS and POEMS.

Or my Effay'd Return into the Cooling Clay! Or will fome Friendly Ghoft be Near. By Sympathizing Kindness Brought. By late Experience taught, His following Brethren to Relieve and Cheer? What Foreign Garb will He Prepare To cloath a naked Stranger there : To Drefs me for the World were I must dwell, Or carve thick Night and Darkness palpable? A fultry, fmoaking Vehicle, The gloomy Robes of Death and Holl ! Robes ever unconfum'd, that are The Badges of Confusion and Despair? Or, by Divine Commission Frame Æthereal Vesture for a Ghost. Strait bound for the Celestial Coast. Cut out of Orient Azure fring'd with Lambens Flame ? The Temporary Garb, that only may A while fupply and indicate The Office of the fublimated Clav. When rais'd to Glory and immortal State! Or, rather will fome Cherub ftand. By special Office charg'd at Hand, ( Long skill'd in this deep Exercife,) To learn me immaterial Mysteries? Will he with charming Meffage faid Dismiss my Fears, and make me glad? Will he come teach an unfledg'd Soul to fly, To fee, without the Optics of an Eye? Teach Teach to diftinguish Sounds, and hear Without the Grave Formality of an Ear? Teach me to speak the Troubles of a Mind, That's forc'd to leave his Tongue, and Head,

and Heart behind?

Will he come guide, and guard my Way, (That can't but it exactly know

By often Trav'ling to and fro)

To the exalted Realms of Everlasting Day?

#### VII.

Come then, let's mount and fly On winged Wills to the rich Worlds on High.

Oh me! my Guide! what Wonder's here In all our Road fucceffively appear?

What Natures now, what Shapes these Atoms wear,

That Form this Fluid, this elaftic Air! Atoms too fine for mortal fight,

- But large and grofs to immaterial Light !
- See, with what Rage they from each other Rove,
- Renouncing still the Law of mutual Love ! See, in what whirling Streams they flow !
- What diff'rent Streams embrace them, as they go!
- Look there, how fwell'd voluminous Vapour flies

From raging Seas into the calmer Skies !

What

What flaming Floods difcharged there From loud Volcano's finge the Atmosphere,

- From hidden Mines and Treasures up they come,
- From each or friendly or infectious Womb!
- Look how cloy'd Planets yonder vomit forth
- Their heterogeneous Humours t'wards the Earth.

What Rendezvouz is here? no Wonder hence

Strange airy Laws, quick Life or Death commence!

- See, how they marshal ! How their Force<sup>9</sup> join;
- How greet and fight, how feperate and combine!

Alas! Poor Native Globe, whole various Fate Hangs on the Turns of this embroyled State ! Welcome, ah! Welcome, bleft informing Light.

That Cures my old Mistakes, and Scouts,

My num'rous Philosophic Doubts,

And chafes all my Scepticifm quite! Now are firft Seeds and Principles difclos'd, Effential Forms and Textures all expos'd. Immortal Seeds, that intermingled lie The Ground of unaccountable Variety; Textures by which brisk Flames do upward Ride,

And those by which pellucid Waters Glide;

Without

<sup>220</sup> Divine HYMNS and POEMS.

- Without tyr'd Study now, the Central Charms appear,
- Which Bodies reftless make, till they come there.
- Now the mysterious Love at last, I trace

That binds and Acts the vaft Corporeal Whole, That plays the univerfal Soul,

Affigning all their Order, and their Place.

No Wonder, Souls breathe Union and Agree, Made up of Love and Harmony!

No Wonder, facred Spirits (whole glorious Head

Has upon them attractive Unction fhed)

Are by a ftronger Gravitation join'd,

Whofe Love and Harmony is all refign'd,

This whole World's Law, and Life appears to be

Nought elfe but Love and Harmony; Ev'n Matter's Self is urg'd with Am'rous Suit, Inclin'd in all its Parts to Mutual Salute; Mysterious Love, whose binding Power con-

frains Love, whole binding Power con-

The flipp'ry'ft Faces with the closeft Chains : That teaches bleeding Steel to Wound by ftealth,

Or greeting fend, and fympathetic Health; Infpires dead Fibres, in th' harmonious Tone, At once to warble, and dance Unifon;

L 3

Magne-

Magnetic Virtues and their puzzling Caufe Which unmechanic feem'd and fprung from Laws.

Of some strange forreign System, now I find, No Riddles are to Love, and to a naked Mind.

I fee, why the touch'd Needle still scents about,

Till it has found its Darling Quarter out;

And why, unconftant grown, it fometimes takes

New-fprung Amours, and its dear North forfakes;

Why flow'ring Vines tho' fix'd in diftant Soil

Prompt Wines in England to Ferment and Boil;

How blooming Trees (as 'twere, for future Birth)

Unstain dy'd Cloaths, and call their Atoms forth; Why dark'ned Seas pretend to fcatter Light,

As if they truly Lodg'd the Sun by Night; I fee. ( Philosophy I long'd to know,

But was too Deep for poreing Minds below ) Why lift'ning Seas fo daily watch the Shore,

Crowd up the Roads, down which they ran before,

As if they yet rememb'red old Command, Or crav'd new Leave to drown the guilty Land; Heav'ns Shops and Magazines unlock'd I view, What cool Alembic drops the Rain and Dew;

What

- What Larth fo turns, what Art japans the Bow,
- What Looms prepare and weave the fleecy Snow;
- In what tight Mills the icy Balls are Ground,
- Why fmall or larger made, why White and Round;

How the Sun's Banner ftormy Fight prepares, And Summons airy Troops to bluft'ring Wars; What wild Ingredients are together cramm'd, And into clowdy Cannons clofely ramm'd.

At whole Dread roar fierce Balls and Fires are hurl'd,

Omens of that, that must calcine the World;

From what low Birth proud Meteors climb the Air,

What combs and kindles their prefaging Hair; How cou'd I feast the Students now below,

(Might I for their Relief and Eafe Defcend a 3τός ἀπό μαχατῶς) Solve their diftracting Problems quick and fhow Rules of Reflected and Refracted Light, How all the Tribes of fep'rate Colours Grow, And all combin'd beget the fingle White ? Learn'd Death, that in one Hour inftructs me more

Than all my Years on Earth before ! Than all my Academic Aids cou'd do, Than Chronies, Books and Contemplations too !

Death!

Death! That exalts me ftrait to high'ft Degree ? Commenc'd a more than *Newton* in Abstrufe Philosophy.

#### VIIL

How fast we mount, my Guide, my Eye Can fcarce purfue the Orbs run whirling by! Being now arriv'd at Saturn's Sphere. Let's stand a while, and take a Prospect there. Thefe Worlds cou'd ne'er be made, nor furnished Dull Mortals only to amaze, To call them out to Peep and Gaze, They're nobler Entertainment for the Dead ! Great God ! what Pow'r and Skill combine. To manage this mysterious Frame. Thy Glories in each Portion shine, 'Tis big with thine Almighty Name! Ah! Happy Profped, that infallibly confutes Old Prejudice, and ends Theorical Difputes ! Now, now, to Sight, the Controversy's done. Whether our little Globe mantain The Centre of this whirling main. Or whisks its yearly Journey round the Sun? The little Globe, how wifely plac'd In Day and Night alternate there, In changeing Seafons of the Year, For cherishing the Lives with which 'tis proudly grac'd ! How honourably ferv'd and waited on. By a beneficent revolving Moon,

A dark

A dark Diftributer of Light, That kindly flortens and adorns the Night? Patron of Man's Tranquillity and Eafe! Ordain'd Difturber of Pacific Seas! What wild *Meanders* does the Wand'rer trace, Inconftant to her Orb, her Light and Pace? How oft does the Old Chang'ling Love t'affume In fpite of Age, New Life and Youthful Bloom, How oft with varyed Face affect to ride Along the admiring Heav'ns, and to flow A Picture of Unconftancy and Pride? Ah! Fatal, fatal Governefs below!

But let me gaze on, and admire

That boyling Ocean of unfuel'd Fire, The Soul of all the Planetary Quire !

Time's Parent, and Time's Offspring too, Recorder of the Years, and Breath we Drew! Vicarious God! on whofe Imperial State A Train of Worlds for Life and Motion wait! Obliging Power! thus daily to renew Thy Largeffes, to thefe thy Clients bound! Thus folemnly to turn thy felf around, And take them all within thy friendly View! Rich Painter! That can thus carefs the Eye, Beftows on ev'ry Face its different Dy, And hangs the Globe in all its gaudy Tapeftry. Why did blind Nations ftyle thee God of Love? Was it becaufe thou doft fo lovely prove, Each Body does thy kind approaches Woe?

And yet each Body's fhy,

And like thy ftory'd Daphne coy,

And still declines thy close Embraces too :

Heaven's Secretary thou, to whom we owe

The opening all the wond'rous Scenes below ! Grand Minister of mortal Sense and Sight,

That firikes us blind with high Excels of Light!

Prodigious Source of Life, that e'er fince Time begun

Has wasting still and undiminish'd run!

That far and wide does genial Streams difpenfe, Bright Emblem of his own Creator's Influence ? Swift Streams, that almost leave the Thought Behind,

Almost out-fly the Sallies of the Mind ! Sagacious They, that thus unerring tend The fhortest way to their Designed End ! Sure to come there, when nothing can Reprefs

Their hafty Flight, but unrefifting Emptinels! Go Doating, fond Philosophy,

With all thy Catachreftic Names!

Call yonder Planet Mercury, Whom fuch intenfive Heat

Will not evaporate,

Calcine, nor fublimate;

That so undaunted runs amidst the Chymic Flames?

But lo! with what Majeftic Grace.

1

Sweet

Sweet Venus follows, and maintains Thro' all her Changes and her Wanes A fill unclouded loyely Face! Such constant Beauty, tho' it lie (As mortal Beauties us'd to be) Intangled with Unconstancy, Can't chufe but Charm each Aftronomic Eye, Her nimble-footed Harbinger, Tho' plac'd amidft the Streams; Of beautifying Beams, Is more illustrous made by her. Now ftoop, weak Reafon, nor pretend: To fcan wife Nature's Rules, or End! Ah ! who'd expect to find That fmaller Orb difplac'd fo far behind ? So little he, fo distant fet From the great Spring of Light and Heat. He needs must wear a darker Robe\_ Than that, that Cloaths my native Globe : So frigid too, how can he bear, The name of the Old Pagan God of War? But here advance to nearer Sight Loud Heralds of Eternal Might: See. how Plebeian Plannets fly. Posseling Fear. They hide and difappear, As Mighty Jove drives his brisk Stages by ! Vast Jove, whose Grandure will difdein Of folar Diftance to complain,

1.6

Whien

When he kimfelf can fuch high State difplay: In his refplendent Train,

That guards his Motions and makes bright his Way !

Yet great as he pretends to be,

The Royal Master of this Sphere,

Tho' Size and Bulk he'll not compare,

(In pond'rous Bulk and Size

No great Perfection lies)

Boafts a more pompous Train than he.

See what a tedious Path he's fain to trace,

How far from Jove's, to give his large Retinue Space?

But, Oh ! what curious Piece did Art divine,

And well taught Nature here defign? Does in this Orb a facred Covenant grow Decypher'd by this horizontal Bow?

How richly's this grave Wand'rer dreft With an Illustrious Ring above the Reft? Around it rolls, makes all its Parts appear, Yet lies obfcur'd in Light, for half the Year; What diff'rent Office it at once can play,

Both make the Night and make the Day !

It's circling Pace can Life retreive,

And make the dying Fluids live;

See, how its various Phases, Use and End.

At once delight the wondring Natives and befriend?

Lay Mortals, lay your learned Glasses by, Too feeble, too short-sighted to descry

AIR

All these Attendants of his State,

That thus about him run

Supply and Slight the diffant Sun,

And rich Philosophy and charming Views create !

Now, now adieu ye pleafing Store Of Dreams and Fancies I indulg'd before; I fee what Natives thefe tofs'd Iflands bare, Natives, asdiff'rent as their Climates are r Their Studies, Pleafures and Employs I fee, How much more happy and more pure than

we;

More heavenly they, more fit and glad to raife By Love and Service the Creator's Praife.

Ah me ! what diff 'rent Balls take yonder flight, Vaft fiery Balls, clad o'er with thickned Night: How regular, how fwift, how far they run,

Ah ! wretched Wights, that there in Durance dwell,

Confin'd to those fulphureous Rooms of Hell !! Erratic Dungeons, destin'd to present

Heaven's Justice flaming there

Upon the Prisoners of Despair,

Before the feveral Worlds, redeem'd and innocent,

To warn the one to Praise, the other to Repent . Well may astonish'd Mortals gaze

At the ominous Flames, with which they blaze,

No.

From us, thro' all the Orbs, around the fcorching Sun !

No wonder they prognofficate

The Evils, they themfelves create!

Ah! now the Laws by which they cut the Air,

Their threatning Tails, and long inflamed Hair,

How they are chain'd in their Elliptic Race.

Nor gallop out into the Fields of Neighb'ring Space.

Their Caufes, Ends, and dire Effects below,

To awfull Satisfaction are apparent now !

Great God, what Pow'r, and Prudence to the full

Are fcatter'd thro' the expanded Whole! Stupendous Bulk and Symmetry, Crofs Motion and clear Harmony, Clofe Union and Antipathy, Projectile Force and Gravity,

In fuch well pois'd Proportions Fall,

- As ftrike this Artful, Mathematic Dance of All.
- Come hither, all the Atheistic Tribe,
- Who this wife Scene to Senfeless Caufe afcribe,
- Come hither, as e're long you must, and fee

The radiant Demonstrations of the Deity!

But justly may you dread to find,

When Flesh's Veil shall be withdrawn,

When long Eternity shall dawn,

The Existence of the Almighty and All-Holy Mind;

O what

O what Confusion and what Fears Will tear your Souls, when Deity appears?

O Study these Convictive Views

That may prevent your Endless Tears? O now bethink ye of the Burning News Ghoft *sydenham* thund'red in his Chrony's Ears, News, that create the Joys where Angels Dwell That feed the deathless Worm and rapid Flames

of Hell !

The Eternal News, which might but I the fame So needful now, with Heaven's just Leave Proclaim,

Shou'd foon fill all the open'd Mouths of Fame r Or with which rather, cloath'd in Noife

More loud than Thunder, or than Sinai's Voice,

I'd preach from hence and quickly make The Globe and all it's Unbelievers Quake, Yea, the Whole Planetary System Shake ! I'd Storm those bolted Ears, and quickly

Drown

The Noife and Hurry of each Ravenous Town, The loud, pathetic Accents I'd Pronounce, Shou'd ftop the Tide of Bufinefs all at once, Dear Gain and Mirth fhou'd foon abandon'd be To give grave Audience to my News and me. I'd make the proud Afpirer crouch, and court The Face and Favour he has made his Sport; I'd make the Accurfed Mifer throw with Shame His Idol to the Caves from whence it came :

ľđ

I'd foon Confute the *Epicure*, and fright Th' impatient Wanton from his lewd Delight; I'd cure the Fop of his diffracted Fits,

And make the Brain-fick Beau to find his Wits ; And make the Sceptic and the Hobbian Schools

Recant their Maxims, and confound their Rules; The Lofty'ft Monarchs (whole fublimer Birth

.

Makes them Ador'd, and look like Gods on Farth)

- And Crowned Heads beneath his Footstool Kneel;
- No more in vain shou'd the weak Preacher Spread
- Perswafive Hands and Breath unto the Dead,
- I'd make Him put more Soul into his Breath;
- I'd make Them hear, and burft the Chains of Death :
- Conficience fhou'd wake, and preach, and Conficious Fears
- Shou'd roar more loud than Mortars in their Ears:
- Thro' every Clime the Rev'rend News fhou'd Sound,
- Each Cave and Veil shou'd with the News Rebound !

And vocal Seas repeat and roll the News around!

Ah ! Foolifh Thought ! this Complicated Throng

Of

Shou'd foon the Force of Heav'nly Grandure feel,

Of Works and Laws Divine,

Where fuch immense Perfections thine,

More loudly tells the News without a Tongue!

When this wide Plain was first pourtray'd, The System's fixt Foundations laid,

- The rich Materials brought, and in just Ballance weigh'd
- Well might pleas'd Seraphs flout, and all the Throng

Of Morning. Starsftrike up a Celebrating Song;

- ' O! O, the Treasures of Eternal Might !
- "The Magazines of felf-existent Love and "Light"
- "Tho' in our Realms stil fresh Applauses Grow,
- Where immaterial Wonders always flow; Turn we alide, and floop to fee
- \* New Matter's maze, and multiform Variety!
- Matter, whofe dusky Nature can furprize
- Our fhining, intellective Faculties;
- ' That puzzles them with undiffelved Knot,
- " 'Tis fill Divisible, and yet 'tis not!
- " Blefs us ! how Matter and its Motion can.
- <sup>6</sup> In all the Pomp of Intricacy reign! <sup>6</sup> Huge Maffes, niceft Subtleties,
  - "Weights, Numbers, Figures, and Degrees
- " Of Union, Textures, 1 imes, and Tone,
- " And Meafures, that transcend our own;
- <sup>4</sup> Difcordant Motions, fwift and flow
- . Yet uniform and constant too,

f Direct

' Direct, elliptic, circular, ' Vibrations too that interfere, . Thousands of References far and near. ' How fwiftly by the dextrous Skill ' Of potent Counfel, and omniscient Will, Are calculated all, and intermingled here? ' How well are Breath divine, and Duft compriz'd? ' Two Worlds in ha Soct length spitomiz'd, ' And Contradictions harmoniz'd? But what Amazements will not meet, When Heav'n it felf does in grand Council · fir ? " Rife noble World, and find us true. " In all appointed Minif y to you ! ' Bleft be the Pow'r, displays his Glories Thus! " Rife Rival-World; and at the end ' Of deftin'd, rolling Ages fend ' A welcome Colony to our World and us. Ah! Dear, Deluded Virtuef, who Are wiftly groping in our World below. Now fink, oh fink your studious Pride. Spare idle Pains, and wifely caft afite Your Learn'd. Utopean Theories, Well manag'd, blind Hypothefes Of Inftitutes Divine, ridiculoufly Wide. What can wafte Vacuum and Atoms do? Or Plenitude and Motion too?

(But, O what empty Heads are those That Plenitude with Motion wou'd compose?) Or

Or jostling Vertices, unless they can Demonstrate the Vertigo of a wanton Brain? Or universal, gravitating Pace,

(That comes fo late, and goes fo far

To folve the Rules and Orders here,) Tho' blended alfo with Projectile Race? Here Powers and Laws are fixt and woven fo As are unreach'd undreamt of quite below:

Alas! Alas! you'll ne'er furvey

All the contriv'd Phanomena,

Nor the Survey'd Refolve, till you

Shall take, like me, an Unembodied View !

Oh that I might rich Truths and Knowledge lend,

As once Ficinus to his fludious Friend!

Here's Prospect well worth while, worth Pains to die,

And quit the lov'd, the dim Refearches of Mortality.

#### IX.

Mortality! methinks the Name

A kind of Paffion still creates,

Whilft fenfibly it intimates

The rueful Ills and World from whence I came ! Tho' raptur'd with this numerous Dance,

With Globes and Balls methodically whirl'd,

A fecret Inftinct makes me love to Glance

T'wards my endear'd, forfaken World.

#### Ah

Ah me! was yonder defpicable Clod The Stage of my Life's Scenes, and my Abode? Was't there, that I a thinking Effence grew? There vital Clay, and vital Æther drew? Was That the World we did fo late admire,

That did our Senfes Charm,

Our fond Affections warm,

And fet the filly Microcofm all on Fire ? W as thatour Source of Joy ! and cou'd we there Build tow'ring Hopes, as Caftles in the Air ? Cou'd you black Patches feem the Sovereign

good

For which Proud Mortals fpill whole Streams of Blood?

Blefs me ! how cou'd we idolize its Ore ?

Its Pompous Gawds, and Fooleries adore?

How cou'd we for its Drofs ev'n ftoop to Kils

The infulting Dev'l? How cou'd we (Fools) for this

Barter our deathless felves, our Innocence and Blifs ?

Ah! fall'n confounded Globe thou ! where The Center's Sin, and Curfe, the Atmosphere! Almighty Love's old Monument, that hath Hardly escap'd the Dint of Flaming Wrath! Once fplendid Paradife! once Belov'd Abode Of Happy Angels and their Happy God ! Now Ruins of Majestic Pow'r, that may Just tell their Author and his Name betray?

His

His Name in Ruin'd Fabrics stands compleat: Demolish'd Temples speak their Founder Great, Now no more Lustre Lives, or Rich Attire

- Than must e're long pass thro' transforming Fire?
- See how the weary, trav'lling Axes groan Beneath the pond'rous Curfe, that's o'er 'em Thrown ?

Hence rife Errata, hence Diforder fits To prove a Scandal to unthinking Wits; Hell's Suburbs! where Impurites in Grain, And loud Impieties Triumphant Reign, Where lofty Lufts claim Scepters for their own, And Scarlet Villanies afcend the Throne; Den of Enrag'd Unrighteous, and their Tools! Cage of conceited aud diftracted Fools! Where Hell's proud Prince with Pleafure walks

each Day,

- Large Empire boafts, and arbitrary Sway:
- Where Headstrong Griefs intruding Joys controul,
- Pierce the foft Heart, and Wound th' imprifon'd Soul;

Where Pleafures poyfon, and torment the Mind,

Arm'd with Refiftless Stings they leave behind;

Where bright and focial Virtues foon are found

Choak'd by the baleful Mifts that there abound; Where Friendship, the dear Antidote of Strife.

The fweet Beguiler of the Ills of Life,

Friend.

Friendfhip, by Name, is courted and carefs'd, But Banifh'd far from each pretending Breaft; In her due Room a Neft of Vermin lies, And felfifh, fordid Furies tyrannize. Where conjugal Accord, the firft and beft Of Friendfhips entertain'd by humane Breaft, The Sacied Tye, wife Heav'n did firft ordain The Help and (next it felf) the Heav'n of Man,

Is foon imbitter'd with fevere Allays, Transform'd to Bane, and Canker of his Days, Where Vices and Confusions native grow, Religion's forreign, and is treated fo; No fooner condescends th' Æthereal Dame To visit fome dark Town with vital Flame,

But firaitway all around contrive

To hoot the heav'nly Gueft and drive

Her home unto the Land, from whence the came.

The pious Few us'd, as unworthy they

- The World, that's fo unworthy of their Stay:
- Heav'n's Candidates go cloath'd with foul Difguife,
- And Heav'n's Reports are damn'd for fenfeless Lies.

Tremendous Mysteries are (so Hell pervails) Lampoon'd for Jargon and fantastic Tails ;

Heav'n's

Heav'n's Heralds, fent to heal and blefs the Mind,

To fummon Man from Darkness and from Toys,

To ftarry Crowns and to feraphic Joys, Are treated as the Refuge of Mankind; Where the great Son of the Eternal God, Who fways the Worlds with Unrefifted Nod, While in our form Salvation he atchieves, Was bafely flain, and hang'd with inpious Thieves

(Well might the Sun wink and put out his Light,

Nor dare to fee to bold, blasphemous Sight !) From Heav'n he came to purchase and elpouse, To light dark Souls unto his Father's House : Lo, the Returns ! Lo there, the grateful Finit His Love and Laws lie trampled under Foot ! Th' Eternal Spirit of Peace and peaceful Might, That kindly comes in crowned Shileh's Right, Comes to convey the Bleffings he hath bought, To bring us the Redemption he hath wrought. Is vex'd and griev'd, and fpitefully traduc'd, His Love and Works affronted and abus'd ; Ah, how the flubborn Miscreants combine To baffle boundless Grace, and Blood Divine ! Is that the World we cou'd fo ill foregoe? The Element of Death, Apostacy and Woe! Blefs me! what hellifh Spell controuls

The native Pow'rs of Heav'n-born Souls ! What

What fatal Potion charms them to forget

A Curfe on all our Wit and Senfe of late

That knows and seeks no better World than that !

Ah me, how much more pure and fine, How much more Noble and Divine

Is one poor naked Soul than all

The bulky Mass of that capacious Ball!

Sweet Vision (fweet, amidst these Scenes of Woe!)

Thus clearly, thus compendioufly to fhow The fev'ral Ranks of Souls that ply below! What igneous Seeds involv'd in fibrous Earth, Give the vaft vegetable Kingdom Bith; How they diffinguifh Food for vital Ufe, Breathe, and drive round the circulating Juice; How they digeft, preipire, drink, and are By feafonable drinking frefh and fair; Breed fem'nal Virtue, and from Teeming Root

Shed Infant-Bloffoms. and Prolific Fruit. What more exalted Spirits inform and fway The Capillary Limbs of fmall if Automata; Inftill Diferetion there, and quite out-do The Feats of Matter and its Motion too; What nobler Souls the nobler Machins wear, Mafters of Senfe, and skillful Inftinct there;

For

Their Make, their Father, and their Father's Seat?

For their Life's Bufine's, and Intentions fit, Springs of irrational Sagacity and Wit; What Virtue kindles their pneumatic Fire, And whether at decease they filently Retire; Grand Sov'reignty, that thus was pleas'd to ffate

Their Ends, and Toils, and Undeferved Fate! Too Good, too Guiltlefs to be treated thus. To be entrall'd, and Sacrific'd for us ! What brighter Forms in humane Fabric Reign, Innoble and impeach degenerate Man; Outfly weak Senfe no Metaphyfic Wings, Yet ty'd to Mufcles and mechanic Strings, Deftin'd to Light, and to Diviner Guft, Wedded to Clay, and profitute to Luft, ? Remote from Matter, and exempt from

Death, Immediate Progeny of Almighty Breath 1 In clofe Afcents the Rifing Orders grow, Holding Communion fill with those below; I From meanest *Microscopic* Species there, Of Nature's Armies the remotest Rear, Up to the Frontier Squadrons of the Skies, Does gradual Kindred, and Connexion rife; 'Phus Wisdom thro' whole Nature's Orb is feen,

Leaving no wide uncomely Chafm between; 'Tis Sin, alas! has all the Mifchief Done, Broke the Creation's Harmony, and thrown

Baila

Beneath

Beneath the bafeft Brutes, our Princely Race Down to deep Hell, and to loft Angels Place; How cou'd I weep (had I my Eyes again) The defp'rate Cafe inchanted Souls are in, Immers'd in Earth and Fleich, in Filth and Sin!

Is that the World fo courted, and fo fought? For which the unfeen Worlds have thro' all Ages fought?

Blefs me! my Guide, what wounding Sight is here !

See, how the fpacious Regions of the Air Throng'd with thick Shoals of diff'rent Spirits appear !

See now the fev'ral Ranks, that fell From Innocence and Joys unfpeakable ! Look ! fome of Courfe Alloy, ignoble Birth, Delight in Dens and Caverns of the Earth; Others, on other Purpofes intent, The Atmosphere's incircling Climes frequent; Others, in whom a loftyer Genius reigns, Are Dwellers of the vaft Æthereal Plains, Malignant all ! and fludious (as they can) To avenge their Ruin upon envyed Man ! Poor Mortals, drown'd in Lethargy and Vice ! Bewitch'd with Wit, with Apifunefs and Noife ! To whom this View is all Romantic Theme, Being nobly born to Laugh, and Drink, and Dream!

M

Beneach

Blind

Blind to the World of unincarnate Hofts! The Spoils the Foot-Balls of contending

Ghofts! Dream on, mad World! thy frantic Dreams attend !

Time flies apace to its appointed end!

Great Michael now prepares to take

His Fatal Trump to found,

Almighty Trump, that foon will make

Earth's Rooms, and Heav'n's high Roof to fhake.

Death's Adamantine Courts to quake,

The Quick and Dead (lefs deaf o'th' two) to wake,

Will call past Time (unthought-of Riddle!) back,

And (fince thy Age shall fuch, at least, be found) Will in a Moment rife fix thousand Years from under Ground !

The Patient Judge just ready is to rife

From off his I hrone, and to repair

To his Tribunal in the Air,

irov.

To hold thy univerfal, thy fevere Affize :

Venture, ftill venture his revengeful Ire,

The raging Billows of his furious Fire!

See then, what Pow'r thy proud Prefumption hath

To fave thee from the injur'd Saviour's Wrath!

tein their China and revel in their Wees

Digitized by Google

Oh!

Oh me! How roaring Fiends, loos'd from their Cell,

Run gath'ring round the Globe, Supplies for Hell !

See how they fcatter Darknefs and Diffrust, Sow up and down their Tares,

Like Fire-balls, hurl ftrong Scandals, Baits and Snares,

With pregnant Seeds of each enraged Luft ! Look yonder Dev'l does 'midft gull'd Crowds Record

Dark Oracles, and craves to be ador'd ! Look, with what Zeal that Bufy One creates Capricious Fewds and Jealoufies in States ! How archly that does grim Complexion paint With holy Varnifa, and bely's the Saint ! How t'other, near a murder'd Carkafs hid, Walks ghaftly, and bemoans th' untimely Dead ! Ah ! now each unbeliev'd, myfterious Rite Of ftalking Spectrums is expos'd to Light; Of what loofe Mafs they form their plyant Drefs, How change their Mien and Vifage as they pleafe;

What Errands force them to appear Below,

What ghoftly Laws are giv'n them, when they go,

How they, untouch'd by lying Shapes, impose, Dance in their Chains, and revel in their Woes;

How

How they are ftruck, and ftrike our Organs there.

Divine HYMNS and POEMS. 245.

Throw off their Garb and fink to Night and

Oh, dreadful! See, how fiery Damons fly Thick o'er our Heads along th' affrighted Sky Dragging pale Ghofts, all howling from afar, Rent at the Views of the decifive Bar! But fee, how Heav'n's bright Pofts skip to and

fro !

and W

Some, Sacred Gifts convey,

Some, brandish'd Swords of Wrath Display, And pour deep Vials out full-charg'd with Woe,

O me ! How tamely fome walk up and down, Attending Exiles, forc'd to Lands unknown, Look, fome to Prifon hafte, refolv'd to be With Fellow-Servants there, or bound or free :

Others with wond'rous Diligence furvey, Guard Little-ones in Cradles, and at Play, Charg'd fill to watch their growing Years, Rais

Difcufs their Dangers and their Fears, Till by adult Offences griev'd away; Strange! yonder's one, 'midft threatning Waves and Air.

A Veffel holds, Oblig'd by potent Pray'r, Some with Concern at Sacred Temples wait, (The Porch of Heav'n is beauteous Sion's Gate)

With

With more Concern, than ranfom'd Flocks that there

In fair, pretending Companies appear; Wait, as if they with utmost Pleasures came, To hear the Sounds of the Redeemer's Name; Pleas'd to behold (without our glimm'ring Glass!)

The Executions of eternal Grace; Admiring Skill divine, and profp'rous Aid In rearing an immortal Church, Difplay'd, Expeding there, and Overjoy'd to fee New Partners joyn'd to their Society; Thus does our Peace their pure Affections move, Bleft Copies of eternal Light and Love; Oh! with what Speed and Joy you Scrapha

come

1 1

To ring o'er Heav'n, thus rais'd in thy Decree, Rais'd above all the Numerous Globes that lie

Within thy Hand, beneath thy plercing Eye? Has that vile Spot, thro' running Time, engrofs'd

Divine Compassion, Wildom, Thought,

Both fairly conquer'd and dear bought, The World immenfely bleft, by being Loft ?

What.

What Royal Grace purfues our finful Soil, With Hell's ftrong Prince divides the captive Spoil ?

Worthy in Endless Praife and Songs to Sound, Does 'midft our Guilt thus triumph and a-

bound, Refcues, exalts a chofen Part as high, Sing Vol As others low in deep Destruction lie; Thus the poor Globe must cast its primitive Right.

Bespoil'd and drain'd of all its Natives quite, Entirely thar'd 'twixt Hell,' and Realms of

Light. No wonder, Sacred Oracles Declare It must fly thence, and quit its ancient Sphere ; Be thrown afide, as ftain'd with Sin's Difgrace, Or elfe refign'd for a more righteous Race. Blefs me! wou'd Heav'n's high Heir, th' Eter-

nal Son

oil W

Redeem his Rebels, Purchafe the Undone? Wou'd he put on their Flefh, and fojourn there ? Tread curfed Soil and breathe polluted Air? Wou'd he there die, refolv'd in boundlefs Love To fhow how he cou'd crim'nal Dust improve? Cou'd Wash Black Souls with facred Blood of's

own, And lead an earthly Spoule this Father, and Dunt his Throne? Shorts , theis son that und Blefs me ! must yonder grov'ling, Pigmy-wights Surmount the Lords of these superiour Lights? Muft

MA

Muft they the Court and Prefence shamber fill, , W ith flately'ft Courtiers vye in Luftre and in Skill :

Sing Angels, fing! and let new Harps be lifting, To eccho Gomort ib'a new-made Song r

Sing you, that fee bright Love's myfterious. Face !

Love, that involv'd them in Deligns of Grace a That ice the Grace, that all their Sins Out-

reach'd, and from whence they're lav'd and fetch'd,

(Sav'd, while, alas your doleful Brethren are Plung'd in Vindictive Flames and in Defpair.) That ice his Grandure, whole rich Blood wasfpilt ...

To well their Souls, and Blot, their crimfon guilt;

That fee the Pow'r, that will their Lives refreive; the a field show on boold That fee the Glories they can fcarge believe; the That fee the Glories they can fcarge believe; the That fee the Jøys for which they are defined a r That feel the Jøys for which they are defined a r That from the Through defined Boans and Blue of fures new :

That know what it is to join, and equal just : You that fee this, there Themes that mult and employ T plant on the list of the The contricts Ages of Ethernity.

Who

Who at these Views are rayify'd with Delight, Whose finging Pow'rs are equal to your sight, O fing for them (if you have Songs to spare, Songs, that undue for your own Glories are;) Ye Cherubs first the rapt rous Song begin,

And load the Burden of your Song

With Hallelujah's loud and long;

Then Seraphs in your Time and Place fall in ; Fall in and catch the rifing Sound

At its remote rebound !! That and od W

Warble, protract and be

at halfs. T

The Chorus in the applauding Company; And mount the Mulick high'r, and then Ye tall Arch-Angels feal the Song with your

Amen. Thus live and fing! and as you fing, fall down,

Paying all Homage to the Eternal Crown; Sing and adore; and by the Songs you raife Atone for their unpardonable want of Praife,

And, pror bernaved f

Rut while I greedily furvey The little Globe, where I my Being gain'd, Methinks, I'm feiz'd upon the Way, And forcibly detain'd By yonder Grave Proceffion that's begun; Look there, with what Solemnity,

And mournful Decency, That Funeral Pomp advances flowly on ! M 5 Alas,

Alas! alas! I fee

By fomething of the Company, But more by Sympathetic Qualm T find; Jail O There go the Reliques, that I left behind " There they are marching to the filent Room,

That truly long ago

Was due to them, and deftin'd for an added By Guilty Nature and Incrorable Doem ; Thanks, pious Friends, fo loving and fo good,

Who this laft Office pay: Bonn area the

Who thus Respectfully Convey: 2.1 NJ The useleis Cargo to an undifturb'd Abode. Kind Minifters of Law fevere and juft, . ŧ

That thus remands our Duft to Duft !

May you long live and fuperfede

Such fatal Services, nor need Such gloomy Tenement, but when ye do, May the fame Favour, Friends, be paid to you ? Alas ! What Diff"rence now appears to be .

Betwixt immortal Me.

And, poor bereaved Carkais, Thee? How vital, fprightly, and preceptive I? Offspring of Heav'n, and Rivar of the Sky! Fill'd with Amazement and Delight anew, On this furprizing, intellectual View! Awak'd to act, and fee, and feel much more Than all the imprison'd Powers cou'd before ; Fled from the Cranies of embarrals'd Senfe, Fm grown all Eye, and Ear, and all Intelligence.

Mean.

Mean while, how fqualid and how difmal thou, Of Duft compos'd, to Duft returning now !! ] Difmal, as is Death's melancholy Shade! And fqualid, as the Place where thou art laid! No dawning Sun can cheer thee with his Light ;

No Moon or Stars peep in by Night; OlliA Late a well-guarded Fort waft thou I not Abandon'd and defencelefs now !! stable The double Guards appointed to oppofe 100

The Infults of approaching Foes, wit I's but A. Have all their Trufts and Offices denv'd

Fall'n cold and movelefs by thy fide ; Can drive no tim'rous Mole or Worm from

Unffir'd by wonted Springs, an, sonahto every

To Wooden Walls oblig'd ev'n for their own Alest the Silver Cord, that said land

The Pillars of thy Fabric now no more Support the Weight, that once they bore Down they are fall'n, and funk beneath the Ground, and all fis bas soil bestiwinU.

With Earth and their own Ruins cover'd round ; The whole Retinue that attended thee. Hoff Must henceforth pine and starve, and famish'd

be; The Mill is done, and Service, there

The Grinders can prepare no Cheer 5, 2 and The Watchmen, for their Function feated high Ordain'd the ambient Region to defcry Look out no more, nor mind the Foe, Nor give their Items to the Guards below;

sores

odT

Little; ah! little widt thew confident fore partie

Alas! the Silver Cord, that tyid. G

The joynted Beam and Raftersclofe, it. That Strength and Tone around the Walls of ..... inpoly'd,

Untwifted lies, and all its Branches loofe; ... The Golden and Capacious Bowl,

The House and Lab fatory of the Soul, With all its first Fainkare's deffroy'd,

No Forge, or Flames remains, No more it faihjons, 'or contains, The Subtle Utenfils I manag'd and employ'd; The Fountain, that in 'midff did play, And thro' each Room cut out its lambent way, Exhaufted is of all its Store, And loads the Pitcher with its Streams no more:

The

The Wheel is broke, and each putritious Juice The did with Life abound, with a shi on W And gather'd more by whirling round,

Now flagnates and corrupts for want of anci-

The Curious Net-work and Mechanic Lace

Diffolve and melt apace ; Where's now the Embroyd'ry of each Sump-

Was this the Mirror of unbounded Arg? Strange, they the Maker theu'd his Work dif-

dain, Unravel't all, as if 'twere made in vain; But fee the Rowl's of Law and Wrath Diving! In darkfome Grayes does Heav'n's bright Juffice

thing 4 theil words an one word with the Deco See how provening Humane Race has been? A See there the Wages of Hereditary, Sin 1. . . . . But firstige, that things to defaut though sem-

bine 1 (1 and Clay thop'd in the firsh Wedlock

joyn here Las eyel, yet he years a call Strange, that I thould for long, for gladly dwell With fuch an uncouth Instant, and unfuitable? Strange, that I could fuch motions. Preferide

bear, And doat moonithat farilid Lamber there bill? But yet I must with due Refertment own What once thou wast, and once hast done; My loyal, my coeval Bride.

Efpous'd

Efpous'd at his Command, Beftow'd by his own Hand, Who the first Humane Pair in Nuprisi Union towned stem bing tv'd ! Farewell, farewell my Dear ; The constant Part'ner of my Hope and Fear, My Bolom-Friend, my old Relief, Whole Kindnels wou'd be fure To Rek my Wounds a Cure, "on and " And by a Sight or Tear firive to diffolve my Farewell, my Priton, my Difeste, What pining Seafons were My Treatment and my Fare, As long as thou waft made the Keeper of my L. a. thom. C. we dow blaw a ging Juli a Go Tempter, go, as thou hast been A quick Extinguilher of Heav niv/Pires! A Source of Black Enormity and Sin !... Thou Gramp of Sacred Motions and Defires ! How brave and bleft am I. Unfetter & from thy Company, July 1 Thou Enemy of my Joys and me ! # (0) But purdon that I thus of a star series Unconfcioully accule to the off the How much more cruel have I been to thee ? 'Twas cruel I, oblig'd thee to obey The wilful dictates of my guilty Sway 2810 28 S. 192 1 32 0 1 14 2. 19 7 1 : SIGA THE SHORE SHARE SHORE STORE FWES printing corrections

1. - 01

Twas I, made all those Ills, and Death thy own sand radio edra ber will de bas Condemn'd thee to the Jaily where then and . thrown: Q yes alle antibeli sou date? My Crimos debauch'd thy Duft; and forfeited. The happy Referation from the Dead, But 'tisrefoly'd, dean Mate; that we da IShinic intrass thas divorced be ; 1. mod 1. 18-We'll meet again, long, long, torry ... ? What Vigours ABfence adds to Joyan Certi Be furertien , Grave, thou fishful preto ! The dear Depositum observe. Tell ev'ry Sinew, Bone, and Nerve, They're all recorded in the Register above? As they diffolve, tell ev'ry Duft, For the' then callate it thine. Thou must it all refign, 'Tis but a while committed to thy Truft : When the awak'ning Trump fhall found, Thy vaft Accounts fhall be call'd in. Be canvals'd, that it may be feen What thy Arrears and Debts have been, A To the Overfeer of all Confecrated Ground : Thy Mighty Eandlord He! who still will have The Keys of Death and of the Grave ! He'll watch, these purchas'd Reliques there which we Lay down with Graf and leave with thee : Thy captiv'd Tenants all are His, His Prifoners, or his Heirs of Blifs;

The

The ose he will densand to Dom T 24W

And kindly fetch the other home, in wo Mr. feasth y conflatt: Rags, butomascha & co.) To inhance his Honour in thy Overthrow;

Secure from all the Garatega tour his //

(อาณีว่า และการระบะคือบ วระเทศ⊈ี่อยาสไหญ่ที่เรื่องไ

From mei and Pass, and Smars, W. Sleepons, All pethen to call the frain and Call.

is given if recorded for  $e^{-2ig}$  and  $e^{-2ig}$ . As they differed to every Def For the the conduction  $e^{-2ig}$ . They much is all relign.

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