

10 *Poems on several Occasions.*

From off my Head the *Florid wreath* I tore,
That I, to please the fond *Orestes*, wore ;
And quite *o're charg'd* with Grief upon the ground,
I sunk my Brows, with mournful *Cypress* Crown'd ;
My trembling Hand sustain'd my drooping Head,
And at my feet my *Lire* and *Songs* were laid ;
'Twas in a *gloomy Shade*, where o're and o're
I'de mourn'd my Lov'd Companions loss before ;
But now I vainly strove my Thoughts t'expose,
In *Numbers* kind, and sensible as those
For, ah ! the *Potent ills* that fill'd my Breast,
Were much too vast and black to be exprest

Pharaphrase on John 21. 17.

YEs, thou that knowest all, dost know I love thee,
And that I set no Idol up above thee,
To thy unerring censure I appael,
And thou that knowest all things, sure canst tell,
I Love thee more then *Life* or *Interest*,
Nor hast thou any *Rival* in my Breast ;

I Love

I Love thee so, that I would calmly bear
The Mocks of Fools, and bless my happy Ear
Let me from thee but one kind whisper hear ;

I Love thee so, that for a smile of thine,
Might this, and all the brighter Worlds be mine,
I would not pause, but with a noble Scorn,
At the unequal slighted offer spurn ;
Yes, I to Fools these trifles can resign,
Nor envy them the World, whilst thou art mine ;
I love thee as my Centre, and can find
No Point but thee to stay my doubtful mind ;
Potent and uncontroul'd its Motions were,
Till fixt in thee its only congruous Sphere.
Urg'd with a thousand *specious Baits*, I stood,
Displeas'd, and fighting for some *distant good*,
To calm its genuine Dictates--but betwixt
Them all, remain'd suspended and unfixt.
I love thee so, 'tis more than Death to be,
My Life, my Love, my all, depriv'd of thee ;

'Tis

12 *Poems on several Occasions.*

'Tis Hell, 'tis Horror, shades and darkness then,
Till thou unveil'st *thy Heavenly Face* agen;
I Love thee so, I'de kiss the Dart should free
My *fluttering Soul*, and fend her up to thee;
O would'st thou break her Chain, with what
delight
She'd spread her Wings, and bid the world
goodnight.

Scarce for my bright conductors would I stay,
But lead thy flaming Ministers the way,
In their known passage to eternal day.

And yet the Climes of Light would not seem fair,
Unless I met my bright Redeemer there;
Unless I saw my *Shining Saviours Face*,
And cop't all Heaven in his sweet embrace.