
A N
E L E G Y
O N T H E
Reverend Mr. *Tho. Gouge.*

T O
Mr. *Arthur Shallett* Mer-
chant.

Worthy S I R,

TH E Subject of the following Elegy was high
in your Esteem and enjoy'd a large share of
your Affections. Scarce doth his Memory need
the Assistance of the Muse to make it perpetual,

*But when She can at once pay her Honours to the
Venerable Dead, and by this Address acknowledge the
Favours She has received from the Living, 'tis a dou-
ble Pleasure to*

S I R,

Your obliged humble Servant,

T O

TO THE
 MEMORY
 OF THE
 Reverend Mr. *Tho. Gouge,*

Who Died *January 8.* 1⁶⁹⁹/₇₀₀.

I.

YE Virgin Souls, whose Sweet Complaint
 Could teach * *Euphrates* not to flow,
 Could † *Sion's* Ruine so Divinely Paint
 Array'd in Beauty and in Woe;
 Awake, ye Virgin Souls, to mourn,
 And with your Tuneful Sorrows dress a Prophet's
 Urn.

* Psalm Cxxxvii.

† Lam: I. 2, 3.

O could my Lips, or Flowing Eyes
 But imitate such Charming Grief,
 I'de teach the Seas, and teach the Skies
 Wailings, and Sobs, and Sympathies,
 Nor should the Stones, or Rocks be deaf ;
 Rocks shall have Eyes, and Stones have Ears,
 While *G O U G E*'s Death is Mourn'd in Melody
 and Tears.

II.

Heaven was impatient of our Crimes,
 And sent his Minister of Death
 To Scourge the bold Rebellion of the Times,
 And to demand our Prophet's Breath ;
 He came commission'd for the Fates
 Of Awful *M E A D*, and Charming *B A T E S*,
 There he essay'd the Vengeance first,
 Then took a dismal Aim and brought great *GOUGE*
 to Dust.

III.

Great *GOUGE* to Dust ! How Doleful is the
 Sound ?

How vast the Stroke is ? And how wide the Wound ?

Yes,

Yes, 'tis a vast uncommon Death,

Yes, 'tis a Wound unmeasurably wide ;

No Vulgar Mortal Dy'd

When he resign'd his Breath.

The Muse that Mourns a Nations Fall

Shou'd wait at *G O U G E*'s Funeral,

Should mingle Majesty and Groans

Such as she Sings to sinking Thrones,

And in deep-sounding Numbers tell

How *Sion* trembled when this Pillar fell.

Sion grows Weak, and *England* Poor ;

Nature her self with all her Store

Can furnish such a Pomp for Death no more.

IV.

The Reverend Man let all things mourn ;

Sure he was some Æthereal Mind,

Fated in Flesh to be confin'd,

And order'd to be Born.

His Soul was of th' Angelick frame,

The same Ingredients, and the Mould the same,

When the Creator makes a Minister of Flame ;

He was all form'd of Heavenly Things,
 Mortals, believe what my *Urania* Sings,
 For she has seen him rise upon his Flamy Wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
 Up thro' the Ocean of the Sky

Tow'rd the Coelestial Coast !

With what amazing swiftness soar
 Till Earth's dark Ball was seen no more

And all its Mountains lost.

Scarce could the Muse pursue him with her Sight,

But, Angels, you can tell,

For oft you met his Wondrous Flight,

And knew the Stranger well ;

Say, how he past the radiant Spheres

And visited your happy Seats,

And trac'd the well known Turnings of the Golden
 Streets,

And walk'd among the Stars.

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the Everlasting Hills

Surveying all the Realms above,

Born on a Strong-wing'd Faith, and on the Fiery
Wheels

Of an Immortal Love.

'Twas there he took a glorious Sight
Of the Inheritance of Saints in Light,
And read their Title in their Saviour's Right.

How oft the humble Scholar came,
And to your Songs he rais'd his Ears
To learn the Unutterable Name,
To view the Eternal Base that bears

The New Creations Frame.

The Countenance of God he saw
Full of Mercy, full of Awe,

The Glories of his Power, and Glories of his
Grace :

There he beheld the Wondrous Springs
Of those Eternal Sacred Things

The Peaceful Gospel and the Fiery Law
In that Majestic Face.

That Face that all his Gazing Powers employ
With most profound Abasement and exalted Joy.

The Rolls of Fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by ;
The Volumes open'd to his Eye,
And sweet Intelligence he held
With all his shining Kindred of the Sky.

VII.

Ye Seraphs that surround the Throne,
Tell how his Name was thro' the Pallace known,
How warm his Zeal was, and how like your own :
Speak it aloud, let half the Nation hear,
And bold Blasphemers shrink and fear :
Impudent Tongues, to blast a Prophet's Name !
The Poison sure was fetch'd from Hell
Where the old Blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest Dust, and blot the whitest
Fame.

Impudent Tongues ! You should be darted thro',
Nail'd to your own Black Mouths, and lie
Useless and Dead till Slander die,
Till Slander die with you.

VIII.

“ We saw him, say th’ Ethereal Throng,
“ We saw his warm Devotions rise,
“ We heard the fervour of his Cries,
“ And mixt his Praises with our Song :
“ We knew the secret Flights of his retiring Hours,
“ Nightly he wak’d his inward Powers,
“ Young *Israel* rose to Wrestle with his God,
“ And with unconquer’d Force scal’d the Cœlestial
“ Towers
“ To reach the Blessing down for those that fought
“ his Blood.
“ Oft we beheld the Thunderer’s Hand
“ Rais’d high to crush the Factious Foe ;
“ As oft we saw the rolling Vengeance stand
“ Doubtful t’ obey the dread Command,
“ While his ascending Pray’r withheld the falling
Blow.

IX.

Draw the past Scenes of thy Delight
My Muse, and bring the Wondrous Man to Sight.

Place him furrounded as he stood

With Pious Crowds, while from his Tongue
A Stream of Harmony ran soft along,
And every Ear drank in the flowing Good :

Softly it ran its Silver Way,
Till warm Devotion rais'd the Current strong ;
Then fervid Zeal on the sweet Deluge rode,

Life, Love, and Glory, Grace, and Joy
Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the Torrent-Flood,
And bore our Raptur'd Sense away, and Thoughts
and Souls to God.

O might we dwell for ever there !
No more return to breath this grosser Air,
This Atmosphere of Sin, Calamity, and Care.

X.

But Heavenly Scenes soon leave the Sight

While we belong to Clay,
Passions of Terror and Delight

Demand alternate Sway.

Behold the Man whose awful Voice
Could well proclaim the Fiery Law,

Kindle the Flames that *Moses* saw,

And swell the Trumpets Warlike noise.

He stands, the Herald of the Threatning Skies,

Lo, on his Reverend Brow the Frowns Divinely
rise,

All *Sinai's* Thunder on his Tongue, and Lightning
in his Eyes.

Round the high Roof the Curses flew

Distinguishing each guilty Head,

Far from th' unequal War the Atheist fled,

His Kindled Arrows still pursue,

His Arrows strike the Atheist thro',

And fix him down to Dread.

The Marble Heart groans with an inward Wound :

Blaspheming Souls of harden'd Steel

Shriek out amaz'd at the new Pangs they feel,

And dread the Eccho's of the Sound.

The Lofty Wretch Arm'd and Array'd

In gaudy Pride sinks down his Impious Head,

Plunges in dark Despair, and mingles with the Dead.

XI.

Now Muse assume a softer Strain,
Now sooth the Sinners Raging Smart,
Borrow of *G O U G E* the wondrous Art
To calm the Surging Conscience, and assuage the
Pain.

He from a Bleeding God derives
Life for the Souls that Guilt had slain,
And strait the dying Rebel lives,
The Dead arise again.

The opening Skies almost obey
His powerful Song, a Heavenly Ray
Awakes Despair to Light, and sheds a cheerful Day.
His wondrous Voice rolls back the Spheres,
Recalls the Scenes of Ancient Years
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying Charmer roves
Thro' all his Labours and his Loves,
The Anguish of his Cross, and Triumphs of his
Throne.

XII.

Hark, he invites our Feet to try
The steep ascent of *Calvary*,
And sets the fatal Tree before our Eye :
See here Cœlestial Sorrow reigns ;
Rude Nails and ragged Thorns lay by
Ting'd with the Crimfon of Redeeming Veins.
In wondrous Words he fung the Vital Flood
Where all our Sins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the Spear, and Balmy as the Blood,
In his Discourse Divine
Afresh the Purple Fountain flow'd,
Our falling Tears kept Sympathetick Time
And trickled to the Ground,
While every Accent gave a doleful Sound,
Sad as the breaking Heart-strings of th' Expiring
God,

XIII.

Down to the Mansions of the Dead
With trembling Joy our Souls are lead,
The Captives of his Tongue ;

There the dear Prince of Light reclines his Head
Darkness and Shades among.

With pleasing Horror we survey
The Caverns of the Tomb,
Where the Belov'd Redeemer lay
And shed a sweet Perfume.

Hark, the Old Earthquake roars again
In *G O U G E*'s Voice, and breaks the Chain
Of heavy Death, and tears the Tombs ;
The *Rising God* ! he comes, he comes,
With Throngs of waking Saints, a long triumphing
Train.

XIV.

See the bright Squadrons of the Sky,
Downward on Wings of Joy and Hast they fly,
Meet their returning Sovereign and attend him high.
A shining Carr the Conqueror fills
Form'd of a Golden Cloud ;
Slowly the Pomp rolls up the Azure Hills,
Old *Satan* foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th' Eternal Brags that binds him to the
Wheels.

The opening Gates of Bliss receive their King,
The Father-God Smiles on his Son,
Pays him the Honours he has won,
The lofty Thrones adore, and little Cherubs Sing.
Behold him on his Native Throne,
Glory fits fast upon his Head ;
Dress't in new Light and Beamy Robes
His Hand rolls on the Seasons and the shining
Globes,
And sways the living Worlds and Regions of the
Dead,

X V.

G O U G E was his Envoy to this Realm below,
Vast was the Trust, and great his Skill,
Bright the Credentials he could show,
And Thousands own'd the Seal.
His Hallowed Lips could well impart
The Grace, the Promise, and Command :
He knew the Pity of E M M A N U E L's Heart,
And Terrors of J E H O V A H's Hand,
How did our Souls start out to hear
The Embassies of Love he bore,

While every Ear in Rapture hung
Upon the Charming Wonders of his Tongue.
Lifes busie Cares a Sacred Silence bound,
Attention stood with all her Powers,
With fixed Eyes and Awe profound,
Chain'd to the Pleasure of the Sound,
Nor knew the flying Hours.

XVI.

But Oh! my everlasting Grief!
Heaven has recall'd his Envoy from our Eyes,
Hence Deluges of Sorrow rise,
Nor hope th' Impossible Relief.
Ye Remnants of the Sacred Tribe
Who feel the Loss, come share the Smart,
And mix your Groans with mine:
Where is the Tongue that can describe
Infinite Things with Equal Art,
Or Language so Divine?
Our Passions want the Heavenly Flame,
Almighty Love Breaths faintly in our Songs,
And Awful Threatnings languish on our Tongues;
HOWE is a Great, but single Name.

Amidst

Amidst the Crowd he stands alone ;
Stands yet, but with his Starry Pinions on,
Dress't for the Flight and ready to be gone :
Eternal God, command his Stay,
Stretch the dear Months of his Delay ;
O we could wish his Age were one Immortal Day !
But when the Flaming Chariot's come
And shining Guards t' attend thy Prophet F,
Amidst a thousand Weeping Eyes
Send an *Elisha* down, a Soul of Equal Size,
Or burn the Worthless Globe, and take us to the
Skies.
