

36 Poems on several Occasions.

3.

*An Object which if mortal Eyes
Cou'd make approaches to,
They'd soon esteem their best-lov'd Toys
Not worth one scornfull View.*

4.

*How then, beneath its load of Flesh
Wou'd the vex'd Soul complain!
And how the Friendly Hand she'd bless
Wou'd break her hated Chain!*

A Paraphrase on the **CANTICLES.**

CHAP. I.

(1)

W*ilt thou deny the bounty of a Kiss,
And see me languish for the Melting
More sweet to me than bright delicious Wine,
Prest from the Purple clusters of the Vine:*

As

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*As Fragrant too as Ointments poured forth,
Are the loud Eccho's of thy matchless worth ;
Which makes the Virgins, kindled by thy fame,
Wish to expire in the Celestial Flame :*

*Come then, display thy Lovely Face, and we,
Drawn by resistless Charmes, will follow thee ;
Into thy Royal Chambers brought, where I,
May see my Lord, and fear no Witnesses by.*

*I'm black, tis true, for scorching in the Sun ;
I kept anothers Vine, and left my own ;
But tho thus Clouded, the reflecting Face
Of my Bright Love shall all this blackness chase.*

*Say then my Dear, much dearer than my Soul ;
Where feed thy Milky Flocks ? Unto what cool
Refreshing Shade dost thou resort ? least I
Should (as I languish) in thy absence dye :
Say, Lovely Shepherd, say, What happy Streams
Are gilded now with thy Illustrious Beams ?*

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(2)

I'll tell thee, *Fairest* of all *Women*, how,
 Thou maist my most frequented *Pastures* know :
 Follow the *Footsteps* of my *Flocks*, and there
 I will not fail to Meet my Charming Fair.
 Whom I, as *Mistress* of my *Flocks* will Grace,
 And on her Brows immortal *Garlands* Place.

(3)

The while my *Spicknard* shall ascend, and
 (Greet
 My Charmer with its *Tributary Sweet* :
 Then, all the Night, upon my Panting Breast,
 As Fragrant *Mirr*h ; let my Beloved Rest.
 So Sweet he is, that *Mirr*h, nor *Cypress* ere
 With such Delicious *Breathings* fill'd the Air.
 When thy Two Lovely *Eyes* Inflame my Heart,
 It leaps for Joy, and meets th' unerring Dart.

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(4)

Oh thou more *Fair*, more vastly *bright*, then all
The World did ever *Bright*, or *Glorious* call :
My *Verdant* Love still flourishing, to thee
Shall fixt, as our Eternal Mansions be.

C H A P. I I.

(1)

AT thy Approach, my *Cheek* with *Blushes*
(*glows,*
And *Conscious* warmth, which with *Thee* comes
(*and goes ;*
Like the *Pale Lilly* joyn'd to *Sharon's-Rose ;*
And *Thorns* to them I sooner would *compare,*
Then other *Beauties* to my *Darling Fair.*

(2)

And I as soon would rank a *Fruitful Tree*
With barren *shrubs*, as *Mortal* clods with *thee.*
C 4 Beneath

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Beneath thy *Shade*, blest, to my *wish*, I fate,
And of thy Royal *Banquet* freely eat ;
Whilst o'r my head a *Banner* was display'd :
In which, oh Melting Sight, the God of Love
(did Bleed.
Excess of *Pleasure* will my *Soul* destroy ;
I'm ev'n *opprest* with the *Tyrannick* Joy :
Oh therefore turn thy *Lovely Eyes* away ;
(Yet do not, for I *die* unless they stay.)
I faint, I faint ; alas ! no Mortal yet,
With *eyes* undazled half this *Splendor* met ;
But sure I cannot *sink*, upheld by *Thee* ;
So would I *rest* unto *Eternity*.
And now I charge you, *Virgins*, not to make
The least *disturbance*, till my *Love* awake,

(3)

What *Charming Voice* is that *Salutes* my Ear ?
It must be my *Beloved's* ; he is near :
He is, and yet *unfriendly* stays without :
He stays, as if he did a *Wellcome* doubt.
But

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But hark, methinks I hear him softly say ;
Arise my *Fair*, arise, and come away !
For loe the *Stormy Winter's* past and gone ;
And *Summer*, Drest in all her *Pride*, comes on :
The *Warbling* Birds in *Airy Raptures* Sing
Their glad *Pindaricks* to the *Wellcome-Spring* :
The *Fig-Trees* sprout, the *Cheerful Vines* look
Arise my *Lovely Fair*, and come away ! (Gay ;
Come Forth, my *Dove*, my *Charming Innocence* ;
How canst thou *Fear* while I am thy *Defence* ?

(4)

Do thou the *Spightful Foxes* then Destroy,
That would my *Young Aspiring Vines* Annoy.
Not for the *World* would I exchange my *Bliss*,
While my *Beloved's Mine*, and I am *His*.
And till the *break* of that *Eternal Day*,
Whose *Rising Sun* shall chase the *Shades* away ;
Turn, my *Beloved*, turn again ; and thy
Dear sight shall make the lazy *Moments* fly.

C H A P.

CHAPTER III.

T Was in the *deadness* of a *Gloomy Night*,
 My *Love*, more *pleasant* than the wish-
 (for *Light*,
 O'er all my *Bed* I vainly fought ; for there
 My *Arms* could *Grasp* no more than *empty air* :
 Griev'd with my *Loss*, through all the *streets* I
 (rove,
 And every *Ear* with soft *Complaints* I move :
 Then to the *Watch*, Impatient, thus I Cry ;
 Tell me, O tell ! Did not *my Love* pass by ?
 When loe, a *Glimpse* of my approaching *Lord*,
 A *Heaven* of Joy did to my *Soul* afford :
 So the dark *Souls* confin'd to endless *Night*,
 Would smile, and wellcome-in a beam of *Light*.
 I *Claspt* him, just as *meeting Lovers* wou'd,
 That had the stings of *Absence* understood :
 I held him fast, and *Centring* in his *Breast*,
 My *ravish'd Soul* found her desired *Rest*.

Him

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Him to my *Mother's House* I did convey ;
Humble it was, and yet he *deign'd* to stay.
And now I charge you, *Virgins*, not to make
The least *disturbance*, till my *Love* awake.

(*Bridegroom.*)

Glorious as *Titan*, from the *Eastern Seas*
A *Beauty* comes from yon *dark Wilderness* :
So *Sacred Incense* proudly rises up
In *cloudy Pillars* of perfumed *smoak* :
Compounded Spices of the greatest cost
Could ne'r such *Aromatick sweetness* boast.

(*Bride.*)

The *Shining Courts* of Princely *Solomon*
Were nobly crowded with a *Warlike Train* :
All Arm'd compleatly, all *Expert* in Fight,
To Guard him from the *Terrors* of the *Night*.
A *Chariot Royal* too himself he had ;
Its *Pillars* of *refined Silver* made :

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The Seats of *Gold*, fair *Purple Clouds* above ;
And, all the *bottom*, softly *pav'd* with *Love*.
But loe, a *Prince* then *Solomon*, more great ;
On whom vast *Toops* of shining *Angels* wait ;
His *Crown* more *bright*, and fixt, than that which
Upon the *Nuptial brows* of *Solomon*.
(*stone*)

C H A P. IV.

(*Bridegroom.*)

THo all the *lower World* should *ransackt* be,
There could be found no *parallel* for
Thy *Eyes* like *Doves*, thy fair intangling *Locks*,
Curl'd, and soft as *Gileads Milky Flocks* :
Like them thy *Pearly Teeth* appear, for so
Unfully'd from the *Chrystal Streams* they go.
But oh ! To what may I thy *Lips* compare ?
Since fragrant *Roses Bloom* not half so fair.

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The *Morning* ne'r with such a *Crimson* blusht,
When from the *Arms* of *sooty Night* she rusht.
The ripe *Pomgranates* *Scarlets* are but *faint*,
To those fresh *Beauties* that thy *Cheeks* do *paint*.
Thy *Neck* and *Breasts*, in *Whiteness*, do out-goe
Ungather'd Lillies, or descending *Snow*.

And till the *dawn* of that *expected Day*,
When all my *Radiant Glories* I display,
And Chase, at once, the *Injurious Shades* away: }

I'll on the *Hills* of *Frankincense* reside,
And pass the time with thee my *Charming Bride*;
My *Love* in whom such vast *perfections* meet,
As renders her *transcendently compleat* :

Then, come with me, from *Lebanon*, my *Sponse*,
O come, and look beyond this *Scene* of *woes* :

Thou may'st, and yet it is but *darkly*, see

The *bright abodes* I have prepar'd for thee :

So *sweet* she looks, that in blest *Transports* I,

Meet the *believing glances* of her eye ;

My

Bridegroom.

So strongly thy kind Invitations move,
I will my *Garden* see, my *Garden*, and my *Lore*.
Not *Hybla's* Hives such precious Sweets can
Nor Clusters brought from rich *Engady's* Field;
Which, to my lips, I'll raise with eager *hast*;
My *Lips* that long'd the Heavenly *Fruit* to taste.

C H A P. V.

THe *Night* her blackest *Vestments* had
And all the fair remains of day were
When my dear Lord, as he had oft before,
With Speed and Love approach'd the bolted
Arise, my Love, he cries, and with a Voice,
Divinely charming, pleads his *entrance* thus;
My *Spouse*, my *Sister*, and my fairest *Love*,
(Believing, sure, that *Dialect* would move;)
Arise,

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Arise, for loaden with the Midnight Dew,
 Disorder'd, all my streaming *Tresses* flew:
 I knew the Voice, the moving *Eloquence* ;
 But ah! deluded by my *drowsie sence* ;
Careless, and *Soft*, upon a Mossy Bed,
 I lean'd *Supine*, with *Odorous Roses* spread ;
 And long, with weak *Excuses*, did delay,
 Amazing him at my *unwonted stay*.
 Mov'd, with his Patience, my relenting *Breast*,
 Forgetting now to say, I am *Undrest*.
 Unto the *Door*, at length, I rusht, in spite
 Of *Darkness*, and the *Terrors* of the *Night* ;
 With *Rage*, to break the guilty *Bars* I try'd,
 Which Entrance to my Lord so long deny'd :
 But found the dear resenting Charmer fled,
 I curs'd my *Sloth*, and curs'd my conscious *Bed*.
 Yet such a *fragrant Sweetness* fill'd the *Air*
 From his dear *Hands*, I thought he had still been
 (there.

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I call'd aloud, still hoping he was *near*,
And *louder* still, but Ah! he wou'd not *hear*.
Then thro' the *Streets*, distracted with my
(*Grief*

I wildly roving, begg'd of all, *relief*.
At last I met th' ungentle *Watch*, and they
Deride my *Tears*, and for e my *Veil* away.
Ye tender *Virgins*! you that know the *pain*
A *Breast* so *soft* as mine must needs *sustain*,
Robb'd of the once kind *Partner* of my *Fires*,
And still dear *Object* of my rackt *desires*;
I charge you, if you meet my *absent Love*,
With all the *Rhetorick* of our *Sex*, to move
His deafn'd *Ears*; and tell him, with a *Sigh*,
Deep as my *Wounds*, ah tell him how I *dy*.
—Perhaps that *Tragick Word* may force the dear
Relentless *Author* of my *Grief* to hear.

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Daughters of Jerufalem.

What thy Beloved is, we first wou'd know,
Fairest of *Women* ! thou dost *charge* us so.
What *Charms unequal'd* in him dost thou see,
Impatient Fair ! to raise these *Storms* in thee ?

Sponsa.

Commencing all *Perfection*, he is such
Your most exalted *Thoughts* can hardly touch,
Unfully'd heaps of *Snow* are not so *white*,
He's Fairer than condensed *Beams* of *Light*.
His *Rosy Cheeks* of such a *lucent Dy*,
As *Sol* ne're gilded on the *morning Sky*.
His *Head* like *polisb'd Gold*, his *graceful Hair*,
Dark as the *Plumes* that *jetty Ravens* wear.

His

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His *Eyes*, the endless *Magazines* of *Love*,
How *soft* ! how *sweet* ! how *powerfully* they
(move !

He *breathes* more *sweetness* than the *Infant Morn*,
When *Heavenly Dews* the *Flowry Plains* Adorn
The *Fragrant Drops* of *Rich Arabian Gums*
Burnt on the *Altar*, yield not such *Perfumes*.
His *Hands*, surpassing *Lillies*, grac'd with *Gems*,
Fit to *Enrich Cælestial Diadems*.

His *Breast* smooth *Ivory*, *Enamel'd* all
With *Veins*, which *Saphirs* 'twere *unjust* to call
Divine his *Steps*, with his *Majestick Air*,
Not ev'n the *Lofty Cedars* can compare.

So sweet his *Voice*, the listning *Angels* throng
With silent *Harps* to th' *Musick* of his *Tongue*,
— He's altogether — *Lovely*, This is *He*,
Now, *Virgins* ! *Pity*, tho' you *envy Me*.

C H A P. VI.

(*Virgins.*)

BUt where, ah where can this bright won-
(*der be*)
 For, till we see *Him*, we are all *on Fire* ;
 We'll find *Him out*, or in the search *Expire*.

(*Bride.*)

If my *Prophetick Hopes* can rightly guess,
 The Lovely *Wanderer* in his *GARDEN* is
 Among the *Lillies*, and the *Spices* ; He
 Is now perhaps kindly *expecting* Me ;
 Oh 'tis a *Heaven of Joy* to think him *Mine*.

(*Bridegroom.*)

And who can see those *Eyes* and not be *thine*?

Thy

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Thy *Face*, where all the Conquering *Graces*
(meet;

Where Majesty doth *Virgin-softness* greet :

Ah turn away those Fair Approachless *Eyes* ;

I *Love*, but cannot bear the kind *Surprize*.

Hide, hide the *intangling glories* of thy *Hair* ;

More bright than *Streams* of *Fluid Silver* are :

Expose no more thy *Pearly Teeth*, the while

Those *Rosie Cheeks* put on kind looks and smile :

Such *genuine charmes*, how strongly they allure

My *Soul*, and all their *rivalls beams* obscure.

They'r numberless, my *Spouse*, my *Darling*
(Fair;

But one, the *Choice*, and all her *Mother* bare.

The *Royal Beauties* saw, and blest the *Sight* ;
And *Setting*, wonder'd at a *Star* so *Bright*.

Who is't, they say, Fair as the *breaking*
(Morn,

When ruddy *beams* the bashful *Skys* adorn?

54 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Clear as the *Lamp* that Gilds the Sable *Night* ;

Dazling as *Sols* unsufferable *Light* :

Gentle, but *awfull*, as a *Scene* of *War* ;

At once her *Graces* conquer and *Indear*.

And could'st thou think, my Love, I e're de-

(sign'd

To leave a Spouse so *Beautiful* and *Kind* ?

I went but down into the *Almond-grove*,

A *Lone-recess*, *indulgent* to my Love ;

Thence rang'd the pleasant *Vale*, whose Spread,

(ing Vine

May quit my care perhaps with *Bounteous*

(*Wine* :

Where the *Pomgranets* Blooming-Fruits dif-

(play

More Sanguine-Colours then the *Wings* of

(*Day* :

Or

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Or e're I was aware, my *happy Eyes*

Met Thee, a Juster *Object* of surprize;

Fair as a Vision breaking from the Skyes:

Scarce could my *Breast* my *leaping heart* retain;

Scarce could my *Soul* the unweildy Joy fu-

(stain,

When I beheld those *Wellcome Eyes* again.

But why that *Discontent* upon thy *Brow*?

Thou wilt not leave me, *Cruel Beauty*, now!

Injurious Charmer, stay—What needs this *Art*,

To try the *Faith* of a Too-constant heart:

Return again; let my *Companions* see

The Sweet *Inspirer* of my *Flames* in Thee.

Return, my Dear, *return*, and shew the most

Victorious *Face* that e're the *World* could boast.