

8 *Poems on several Occasions.*

But how, *Fair Nymph*, will your Approaches
Fire,

If *Distant Charms* such gentle thoughts in-
spire.

PARAPHRASE

On Joh. 3. 16. *For God so loved
the World, that he gave his on-
ly begotten Son, &c.*

I.

Y*Es*; so God loved the World; But where
Are this Great Loves Dimensions?

Even Angels stop; for, baffled here

Are their vast Apprehensions.

In vain they strive to Grasp the *boundless thing*;

Not all their Comments can explain the migh-

ty Truth I Sing.

Yet

II.

Yet still they pause on the Contents
Of this Amazing Story ;
How he that fill'd the *wide extents*
Of Uncreated Glory ?
He whom the Heaven of Heavens cou'd not
contain ;
Shou'd yet within the Sacred Maids *contracted*
Womb remain.

III.

They see him Born, and hear him Weep,
To aggravate their Wonder ;
Whose Awful Voice had shook the Deep,
And Breath'd his Will in Thunder :
That Awful Voice, chang'd to an *Infant's* Cry ;
Whilst in a Feeble Woman's Arms he seems
constrain'd to lye.

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I V.

A GOD (Ah! Where are Humane boasts?)

Extended in a Manger?

The Lord of all the Heavenly Hosts

Expos'd to Scorn and Danger?

The Onely Blest, the All-sufficient Weeps:

But Oh, who Guides the *Staggering World*, while
its Protector Sleeps?

V.

And canst thou Man ungrateful prove.

When 'twas for thy Salvation,

He left those Splendid Seats above,

His late bright Habitation?

Where all his Deity Shone, without the Allay

Of a Seraphick Vehicle, or dedicated Clay.

V I

Where he Transcendently possesst

The Fullness of Perfection:

Tho here benighted and opprest,

The Type of all Dejection.

He

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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 Conspire!
Behold! upon a *Cursed Tree*
The Lord of Life Expire:
From this, Amaz'd, the Sun withdraws his Eye,
Afraid to see his *Maker Bleed, and the Eternal*
Dye.

VIII.

The Seraphims that throng'd about,
'Twixt Hope and Consternation;
Now Blaze the Wondrous News throughout
The Radiant Corporation:
Who vainly strive the Mystery to scan,
And Fathom the Stupendious Depths of this
Great Love to Man.

He

IX.

He on the Rights of Justice stood,
With their *Exalted Nature*,
That now, through Streams of Sacred Blood
Wafts the Terrestrial Creature;
Wafts Dusty-Man to that Felicity,
Which the *Apostate Son* of Light must never
hope to see.

T H E
Expostulation.

I.

How long, great God, a *wretched captive*
here,

Must I these hated marks of bondage wear?
How long shall these *uneasy chains* controul
The willing flights of my impatient Soul?
How