PARAPHRASE,
OR,
Large Explicatory Poem
UPON THE
Song of SOLOMON.
WHEREIN
The mutual Love of CHRIST and his Church,
contained in that Old-Testament Song, is imi-
tated in the Language of the New Testament,
and adapted to the Gospel-dispensation.

By the late Reverend
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Minister of the Gospel at Dumfermlin,
And Author of the Gospel Sonnets.

A new Edition Revised and Corrected.

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PREFACE
TO THE
Curious and Serious Readers.

Curious Reader,

Do not propose by the following Lines to satisfy your Curiosity, any further than by a plain Explication of this scriptural Song, in a Way adapted to the New-Testament Dispensation: And perhaps you'll be at no Loss, if you find the Equity of the Paraphrase, even where you miss the Elegancy of the Poem; or if you find any precious Truth to edify your Soul, tho' you should miss a pompous Embellishment to gratify your Fancy. If I had been of the Opinion that no Poem should see the Light; but such as has the Name of some great and famous Poet prefixed to it, and could reasonably expect the universal Applause of a learned Age, I would never have consented to the Publication of this, in a Day wherein the Art of Poesy is improved to such great Perfection by some, whose bright Genius has made them capable to set forth their poetical Productions in a very beautiful and splendid Dress. If I thought that nothing now cast into the Mould of Metre could be useful and edifying, but what is superlatively fine, I would have
have been quite discouraged from this Attempt. But to be of this Mind were in Effect to thin there could be no wholesome Food but what presented in a lordly Dish; no good Lodging in any House, but such as were built by some curious Mechanic or famous Architect; nor convenient Accommodation in any Room or Chamber, but such as were finely painted, or hung around with elegant Tapestry. How few would there be to fight for their Country, if none were allowed to do so, but mighty Heroes, great Champions, and such as are Head and Shoulders higher than others? How many must go naked, if no Clothing were allowed but Silk and Satin, and rich Embroideries? It will be hard to persuade the World that none should write or make use of a Pen, but such as can imitate the finest Copper Plate; or that none should open their Mouth to speak above their Breath, but such as can equal the finest Orator.

But tho' in this Essay I pretend not to act the Part of the lofty Poet, yet I have endeavoured that what I hope is obvious to the Vulgar, and not above their View; may be at the same Time not nauseous to the Polite, nor below their View, if they are such as can lay aside the fullen Air of Criticism. Those, to whom no plain serious Gospel-truths can give any Satisfaction, and to whom nothing else but Flowers of Wit and Flights of Rhetoric can give Delight, do perhaps too much betray their Ignorance of pious Pleasures. The Soul may be miserably hunger'd and starv'd where the Fancy only is pleased and feasted. And hence I look upon it as a most candid and ingenious Acknowledgment of a famous and religious Poet,
To the Curious Reader.

In the Preface to his excellent Hymns and Spiritual Songs, speaking of some of them; "I confess myself (says he) to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual Designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery Expressions that gratified the Fancy; the bright Images too oft prevailed above the Fire of Divine Affection, and the Light exceeded the Heat." Now, though I own that the Defect of my poetical Genius might lead me to an Acknowledgment of a quite other Nature, being sensible how much every Paragraph here despairs of giving much Delight to those of a more refined Taste, and of pleasing the Fancy with many bright Embellishments of Poetry; yet the great Scarcity of these may have his great Advantage, that here there are few such beautiful Flowers or bright Images to tempt any Man away from the Spiritual Design, or so to gratify the Fancy, as to prevail above the Fire of Divine Affection, that should burn in the Heart with a Heat equal to the Light. Not that I am obliged with these gay and flowery Expressions in this and other valuable Authors, whereby they are so apt to be a Temptation to themselves and their Readers, even in their Spiritual Songs; or I must confess they have been oft so tempting and alluring to myself, that as I have frequently both here and elsewhere essayed to imitate them by adopting some of their delicious Metaphors; so I would certainly have run into the same Fault if I had been endued with the same Genius: Only I may infer from the foresaid Confession, that Poems upon divine Subjects, which afford not a Train of those gay Temptations that bewitch the Fancy and divert the Imagination, may upon this
To the Curious Reader.

Account be; at least, not the less fitted for advancing spiritual Designs and Divine Affections. I am not here to make any Apology for the Metre, tho' some may judge that in this Effort I have studied Rhyme as much as Poesy. I know that there may be good Music and Measure without the Gingle of a Crambo; and that it is a great Weakness to humour the Sound, so as to darken the Sense. I own, my Difficulty never lay much in studying the Crambo, with the even Cadency; for these, if there be any Parts or Properties of Poesy, occurred natively enough without much Thought: And perhaps it would have been a Fault to have slighted the Rhyming designedly in a Composure of this Sort, fit for the religious Recreation of serious Christian especially when I find the foremention'd eminent Poet (by whose Remarks, of which I had little Specimen, perhaps the following Sheets have been better polished for the Public, had his Circumstances allowed a more close and full Review thereof) in his Hymns, Page 194 by a margin: Note (I find him, I say) hoping, "the Reader will forgive the Neglect of Rhyme even in the 1st and 3d Lines of the Stanza throughout some following Pages," Which supposes may be a Fault, in his Opinion, not to humour the Metre in Essays of this Nature. But, if an think I have done it too much, all I can accrue myself of, is only that I did not neglect the Rhyme when Words favouring it appeared to me as apposite to the Purpose as others, and the love Genius afforded no better.

I am sorry for your Sake, Curious Reader, that precious Truth is here set before you in such coarse
To the Curious Reader.

coarse Garb; but, if you attend to the Matter, it will, as I said, be no Loss to you, that you have not here many artful Embroideries. I do not indeed think that sacred Truth can be set off in too comely a Dress, no more than I think that the Holy Bible can be printed on too fine a Type: But if every Page and Passage thereof were illuminated or adorned with fine Cuts, I suppose this would do more Harm than Good, and be more diverting than edifying.

I have not seen any spiritual Poem upon the whole of this Divine Song, giving such a full Explanation of every Part thereof as I have here essay'd; wishing at the same Time some happier Genius may carry on the same Design to greater Advantage, and paint forth this sacred Book in more lively, pure and spiritual Colours: But, till that appear, let this homely Essay suffice; and, if the Picture here be but just, you'll perhaps be much obliged to a Genius that could not set it within a curiously gilded Frame to divert your Eye from it.

But when you hear of the Spirituality and religious Design of this Poem, and that (as I may shew in the other Part of the Preface) the Subject thereof is not the fair Circean, but the fair Christian, and his infinitely fairer Head and Husband Jesus Christ; though the Theme be more noble in itself, and more needful to be read and considered than all the wanton Sonnets in the World, however artfully trimmed; yet I'm afraid this Subject be thought so jejune, insipid and unfashionable, that it is possible, after you have satisfied your Curiosity so far as to glance over a few
few Lines of this Book, you may throw it aside like an old Almanack, and soon give your Judgment pro or con; and this is all the poor Profit and Advantage you shall get by it, if you remain always more curious than serious. And, since I have done with you, I shall apply myself to those to whom this little Essay will readily be more welcome and acceptable.

Serious Reader,

THO' it is especially for your spiritual Education and Comfort, I have essayed in this Manner to explain and open up the Gospel that is contained in this sacred Song; yet I design not to say one Word to you in Commendation of this Poem upon it, nor does it deserve I should, if it cannot thro' the Blessing of God commend itself to your Heart and Experience. But if you are exercised unto Godliness, and acquainted with the sweet Life of Fellowship and Communion with our Lord Jesus Christ, I hope you shall here see a Picture and Representation both of his Heart towards you, and of your Heart towards him; and a Portraiture of the sweetest Experience of Intimacy with Heaven, that the Bride of Christ can have upon Earth. And I judge that a Song upon this Subject is not unseasonable amidst these evil Days, wherein the Songs of the Temple are like to be turned into Howlings, and wherein the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, is ready to hang her Harp upon the Willows. How desirable were it, if this little Book
might prove a Mean for helping her to sing away her Sorrows, and to harmonize with the Design of that precious Promise, Hos. ii. 15. I will give her the Valley of Achor for a Door of Hope, and she shall sing there? To drive away the Night of Trouble with Songs of Praise, would be a Work and Exercise most suitable to that gracious Name our Lord takes to himself, *Job* xxxv. 10. God our Maker, who giveth Songs in the Night.

We have a Divine Precept, perhaps too much forgotten and neglected even among the Serious, *Eph.* v. 18, 19.—Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your Heart to the Lord; And *Col.* iii. 16. Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord. And how we are to sing, we are further taught, not only by the Apostle's Example, *1 Cor.* xiv. 15. I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also; but likewise by an express divine Appointment, *Psal.* xlvi. 6, 7. where the Command to sing is repeated five Times in a Breath, Sing Praises to God, sing Praises: Sing Praises unto our King, Sing Praises. Sing ye Praises with Understanding. Now, this sacred Song of Solomon being very mysterious and metaphorical, that you may be the more able to sing it over with Understanding and Judgment, I have endeavoured to lay open the Mysteries and Metaphors thereof to your View.

I have designedly cast the most Part of this Book into the Mould of common Metre; because as it was intended especially for the Use of serious Christians
To the Serious Reader.

Christians in this Part of the Island; so, in case any of them should see fit to make some of these Lines a Part of their spiritual and devout Recreation in secret, they might, if they please, sing them over in any of the Tunes to which they are accustomed in our Scotch Churches, where none but the common Tunes are used: Yet, left some in reading over this Book had been too much tired and outworned with the tedious Uniformity, I have put the ivth and viith Chapters into the Form of long Metre. And in the whole I am so far from attempting to soar aloft above your Capacity, that wherever I have been obliged to use any Words (such as *proli$ic, *mellifuous, &c.) which I reckon are not so obvious to the Understanding of the Vulgar, I have explained them upon the Margin, and hope it is but very seldom any such Words occur to cloud and darken the Sense to you.

I know that this sacred Book of Scripture, wherein the sweetest and noblest Instances of the Grace of Christ toward his Church and People are represented under the Figure of a conjugal State, has been greatly profaned by impure Writers, who have used or rather abused their poetical Art, to the gratifying of carnal Minds, and prostituting this holy divine Song to the most unholy Ends. I have therefore endeavoured in this Paraphrase so to open the Import of every Metaphor as to secure it from being perverted and abused to wanton Passions, which I hope shall find no Handle here by any Mode of Expression tending to divert the Mind from the Spirituality of the Theme. The Composition upon every Text here is such, as I think, without great Violence done to it, can never be applied to any Lovers infe-
To the Serious Reader.

inferior to that glorious Bridegroom the Lamb of God, and the Bride the Lamb's Wife, as the Church is designed, Rev. xxii. 9.

I thought it needful here in a prefatory Way to offer you a Key for opening this Song, since this has been done so oft and so well already by others, and particularly Durham's Book upon it, which is so common among many Hands; I refer the Reader to his Clavis Cantici prefixed to that Book. Mr. Henry says, 'The best Key for opening this Book is the xlivth Psalm, which we find apply'd to Christ in the New Testament.' And it seems the more fit this Book be now opened in a Way suited to that Dispensation, since Christ is more frequently and clearly represented in the New Testament than in the Old, as the Bridegroom of his Church and People; for which I might multiply Instances, were it needful.

The Objections of Adversaries against the Divinity of this Book are but weak and trifling, while we are confirmed in the Faith of its Divine Extraction and Spiritual Application to the Marriage between Christ and his Church, by the ancient, constant and concurring Testimony both of the Jewish and Christian Church. And hence, tho', to carnal Minds, it is a Flower out of which they have extracted Poison; yet, to those that are spiritual, it is sweeter than the Honey and the Honey-Comb; insomuch that some have made it the Mark and Characteristic of a Saint, to find and experience the spiritual Relish and quickning. Savour of this Part of Scripture.

Profane Wits, who ridicule this lofty Anthem as a carnal Epithalamium or Marriage-Song, seem to be at a nonplus whether to apply it to Solomong.
To the Serious Reader.

man's Marriage with the Egyptian Princess; or a Circassian Dame; but they must be yet at a greater Loss what to make of some Compliments and Commendations given to Solomon's Bride, if they were to be properly, and not figuratively, understood. For, how monstrous and ridiculous were it to describe her as having an Head like Carmel, Teeth like a Flock of Sheep, a Nose like the Tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus, and terrible like an Army with Banners? &c. And, if Solomon's Chariot were to be understood properly and materially, of what Matter would they suppose it to be made, when the Midst of it is said to be paved with Love? Or, if Love be no material Thing, how shall it be a material Chariot? But this sacred Song is not the worse, because profane and wanton Wits abuse it, and endeavour to fasten their absurd and obscene Senses upon some Passages of it. It requires indeed, as Interpreters acknowledge, a sober and pious, not a foolish and lascivious Reader. It breathes forth the hottest Flames of Love between Christ and his People, and has in all Ages of the Church been most sweet, comfortable and useful to all that have read it with serious and spiritual Eyes. One of the Fathers (Athanasius) comparing this Song with other Scriptures of the Old Testament, says, It is like John the Baptist among the Prophets: Other Scriptures speak of Christ as coming, and afar off; this speaks of him, and to him, as already come, and near-hand: So familiar and present is he here represented both to the Faith and Sense of his People. Zanchius makes this Song a Compend and Copy of the spiritual Marriage with Christ. And another great divine (Bodius
To the Serious Reader.

(Bodius in Eph.) calls it ipfius fidei & Religionis Christianae medulla, the very Marrow and Substance of Faith and Christianity itself. And therefore I hope it will not be reckoned an unprofitable Work or Service, to open up in a homely Poesy, fungi to the Level of vulgar Capacities, the great Gospel-Mysteries contained in this allegorical Scripture, and in a Strain suited to the New-Testament Dispensation.

This Essay, serious Reader, being the Fruit of some Study and Application only at Leisure-hours, is; on this Account, the Work of several Years; and the Occasions had allowed, yet the Nature of the Study, however pleasant in itself, was more severe both to Body and Mind, than to have allowed a continued Progress in it without many Interruptions till it was finished. Some Parts of this Composition being therefore at some Years Distance from other Parts of it, it is possible some discerning and judicious Readers will observe that some of the Texts and Chapters are explained with more Life and Accuracy than others; which may be easily accounted for by every one who knows that the Vein of Poesy and Frame of Spirit is subject to various Alterations higher or lower, at different Times. The greatest Defect I have here found myself to labour under, was with Reference especially to that Spirituality of Frame, Heavennesses of Mind, and close Communion with Christ; that an Essay to open this sacred Divine Song required; since in it the Believer's most intimate Fellowship with this glorious Bridegroom is represented under so many figurative Expressions. However it has been my earnest Desire...
sometimes, That my Labour in this might not be in vain in the Lord, but that it might contribute thro' the Divine Blessing, to the Instruction, Edification, and Comfort of the Lord's People, especially such as have little Access to read large Comments upon this sacred Song; and particularly those of the Congregation which I have so long had a special Concern in, and Relation to, and to whom I have but very seldom preached upon Texts in this Book of the Song of Solomon.

It must be owned there are great Depths in this allegorical Scripture, the Letter whereof kills those that rest in that, and look no further; but the Spirit thereof giveth Life, 2 Cor. iii. 6. John vi. 63. and that it requires great Pains and Caution to point out the Meaning of the Holy Ghost, in every Part of this poetical Book, and in applying the Figures and Similes therein to the several Graces and Virtues of the Bridegroom and the Bride; and therefore I have not admitted of any private Thought or Imagination of mine own in the Interpretation of this notable Part of holy Scripture, without observing my View thereof to be agreeable with the Judgment of found Commentators upon it. Though they could afford me little Help as to the Form, yet from them I willingly collected Materials. Nor did I venture to make a Paraphrase upon any one Verse here, till I had once consulted them, and was satisfied that I should not deviate from the Current of Orthodox Writers, their Judgment upon it, of which you have here a Sum. Tho' yet the Paraphrase is the longer, that I have not only enlarged most upon those Places that I reckoned were most emphatical, but also touched at
the Connection of one Verfe and Purpose with another, where I thought it was necessary for the Illustration of the Scope. Nor have I pass over any one Verfe, however more briefly treated than others, without giving some plain View of the Meaning and Import of it. And, if more seem to be laid upon any Verfe in this Song than is directly import in it, I hope it will be reckoned no great Fault, if what is said be evidently deducible from it, or necessary for the further Explication of it, and for adapting this Paraphrase upon an Old-testament Song to a New-testament Dispensation. Besides, the Sense being cramped and contracted within the narrow Bounds of common Metre, has sometimes made the Repetition (tho' not of Words, yet) of Matter unavoidable: And tho' every Explication is but an amplified Circumlocution, yet I have used as few Repetitions as could consist with my Design of conveying a clear Idea of the Meaning.

I thought fit to set down the Scripture-text at large before the Paraphrase, partly that every one even of those who would hardly be at the Pains to consult their Bibles, might have an Opportunity to compare the Text and the Paraphrase together; and partly that there might be Occasion to mark upon the Margin some of the different Readings that the original Text admits of, which I endeavour also not to neglect in the Paraphrase.

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N. B. See the Catalogue at the End of this Book.
A PARAPHRASE,

OR,

Explicatory POEM,

UPON

The SONG OF SOLOMON.

CHAP. I.  The Title.

Verse 1. The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.

1. The Choice of Anthems exquisite,
   From Sol'mon's sacred Pen,
   Which doth to heav'nly Love excite
   The Souls of holy Men.

2. Its Characters divine evince,
   And evidently clear,
   A wiser King, a greater Prince,
   Than Solomon is here.

† Songs.
Paraphrase on

Who from above did animate,
And with celestial Flame
Inspire the Song, to equal that
Of Moses and the Lamb.

This to the Lamb's fair Bride belongs,
To sound on all her Strings
With tuneful Harp, the Song of Songs
To Christ the King of Kings.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. Let him kiss me with the Kisses of his Mouth: For thy Love is better than Wine.

1. Let him who in my Room and Place
Did act the kindest Part,
The God of Love, the Prince of Peace,
The Victor of my Heart.

With sweet Indearments from above,
Let him my Soul embrace;
To shew my Interest in his Love,
And manifest his Grace.

With Blessings of thy Mouth divine
O may I favour'd be!
More precious is thy Love than Wine,
More sweet than Life to me.

I was among the trait'rous Crew
Doom'd to eternal Fire,

† Heb. thy Loves.
the Song of Solomon.

When he, to pay the Ransom, flew
On Wings of Strong Desire.

5.
Jesus the God, with naked Arms,
Hangs on a Cross and dies,
Then mounts the Throne, with mighty Charms
’T’ embrace me from the Skies.

6.
His Mouth delicious, Heav’n reveals;
His Kisses from above
Are Pardons, Promises, and Seals
Of everlasting Love.

Ver. 3. Because of the Savour of thy good Ointments, thy Name is as Ointment poured forth, therefore do the Virgins love thee.

1.
The Oil of Gladness and of Grace,
On thee pour’d largely forth,
Does spread around in ev’ry Place
Thy Savour and thy Worth.

2.
Like precious Oil diffus’d, thy Name
Along such Odour sends,
That hence from Virgin-Souls a Flame
Of holy Love ascends.

3.
Thy Love to them, thus shed abroad,
So much inflames their Heart
With Love to thee; that thou their God
Their Darling also art.

4.
O sav’ry Names! The Prophet Kind,
Anointed to instruct,
Who by his Counsel leads the Blind,
To glory will conduct.

5. Th' anointed Priest, by solemn Vow,
Did once for Sin atone:
The Blood, that was the Price, is now
The Plea before the Throne.

6. Th' anointed King, to bear the Sway,
And dash the rebel Foes,
To make the feeble win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell oppose.

7. Each Virgin-Tongue with Pleasure sings
Thy lasting Honours, thus;
" Jesus our Prophet ever brings
" The Light of Life to us.

8. " Jesus our Priest for ever lives:
" To plead for us above.
" Jesus our King for ever gives:
" The Blessings of his Love."

Ver. 4. Draw me, we will run after thee:

1. No Strength to come to thee have I,
Yea, Lord, no Will to move;
Till Pow'r divine my Bonds unty.
And draw with Cords of Love.

2. O draw me, Jesus, by thy Grace,
Allure me by thy Charms;
Then we will run to thine Embrace,
And flee into thine Arms.

My
The Song of Solomon.

2.

My Zeal will other Souls excite
When I am drawn to thee;
With Virgin-Saints will Sinners meet,
And run along with me.

---The King hath brought me into his Chambers; we will be glad and rejoice in thee.

1.
The glorious King whom I besought,
Anon my Cry did hear;
Me to his Presence-Chamber brought,
And kindly drew me near.

2.
Then ev’ry Thing that did annoy,
While I his Absence mourn’d,
So quickly vanish’d into Joy,
My Grief to Gladness turn’d.

3.
We’ll now exult in thee, O King,
With holy Cheerfulness;
Our Hearts will joy, our Lips will sing,
Our Lives will praise express.

---We will remember thy Love more than Wine: The Upright love thee.

1.
Our grateful Mem’ries will record
This matchless Love of thine,
And keep the Relish thereof, Lord,
Beyond the richest Wine.

2.
Tho’ Fools abound, who not desire
Nor Pleasure fix on thee;
Yet
Yet Wisdom's Children all conspire  
To love and joy with me.

3. Th' Upright without Deceit, that prove  
Like Gold without Alloy,  
Make thee the Object of their Love,  
And Center of their Joy.

Ver. 5. I am black, but comely, O ye Daughters  
of Jerusalem, as the Tents of Kedar, as the  
Curtains of Solomon.

1. Ye that Professors are at large,  
Or that are weak in Grace,  
Take no Offence at me, I charge,  
Nor at my swarthy Face.

2. Shun not to come and share with me  
Both in my Love and Joy,  
Because my Visage black ye see  
With Sin and sore Annoy.

3. Tho' in myself I'm black indeed,  
And in my outward Lot;  
Yet in my lovely, glorious Head  
I'm fair without a Spot.

4. Dusky like Kedar Tents am I,  
O ye of Salem's Race;  
But yet with Sol'mon's Curtains vie  
For Comeliness by Grace.

er. 6. Look not upon me, because I am black,  
Vbecause the Sun hath looked upon me. My Mo-
then's Children were angry with me.
Then gaze not with disdainful Eyes
On me in Sable clad;
Nor fligbt my Beauty fair, that lies
Within the gloomy Shade.

No Wonder I so black became,
If ye the Cause will note:
For fore sun-burnt and scorch'd I am
With Persecution hot.

False Brethren, that malignant Race,
My Mother's Sons untrue,
In Rage cast Dust upon my Face,
And fully'd all my Hue.

They pour'd on me what open Shame
Their Malice could conceive;
With foul Reproaches stain'd my Name,
And us'd me like a Slave.

---They made me the Keeper of the Vineyards, but mine own Vineyard have I not kept.

They of their Vineyards me the Drudge
Opprest with crushing Care:
Such servile Labours, ye may judge,
My Beauty much impair.

Yea, while, alas! thus toil'd, I slept;
And Sloth my Watch remov'd,
I've not my proper Vineyard kept,
My Talents not improv'd.

But
But tho' my Folly hath me marr'd,
   And wrought my own Distress;
Yet be not at Religion scarr'd,
   Nor stumbled at my Blifs.

For 'gainst myself I bear Record,
   That hence my Slav'ry flows;
While I neglect to serve my Lord,
   I'm left to serve my Foes.

Ver. 7. Tell me, O thou whom my Soul loveth,
   where thou feed'st *, and where thou make'st thy
   Flocks to rest at Noon.

1. When Sins and Sufferings work my Grief,
   And both depress me so,
My Lord alone can give Relief;
   To him I therefore go.

2. O thou the Darling of my Heart,
   My Soul's beloved One,
Who Isra'el's kindly Shepherd art,
   Thy Paths to me make known.

3. O shew me where thy Flocks are fed,
   Where dost thou cause them eat,
And where thou giv'st 'em Rest and Shade
   At Noon, from scorching Heat.

4. The Pasture's fat, the Shelter vast,
   That does thy Sheep inclose:
Fain would I feed in their Repast,
   And rest in their Repose.

* The Word is here active.
For why should I be as one that turns aside by the Flocks of thy Companions.

I. For why should I, that am thy Bride,
   Be left to starve and stray,
Or seem as one that turns aside
   To any crooked Way?

2. All other Loves my Soul abhors,
   Thy Rivals I disdain;
With Flocks of thy Competitors
   Why should I wander then?

3. I all the feign'd Companions hate,
   They are a Bane to me;
My Soul affects no other Mate,
   No other Lord, but thee.

4. O if I knew thy fix'd Abode,
   I'd lodge for ever there;
Where may I then enjoy my God?
   O tell me, tell me where!

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 8. If thou know not, O thou fairest among
Women, go thy Way forth by the Footsteps of the Flock, and feed thy Kids beside the Shepherds' Tents.

I. O thou my Bride, whom I esteem
   The fairest of thy Race,
However black thy Form may seem,
   While Griefs do veil thy Grace;

B Doft
2.
Doft thou not know, my lovely Bride,
The Shadow of the Rock,
Nor Pastures green where I abide,
And feed my little Flock?

3.
Come follow my directing Grace
Which I afford to thee;
I'll lead thee to the sweetest Place
Of Fellowship with me.

4.
That hence thy Feet may never swerve,
Nor fall in Snares and Wreck,
The Footsteps of the Flock observe,
And follow thou the Track.

5.
See how they climb the Rock in Drovcs,
To social Worship prone;
And forthwith haunt retiring Groves,
To meet with me alone.

6.
Keep thou the beaten good old Path,
Yet new and living Way,
Which all my Saints have trode by Faith,
And Prayer, Night and Day.

7.
Tho' none of their dislik'd Escapes
Must be a Rule to thee,
Yet follow them in all the Steps
Wherein they follow me.

8.
And, while my Under-shepherds Tents
Are kept in good Repair,
Attend them still; for Heav'n presents
My choicest Dainties there.
9. These holy Ordinances are
The Pastures of my Grace:
There feast thyself; nor thence debar
Thy little tender Race.

10. Bring Children, Servants, all thy Kids
Along, to feed with thee;
Thy Lord all Comers welcome bids
In Offers full and free.

11. Make all within thy Charge to haunt
These goodly Tents of mine;
For there my Feasts of Love I grant,
To nourish thee and thine.

12. Thus, that thy Feet no more appear
With other Flocks to roam;
In these my best Inclosures here,
Stay, till I bring thee home:

Ver. 9. I have compared thee, O my Love,
to a Company of Horses in Pharaoh's Chariots.

1. My Love, on whom the Stream unspent
Of my Affection flows;
My Ears have heard the heavy 'Plaint
About thy haughty Foes:

2. But they shall know to their Remorse,
Their War had better be
To fight with Pharaoh's Chariot-horse,
Than dare to fight with thee.

† Or made thee like to.
To that well harneft stately Rout
I have thy Strength compar'd;
Because my Armour round about
Is thy defensive Guard.

Thou may'ft contemn the burnifht Spear,
When brandifht in the Field;
As warlike Horses laugh at Fear,
And mock the glitt'ring Shield.

This wing'd Array more swiftly damps
The Foes that thee defy,
Than conquering Chariots through the Camps
On thund'ring Wheels that fly.

Weak in thyfelf thou art, but well
In me resides thy Might:
Therefore, the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell
Need never thee affright.

Ver. 10. Thy Cheeks are comely with Rows of Jewels, thy Neck with Chains of Gold.

1. My Love, I heard thee also moan
Thy Beauty marr'd and spilt;
And file thyfelf a lothfome one,
Deform'd with Sin and Guilt.

2. Put as my Blood does counterpoife,
And all thy Guilt displace;
So Jewel-graces, Golden-joys
Do beautify thy Face.

Each Virtue that thy Dress bespeaks
Doth thee more richly deck,
Than Rows of Gems adorn the Cheeks,  
Or Chains of Gold the Neck.

4.  
An Order just thy Graces do  
Like eveny Rows maintain;  
By mutual close Connection too,  
They're link'd as in a Chain.

5.  
Thou hast thy Royal Lord to thank,  
That thee a Moor betroth'd;  
And then conform to highest Rank,  
With Gold and Jewels cloth'd.

6.  
To make thy Cheeks and Neck so fair,  
Mine gave I to the Stroke;  
My Cheeks to them that pluckt the Hair,  
My Neck to Justice' Block.

Ver. 11. We will make * thee Borders of Gold,  
with Studs of Silver.

1.  
Object not, saying, How shall I,  
So weak, so black a Swain,  
Such Beauties in the divine Eye,  
Or furnish, or maintain?

2.  
For with united Pow'r divine,  
We, FATHER, SON and SP'RITE,  
Do stand engag'd thee to refine,  
And make thy Form compleat.

3.  
Keep thou no finite Pow'rs in View,  
To grace and deck thee thus;  
B 3  
Crea.  

* The Word used for making Man at first, Gen. i. 6.
A Paraphrase on
Creation-work, both old and new,
Belongs to none but U S.

4.
WE'll make thee yet more radiant Gems
Of Grace, without thine Aid,
To fence thy Robe, like golden Hems
With Silver Studs inlaid.

5.
Thy growing Grace shall thrive, and bear
A perfect Crop at length;
Yet by no Might within thy Sphere,
But OUR concurring Strength.

6.
Thy Gold and Silver Ornament
Must strong and lasting prove;
For lo, it is th' pow'rful Vent
Of our eternal Love.

7.
Of old, the good, the great THREE ONE,
Did jointly take thy Part;
Thy naked Soul WE thought upon,
With Pity in OUR Heart.

8.
WE held a Council for thy Good,
Where I, without a Sob,
Did chuse a Vesture dipt in Blood,
To buy thy golden Robe.

The CHURCH's Words:

Ver. 12. While the King sitteth at his Table,
my Spikenard sendeth forth the Smell thereof.

1.
Lo! Zion's King array'd in State,
And Love his luring Vest,
the Song of Solomon.

Makes ample Grace his royal Treat,  
And me his welcome Gueft.

When this his splendid Table-head  
Is with his Presence crown'd,  
My Graces then like Spikenard spread  
Their grateful Odours round.

With joyful Heart I smile and sing,  
Each Grace doth rise and run;  
As languid Plants revive and spring  
In Presence of the Sun.

If he withdraw they fade and faint,  
Their Vigour is restrain'd;  
But, by his sweet Return, their Scent  
And Savour is regain'd.

While at his royal Feast he sits,  
Such Verdure fresh is giv'n,  
That ev'ry Sprig of Grace emits  
A fragrant Smell of Heav'n.

My glad Affections leap and dance,  
When with a smiling Face,  
The King does spread and countenance  
The Table of his Grace,

Ver. 13. A Bundle of Myrrh is my Well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all Night betwixt my Breasts.

No Wonder that my Spikenard smells  
So sweetly when he comes;  
B 4  
His
His Love, that casts the Scent, excels
The choicest of Perfumes.

2.
Faith, Love and Joy begin to stir,
And spread their Odours high,
When Jesus, like a Bunch of Myrrh,
Does in my Bosom lie.

3.
From this enfolded Bundle flies
His Savour all abroad:
Such complicated Sweetness lies
In my incarnate God.

4.
Abundant Virtue here I see
To ev'ry Case adapt;
The Fulness of a Deity
Is in the Bundle wrapt.

5.
Yea, in my well-beloved Lord
This Plenitude divine,
Is for my Use and Comfort for'd;
For he himself is mine.

6.
And has he deign'd thus from above
To shew his glorious Charms?
I'll hold him fast by Faith and Love,
As in my folded Arms.

7.
My Heart and Bosom where he refts,
No other Love shall know;
There he embrac'd shall lie, while lasts
The Night of Sin and Woe.

8.
This sweet Repose shall wear away
The Shadows of the Night,
Until
Until the Dawning of the Day
Of everlasting Light.

Ver. 14. My Beloved is unto me as a Cluster of
† Camphire in the Vineyards of En-gedi.

1. My best Belov’d, to whom the Wings
Of my Affections flee,
Is sweeter than the sweetest Things
Of Heav’n and Earth to me.

2. In Vineyards of fair En-gedi
Are Camphire Clusters sweet:
How infinitely more is he,
In whom I am compleat?

3. When Sin and Wrath my Conscience press,
He standeth for my Good,
A Cluster full of Righteousness,
And Wrath-appeasing Blood.

4. Still fresh in View, I may design
His dying Love to me,
Like Myrrh and Camphire, sweet and fine,
New bleeding from the Tree.

5. By Faith I eat the Cluster press,
And drink the Blood he spilt:
Of all Love Banquets, here’s the best,
Atonement for my Guilt.

6. To me this Bleeding Love of his
Shall ever precious be;

† Copher, the same Word that signifies an Atonement or Propitiation.
Whatever he to others is,
  He's all in all to me.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 15. Behold, thou art fair, my Love; behold, thou art fair, thou hast Doves Eyes.

1. What! Is thy Heart a Bed of Rest
   A Room reserv'd for me?
Behold, I come to be thy Guest,
   And vent my Heart to thee.

2. My Truth, that can't the false Decoy
   Of flatt'ring Lips approve,
Asserts to elevate thy Joy,
   Thou art my pleasant Love.

3. Lo, thou art fair, lo, thou art fair;
   Twice, fair thou art, I say;
My Righteousness and Graces are
   Thy double bright Array.

4. Tho' thou a spotted Leopard,
   And black, thyself dost see:
Yet, as a Mark of my Regard,
   I'll see no Spot in thee.

5. When to a Dog of no Avail
   Thou humbly dost compare,
And call thyself a Mass of Hell,
   Ev'n then I call thee fair.

6. But since thy Faith can hardly own
   My Beauty put on thee;
Behold! Behold! twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me.

7. I see the Beauty of the Dove
Within thy Soul that lies;
Affections there exactly move,
Like Turtles charming Eyes.

8. So modest, humble, pure and chaste,
And faithful to their Mate;
On me alone they fix and rest,
And all my Rivals hate.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 16. Behold, thou art fair, my Beloved,
yea, pleasant:

1. What Wonders, Lord, dost thou perform,
That stoopest thus so low,
To put thy Beauty on a Worm,
And then commend it so?

2. What! dost thou praise a native Black?
I blush to find it true:
O lend me Words, to render back
The Praise to whom 'tis due.

3. Lo! my Beloved, THOU, ev'n THOU
Art infinitely far;
Yea, altogether pleasant too,
And sweet beyond compare.

4. All divine Comeliness in thee
Most gloriously does shine;
What Beauty thou commends in me,
Is but the Shade of thine.

Doft thou applaud the little Stream
That from thy Fullness rose?
How highly then should I esteem
The Fountain whence it flows!

How shall I thee extol, my God?
It shames me to be mute,
When thou exalts a lothsome Clod,
Wrpalt in a borrow'd Suit.

But who, alas! can Words invent,
To magnify thy Grace?
Seraphic Pencils cannot paint
The Beauties of thy Face.

May my delighted Eye still gaze
On charming Pleasures here;
And what I cannot loudly praise,
I'll silently admire.

Also our Bed is green.

How can my Tongue the Favours hide
That thus my Heart attach?
For never was a worthless Bride
So happy in her Match.

Besides, his Personage so great,
His Equipage is fine;
His Furniture and Bed of State,
For Fellowship divine.
3. Where here his Love abroad is shed,
   My Soul, his cheerful Guest,
Sleeps in his Arms, as in a Bed
   Of holy Joy and Rest.

4. If Wisdom in a Mystery
   Will Heav'n to Hell betroth,
Th' ensuing Miracle must be
   One Bed to serve us both.

5. What Kindness here he does avouch,
   No mortal Tongue can tell:
The Heir of Heav'n has made a Couch
   To hug an Heir of Hell.

6. Lo, this our Bed of sweet Solace,
   Green like the verdant Field,
Abundant Fruits of Holiness
   Does by his Blessing yield.

7. To deck our Bed of nuptial Loves,
   Buds of the Spring convene;
My pregnant Soul so fertile proves,
   I'm like an Olive green.

8. Fair Blossoms of indulgent Grace
   That shade the Temple round,
With lively Verdure paint the Place,
   And spread the holy Ground.

Ver. 17. The Beams of our House are Cedar, and
our † Rafter of ‖ Fir.

† Or Galleries, ‖ Or Cypres.
1. Our nuptial-bed in Zion stands,
   Within our royal Court:
   For there the Blessing God commands,
   There is his lov'd Refort.

2. Our stately Dwelling-house excels
   The Seats of mortal Kings;
   Whose pompous Courts are nothing else
   But spacious empty Things.

3. Their gaudy Grandeur shrinks away
   Within their with'ring Bow'rs;
   No gilded House of mould'ring Clay
   Is sure and strong like ours.

4. The holy Cov'nant Heav'n commands
   With Promises of Note;
   By which our House compacted stands,
   Are Beams that never rot.

5. No Cedar-wood from Lebanon,
   Nor Fir so firm endures,
   As these our Rafters, which alone
   Almighty Pow'r secures.

6. Thus stablisht even our lower Courts,
   Defy the Gates of Hell;
   For everlasting Strength supports
   The Dome wherein we dwell.

7. In precious Cypress Gall'ries here:
   We walk along in State;
   Such are the Ordinances dear
   Of my imperial Mate.
the Song of Solomon.

8.
In these sweet Mansions of his Grace,
I'll walk with great Delight,
Till he prepare a nobler Place,
To walk with him in white.

CHAP. II.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 1. *I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys.*

1. SUCH tainted Air from Adam's Bow'r,
O'er cursed Mankind blows,
That no green Bed, nor fav'ry Flow'r,
In Nature's Defart grows.

2. Thou then that sings the verdant Bed,
Adorn'd with Flow'rs of Grace;
Come see the Rose and Lily spread,
That thus perfumes the Place.

3. I, J E S U S, am the fragrant Rose,
That healing Odours yields;
And free for common Profit grows,
In Sharon's open Field.

4. That all who please, may freely come,
Of lapsed human Race;
And share the fanatic Perfume,
That suits their sickly Case.

My bleeding Love so oft express'd
To guilty Sinners, shews
A Beauty in my bloody Veil,
Beyond the ruddy Rose.

Should I too comely Flow'rs compare
The Beauties of my Face,
Roses and Lilies, red and fair,
Would strive in it for Place.

But what's my common Paint, cast o'er
The Blossoms of the Field?
Tho' Solomon in all his Glories
Must to their Splendor yield.

Their comely Form but serves to foil
The Flow'r of Flow'r's above,
Sprung from the hottest heav'nly Soil,
My Father's fervent Love;

Who thence the Lily did translate
To Valleys here below,
That Virtue from my humbled State
To sinful Worms might flow:

And that in Vales of Misery
When with'ring Comforts fail,
The Rose of Heav'n might also be
The Lily of the Vale.

Ver. 2. As the Lily among the Thorns, so is my
Love among the Daughters.
While I the Rose and Lily fair,
Join'd, as my Title claim,
My Love, the Bride, must have a Share
Of my enamel'd Name.

2.
Mine Image she so harmlefs bears
Amidst a furious broil;
She as a Lily fair appears
Ev'n in a thorny Soil.

3.
Among the Daughters of Despite,
The Offspring of the Earth,
Her Lily-form, so lovely white,
Shews her superior Birth.

4.
Befet with Briers that pierce and pain,
Yet precious in my View,
She pure and harmlefs dies remain
Among the noxious Crew.

5.
The whole of Satan's Children are
A Field of hurtful Thorns,
Enrag'd by Hell, to scratch and mar
The Flow'r that Heav'n adorns.

6.
But I'll provide in this Turmoil
My Lily with a Shield;
And afterward a better Soil,
My glorious Azure Field.
The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 3. As the Apple-tree among the Trees of the Wood, so is my Beloved among the Sons

1. My dearest Love has won my Heart
   With his † mellifluous Tongue;
   That gives unworthy me a Part,
   Both in his Name and Song.

2. He to my Need, his Names doth suit,
   As if he could not be
   A Rose and Lily of Repute,
   Without adorning me.

3. His fav'ry Titles thus made known,
   In such endearing Ways,
   As wrap my Name within his own,
   Provoke my Heart to Praise.

4. Awake, my Soul, commend his Grace,
   And sing the living Tree,
   Who by such Apples of Solace
   Commends himself to thee.

5. Above the Daughters of the Earth
   Does he extol thy Name?
   Above the Sons of higher Birth
   I will his Praise proclaim.

6. As Garden Apple-trees excel
   The Forest's barren Race,

† Sweetly eloquent.
So shines my Lord o'er Mortals all,
With a superior Grace.

His Fruit so sweet, his Form so fair,
His healing Leaves so broad;
This Tree of Life bears no Compare
With Sons of Men, or God.

Created Shrubs, wild Gourds be gone,
I climb a higher Tree:
Jesus, the living God, alone
Yields Shade and Sap to me.

I sat down under his Shadow with
great Delight, and his Fruit was sweet to
my Taste.

What Fool foever disagrees,
My sweet Experience proves,
That Jesus is the Tree of Trees,
Among a Thousand Groves.

From Paradise, wherein he grows,
He spreads his Branches vast,
To give sweet Shade for my Repose,
Sweet Fruit for my Repast.

When sore fatigu'd, I sat by Faith
Beneath his cooling Shade,
Screen'd from the Heat of scorching Wrath,
My shelter'd Soul was glad.

The Shadow of his Righteousness,
The Covert of his Blood,

When
When conscious Guilt and Dread oppress,
A happy Peace conclude.

5.
This Shadow shields me from the Fire
That strikes the Dread and Awe;
The burning Flames of divine Ire,
And Sinai's fiery Law.

6.
Such Shelter this thick Shade imparts,
That no Temptation fierce,
No feather'd Shafts, nor fiery Darts,
Can once the Shadow pierce.

7.
When Christ my Skreen is interpos'd
Between the Flames and me,
My joyful Heart and Lips unclos'd,
Adore the glorious Tree.

8.
No mortal Tongue can speak the Bliss
That in his Shade is giv'n;
For then I'm safe from all Distress,
And taste an early Heav'n.

9.
The Tree does with immortal Food
My fainting Soul solace,
With Fruits, the Purchase of his Blood,
The Apples of his Grace.

10.
O here's the Tree of Life, that gives
The Virtue Sinners need;
Enliv'ning Fruit, and healing Leaves,
To raise and cure the Dead.

11.
Pardons, and Promises, and Joys
Upon his Branches grow;

Which,
the Song of Solomon.

Which, bending down with gentle Poise,  
Unload themselves below.

12.
Laden with Grace, his Fruit he drops,  
And spreads my Table o'er,  
To please my Taste, and feed my Hopes,  
Until I feast in Glore.

Ver. 4. He brought me to the † banqueting House, and his Banner over me was Love.

1.
Who but my Lord, the living Tree,  
My Leader also is,  
That brings me near to taste and see  
This Love and Grace of his?

2.
Because my Fall, he kindly thought,  
Did Nature's Pow'r displace;  
To his Wine-Cellars I was brought  
By his almighty Grace.

3.
Brought from his Garden, to his House,  
To taste more Joy divine;  
From sipping of the Apple Juice,  
To drink the spiced Wine.

4.
With sweet and ravishing Solace  
my Soul was feasted there,  
In Ordinances of his Grace,  
The House of his Repair.

5.
And lo! the Royal Flag display'd,  
Dy'd with the bleeding Vine,  
Along my solemn Entrance led  
Into his House of Wine.

† Or House of Wine.
6. With flying Colours did I move,
And march triumphantly;
For then was Love, victorious Love,
His Banner lifted high.

7. The Signal of his Grace adorn'd
That fately March of mine:
And for my Entertainment turn'd
My Water into Wine.

8. Love's conqu'ring Flag for War so near,
Did all my Sins subdue;
Love led the Van, Love fenc'd the Rear,
Love daht the hellish Crew.

9. My fainting Heart was giving o'er,
Till with his Ensign spread,
My Standard-bearer went before,
And all the Furies fled.

10. Soul now to Arms; Love fights and wins,
This Banner guards my Life;
Almighty Love will slay my Sins,
And end the bloody Strife.

11. Still therefore to pursue the Chace,
'Till I triumph above;
I'll mind the Banquet of his Grace,
The Banner of his Love.

12. With Love he march'd, with Love he led,
With Love he arm'd my Breast;
With Love he drew, with Love he fed,
With Love he crown'd the Feast.
Ver. 5. * Stay me with Flagons, + comfort me with Apples; for I am sick of Love.

1. Lo! while my Mem'ry does review
   His matchless bleeding Love,
   My Spirit falls a bleeding too,
   My Bowels melt and move.

2. O ye whose Office is to bear
   The Vessels of his Grace;
   Bring Flagons full of Comfort here,
   And Apples of Solace.

3. Large Vessels fetch without Delay,
   With Cordials from above:
   Hasten, ere my Spirits swoon away;
   I'm sick, I'm sick of Love.

4. I'm overcome, I faint, I fail,
   'Till Love shall Love relieve:
   More Love Divine the Wound can heal,
   That Love Divine did give.

5. The Agent Christ alone I view,
   Though now my Soul that faints,
   In Sicknefs raves of Aid from you,
   That are but Instruments.

6. Fill out the Wine my Lord did bleed
   To stay and strengthen me:
   The deeper in his Love I wade,
   The sweeter still is he.

* Here the Verbs are in the Plural Number,
Stay ye me, comfort ye me. + Straw me.
A Paraphrase on

7. Straw me with Apples all along;
   Their Taste does so surprise.
I'd lie and roll myself among
   These Fruits of Paradise.

8. Support this sinking Heart of mine
   Beneath a Weight of Love,
With living Fruit, and gen'rous Wine
   From Azure Fields above.

9. I cannot surfeit here, nor sifft,
   Ev'n tho' my Cup run o'er;
But feed on Hunger, drink on Thirst,
   And covet always more.

10. New Feasts of Love I seek, to free
   And give Love sickness Ease;
How can I lothe what sickness me,
   So sweet is my Disease?

11. The Love, the Love that I bespeak,
    Does Wonders in my Soul:
For when I'm whole, it makes me sick;
    When sick, it makes me whole.

12. More of the Joy that makes me faint,
    Would give me present Ease:
If more shou'd kill me, I'm content
    To die of that Disease.

Ver. 6. His left Hand is under my Head, and
   his right Hand doth embrace me.
How soon my fainting Soul did cry
   For Cordials to be brought,
So soon my Lord himself drew nigh,
With more than I had fought.

2. I fought Wine-Flagons, but anon
The Vine drew near to me:
I fought but Apples in my Swoon,
And lo, I found the Tree.

3. When I on Servants call'd in vain,
My Lord himself with Speed
Did in his Arms of Love, amain
Uphold my fainting Head.

4. My Heart's Desire is now obtain'd,
I have my Royal Guest,
And, by his kind Embrace sustain'd,
Do in his Bosom rest.

5. He does with Joys that can't be told
My Health and Strength repair,
And both his Hands about me hold,
To shew his tender Care.

6. His left Hand for my Support he
Beneath my Head doth place;
And for my Comfort lendeth me
His right Hand's soft Embrace.

7. His Presence brings a plenteous Show'r
Of Blessings from above;
For now I'm guarded with his Pow'r,
And girded with his Love.

8. For my Solace, 'gainst Sin and Death,
I feel his glorious Charms,
And for my Safety underneath,
His everlasting Arms.

Ver. 7. I charge you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem, by the Roes, and by the Hinds of the Field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my
* Love, till he please.

1. Immortal Love, her Rest and Room
Does in my Bosom take;
Wo to the Fury that shall come
This joyful Rest to break.

2. Soon as the tim'rous Hinds and Roes
Are scar'd from Sleep and Rest,
Would Earth and Hell this sweet Repose
Maliciously infect.

3. O Salem's Daughters then I pray,
And charge you, stand in Awe
To waken Love, or do what may
Make Jesus to withdraw.

4. Yea, all about me I adjure,
Professors and Profane,
Excepting neither Rich nor Poor,
The Sov'reign nor the Swain;

5. By pleasant Roes and loving Hinds,
Affections, Emblem meet;

By

|| H.b. Adjure you.* The Word my is a Supplement, and the Word Love is in the feminine Gender. She speaks of Christ as that Love eminently or Love in the Abstract; The Original runs, That ye stir not up nor awake Love, till it please.
the Song of Solomon.

By all that's dear to loving Minds,
And ev'ry Thing that's sweet;

6.
By all that's lovely in your Eyes,
I earnestly obt'eft,
Since Jesus in my Bosom lies,
You may not mar his Rest.

7.
Begone, Sin, Satan, earthly Toys,
Far be ye from my Heart;
Approach not to disturb my Joys,
Nor cause my Lord depart.

8.
His Smiles are free, he comes and goes,
My happy Hour is this:
Why should ye prove such cursed Foes
To interrupt my Blifs?

9.
My glorious Lord now sleeps within
Mine Arms of Faith and Love;
I charge myself, my Heart, my Sin,
Not once to stir nor move.

10.
He may as Sov'reign countermand
The Signals of his Grace;
But never let a sinful Hand
Of mine, eclipse his Face.

11.
Let no deceitful Lust attend,
To rob me of his Charms;
Nor cursed Unbelief, to rend
My Love out of mine Arms.

12.
I all the Spawn of Hell explode,
That would his rest annoy;

D 2

O may
O may I never grieve my God,
Nor sin away my Joy.

Ver. 8. The Voice of my Beloved! Be bold, he cometh, leaping upon the Mountains, skipping upon the Hills.

1. Sweet was the Rest, but short the Stay
   Of Jesus my Belov'd,
Who lately in my Bosom lay,
   But instantly remov'd.

2. Thus doth my sov'reign Lord declare
   The Freedom of his Charms,
By slipping off, amidst my Care
   To hold him in mine Arms.

3. Great Hills, alas! now interveen
   Betwixt my Lord and me;
His Voice unheard, his Face unseen:
   Stop, stop, I hear, I see.

4. The Voice of my Beloved sounds,
   I know the charming Lyre;
No mortal Voice so sweetly wounds
   And ravishes mine Ear.

5. I hear the Voice, I feel the Dart,
   My Breast begins to burn:
The joyful Sound revives my Heart
   With Hopes of his Return.

6. In's Volume, Lo I come, said he;
   And now I see him move

† Or, over.
In solemn Triumph towards me,
On Wings of wond'rous Love.

7.
His Coming in the Flesh I view,
Glad Heav'n his March attends:
And Coming in the Spirit too,
For lo, the Dove descends.

8.
Dark Shades adieu, bright Morning springs,
Behold the gilded Sphere!
Incarnate Love's perfumed Wings
Now cleave the shady Air.

9.
He, over Hills and Mountains high,
Comes flying on the Clouds,
In stately Pomp advancing nigh
Thro' all opposing Clouds.

10.
Of Principalities and Pow'rs
He makes an open Shew;
Down, in his March, he throws the Tow'rs
Of Hell's outrageous Crew.

11.
He skips o'er Rocks without Delay,
Nor tarries he to climb;
For Hills and Mountains in the Way
Are but a Leap to him.

12.
O'er Heaps of Sin to run he deigns,
O'er Hills of Guilt to flee:
Nor Death, nor Hell, nor Wrath restrains
His loving March to me.

Ver. 9. My Beloved is like a Roe, or a young Hart:

When
When Faith itself could hardly see,
What Pow’r could ever pave
The rocky Mountains whereon he
Must come to seek and save;

When manifold Obstructions met,
My loving Jesus made
A Stepping Stone of ev’ry Lett
That in his Way was laid.

O’er Hills of Sin and Vales of Grief,
O’er Mountains, Rocks and Seas,
For my Salvation and Relief
He runs, he leaps, he flies.

O’er every Betther, high and low,
That him and me did part,
He marches like the bounding Roe
Or loving youthful Hart.

To manifest that his Delights
Were with the Sons of Men,
He hastens to restore their Rights,
And rifle Satan’s Den.

No Doubt remains of his Good-will,
Whose speedy March does prove
His joyful Fondness to fulfil
His Purposes of Love.

When hainous Trespasses of mine
Make me conclude that he
Will never any more incline
Again to visit me.

And
And yet I see him hast'ning near,
And smiling in my Face;
How can I but adore, admire,
And magnify his Grace?

Behold, he standeth behind our Wall,
He looketh forth at the Windows, shewing himself through the Lattes.

1. Come, Friends, admire how he renews,
The Visits of his Grace,
And in what various Forms he shews
The Beauties of his Face.

2. His darkest Ways will prove him kind;
For, when he hides at all,
He goes not far, but stands behind
Our own Partition-Wall.

3. Tho' we, alas! do build up high
The hiding Wall of Sin:
Yet he behind it, very nigh,
Stands ready to come in.

4. His Feet no Rest can elsewhere take,
But skipping, leaping, move,
Till me the resting-place he make,
And Center of his Love.

5. And tho', while in this distant Place,
This Vale of Sin and Thrall,
There's still between me and his Face
A thick, a dark'ning Wall;
Yet

* Or rather looketh in. || Flourishing.
6. Yet Distance alters not his Love,
Nor ought abates his Care,
Which force him through the Wall to move,
And make a Window there:

7. That there, as through a Window-glass
   However dark and dim,
His Eye of Love to me may pass,
Mine Eye of Faith to him.

8. Thro' Latess's that Light divide,
   Thro' glorious Gospel-lines,
A Vail of Flesh, a pierced Side,
   His Love, his Beauty shines.

9. Thus, like a beauteous Flow'rr in Spring,
   He shews himself in State,
Before the Window flourishing,
   And growing thro' the Grate.

Ver. 10. My beloved spake, and said unto me;
Rise up, my Love, my fair one, and come away.*

1. When my Beloved Jesus nigh
Did to my Soul appear,
His matchless Beauty charm'd mine Eye,
   His gracious Words mine Ear.

2. Why, tho' the sweetest Favours giv'n
Are in his felt Embrace;
Yet surest Intercourse with Heav'n
Is by his Word of Grace.

* See Ver. 13.
I'll therefore sing the Words he said,
   And his alluring Art,
Who me no silent Visit made,
   But spake into my Heart.

The joyful Sound my Soul restor'd,
   And heal'd to that Degree,
I never will forget his Word
   By which he quickned me.

"Rise up, said he, my pleasant Bride,
   "And leave what thee annoys;
"Lay killing Fears and Damps aside,
   "And share my quickning Joys.

"My Love, there is no Spot in thee
   "But what my Grace shall hide;
"Thou art, and evermore shalt be
   "My fair and comely Bride.

"And since thou'rt mine by solemn Tie,
   "And I'm so fond of thee,
"It ill becomes thee to be shy,
   "And carry strange to me.

"Are mortal Pleasures worth thy Stay?
   "Flee from their dying Arms;
"Haste to my Bosom, come away,
   "And share immortal Charms.

Ver. 11. For lo, the Winter is past, the Rain is over and gone.

"Come, Love, said he, for now thy Way
   "Is pleasant, safe and plain:

Behold
"Behold a fair inviting Day,
  "And Heav'n above, serene.

2.
"Fear not the Storm; for, ere I gave
  "The gracious Call to thee,
"Fair Weather I commanded have,
  "And calm'd the raging Sea.

3.
"Thou hast no dangerous Winter-flight,
  "No Drop of Wrath to dread;
"The Storm did with a Vengeance light
  "Down on thy Surety's Head.

4.
"So full did I my Charge perform
  "Once in thy Room and Place,
"That now no killing wrathful Storm
  "Can blow upon thy Face.

5.
"Tempestuous Wrath and Death is past,
  "Stern Justice is appeas'd;
"Since I courageous bore the Blaft,
  "All Heav'n is fully pleas'd.

6.
"I call thee not to fight and bleed,
  But free of Pain and Toil,
"To follow thy victorious Head,
  "And gather in the Spoil.

7.
"Yea, Winter of Deception's past,
  "And Rain of Trouble o'er,
"While by my Presence now thou hast
  "An † Antepast of Glore.

† Or Foretaste.
Ver. 12. The Flowers appear on the Earth; the Time of the Singing of Birds is come.

1. "Come, come; for now, beloved Bride,
   "By warming Beams of Grace,
   "The youthful Spring with flow'ry Pride,
   "Looks smiling in thy Face.

2. "See lapsed Nature's cursed Earth,
   "Nipt with a Winter fall,
   "Now blest with Buds of heav'nly Birth
   "And Flow'rs around the Ball.

3. "See Adam's dry and blasted Root,
   "Where Briers and Thorns were rise,
   "Now bud and bear unfading Fruit
   "Unto immortal Life.

4. "Lo, Heav'n appears upon the Ground
   "Where Hell grew up apace;
   "While earthly Hearts do now abound
   "With heav'nly Flow'rs of Grace.

5. "The fading Trees of Righteousness
   "Resume their fruitful Life,
   "While I the Branches lop and dress,
   "And bless the pruning Knife.

6. "The pleasant Time of peaceful Spring
   "From win'try Blusters free,
   "Invite the heav'nly Birds to sing
   "Upon the living Tree.

† Heb. The Time of Singing is come. The Word rendered singing, signifies also to prune or crop.
A Paraphrase on
And the Voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land.

1.
"Lo, now is heard the heav'ly Dove,
   "The sacred Turtle's Voice;
"The joyful Sound of Grace and Love
   "Makes drooping Hearts rejoice.

2.
"Refounding Echoes through the Plain
   "From all my little Doves,
"That in the Valleys mourn amain,
   "Melodious Music proves.

3.
"Their Hearts that nor could joy nor mourn,
   "So close bound up and pent,
"Have now, upon their Lord's Return,
   "A joyful, mournful Vent.

4.
"As loving Friends long distant do
   "Most joyful meet their Wish,
"Whose Sorrows during Absence, now
   "Dissolving, bleed afresh.

5.
"So wrestling Tribes in cheerful Mones
   "Their Lord approaching wait,
"With joyful Hearts, yet mournful Tones,
   "As Turtles meet their Mate.

6.
"Sweet Sounds, alluring all that lift,
   "Are heard on every Hand,
"Around the Field that I have blest,
   "And still'd Immanuel's Land.

Ver.

|| By the Turtle some understand the Spirit, some the Bride.
Ver. 13. The Fig-Tree putteth forth her green Figs, and the Vine with the tender Grape, give a good Smell.

1.

"Now, now is the accepted Time,
"When heav'ly Plants of Grace
"All pressing forward to their Prime,
"And thriving, grow apace.

2.

"The Figs, tho' yet unripe for Meat,
"Appear in green Array:
"Young Grapes unripe for Drink, yet sweet,
"and fav'ry Scents convey.

3.

"With Joy the early Sprigs I see,
"The young and tender Race:
"And view with Pleasure in mine Eye
"The smallest Buds of Grace.

4.

"Yea, lo, the well-advanced Spring
"Does in Abundance now
"Not only Flow'rs for Pleasure bring,
"But Fruits for Profit too.

5.

"The living Vine incessant does
"To ev'ry Branch dispense,
"Most sweet and odorif'rous Juice
"From Steams of Hell to fence.

6.

"Are Serpents said to flee the Smell
"Of Vines, with Fear and Dread?
"Perfumes of Heav'n's true Vine repel
"Th' old Serpent and his Seed.

Aris'
A Paraphrase on

**Arise, my Love, my fair one, and come away.**

1. "Rise, drooping Bride, while Spring so sweet,
   "In Place of Winter smell,
   "Does thus by various Charms invite
   "Thine Eyes, and Ears, and Smell.

2. "Fair Love, 'tis thee I'm fond to wed,
   "Tis thee I'm loth to want;
   "Come to thy heav'nly Mate, and bid
   "All earthly Loves avaunt.

3. "Thy Company and Love to gain
   "I am so strongly bent,
   "I'll still insist, till I obtain
   "Thy full and free Consent.

4. "Hasten to mine Arms; for, didst thou move
   "As I'm to thee inclin'd,
   "Thy Heart would on the Wings of Love
   "Outfly the hafty Wind.

**Ver. 14. O my Dove, that art in the Clefts of the Rock, in the secret Places of the Stairs, let me see thy Countenance, let me hear thy Voice: for sweet is thy Voice, and thy Countenance is comely.**

1. "My Dove, that in the lofty Rock
   "Art wont to nestle high,
   "And to my Wounds, when Storms provoke,
   "As shelt'ring Holes to fly;

* See Ver. 10.
In secret Corners wont to vent
Thy Heart to me alone:
Kindly to pour thy heavy Plaint,
And make thy humble Mourn:
O why dost thou, that built so high,
At every threatening Shock,
So tim'rous now for Shelter fly
To any lower Rock?

Why, frightened from thy lofty Nest,
To lurking Holes and Cliffs
Doft take, with Shame and Fear oppress,
Such vain and sorry Shifts.

Look up, my Dove; nor blush, nor fear.
Thy heav'nly Mate to face,
Who wills thee boldly to appear
Before his Throne of Grace.

Lift Voice and Countenance both upright
With Confidence to me;
And let thy Voice mine Ears delight,
Thy Countenance, mine Eye.

For sweet's thy Voice of Pray'r and Praise,
Which please me more to hear,
Than ever choice melodious Lays
Could charm a mortal Ear.

Thy humblest mournful Notes, my Dove,
Excel, in my Esteem,
Their highest Strains that artful rove
In Oratory sublime.

Thy
9. "Thy countenance is also fair,
   "And comely in mine eyes;
   "Thou' earthly minds with scornful air
   "Thy heav'nly mien despise.

10. "For, while my righteousness compleat
   "Is still thy robe renown'd,
   "My graces in thy count'nance meet,
   "And cast their lustre round.

Ver. 15. † Take us the Foxes, the little Foxes
   that spoil the Vines; for our Vines have
   tender Grapes.

1. "But since my Bride's a tim'rous Dove,
   "Soon scar'd and set astray;
   "Care must be taken to remove
   "The fright'ning Beasts of Prey.

2. "Of hurtful foes a hellish brood
   "Against her peace combines;
   "As in a vineyard Foxes rude
   "Infest the feeble Vines.

3. "Let all concern'd in her and me
   "Soon, at our instance, seize
   "The Foxes great and small they see,
   "That spoil the rising trees.

4. "Ye ministers of my affairs,
   "My vineyard who attend,
   "I charge you guard against the snares
   "That do the Vines offend.

† Take, in the Original, is in the Plural Number,
Take ye.
5. "All erring Teachers soon descry,  
    "Deceitful Workers check;
    "All false Apostles take and try,  
    "Refute, repel, reject.

6. "No cunning Spoilers slightly mark,
    "No little Foxes spare:
    "For these no small Destruction work,
    "No little Mischief share.

7. "A little Fox soon spoils and rents
    "Small Branches to the Stump:
    "A little Leaven soon ferments
    "And leavens all the Lump.

8. "Our Vines have small and tender Grapes:
    "And if the strong, the big
    "With much ado the Hurt escapes,
    "How hardly will the Sprig?

9. "Each Soul be also taught to catch
    "Small Foxes hid in Heart,
    "Vain Thoughts, deceitful Lufts, that hatch
    "And gender grievous Smart.

10. "Their little rising Brats destroy,
    "Their small Beginnings hush;
    "Else they the Buds of Grace and Joy,
    "The tender Branches, crush.

Ver. 16. My Beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth * among the Lilies †.

* Viz. Himself or his People.
† His People or his Ordinances.
1. Such were the kindly Words he spoke To give my Soul Repose; Such was the Order strict he took With my disturbing Foes.

2. I'll therefore boldly now assert, While yet he hides his Face, And own his Int'rest in my Heart, My Int'rest in his Grace.

3. Lo, I am his, and he is mine, Our Titles are involv'd By Mysterious Union, so divine, As cannot be dissolve'd.

4. Our mutual Int'rest firm abides, And will endure for ay; Hence, tho' behind the Shade he hides, He is not far away.

5. Tho' Heav'n the noble Banquet yields, Among his Flow'rs above; Yet here amidst his Lily-fields He keeps his Feasts of Love.

6. 'Mong Saints whose robes are Lily-white, By washing in his Blood, To grace the Feast is his Delight, His Meat and Drink and Food.

7. With loving Care his Flock he feeds, Upon the fattest Place, Among the fairest Lily-beds, The Pastures of his Grace.
By Faith I wait my proper Share,
When nought but Sense I see;
And argue from his past'ral Care
His loving Mind to me.

Ver. 17. † Until the Day break, * and the Shadows flee away.

1. Among the Lilies here below
   My Lord will feed and stay,
Until eternal Day shall blow
   Time's shady Night away:

2. Still therefore Rays of Joy remain,
   Tho' dampt with Clouds of Fear;
Until he cleft the starry Plain,
   And on the Clouds appear.

3. Did Saints of old, when wrapt in Night,
   Believing, hope to see
Incarnate Love's substantial Light
   Make legal Shadows flee?

4. 'Tis done; and now the brighter Sky
   Makes Gospel-Grace the Pawn,
That all remaining Shades shall die,
   And sink in Glory's Dawn.

5. Her fiery Wheels with speedy Flight
   Shall o'er the Shad-es be hurl'd,
And Deluges of dawning Light
   O'erspread the dusky World.

† These Words are applicable either to the preceding or following. * Breathe or blow.
Let there be Light, once more he'll say,
Who first did gild the Ball:
Then up shall rise the endless Day,
And down the Shadows fall.

Darkness, the Charge, no more to be,
Shall hear, and soon obey,
And Clouds of Sin and Sorrow flee
Before the rising Day.

The long dark Nights that keep the Field,
And domineer'd with Might,
Shall then resign their Place, and yield
To everlasting Light.

Ev'n Ordinances sweet shall pass,
Which darkly shew him here;
For then he'll break the Looking-glass,
And Face to Face appear.

Welcome, the great, the glorious Store;
Adieu, sweet, little Pawns:
I'll doubt, and fear, and sin no more,
When Glory's Morning dawns.

--- Turn my Beloved, and be thou like a
Roe, or a young Hart upon the Mountains of
Bethel.†

Kind Lord, till this bright Morn appear
To my eternal Bliss,
Till dusky Shadows all retire
And work no more Distress:

As in a Circuit. † Or of Division.
the Song of Solomon.

2.

Turn, till this glorious Break of Day,
O turn to me thy Face,
While in the shady Vale I stay,
Deny me not thy Grace.

3.

While circling Woes deprest my Soul
To various darksome Urns:
Let circling Mercies round me roll,
By various kind Returns.

4.

O'er Hills of Sin, and Guilt, and Woe,
That place us far apart,
Come marching like the bounding Roe,
Or loving youthful Hart.

5.

O'er Mountains to their Mates they move,
they skip, they leap, they flee;
With equal Ease, and Speed, and Love
Haste o'er the Hills to me.

6.

Thou' justly thou retire and hide,
Thy Favour stands unmov'd:
I'll therefore own I am thy Bride,
And thou art my Belov'd:

7.

Hence shall dividing Hills and Rents
Between my Soul and thee,
Be to my Faith but Arguments
To hasten thy March to me.

8.

Let mighty Hills, o'er which to go
Defies my feeble Limbs,
Enhance the Glory of the Roe
That Rocks and Mountains climbs.

Di-
9. Difficulties so huge to me
   I never can remove,
Be but Occasions fair to thee
   To shew thine active Love.

10. Let rising Mountains haste the View
    Of all-surmounting Might:
And Ev'ning Shades, the falling Dew
    Of Love, till Morning Light.

CHAP. III.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 1. By Night on my Bed I fought him
    whom my Soul loveth; I fought him, but I
    found him not.

1. WHEN Shadows dark and Mountains
    With stern united Might, (high,
Conspir'd to hide him from mine Eye.
    Whose Absence is my Night:

2. Upon my drowsy Bed alone,
    Amidst my Slumbers tost,
I fought him, but my slothful Moan,
    And lazy Labour loft.

3. Love acting such a languid Part,
    I felt a strange Disease,
An absent Lord, a careless Heart,
And Rest without Release:

Juftly the Darling of my Soul,
Still rolling in my Mind,
Did my dull Suit again control;
I fought, but could not find.

Ver. 2. I will rise now, and go about the City;
in the Streets, and in the broad Ways I will seek him whom my Soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

Since my Beloved won't be found
In such a sleepy Road,
I'll rouse, I'll rise, and go around,
The City of my God.

More Life and Vigour than before,
Through Grace, I will display;
And in my Search frequent no more
This lazy, formal Way.

But, shaking off my drowsy Chains,
About his Courts I'll move,
With more Activity and Pains,
To seek my dearest Love.

I'll ev'ry secret Corner trace,
And search the publick Street,
The Ordinances of his Grace,
'Till I my Saviour meet.

In mere Resolves I did not sift,
But fought him here and there;

Yet
A Paraphrase on

Yet ah, the God of Jacob mistress,
Ev'n in the House of Pray'r.

6.
So much did former Laziness
To present Loss redound,
That in the most devout Address
He was not to be found.

Ver. 3. The Watchmen that go about the City found me. To whom I said, Saw ye him whom my Soul loveth?

1.
Then was I, while I roam'd abroad,
By faithful Watchmen found,
Who in the City of their God
Perform'd their painful Round.

2.
To whom I cry'd, with great Respect,
"Ye Pilots of the Blind,
Can ye my wand'ring Steps direct,
My dearest Love to find ?"

3.
"I hope, ye who with heav'nly Art,
Still tread the holy Ground,
Well know the Darling of my Heart,
And where he may be found.

4.
"When my Belov'd is hid from you,
What Paths, what Means of Grace,
What Course do you yourselves pursue,
To see his lovely Face ?"

5.
"Tell me, ye Watchmen of the Night,
I pray you, tell me where
"Did
"Did ye esp'y my Soul's Delight?
"That I may seek him there.

6.
"* O happy Stars, if ye might be
"My Guides to Jesus now!
"Seers, did ye my Saviour see?
"Pray tell me, where, and how?

But, ah, no Lips of Saints or Priests
My present Plaint could stay;
All were but dry and empty Breasts,
While Jesus was away.

8.
My Teachers left me still in doubt,
While he withheld his Grace;
Even when their Doctrine found me out,
And touch'd my very Case.

9.
Tho' public means no present Stop,
Put to my bleeding Wound;
Yet, lo, the healing Dew they drop,
I soon in private found.

Ver 4. It was but a little that I pass'd from them, but I found him whom my Soul loveth:

1.
When public Ordinances fail'd
In easing my Complaints;
When little to my Help avail'd,
Or Ministers or Saints:

2. When Means and Duties nought could do,
Tho' useful in their Place,
A Paraphrase on

As open Inns, and precious too,
As sweet Canals of Grace:

3.
Yet, proving as to Success weak,
Beyond them all I past,
A little further Step to make,
And found my Love at last.

4.
When outward Conduit-pipes could vent
No Drop, to help my Need;
The little Step I further went,
Was to the Fountain-head.

5.
For passing thro' the brittle Reeds,
And but a little Space:
And looking o'er the Servants Heads,
I saw the Master's Face.

6.
My Trust in Means did from them pass,
A higher Rock to climb;
But through them, as the Looking-glass,
I fixt mine Eyes on him.

7.
How soon through Gospel-telescopes
Faith did his Glory spy;
Dismissing all inferior Hopes,
My Heart pursu'd mine Eye.

8.
I found my Soul's Beloved Chafe,
In all his pleasing Charms;
And joyful flew to his Embrace,
And graspt him in mine Arms.

—I held him, and would not let him go.

His
His Presence which by Faith and Pray'r
I fought so much to gain,
Now when enjoy'd, with equal Care
I labour to retain.

I wept for Joy to see his Face,
And, like a kindly Bride,
Inclos'd him fast in mine Embrace,
And press him to abide.

His Presence did such Bliss imply,
His Absence such a Bane;
I now resolver'd that he and I
Should never part again.

I saw his smiling Face, where stood
A thousand lovely Charms,
And melted down into a Flood
Of Pleasure in his Arms.

And, lighting now on Jacob's Road,
Did equal Fervour show;
I wept and wrestled with my God,
And would not let him go.

In Heat of Battle for the Bliss
On pleasant Bethel Plains,
I held him by his Faithfulness,
The Girdle of his Reins.

And while I made his Truth my Shield,
His Word of Grace my Stay;
The God of Jacob deign'd to yield,
And could not say me nay.
Of Freedom great without Offence
   Allowing me my Fill;
With holy, humble Violence,
   I won him to my Will.

—Until I had brought him into my Mo-
   ther's House, and into the Chambers of her
   that conceived me.

1. While such a Banquet I enjoy'd,
   Such Pow'r with God in Pray'r,
My Court and Moyen I employ'd,
   That others too might share.

2. Remembrance, while I suckt the Comb,
   My starving Friends in Jail;
I brought him to my Mother's Home,
   His Largesses to deal;

3. That all my Relatives might taste
   My present wond'rous Bliss,
Who faint with Famine in the Waste,
   And howling Wilderness.

4. With ardent Zeal besought I him,
   To let his Blessing fall
On Mystical Jerusalem,
   The Mother of us all.

5. 'Tis writ in Zion's Infant Roll,
   'Thi Man and that Man there
Was born again; and there my Soul
   First drew the vital Air.

6. I therefore begg'd, her Offspring free
   Might have, with peaceful Days,
The Song of Solomon.

The Pleasure of his Company
In his approved Ways.

7. His Presence to her House I sought,
Its Ruins to repair:
To strengthen what his Hands had wrought,
And shew his Glory there.

8. I pray'd him to my native Home,
As his belov'd Refort,
Nor did my Lord refuse to come,
And grace his Sacred Court.

9. For there he fill'd oft to the Brim
My Cup of Joy, and there,
His Love to me, and mine to him,
Did mutual Tokens share.

10. I found, to my Experience glad,
That, in the wrestling Way,
The God of Jacob never said
The Seed of Jacob, nay.

Ver. 5. I charge you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem, by the Roes and by the Hinds of the Field, that ye stir not up nor awake my Love till he please.

1. My Lord does not his joyful Rest
In Zion's Bosom take;
Wo to the Sin, th' unwelcome Guest,
This sweet Repose shall break.

Ye

† See Chap. ii. 7. the same Words, but here they relate to Christ's Presence in the Church, the Mother's House, that that be not marr'd.
2. Ye Daughters of Jerusalem,
   That Love to him profess,
Take care ye do not lose the Gem,
   The Joy that ye possess.

3. While some delight in Hinds and Roes,
   And from Alarms would shield
Their soon-disturbed, soft Repose,
   Upon the open Field.

4. Shall we awake our dearest Love,
   With vain and earthly Noise,
That may provoke him to remove
   And dash our present Joys?

5. If some affect the rural Charms
   And Pleasures of the Field,
A dearer Love is in our Arms,
   Than ever Earth could yield.

6. If they their pleasing Trifles would
   All undisturb'd enjoy;
Shan't we our dearest Darling hold
   And hug without Annoy?

7. Ye then, that of my Mother's House
   The Sons and Daughters are,
Be careful, while he stays with us,
   Left ye the Pleasure mar.

8. While he vouchsafes to be our Guest,
   And grace our public Inn,
Let none of us disturb his Rest,
   By Heav'n-provoking Sin.
the Song of Solomon.

9.
In Love he comes and goes, and so
May leave his holy Hill:
But wo to us, if off he go
In Wrath against his Will.

10.
His Will and Pleasure is a Law,
To which we must submit:
But never tempt him to withdraw,
Until he judge it fit.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 6. Who is * this that cometh out of the
Wilderness like Pillars of Smoke, perfumed
with Myrrhe and Frankincense, and all Pow-
ders of the Merchant?

1.
What Bride is this, in bright Array,
With precious Blessings stor'd,
That gives us solemn Charge to pay
Such Homage to her Lord?

2.
Up from the Desart see her move,
And climb the azure Skies;
As from the glowing Altars Stove
The smoaky Pillars rise.

3.
Her Heart inflam'd with holy Fire
In the devoutest Mode,
Adventures boldly to aspire
Unto the Throne of God.

As

* This here is in the Feminine Gender, q. d.
Who is she that cometh up, &c.
As tow'ring Smoke in Air serene,
With stately rising Heads,
Majestic mounts above the Plain
In lofty Pyramids:

See how her warm'd Affections tow'r
And, with a heav'nly Air,
Contempt on earthly Glory pour,
As worthless of her Care.

Perfum'd with Myrrhe and Incense sweet,
She smell's like flow'ry Spring,
With fav'ry Graces, Odours meet
To entertain her King.

No precious Powders from afar,
Of which the Merchant boast's,
Like these her grateful Odours are,
Brought from Immanuel's Coasts.

So wond'rous are the Charms we spy,
So rich the 'broider'd Robe;
Her dazzling Splendor blinds our Eye,
And blazes o'er the Globe.

The CHURCH's Words.
Ver. 7. Behold his Bed * which is Solomon's,

I. O Friends, what mean you, with Surprize,
On mortal me to gaze?
From borrow'd Beauty turn your Eyes
To uncreated Rays.

* See Chap. i. 16.
Behold the King magnificent
Who me so richly clad,
Whom Solomon the opulent
Did typify and shade.

Come, see his Equipage prepar'd,
And Ensigns of Renown,
His stately Bed, his royal Guard,
His Chariot and his Crown.

His Bed of State in Zion stands,
Within the royal Court:
For there the Blessing Heav'n commands,
There is his lov'd Resort.

There still remains, as Prophets vouch,
And holy Scriptures tell,
The Heir of Heav'n's embroider'd Couch
For hugging Heirs of Hell.

This is my Rest, here will I stay,
In sacred Lines he said:
And, till he can his Word unsay,
He'll never change his Bed.

'Tis here with Pleasure unexprest,
Our mutual Loves combine,
On easy Downs of holy Rest,
And Fellowship divine.

The Furniture and Cost immense
About the Bed may clear

† Rich.
An infinitely greater Prince
Than Solomon is here.

— Threescore valiant Men are about it, of
the valiant Men of Israel. V. 8. They all hold
Swords, being expert in War: Every Man
kath his Sword upon his Thigh, because of
Fear in the Night.

1. Behold the royal Guard, to fence
His Bed on ev'ry Side,
To shew the Splendor of the Prince,
The Safety of the Bride.

2. A num'rous Hoft of nobler Knights
Than Solomon's Brigade
Of sixty valiant Israelites
Around his Iv'ry Bed.

3. For, lo, the resting Place to guard
The Hofts of God combine,
Thousands of Angels all prepar'd,
And Attributes divine.

4. The lowest Rank that rails the Bed
Are Watchmen of the Night,
Who stand as Centries in the Shade,
Until the Morning-Light.

5. Of these the faithful to their Prince
No naked Soldiers are,
But arm'd compleat for bold Defence,
As mighty Sons of War.

6. By long Experience skilful grown
They in the Field command,
And val’rous for the heav’nly Crown
They fight with Sword in Hand.

7.
The Spirit’s Sword each ready wears
Close girded by his Side,
The Word of God, to still the Fears
Of Jesus’ royal Bride.

8.
When nightly Dreads her Quiet mar,
Their Swords silence the Fright,
And from the holy Spot debar
The Terrors of the Night.

9.
Yea, Zion’s King himself acclaims
To be her Shield and Shade;
His Blood, his Word, his Oath, his Names
Defend the royal Bed.

10.
The Century is Almighty Wings,
For * Subsidiy prepar’d:
What sleeping Couch of earthly Kings
Can boast of such a Guard?

11.
Amidst Night-shades that Fear suggest,
Amidst † menacing Harms,
They lie secure whose Bed of Rest
Is strong Immanuel’s Arms.

12.
Ye that my bright Array descry,
See, see his guarded Bed;
Where I in Ease and Safety lie,
Beneath his Garment spread.

* Help or Aid.  † Threatning.
Ver. 9. King Solomon made himself a Chariot of the Wood of Lebanon. Ver. 10. He made the Pillars th roof of Silver, the Bottom thereof of Gold, the Covering of it of Purple; the Midst thereof being paved with Love for the Daughters of Jerusalem.

1.
Ye that amaz'd at my Ascent,
Stand gazing to the Sky,
Come see the Engine eminent,
By which I mount so high.

2.
Lo, here, beside the resting Place
And Bed to lay me soft,
Are flying Chariot-Wheels of Grace
To bear my Soul aloft.

3.
Our Solomon, the Prince of Peace,
The King of Zion fam'd,
For his Renown, and my Release,
A stately Chariot fram'd.

4.
He who for Pleasure made the Bed,
For Peace who set the Guard,
For solemn Pomp and Cavalcade
This glorious Engine rear'd.

5.
He, congruous to his old Decree,
For shewing forth his Praise,
A Cov'nant firm of Promise free
Did like a Chariot raise.

6.
None fram'd of Leb'non's finest Wood
By wisest Engineers,
Could equal this, so gay, so good,
And firm to endless Years.

The Pillars thereof, for the Ease
And Support of the Weak,
Are precious Silver Promises,
That will not bow nor break.

Its Bottom is a Ground-work sure,
Of pure and solid Gold,
From bankrupt Begg'ry to secure
From falling thro' t' uphold.

Its Cov'ring safe from Sin to shroud,
And sure from Wrath to hide,
Is Purple Dye, the Scarlet Flood
From Jesus' wounded Side.

For Salem's Race [tho' some pur-blind
Its outside Pomp but move]
The Midst unseen is pav'd and lin'd
With Velvet Seats of Love.

He who, to shew his Kindness fresh,
For human Brats abroad,
Came riding in a Carr of Flesh,
The high, the humble God.

Now for his Bride a Chariot fair
Of Gospel-Grace provides;
In which he conqu'ring ev'ry where,
And she transfiguring rides.

Ver. 11. Go forth, O Daughters of Zion, and
behold King Solomon with the Crown where-
Paraphrase on

with his Mother crowned him in the Day of His Espousals, and in the Day of the Gladness of his Heart.

1. King Jesus' Royalties each one,
   O Zion's Daughters, see;
The Bed, the Guard, the Coach, the Crown
   Presented to your Eye.

2. Behold my King, you'll strange the less
   To see my bright Array;
   'Tis fit I now appear in Dreis,
   His Coronation-day.

3. Go forth in Heart, from earthly Toys,
   From self, that airy Thing,
   From sinful Pleasures, dying Joys,
   And see the living King.

4. To him, who Mother Zion bore,
   The Crown does appertain:
   His Father to his Mother swore,
   That Solomon should reign.

5. Behold the King with Wonder deep,
   Whose Glory cannot fade,
   Jesus through Solomon the Type,
   The Substance through the Shade.

6. Come see, believe, admire, adore,
   Heav'n glad'ning Homage pay,
   To match his Mother's Crown he wore
   Upon his Nuptial-day.

7. The Day wherein he blest the Earth,
   And won his Bride apart:
When he him met with holy Mirth,
And he rejoic'd in Heart.

8.
The Saints, who do his Image bear,
Proclaim the high Renown
Of Zion's King, who deigns to wear
Their Praisies as his Crown:

They act the fond maternal Part,
In joint applauding Bands;
The heav'nly Babe form'd in their Heart
Is crown'd with both their Hands.

His wedding and his crowning Day,
Their pompous Joys unite,
To pourtray him, the lovely Way
Where Grace and Grandeur meet.

Once bound unto the Altar's Horrs,
A Victim for our Dues,
His Head was crown'd with cruel Thorns
By's Mother-Church, the Jews.

But Pleasures now his Pains repay,
And Pomp that suits him well,
His Father's Crown with sov'reign Sway
O'er Heav'n and Earth and Hell.

† Motherly.
CHAP. IV.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 1. Behold, thou art fair, My Love, behold thou art fair, thou hast Doves Eyes within thy Locks: Thy hair is as a Flock of Goats that appear from Mount Gilead.

1.

MY Love, who flighting gaudy Fame, Doft meekly human Praise eschew, From Zeal to magnify my Name, And give my Royalties their Due:

2.

Thy Name no Detriment sustains By Travail in commending mine; For, lo, I now return thy Pains, By crowning thee with Praise divine.

3.

My Truth that can't the false decoy Of flatt'ring Parasites approve, Asserts, to animate thy Joy, Thou art my fair and spotless Love.

4.

Lo, thou art fair, lo, thou art fair, Twice over, fair thou art, I say; My Righteousnes and Graces are Thy double Robe and bright Array.

Thos
5.
Tho' thou a spotted Leopard,
A native Black, thyself doft stile;
Yet, as a Mark of my Regard,
I'll count thee free of Spot or Guile.

6.
When to a Dog, a Mite, a Gnat,
Thou dost thyself abas'd, compare,
And call thyself a hellish Brat,
Ev'n then I see, and call thee fair,

7.
Thy trembling Faith will scarcely own
My Comelinefs that covers thee;
Behold, behold, twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me, in me.

8.
I see the Beauty of the Dove
That decks thy Soul without Disguise;
For there devout Affections move,
Like Turtles coy, yet charming Eyes.

9.
So modest, humble, pure and chaste,
So true and faithful to their Mate;
On me alone they fix and rest,
And all my base Corrivals hate.

10.
Thy charming Eyes, veil'd with thy Locks,
Shew Wisdom with Sobriety:
And heav'n'y Beauties finest Strokes,
From nauseous Ostentation free.

11.
Gay, like a comely Flock of Goats
Browsing on Gilead's stately Height,
Is thine adorning Hair, that notes
Thy fair Deportment shining bright.
No artful Curls, no pamper'd Hair,  
The sorry Pride of mortal Clay,  
Can parallel the heav'nly Air  
Of thy well-order'd Walk and Way.

Ver. 2. Thy Teeth are like a Flock of Sheep that  
are even shorn, which came up from the washing:  
Whereof every one bear Twins, and none is  
barren among them.

The World, struck with thy Beauty, may  
Believe thy Entertainment good,  
Did they thy Grinders white survey  
That daily champ the heav'nly Food.

Thy Teeth the Bread of Life that call,  
And eat so eager of my Flesh,  
Are Acts of Faith in number full,  
And in their Nature fair and fresh.

Thy Priests, the living Bread who break,  
As Nurses for the Babes new-born;  
When by an equal Law they act,  
As ev'nly Teeth thy Face adorn.

None does his Fellow overgrow,  
Distorted from his proper Place;  
But all, as equal Grinders, show  
Due Pains in feeding Babes of Grace.

They hold a comely Parity,  
Nor orderless thy Peace molest,  
As proud o'ertopping Teeth would be  
Assuming Prelates o'er the rest.

Thine
6. Thine active Zeal yet mild doth keep  
A smooth and just Equality;  
Like ev'nly rounded Flocks of Sheep,  
New past the acc'rate Shearer's Eye.

7. Thy Purity exceeds their Fleece  
Wafht newly in the Crystal Flood;  
Thy Fruits of Holiness and Peace  
Outvy their fertile, num'rous Brood.

8. There does not in the Flock appear  
One barren, † unprolific Womb:  
But all by Twins their Product bear,  
And lead their Offspring bleating home.

Ver. 3. Thy Lips are like a Thread of Scarlet,  
and thy Speech is comely: Thy Temples are  
like a Piece of a Pomgranate within thy  
Locks.

I view'd thy beauteous moving Lips,  
Commending me to Salem's Race,  
And dropping purest Nectar Sips,  
In fav'ry feeding Words of Grace.

2. Thence sacred Pray'rs and Praise proceed,  
Thro' me so grateful unto God;  
Thy Lips are like a Scarlet Thread  
Dy'd with thy Lord's atoning Blood.

3. These balmy Lips with pleasing Voice  
Sweet sounding in Devotion's Path,  
Salute  
† Unfruitful.
Salute mine Ears with secret Joys,
And spread around a fragrant Breath.

Thy Speech, in Praise, to my Renown;
In Pray'r, to sue the Bliss from me;
In social Words, to make me known;
Shews Grace with comely Gravity.

Hence 'Granate like, thy Temples fair,
Tho' veil'd within thy Locks, appear;
While ruddy blushes deck thy Pray'r,
When none but God can see and hear.

From Men thou hid'st thy rosy Cheeks,
Which Scarlet Shame for Sin doth blush;
Yet, spite of Masks, thy Mien detects
The Beauty of thy holy Blush.

Ver. 4. Thy Neck is like the Tower of David,
Built for an Armoury, whereon there hang
a thousand Bucklers, all Shields of mighty Men.

Besides thy Coral Lips and Cheeks,
Thy lofty, tow'ring, Ivry Neck,
Fram'd like a heav'ly Structure speaks
The Wisdom of its Architect.

This Neck of precious Faith excels
King David's fair and stately Tow'r;
It holds the glorious Head, and dwells
Erect upon the Rock of Pow'r.

As that was for an Arm'ry built
Of warlike Weapons, sparkling bright,
the Song of Solomon.

Where hung a thousand Bucklers gilt,
All Shields of Men of War and Might:

4.
So this most vig'rous Faith of thine
More Strength by building on my Names,
My Words and Attribute divine,
Than many thousand Shields, acclaims.

Defensive Arms, in ev'ry Cafe,
Within this Magazine abound;
With Weapons of victorious Grace,
And brazen Bulwarks built around.

6.
Thy Neck of Faith assimilates
A Tow'r majestic and upright:
It stands renown'd for valiant Feats,
For bold Exploits and Acts of Might.

7.
Faith joining her almighty King,
Can, spite of Fears, securely dwell;
And in her Head triumphant, sing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

Ver. 5. Thy two Breasts are like two young
Roes that are Twins, which feed among the
Lilies.

1.
Thy Breasts of Love resemble Roes
Both young, delightful, Lovely Twins:
In thee such equal Ardor glows,
Both for thy God, and 'gainst thy Sins.

2.
Thou op'neft frank a twofold Breast,
Two sacred Teft'ments, and two Seals;
Which

† See Chap. vii. 3.
A Paraphrase on
Which to thy Children yield a Feast
Of heavenly Milk for daily Meals.

3.
Thine equal Breasts delightful feed
With congruous Milk of sweet Solace,
In just Proportion to the Need
Of all the little Babes of Grace.

4.
Among my Flocks the Lily-fields,
Where I with Pleasure feed and feast,
Thy wholesome Conversation yields
Sweet Nutriment with open Breast.

Ver. 6. Until the Day break, and the Shadows flee away, I will get me up to the Mountain of Myrrhe, and to the Hill of Frankincense.

1.
I heard thy former warm Request,
That I might haste the Shades away,
Or, during Night, abide thy Guest,
Until the Dawn of endless Day.

2.
In mindful Bosom still I bear
Thy Pray'r, to which, no longer mute,
As then I bent my list'ning Ear,
So now I grant thy humble Suit.

3.
In Zion Mount my Feet shall stay,
And constant there I'll lodge with thee,
Until the Dawn of Glory's Day,
That Shades of Sin and Sorrow flee.

4.
There will I smell the Savour sweet
Of ev'ry active Grace and Pray'r;
For Zion is my chosen Seat,  
And I'll reside forever there.

Accepted Off'ring all mature  
In this my holy Hill abound,  
Perfum'd with Myrrh and Incense pure,  
That spread their pleasing Odours round.

No Spice so much delights the Smell  
As daily Incense smoking there:  
Still therefore shall my Spirit dwell,  
And lodge within the House of Pray'r.

This Mount of Incense, Hill of Myrrhe,  
My present Grace shall still adorn:  
Nor thence will I decamp or flir,  
Until the glorious Nuptia-Imorn;

Till to my royal Courts above  
With Sound of Trump I call thee up;  
To consummate our endless Love,  
And drink full Joy's immortal Cup.

Ver. 7. Thou art all fair, my Love, there is  
no Spot in thee.

My Love, thou seem'st a loathsome Worm:  
Yet such my Beauties are on thee,  
I spoke but half thy comely Form;  
For thou art wholly fair in me.

Whole justify'd, in perfect Drefs;  
Nor Justice stern, nor fiery Law,  
Can in thy Robe of Righteousness  
Discern the smallest Spot or Flaw.

Yea
Paraphrase on

Yea, sanctify'd in ev'ry Part,
Thou to Perfection dost incline:
And I thee judge by what thou art,
In thy Desire and my Design.

4.
Fair Love, by Grace compleat in me,
Beyond all mortal beauteous Brides,
No Spot nor Blemish fullies thee,
But what my Purple Vesture hides.

Ver. 8. Come + with me from Lebanon, my Spouse with me from Lebanon: Look from the Top of Amana, from the Top of Shenir and Hermon, from the Lions Dens, from the Mountains of Leopards.

1.
Fair Confort, did I thee betroth?
Spouse, did I get thy Heart and Hand?
I urge thee by thy Marriage-oath
Now to regard my kind Command.

2.
Come, come with me from Lebanon,
This Mount of Pride and Vanity:
Faith's Object, Things unseen, unknown,
More suit thy heav'nly edigree.

3.
Come from this World's bewitching Heights,
And let thy new-born Soul forget
The pompous Fopp'ries, gay Delights,
And Idols of thy native State.

4.
Are mortal Pleasures worth thy Stay,
Or flying Shadows, dying Toys,

+ The Words here may be read by Way of Promise: Thou shalt come with me.
When I invite the Heart away
To share immortal solid Joys?

5.

By Faith look from Amana's Top,
From lofty Shenir, Hermon fair;
Thence over Jordan look with Hope
To Zion, where my Glories are.

6.

Let me alone possess thy Heart,
Leave ev'ry dang'rous Lion's Den,
From these wild Leopard-Hills depart,
The Place of furious Beasts and Men.

7.

All worldly Joys are overweigh'd,
With Mountains of vexatious Care,
And under gaudy Pleasures, hide
Some ghastly and destructive Snare.

8.

Let blinded Moles in earthen Hills
Their mould'ring Portion fond pursuc,
And lick the Dust that never fills;
Bid thou the Mole-hill Earth, Adieu.

9.

I'll thee to higher Blifs exalt,
To joy for ever with thy Lord:
Come, come thou must, and come thou shalt,
My Promise be thy drawing Cord.

Ver. 9. Thou hast ravished my Heart, my Sister, my Spouse; Thou hast ravished my Heart with one of thine Eyes, with one Chain of thy Neck.

† Or taken away my Heart.
Paraphrase on

1. 
Thy Fellowship's my fond Desire, 
Thus fu'd by Promises and Calls; 
Because my vanquish'd Heart on Fire, 
A Captive to thy Beauty falls.

2. 
I cannot see with Pleasure, Love, 
Thy Feet on distant Mountains roam; 
Nor can I rest, until, above, 
My Heav'nly Palace be thy Home.

3. 
I do, my Spouse, and Sister dear, 
Own unasham'd, my Brotherhood; 
We're doubly fib, our Kindred near 
Is, both by Marriage, and by Blood.

4. 
Sith then my Father's also thine, 
In's Love thou haft a filial Part; 
And such an ample Share in mine, 
I'm hardly Master of my Heart.

5. 
To thee I bear a Love intense, 
And high, ev'n to the last Decree: 
Tho', in Effect, by Violence 
Haft rapt my Heart away from me.

6. 
Of all created Beauties brave, 
E'er fashion'd by my divine Hand, 
None like thy comely Graces have 
O'er my Affections such Command.

7. 
One Glance of thy believing Eye, 
One golden Chain of thy fair Neck, 
Part of thy Form has ravish'd me: 
How must the Whole my Heart affect?
Thy pow’rful Faith and Love detains
My Heart, entrap’t, and yet enlarg’d,
With strong Delights and pleasing Chains,
I’m overcome, I’m overcharg’d.

Ver. 10. How fair is thy Love, my Sister,
my Spouse? how much better is thy Love than
Wine! and the Smell of thy Ointments, than
all Spices.

Dear Relative, thou in whose Veins,
My Blood and Spirit runs always,
Bound to my Heart by various Chains,
I must proceed to speak thy Praise,

How fair! how grateful unto me
Are all thy precious Fruits of Love!
Thy Love beyond Compare I see,
And with enamour’d Heart approve.

My Divine Love was in thine Eye,
Prefer’d to Wine of choicest Sort:
And, not to be behind with thee,
I’ll now the Praise of thine report.

Thy Love excels the richest Wine
That cheers the Heart of Man apace;
For, lo, this fervent Grace of thine
Can ev’n the Heart of God solace.

No Wine of Off’rings once pour’d out,
Did ever such Acceptance win,
As does thy shining Life without,
That flows from burning Love within,

F 2
6. All Graces sweet thy Love attend,  
Which in my Blood Acceptance find;  
And forth their fragrant Odours send,  
Like Ointment of the purest Kind.

7. The holy Unction pour'd on thee,  
Yields to my Heart a fav'ry Feast;  
And smells more * redolent to me,  
Than all the Spices of the East.

8. As Streams unto their Spring re-flow,  
To me is thy perfum'd Recourse;  
I call thee fair, who made thee so;  
My Love's of thine the living Source.

9. Thy Love's my Due, because of old  
Wi' th' Sons of Men were my Delights;  
I joy'd in Loves I should behold,  
And now am ravish'd with the Sights.

10. Heart-piercing Love of ancient Rise  
In me thou didst so much engross;  
The Wounds of Love made me despise  
The Wounds and Torments of the Cross.

Ver. 11. Thy Lips, O my Spouse, drop as the  
Honey-comb: Honey and Milk are under thy  
Tongue, and the Smell of thy Garments is  
like the Smell of Lebanon.

1. O Spouse, thy Love with Loveliness  
Is intermixt in Word and Walk;  
My Tongue takes Pleasure to express  
How I approve thy heav'nly Talk. Drop

* Sweet or savoury.
2. Drops from thy Lips distill’d, with Ease, 
To fainting Souls more Sweetness yield, 
Than Honey-combs which busy Bees 
Have gather’d from the flow’ry Field.

3. Both Canaan’s Blessings glide below 
Thy pleasant and instructive Tongue: 
For thence do milk and Honey flow, 
To feed and to refresh thy Young.

4. Thy Heart still with thy Tongue agrees, 
To fill the sweetly-flowing Tide, 
And shew thou art, without Disguise, 
My truly fair and fertile Bride.

5. Such is thy wonted holy Strain, 
That sweet refreshing Pleasures load 
Thy Language in Discourse with Men, 
And in Devotion towards God.

6. Cloth’d with my Righteousness, thy Smell 
Is like a Field that God has blest: 
But join’d with this, to deck thee well, 
A Robe of fav’ry Grace thou haft.

7. And hence abroad thy Savour flies 
In Works devout, and Practice fair, 
Which Lebanon’s Perfume outvies, 
That scents the * circumambient Air.

8. As there, sweet-smelling Trees and Flow’rs 
Did, fann’d with gentle Gales, abound; 
Thy

* Surrounding.
Thy Gospel-Walk delightful pours
To God and Man, sweet Odours round.

Ver. 12. A Garden inclosed is my Sister, my Spouse: A Spring shut up, a Fountain sealed.

1. My Bride's a Garden of Solace,
Where pleasant Fruits and Flow'rs abound;
A sacred Spot, inclos'd by Grace,
Securely fenc'd and wall'd around.

2. From common Earth sequestrate quite,
Reserv'd for my peculiar Ufe;
And by my providential Might,
Preserv'd from Violence and Abuse.

3. A Spring, diffusing chrysal Streams,
Does high amidst the Garden swell;
Shut up from fultry hurtful Beams
And straggling Feet would taint the Well.

4. A Fountain seal'd for Secret,
T'enhance the Worth of Bliss unseen;
For Shelter and Security,
To keep the Waters pure and clean.

5. My privy-Seal was stamp't thereon,
That thence the Blessing Heav'n commands,
Abroad in wholesome Rills may run,
And flowing-Streams o'er distant Lands.

6. As me the Father seal'd, to spread
For hungry Souls immortal Food;
So Zion's Springs are seal'd, to shed
On thirsty Ground a chearing Flood.
Ver. 13. Thy Plants are an Orchard of Pomegranates, with pleasant Fruits, Camphire with Spikenard. Ver. 14. Spikenard and Saffron, Calamus and Cinamon, with all Trees of Frankincense, Myrrh, and Aloes, with all the chief Spices.

1. Sweet Fruits all flourishing around
My water’d Garden all bespeems;
Which cannot prove a barren Ground,
Amidst such fructifying Streams.

2. Thy Plants of Grace do parallel
An Orchard rich with loaded Trees;
Sweet, to delight the Taste and Smell;
Fair, to salute th’emour’d Eyes.

3. Here Granates young, and Camphire grow;
Here Trees of Spice and Incense bloom,
‘Nard, Cinamon, Myrrhe, Aloes blow
With fanning Gales, a rich Perfume.

4. Here num’rous Plants with fragrant Scent,
And sweetest Odours spreading round,
All in their Nature excellent,
And various in their Kind, abound.

5. Thy blooming Plants of Grace display
A fruitful Soil, a wholesome Air;
And heav’nly Sap which I convey,
Makes all the Planting fresh and fair.

6. Wild Nature’s Soil could ne’er produce
Such Trees as here immortal stand,
A Paraphrase on

For special Pleasure, special Use,
All planted by my Father's Hand.

Ver. 15. A Fountain of Gardens, a Well of living Waters, and Streams from Lebanon.

1. Thy pleasant Garden's blooming Plants
All others far in Worth excel;
For Heav'n, to thine indulgent grants
The Waters of Salvation's Well.

2. This Fountain open, full and nigh,
Makes Plants their vital Vigour yield;
Yea, neighb'ring Gardens does supply,
And water each adjacent Field.

3. Thy Graces frank their Juice convey,
In Manner not as shallow Pails;
But living Springs, that Night and Day
Flow to refresh the lowly Vales.

4. Such is thy lib'ral flowing Mind,
Nor are with (churlish Penury)
Thy Blessings to thy Banks confin'd,
But free and common as the Sea.

5. My quick'ning Spirit, freely shed,
That Zion's Banks may overflow,
The River is, whose Streams do glad,
And make the young Plantation grow.

6. The Well of Water running o'er
Here stays, the Current to maintain;
And springs up to eternal Glore,
As Rivers hasten to the Main.

Not
Not Jordan swell'd from Lebanon
So stately rolls the noble Tide;
As Chrysal Rivers from the Throne
In State, thro' Zion's Valleys glide.

Thy Rills of Grace, Self-glory shun,
Return and own their Spring's in me;
As Garden-streams from thence must run,
And pay their Tribute to the Sea.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 16. Awake, O North-wind, and come, thou South, blow upon my Garden, that the Spices thereof may flow out: Let my Beloved come into his Garden, and eat his pleasant Fruits.

In ample Praise, my King I hear
Make worthless me his royal Theme;
But with a stunn'd, astonish'd Ear,
I sink into the Dust for Shame.

What humbling Wonders he performs!
On Insects vile his Picture draws;
Then makes the despicable Worms
The Subject of his high Applause.

Lord, if I be the Garden fair,
On thee, the Praise must wholly land:
For all the verdant Graces there
Are Plants of thy almighty Hand.

The spicy Fruits thou dost approve,
And deign'st so largely to commend,

Are
Are Blossoms of thy fruitful Love,  
And on thy Breathings all depend,

5. They quickly languish, fade and die;  
They cease to bud, they cease to flow;  
And fapless, scentless, fruitless lie,  
Unless thy quick'ning Spirit blow.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,  
Excite the Spices of the Vale;  
Blow on this Garden of Perfume  
A rousing Breath, a quick'ning Gale.

On Zion's Sons, O Spirit divine,  
Pour Gifts and Graces large abroad;  
Her Pastors, by Perfumes of thine,  
Be made a Savour sweet to God.

Sharp Gales from chilling North, command,  
To rouse the dormant Seeds of Grace:  
Then warming South's soft Wings expand,  
To make the Spices flow apace.

From ev'ry Point, O mighty Winds,  
Come, blow a fresh new Pentecost:  
That blinded, atheistic Minds  
May know there is a Holy Ghost.

O let my best beloved come,  
And spread the Garden-area broad  
With choicest Fruits of rich Perfume.  
Moist sweet and grateful to my God.

My Garden's his in (all its Views)  
The Life, the Sap, the Branch, the Root;  
The
The Product whole to him accrues,  
Who plants and waters all the Fruit.

12.  
Come, else the Banquet cannot stand;  
Come, bring with thee thy pleasing Treat,  
The Fruits of thy laborious Hand,  
And Garden-toil with bloody Sweat.

Or shorter, thus:

1.  
Am I the Garden Heaven can own,  
Where living Waters flow,  
As Chrystal Rivers from the Throne,  
To make the Planting grow?

2.  
O heav'nly Wind, awake and come,  
Blow all the gracious Gales  
On this my Garden of Perfume,  
Elfe all its Savour fails.

3.  
O Divine Spirit, from above,  
My with'ring Heart inspire,  
And raise, by various Forms of Love,  
As various Wants require.

4.  
Let Northern Breezes fill my Sails  
With sharp convincing Grace:  
Then, from the South, refreshing Gales  
Resume their joyful Place.

5.  
Make all the Spices flow abroad,  
All Graces alive here  
To entertain my Lord and God,  
6. Let my Belov'd, his Presence sweet
   Now to his Garden grant,
To taste his pleasant Fruits, and eat
   What he himself did plant.

CHAP. V.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 1. I am come in to my Garden, my Sister,
   my Spouse; I have gathered my Myrrh with
   my Spice, I have eaten my Honey-comb with
   my Honey, I have drunk my Wine with my
   Milk: Eat, O Friends; drink, yea drink
   abundantly, O Beloved.

1. MY Love, in Answer to thy Prayer,
   I'm here at thy Request;
And ready both to give and share
The Pleasure of the Feast.

2. I'm come, my Spouse and Sister dear,
   I'm to my Garden come,
To gather up my Spice and Myrrh,
   I'm pleas'd with this Perfume.

3. My Graces relish like a Feast
   Of Honey, Milk and Wine;
I make myself a welcome Guest,
   The Fruits are mine and thine.
4. Eat, drink, O Friends, whom I approve,  
   I also welcome you;  
Yea, drink Abundance of my Love,  
   Full Freedom I allow.

5. Your fainting Spirits here refresh  
   With Plenty spread abroad;  
The Grace and Love, the Blood and Flesh  
   Of your incarnate God.

6. Not elect Angels ever share  
   Such strange and matchless Food;  
They feast on their Creator's Care,  
   Not your Redeemer's Blood.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. I sleep, but my Heart waketh: It is  
   the Voice of my Beloved that knocketh, say-  
   ing, Open to me, my Sister, my Love, my  
   Dove, my undefiled: For my Head is wet with  
   Dew, and my Locks with the Drops of the  
   Night.

1. The Heart of Jesus, kind I see,  
   But mine, ungrateful, fails;  
Two Natures are at Odds in me,  
   And oft the worst prevails.

2. Both sleeping Flesh I have, that rests  
   In Sloth unto my Shame;  
And waking Grace that still protests  
   Against the lazy Frame.

Hence
Hence tho’ I sleep, I at my Heart
Some inward Knocking hear;
’Tis Jesus, Voice, his loving Dart
Thus wounds my waking Ear.

“Come, open, my unspotted Dove;
“Thy Heart I bolted find;
“Awake my Sister, rise, my Love,
“Let in thy dearest Friend.

Wrath’s midnight Show’r bedew’d my Locks,
“Storms on my Head did blow:
“Wilt thou unkindly flight my Knocks
“Who suffer’d for thee so?

And now stand waiting patiently
“To give the purchase Good,
“At present ready to apply
“The Blessings of my Blood?

Ver. 3. I have put off my Coat, how shall I put it on? I have wash’d my Feet, how shall I defile them.

When thus in most endearing Terms
Kind Jesus knock’d and cry’d,
My Heart refilling heav’nly Charms,
On Bed of Sloth reply’d;

“My Cloaths are off, my Nap is sweet,
“How shall I rise undrest?
“How shall I stain my new-washt Feet?
“Excuse me, let me rest.
the Song of Solomon.

3.
My Non-admission of his Grace
His holy Spirit vext;
My Answer for my Laziness
Was but a vile pretext.

Ver. 4. My Beloved put in his Hand by the
Hole of the Door, and my Bowels were
moved for him.

1. When I so shamefully refus'd
Access to my Belov'd,
Another kindly Way he us'd,
Which my Affections mov'd.

Tho' I his Word did basely flight,
Yet, ere I was aware,
His Spirit by resistless Might
Did kindly draw the Bar.

3. He, to unbolt the Door, put in
His gracious Hand of Pow'r:
Then did his Love upbraid my Sin,
And melt my Bowels fore.

Ver. 5. I rose to open to my Beloved, and my
Hands dropped with Myrrh, and my Fingers with sweet-smelling Myrrh, upon the
Handles of the Lock.

1. How long he stood, how oft he knock'd,
How patient, who can tell?
What Drops of Grace on th' Entry lock'd
From his sweet Fingers fell?

† Or in me.
2. A length I rose from off my Bed,  
    My drousy Bed of Sloth,  
To open to my Spouse, who had  
    My solemn Marriage-Oath.  

3. Soon by the wet Lock-handles were  
    My Fingers moist'ned much,  
And sweetly dropt with Oil of Myrrh  
    Left by his melting Touch.  

4. His quick'ning Sp'rit Heart-fetters broke,  
    And heal'd my dull Disease;  
As dropping Oil that makes the Lock  
    Soon yield and ope with Ease.  

Ver. 6. I opened to my Beloved, but my Beloved  
    had withdrawn himself, and was gone: My  
Heart failed when he spake. I sought him  
    but I could not find him; I called him, but  
he gave me no Answer.  

1. I open'd straight to my Belov'd,  
    Expecting his Embrace;  
But ah, from thence he had remov'd,  
    And justly hid his Face.  

2. Mine aking Heart did now collect  
    His Words that gave the Wound,  
And, wailing sore my base Neglecf,  
    Away my Spirit fwoon'd.  

3. With great Perplexity I sought,  
    But him I could not find;  
I call'd, but, ah, no Answer got,  
    To ease my restless Mind.
So much my forme, Slothfulness
To present Damage turn'd;
In Grief I doubled mine Address,
Yet still his Absence mourn'd.

Ver. 7. The Watchmen that went about the City
found me, they smote me, they wounded me;
the Keepers of the Wall took away my Veil
from me.

1. When I, in private Means, with Care
   Had fought, but fought in vain;
I try'd his public Courts, but there,
   Redoubled was my Pain.

2. Kind Pastors formerly condol'd
   My Case with Sympathy;
But now I met with such as rul'd
   With Force and Cruelty.

3. Untender Watchmen, on their Rounds
   In open Streets, me got,
Afflicted me with many Wounds,
   And without Mercy smote.

4. They hurt my Name, my Head, my Crown,
   And fore reproach'd my Zeal;
Wall-keepers rude, thus beat me down,
   And tore away my Veil.

5. My fair Profession they defam'd,
   Nor did my Failings hide;

† Ezek. xxxiv. 4.
A Paraphrase on

A Strolling Harlot I was nam'd, And not a loving Bride.

Ver. 8. I charge you, O Daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of Love.

1. O Salem's Race, when Watchmen wound, Won't ye more Favour shew? What Pity can't with them be found, May I expect with you.

2. I want my Soul's beloved One, None else can give me Ease: I'm sick of Love; O is there none To tell him my Disease?

3. His Absence from my Soul is Death; O, if ye find his Grace, I charge you with my dying Breath, To represent my Case:

The Companions Words.

Ver. 9. What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved, O thou fairest among Women? What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

1. Fair Lover, thou who dost to us Thy moaning Speech direct, Whose shining beauteous Carriage thus Commands our high Respect;

2. The Object does thy Love engage, We judge by viewing thee.
the Song of Solomon.

Must surely be some Personage
Of very high Degree.

3. What's thy Beloved? pray let us know,
   For whom thou art so sad,
And giv'ft such solemn Charge, as tho'
He not an equal had.

Thou fairest Beauty, can't thou see
His Match when he removes?
Pray what alluring Charms has he
Beyond all other Loves?

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. My Beloved is white and ruddy, tho'
   * Chiefeft among ten thousands.

If why I love my Jesus so,
The wond'ring World enquire,
My Grounds are such as, did they know,
Their Hearts would also fire.

2. O there is no Belov'd like mine!
   He's white and ruddy both;
All human Beauties, all divine
His glorious Person clothe.

White in his Natures both descry'd,
   From ev'ry Blemish free;
And ruddy in his Garments dy'd
With Blood he shed for me.

4. † Was he not red but only white,
   The Lily, not the Rose,
* Or Standard Bearer. † Macon's Paraphrase.
He might suffice the Angels' Sight;
But I am none of those.

Was he not White but only Red,
A Sufferer for his Sin,
His Blood would rest upon his Head,
Nor could I Joy therein.

But here's my Joy and Confidence
Both mixt I see by Faith,
The Whiteness of his Innocence,
The Redness of his Death.

Since for my Sin he bore Disgrace,
Who yet from Sin was free;
That makes his white and ruddy Face
A Beauty meet for me.

The Chief of Chiefs beyond compare,
Immanuel, God-Man,
Among ten thousand Ensigns fair,
Triumphant leads the Van.

To him the Heav'ns their Homage bring,
To him celestial Throngs,
Then thousand Saints and Angels sing,
With Rapture on their Tongues.

Created Wisdom cannot scan
The Root of Jesse's Rod,
Nor speak the Greatness of the Man,
The Grandeur of the God.

Ver. 11. His Head is as the most refined Gold,
his Locks are bushy and black as a Raven.

His
1. His Head which once was crown'd with Thorns,
   And where all Wisdom dwells,
A Crown of Glory bright adorns,
   Which finest Gole excels.

2. So firm, so bright, so eminent,
   And durable for ay,
Is his extensive Government,
   And universal Sway.

3. Black as a Ray'n's his curled Hair
   And bushy Locks; a Mark,
That still his Age is fresh and fair,
   His Counsels deep and dark.

4. Beauties of youth and Age agree
   To deck his awful Sway;
Fair Youth without Inconstancy,
   Full Age without Decay.

Ver. 12. His Eyes are as the Eyes of Doves by
   the Rivers of Waters, washed with Milk,
and † fitly set.

1. His Dove-like Eyes most bright appear
   Like these the Brooks have wet,
Or milky Streams have moistened clear,
   Like Diamonds fitly set.

2. His sparkling Eyes with piercing Sight
   O'ersee the Shades of Death;
Inspecting Secrets of the Night,
   And searching Hell beneath. He
† Fitly placed, and set as a precious Stone in
   the Foil of a Ring.
A Paraphrase on

He with his fix'd and steady Eyes
Beholding distant Parts,
Both Deeps of divine Counsel spies,
And Deeps of human Hearts.

Behold both loftiness and Love
In his omniscient Eye;
The Eagle temper'd with the Dove,
With Meekness, Majesty.

Ver. 13. His Cheeks are as a Bed of Spices, as
* sweet Flowers, his Lips like Lilies, dropping sweet-smelling Myrhh.

His rosy Cheeks a Bed of Flow'rs
Still tow'ring up Perfume;
Or Spices that with Summer-Show'rs Their sweetest Scent resume.

These very Cheeks he once resign'd
To them that pluck'd the Hair,
Most sweetly to the enlightn'd Mind Refreshing Virtue share.

His Lips, resembling Lily-blooms,
Drop fav'ry Words of Grace,
Like Oil of Myrhh with fine Perfumes,
To suit a fainting Case.

The balmy Drops his Lips afford,
Give Life to Sons of Death:
The vital Sav'our of his Word
Restores expiring Breath.

* Towers of Perfume.
Ver. 14. *His Hands are as Gold Rings set with the Beryl:* *His Belly is as bright Ivory overlaid with Sapphires.*

1. His Hands are fairer to behold,
   Tho' once nail'd to the Tree,
   Than Beryls set in Rings of Gold;
   So rich in Bounty's he.

2. His Operations mighty, vaft,
   No Mortal understands;
   For all the Works of God have past
   Thro' these his precious Hands.

3. No Iv'ry fine so bright is found,
   With Sapphires overlaid;
   As Bowels of Compassion round
   Do gild his pierced Side.

4. The Love about his Heart that twines
   Still firm, without Decay,
   In Instances unnumber'd shines
   With sparkling bright Array.

Ver. 15. *His Legs are as Pillars of Marble, set upon Sockets of fine Gold:* *His Countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the Cedars.*

1. His Legs like Marble Pillars stand
   On golden Sockets fine;
   So firm's the Throne of his Command,
   So ev'n his Paths divine.

† Or Bowels, the same Word as in Ver. 4.
2.
His stately Steps, his steady Way,
His stable Kingdom proves
He's solid Gold, not mould'ring Clay
Like fading mortal Loves.

3.
His Countenance more lofty is
Than Lebanon by far,
More excellent than all its Trees
More excellent than all its Trees

4.
So high, so eminent is he,
That in his Person shine,
The Glories of the Deity,
With Majesty Divine.

Ver. 16. His Mouth it most sweet: Yea, *he
is altogether lovely.

1.
Lo, his blest Mouth, that once did taste
The bitter Gall for me.
With Charms divinely sweet is grac'd,
Unto the last Degree.

2.
Grace pour'd into his Lips alway
Does hence so sweetly run;
They share the Father's Grace for ay
Who do but kiss his Son.

3.
His Mouth a triple Heav'n imports,
A Word, a Smile, a Kiss;
And triple Doom to dash their Sports
Whose Lips profane the Bliss.

† *He is all Desires.*
4. How hard, tho' sweet, this limning Task!  
I faint, I must succumb;  
He is (if what he is, you ask)  
All over Loves, in Sum.

5. How weak my Tongue his Glory sings,  
Which drowns seraphic Art;  
He is all desirable Things,  
And charms in ev'ry Part.

6. Adoring Heav'n his Name confess  
The Infinite unknown,  
And in created human Dress  
The uncreated ONE.

7. Their Tongues that do his Glory speak,  
In loud and lofty Lays,  
For higher Notes are still to seek,  
And never reach his Praise.

8. I wrong his Name with Words so faint,  
Nor half his Worth declare:  
Can finite Pencils ever paint  
The infinitely Fair?

---This is my Beloved, this is my Friend, G  
Daughters of Jerusalem.

1. My Union to his Person dear,  
Bears such substantial Bliss;  
All mortal Loves and Friendships here,  
Are but the Shade of this.

G What-
2. Whatever sweet Relations be

Mong Creatures great or small,

There's infinite Disparity

Between him and them all.

3. Yet how much in himself he is,

So much he is to me:

For he is mine, and I am his,

And evermore shall be.

4. The more I hold his Glory forth,

Or would his Name unfold;

The more incomparable Worth

I still in him behold.

5. Now this, O Salem's Progeny,

This is my Love, my Friend;

Search Heav'n and Earth, but sure am I,

His Match you'll never find.

6. Your Question far exceeds my Reach,

What's thy Belov'd? said ye:

His Praise defeats my fault'ring Speech;

But (pray you) Come and see.
C. H. A. P. VI.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 1. Whether is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among Women? whither is thy Beloved gone as I? that we may seek him with thee.

1. Such glorious Things are told by thee
   About thy matchless Mate:
   His Seekers too we fain would be,
   And share thy happy State.

2. Thy holy Walk and Talk is such,
   Thy Countenance so fair,
   We think whom thou commend'lt so much,
   Must be beyond Compare.

3. Where is thy Beloved gone;
   Thou fairest of thy Kind,
   So happy in that glorious One
   On whom thou set'lt thy Mind.

4. Where is he gone? Pray let us know
   What Place frequents he most?
   That we in Quest of him may go,
   Nor find our Travel lost.

  G 2  The
The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 2. *My Beloved is gone down into his Garden, to the Beds of Spices, to feed in the Gardens, and to gather Lilies.*

1. Lo, my Belov'd, tho' he enthron'd
   In Glory keeps his Place,
Yet here below is to be found
   In Gardens of his Grace.

2. He plants, he waters ev'ry Tree,
   His Blessing makes them spring;
Then gladly comes he down to see
   What rich Increase they bring.

3. He walks among the Spicy Beds,
   Where Aromatics flow?
And in his young Plantation feeds,
   Where Fruits delicious grow.

4. He gathers there his chosen Crop
   Of Lilies, without Toil;
And, when full ripe, he picks them up,
   To deck his fairer Soil.

5. Th' Assemblies of his growing Saints
   Are still his chief repair:
Whoe'er his gracious Presence wants,
   May seek with Success there.

Ver. 3. *I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine. He feedeth among the Lilies.*

Tho' *See Chap. ii. 16. this more largely explained.*
1. Tho' now my Lord from me abscond,
    Yet judge him not unkind:
In's Temple oft I have him found,
    And hope again to find.

2. And tho' from me to Sense he hides,
    My Faith holds fast his Name:
Mine Int'rest in him firm abides,
    I will not quit my Claim,

3. He has my warmest Love ingrofs,
    And I possess his Heart;
His Love and mine unite, I boast
    Nor Death nor Hell can part.

4. The Bond of Love so firm abides,
    Ev'n in the darkest Day,
That tho' behind the Shade he hides,
    He's never far away.

5. Tho' he his noblest Table spreads
    Among his Flow'rs above;
Yet here amidst his Lily-Beds
    He keeps his Feasts of Love.

6. The Ordinances of his Grace,
    Are Fields of his Repair;
There I have seen his glorious Face,
    And you may see him there.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 4. Thou art beautiful, O my Love, as Tirzah,
    comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an Army
with Banners.
1. How comely is the Bride I see,
   Who thus mine Absence wail'd,
And kindly thought and spoke of me,
   Ev'n when my Face was veil'd.

2. Thy Zeal for me when I withdrew
   I highly must approve;
And now return to thee, to shew
   My great Respect and Love.

3. I did forgive, and have forgot
   All thine Infirmities:
Thy holy Soul, from Sin remote,
   Is beauteous in mine Eyes.

4. More fair thou art, my lovely Prey,
   More comely in my Sight,
Than ever Tirzah once so gay,
   Or Salem once so bright.

5. Thine Aspect's awful Majesty
   Does strike thy Foes with Fear;
As Armies do, when Banners fly,
   And martial Flags appear.

6. How does thine Armour glitt'ring bright
   Their frightened Spirits quell?
The Weapons of thy warlike Might
   Defy the Gates of Hell.

Ver. 5. Turn away thine Eyes from me, for they
   have overcome me *:

* See more on this Subject, Chap. iii. 4. and iv. 9.
1. Small Wonder that thy Foes must bow
When Faith does keep the Field;
For, lo, I am thy Captive too,
And kindly forc'd to yield.

2. Thy charming Eyes of Faith and Love,
That make myself their Prize,
Have overcome me; pray remove
And turn away thine Eyes.

3. They pow'rfully my Heart detain,
My kindly Passions fill;
Yet no unwilling Vict'ry gain,
But win me to thy Will.

4. Thy daring, gallant Arms of Grace,
Have o'er me such a Sway;
I'm conquer'd with their kind Embrace,
And cannot say thee nay.

5. Thy piercing Eyes, that ravish me,
Command me as they lift:
My Spirit's aiding Force in thee,
Is Pow'r I can't resist.

6. Cease, wrestling Jacob, let me go,
My Love, let me alone:
If not, except I bless thee; Lo!
My Blessing thou hast won.

† Thy Hair is as a Flock of Goats that appear

† See these Words more largely explained,
Chap. iv. 1, 2, 3.
A Paraphrase on

appear from Gilead. Ver. 6. Thy Teeth are as a Flock of Sheep, which go up from the Washing, whereof everyone beareth Twins, and there is not one barren among them. Ver. 7. As a Piece of a Pomegranate are thy Temples within thy Locks.

1.

Thy slothful Carriage toward me
At our last Interview,
Tho’ I observ’d with Jealously,
And thereupon withdrew;

2.

Yet never judge thy Change of Frame
My Heart from me could move;
For still (like solid Rocks) the same
Is my unshaken Love.

3.

Thy Praise I founded in thine Ears
Ere thou wast so unkind,
And now indulge no faithless Fears,
As if I chang’d my Mind.

4.

For, to evince the Love I bore
Does still the same remain,
I now commend thee as before,
And in the former Strain.

5.

Gay, like a comely Flock of Goats
On Gilead’s stately Height,
Is thine adorning Hair, that notes
Thy Conversation bright.

6.

No broder’d ornamental Hair,
That trims up mortal Clay,
Can parallel the heavenly Air
Of thy well-order’d Way.
7. Thy Teeth the Bread of Life that eat,
    And feed upon my Flesh,
Are Acts of Faith in Number great,
    In Nature fair and fresh.

8. Thine active Zeal, yet mild, does keep
    A just Equality,
Like ev'nly rounded Flocks of Sheep
    New past the Shearer's Eye.

9. Thy Purity exceeds their Fleece
    Washt in the Crystal Flood;
Thy Fruits of Holiness and Peace
    Outvy their num'rous Brood.

10. There does not in the Flock appear
    One barren, fruitless Womb:
But all by Twins their Offsprings bear,
    And bring them bleating home.

11. Like 'Granates halv'd thy Temples fair
    Within thy Locks appear,
While ruddy Blushes deck thy Pray'r
    When none but God doth hear.

12. Thou modest hid'ft thy rosy Cheeks,
    When Sins with Shame 'em flush:
Yet thro' the Mask, the Mien detects
    Thy beauteous holy Blush.

Ver. 8. There are threescore Queens and Four-score Concubines, and Virgins without Number.
Ver. 9. My Dove, my Undivided is but one;
A Paraphrase on

she is the only One of her Mother, she is the
choice One of her that bare her: The Daugh-
ters saw her, and blessed her; yea the Queens
and the Concubines, and they praised her.

1.
Thy Song gave me the chiefeft Name
Among Ten thousand Heirs,
And thee the fairest I proclaim
Among Ten thousand Fairs.

2.
Queens, Concubines and Virgins are
Unnumber’d, whom they call
Bright dazzling Beauties, charming fair;
But thou excell’st them all.

3.
Most holy Souls (of high Descent)
Are Beauties most renown’d:
The righteous is more excellent
Than all his Neighbours round.

4.
My spotless Dove as one I view,
Yea, all in one to me;
Her Mother-Church’s Darling too,
And choicest Progeny.

5.
The Daughters, her professing Friends,
Beheld her Beauty great;
And straight admir’d her in their Minds,
And blest her in the Gate.

6.
Yea, Queens and Damfels more renown’d
Did all to her give Place,
And with extolling Praifes crown’d
Her comely shining Grace.
Ver. 10. Who is she that looketh forth as the Morning, fair as the Moon, clear as the Sun, and terrible as an Army with Banners?

1. "Who's this (said they) so brightly springs
  "Like to the Morning Ray,
  "That cleaves Night-shades with Silver Wings,
  "To haste the Golden Day?

2. "Much fairer than the gilded Moon
  "Her Graces shine in Dress,
  "And clearer than the Sun at Noon,
  "Her spotless Righteousness.

3. "Behold in Love to Brats forlorn,
  "What Wonders Heav'n performs!
  "That does with Stateliness adorn
  "Desil'd and loathsome Worms.

4. "By Armour which her Captain lends,
  "Until her Warfare close,
  "She's render'd helpful to her Friends,
  "And hurtful to her Foes.

5. "Yea, while she does her Rank maintain,
  "And cast her Airs abroad,
  "Her Grace is awful toward Men,
  "And pow'rful toward God.

Ver. 11. I went down into the Garden of Nuts, to see the Fruits of the Valley, and to see whether the Vine flourished, and the Pomegranates budded.
I.
With friendly Mind I hid my Face,
Yet went not far away,
Retiring but a little Space,
My Orchard to survey.

2.
I went but down to see anew
My Garden of sweet Nuts,
Within the shady Grove, and view
The plesant Valley-fruits:

3.
To notice round my labour'd Plain,
If all was very good;
If tender Vines produc'd their Grain,
And Pomegranates their Bud:

4.
If all the water'd flow'ry Plains:
Along the verdant Field,
Did Fruits, proportion'd to my Pains,
Ev'n in my Absence yield.

5.
Into my Heart what Chearfulness
And Pleasure did it bring,
To see the early Buds of Grace
And Blossoms of the Spring?

6.
I ravish'd saw my beauteous Bride,
Lament my Absence fore;
Nor could myself in Thickets hide,
From her, a Moment more.

Ver. 12. Or ever I was aware, my Soul * made me like the Chariots of Ammi-nadib.

* Or set me on the Chariots of my princely willing People.
the Song of Solomon.

I.

Such had my Bride's inviting Frame
Ev'n in my Absence been;
No longer could I hide the Flame
Of my Affections keen.

2.

Ravish'd, ere (in Effect) I knew,
My Bowels did me move;
Into her praying Arms I flew
On speedy Wings of Love.

3.

Sweet rapt'rous Passion rose in me,
But in a matchless Mode,
As far as Rapture can agree,
Or Passion to a God.

4.

My fond Affections vehement
In Ways of Grace divine,
All towards her intensely bent,
Pursu'd their Love-design.

5.

My willing People I provide
Bright Graces, princely Charms:
And in these fiery Chariots ride
With Speed into their Arms.

6.

Oil'd Wheels of Faith and warm Desire,
That make myself their Chace,
Fetch from mine Altar still more Fire
Of sweet surprising Grace.

7.

No Chariot of Ammi-nadib,
However swift or bright,
The heav'nly Rapture can describe
Of Love's delicious Flight.
So rapid oft, tho' never rash,
The Motions of my Grace,
'Tween Heav'n and Earth, are like a Flash
Of Lightning in a Trice.

Ver. 13. Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return, that we may look upon thee: What will ye see in the Shulamite? as it were the Company of two Armies.

1. Love, in my Absence short, waft thou
With Sin and Grief opprest?
O blame thy faithless Heart, and now
Return unto thy Rest.

2. With Confidence and without Fear
Thy heav'nly Husband face,
Who wills thee boldly to appear
Before his Throne of Grace.

3. The Heav'n's unite their Voice with mine
Thy Heart-return to move:
Allow thyself no more to whine,
Suspicious of my Love.

4. Return, O drooping Shulamite,
In Hast return; for we
Heav'n's TRINITY and Hosts unite
With Joy to welcome thee.

5. We want to see thee, at his Call
Whose Peace thy Name adorns;
He with his Saints and Angels all
Will joy at thy Returns.

What
the Song of Solomon

6.
What in the feeble Shulamite,
    What's to be seen? (you'll say)
Is struggling Grace a goodly Sight,
    When Sin regains the Day?

7.
Nay, lo my Bride (tho' apt she be
    Herself to under-rate)
I, on the Field of Battle, see
    In warlike Pomp and State.

8.
Behold, two Armies in her Camp,
    The doubled Hosts of God;
Her Lovers charm, her Haters damp,
    Her happy Triumph bode.

CHAP. VII.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 1. How beautiful are thy Feet with Shoes,
    O Prince's Daughter! The Joints of thy
Thighs are like Jewels, the Work of the Hand
    of a cunning Workman.

1.
FAIR Bride, I'll further yet extol
    Thy Charms so lovely in my Sight;
For I my new Creation whole
    Still view with ravishing Delight.
2. How noble is thy high Descent,
Not fordid like the Sons of Earth?
How does thy Gesture document
Thy heav’ny and superior Birth?

3. O Princess of the Royal Race!
How bright thy Feet with golden Shoes
Do sparkle, while thy Walk, thro' Grace,
Becomes the glorious Gospel-news?

The Steps of thy Affections clean,
And outward Conversation fair,
Display a heav’nly royal Mien,
A stately and majestic Air.

4. The Joints that Strength and Motion do
To thy well-order’d Steps impart,
Like orient Jewels burnish’d new,
Speak holy Skill and curious Art.

5. Thy stately Port in sacred Things
Makes ev’ry Joint a Gem appear;
While holy Principles and Springs
Thine ev’nly Course of Duty steer.

Ver. 2. Thy Navel is like a round Goblet, which
wanteth not Liquor: Thy Belly is like an Heap
of Wheat, set about with Lilies.

1. As is thy sparkling bright Array
Conform unto thy Pedigree;
So with thy shining outward Way
Thine inward Form and Frame agree.
the Song of Solomon.

2.
A wretched Infant once thou waft,
Into the open Field cast out,
From native Blood and Stains unwasht,
Nor was thy Navel dreft or cut.

3.
But now, how neat's thy gracious Form
Well nourish'd by a glorious Spring?
Since Grace took up the lothsome Worm,
And made thee quite another Thing.

4.
Thy Infant-Brood to Ripeness grows,
Which natively thy Bowels feed,
Like to a Bowl that overflows
With Liquor suited to their Need.

5.
My Spirit is, (to fill thy Cup,
And honour thee with rich Increase,)
A Well of Water springing up
Within thee to immortal Bliss.

6.
Thy fruitful Womb an Heap of Wheat
† Assimilates in pleasant Mode;
Thy royal Marriage makes thee meet
For bearing precious Fruit to God.

7.
Fruit deckt around with Flow'rs-de-duce,
With Graces of an active Vent;
A Product rich of Fruit for Use,
With beauteous Flow'rs for Ornament.

8.
Fair Zion's fertile Womb has meat
For Babes of Grace, her Lily-brood;
And yields them plenteous Store of Wheat,
When ripe in Years, for solid Food.

† Resembles,
Ver. 3. Thy two Breasts are like two young Roes that are Twins ♦.

1. Thy Breasts of Love resemble Roes
That seem both young delightful Twins;
Such equal Care, thou Zion shows,
To feed thy Babes in sacred Inns.

2. Thou op'nest frank a two-fold Breast,
Two holy Test'ments and two Seals,
Which to thy Children yield a Feast
Of heav'nly Milk for daily Meals.

3. Thine equal Breasts delightful feed
With congruous Milk of sweet Solace,
In just Proportion to the Need
Of all the little Babes of Grace.

4. My Children dear nurs'd at thy Side,
Thy warm and kindly Bowels show;
And plainly prove my beauteous Bride
To be a fruitful Mother too.

Ver. 4. ♦ Thy Neck is as a Tower of Ivory,
thine Eyes like the Fisb-pools of Heshbon by
the Gate of Bath rabbim. Thy Nose is as the
Tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward
Damascus.

1. The Neck of precious Faith excels
The brighteft, faireft Iv'ry Tow'r;
It holds the glorious Head, and dwells
On high, upon the Rock of Pow'r.

♦ See Chap. iv. 5.  ♦ See Chap. iv. 4.
the Song of Solomon.

2. Rais'd and conspicuous, it attracts
All open Eyes, and Wonder breeds:
It stands renown'd for valiant Acts,
For strange Exploits, and mighty Deeds.

3. No Iv'ry whiter than the Swan
Could ever match thy precious Faith:
No Tow'r with equal Boldness can
Defy the Gates of Hell and Death.

4. Thine Eyes like to the clear Fish-pools
Of Hezbon by Bath-rabbim's Gate,
Enlightned brightly, twit the Fools,
That hug blind Nature's dusky State:

5. More clear than any Silver Brook,
Thy lucid Eyes of Knowledge trace
Hid Myst'ries in the sacred Book,
[Grace.
The Height, Depth, Length and Breadth of

6. But all conceal'd this Glory lies
From Men of Prudence, Sons of Pride,
Whose boasted Wit does blind their Eyes,
And Wisdom's Light with Scorn deride.

7. The Nose of quick Sagacity
Like Leb'nun's Tow'r does stately rise,
And with bold Look Damascus spy,
To face thy daring Enemies.

8. Because they strong and subtle are,
Thou wisely keep'lt the Frontier-tow'r;
To smell their deep Designs afar,
And watch their Policy and Pow'r.
1. Thy heav'nly Mind intelligent
   Exceals the wisest Heads on Earth;
   While Aliens from thy high Descent,
   And Strangers to thy heav'nly Birth.

2. Thy lofty Head and stately Brow
   Looks o'er the Hills from Heaven above,
   And scornful smiles on all below,
   As base and worthles of thy Love.

3. Thy Helmet and thy Head piece is
   Hope built upon atoning Blood:
   High is thy Head extoll'd by this
   'Bove ev'ry Foe, 'bove ev'ry Flood.

4. Higher by far than Carmel Top,
   The very Walls of Heaven to scale;
   When thine advent'rous, soaring Hope
   Its Entrance makes within the Veil.

5. Th' Excellency of Carmel high
   Can't match thy beauteous Crimson Head;
   Its Hairs are of the purple Dye
   Which once thy loving Lord did bleed.

6. Each Pin that holds thy Hair in Dress,
   Each Glance without, each Grace within,
   Speaks universal Stateliness;
   Not one disorder'd Hair or Pin.

† Or Crimson.
Each holy Air around thy Face
So much its Beauty does enhance,
A Luftre shines in ev'ry Grace,
A pleasing Charm in ev'ry Glance.

The King is * held in the Galleries.

1. To prove the Beauty ravishing
And Luftre of thy holy Dress;
How does it captivate the King,
And deep his Royal Heart impress!

2. Jesus, the King of Kings renown'd,
Is straitly held within thine Arms,
In Gall'ries of his Grace, and bound
A willing Captive to thy Charms.

3. The glorious and majestic One,
Whom Death nor Hell could e'er detain,
Is by thy pow'rfull Graces won
And ty'd as with a mighty Chain.

4. Strange Loveliness it is that sways
The sov'reign Regent of the Skies!
Constraining him to stay and gaze;
The Charms do so attract his Eyes.

5. Bold with the King are Faith's Efforts;
How happy they the Conquest share!
Who win him to his sacred Courts,
And then have Pow'r to hold him there.

6. Such is the Glory of his Grace,
He boasts of being overcome; And

* Or bound.
And feasts the Victor with Solace, 
Who wrestling fought but for a Crumb.

Ver. 6. *How fair and how pleasant art thou, O Love, for Delights!*

1. O Love, no Words can specify 
Thy various Form of Loveliness; 
Delights of diverse Kinds in thee 
I value more than I express.

2. No equal for Delights haft thou, 
No Match for Beauty here below: 
I call thee fair and pleasant too, 
Because in Love I made thee so.

3. My Love, thy outward Dress how fair! 
Thy inner Frame how sweet to me! 
My Righteousness and Graces are 
The Royal Robes I made for thee.

4. All my laborious Life throughout 
Was spent the Marriage suit to spin, 
That makes my Bride all fair without, 
And hence all glorious too within.

Ver. 7. *This thy Stature is like to a Palm-tree, and thy Breasts to Clusters of Grapes.*

1. The sweet Proportion I observe 
Of Graces fresh and fair in thee; 
None from their proper Station swerve, 
But act in lovely Harmony.

† *Or how art thou made fair.*
the Song of Solomon.

2. Thy Stature, like the Palm-tree firm,
Is stately, straight, robust and tall:
No Burden can the Flourish harm,
No Age the lafting Growth enthrall.

3. Thy Breasts of Love to me and mine,
Square to the glorious Gospel-plan,
Are like the Clusters full of Wine,
That chears the Heart of God and Man.

Ver. 8. I said, I will go up to the Palm-tree,
I will take hold of the Boughs thereof: Now
also thy Breasts shall be as Clusters of the Vine,
and the Smell of thy Nose like Apples;

1. "I will, said I, this Palm-tree climb,
"This lovely Way and Walk approve,
"And to my Bride in holy Trim
"I'll manifest my special Love †.

2. "I'll apprehend, by saving Grace,
"As kindly I decreed of old,
"Her little Boughs, her tender Race,
"And never quit the pleasing Hold.

3. Lo, Heav'n shall then thy Breasts inspire,
As tumid Clusters fill'd with Wine:
My Presence shall thy Graces fire
Unto thy Heart's Content and mine.

4. The Breath of Life thy Nostrils blow,
Shall with a fragrant Scent abound;
No fav'ry Apples e'er could throw
Such sweet and grateful Odours round. Ver.

† John xiv. 24.
Paraphrase on

Ver. 9. And the Roof of thy Mouth like the best Wine, (for \* my Beloved) that goeth down sweetly, causing the Lips of \* those that are asleep to speak.

1. Thy Pallet drench'd with holy Love Shall taste and drop the richest Wine: So sweet thy Pray'r's and Praise shall prove A cheering Feast to me and mine.

2. I'll taste thy Cheer, and speak it good, Because thou wilt in upright Ways Derive it from my Plenitude, And then devote it to my Praise.

3. Drops from the living Vine that stream With pleasing Sweetness down will go; To make thy cold Affections flame, Thy wither'd Graces live and grow.

4. My Spirit's gen'rous Wine will make The Old in Years renew their Days, The Dead to live, the Dull to wake, The Dumb to speak, and sing thy Praise.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. I am my Beloved's, and his Desire is towards me.

1. Lo, how my loving Lord commends Unworthy me, who blush to hear, And Blood of Grapes from Ebcol sends My drooping Heart amain to cheer.

† A Parenthesis of the Bride's, say some.  
‡ Or the ancient.
the Song of Solomon. 145

2.
I'm not mine own, but his I'll be,
Whose Love has set my Heart on Fire,
And thus has fix'd on worthless me
His strongest conjugal Desire.

3.
What Line can this Love-ocean found?
What Tongue its vast Dimensions tell?
Who's Height immense, and Depth profound,
Could purchase Heav'n, and vanquish Hell.

Ver. 11. Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field, let us lodge in the Villages.

1.
Come, dearest Love, let us retire
From this vain cumb'ring Earth's Annoy:
That undisturb'd Communion near
We sweetly may alone enjoy.

2.
We'll choose some secret, lonely Place,
To vent our holy Joys the more;
And forage in the Field of Grace,
Until we feast above in Glore.

3.
Thy Company such hidden Trains
Of Joy and Consolation brings:
That, pois'd with this, my Soul disdains
The airy Pomp of earthly Kings.

4.
In rural Villages below
Our Lodging let us take all Night,
Till dusky Shades of Sin and Woe
Be chas'd away by Glory's Light.
Ver. 12. Let us go up early to the Vineyards; Let us see if the Vine flourish, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bud forth; there will I give thee my Loves.

1. Unto the Vineyard of thy Grace
Come, let us early quickly go;
To see in this retiring Place
If all the heav'nly Planting grow.

2. Come visit, Lord, thy sacred Ground,
See how thy royal Nurs'ries bear;
If Vines and Grapes and 'Granates round
The Fields, their flow'ry Raiment wear.

3. O come along, thy Succour grant,
While I thy gracious Fruits review;
For at thy Presence ev'ry Plant
Will soon its beauteous Buds renew.

4. The Vines their Blossom will resume,
The tender Grapes anon revive;
See how the 'Granates anon will bloom,
And all the Graces spring and thrive.

5. In these Retirements while I live,
Thy Presence I'll (thro' Grace) improve;
And joyful there I will thee give
The Tokens of my warmest Love.

6. In Nearness sweet with thee apart
I'll dash all I lol-loves with Ire,
And wholly offer up my Heart
To thee in Flames of holy Fire.
The Song of Solomon.

Ver. 13. The Mandrakes give a Smell, and at our Gates are all manner of pleasant Fruits new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my Beloved.

1. Here, Lord, for thee the Garden's dreft; For thee the choice Provision spread: Come then, vouchsafe with me to rest, And lodge beneath the verdant Shade.

2. The Mandrakes here, Love-fruits and Flow'rs, Do spread their grateful Odours round; And at our very Gates, sweet Stores And various Fruits of Grace abound.

3. Embracing Faith is here, to meet My Lord whenever he appears; Repentance here, to wash his Feet With trickling Floods of joyful Tears.

4. Love, Joy, and all the heav'nly Train, Old Fruits array'd with new Increase, Laid up in Store to entertain My Lord, the God of all my Grace.

5. Come thou, to whom I all devote, O Jesus, my beloved Lord; Lo, all that's from thy Fulness got, Is for thy Praise and Glory flor'd.

6. 'Tis thine to plant, and prune and dress; Thy Blessing makes the Garden grow: In thee my All I still possess, To thee my All I therefore owe.
C H A P. VIII.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 1. *O that thou wert as my Brother, that sucked the Breasts of my Mother! When I should find thee without, I would kiss thee, yea, * I should not be despised.

1. S O sweet I find thy gracious Charms,
    Still more and more I bode;
    And long to clasp within mine Arms
    A whole incarnate God.

2. O would thou as my Brother wert,
    My Mother's fucking Child!
    I'd kiss and hug thee in my Heart,
    And should not be revil'd.

3. Yea, in the open, patent Place,
    Without a Blush thro' Shame,
    I would with joyful Arms embrace
    The Babe of Bethlehem.

4. Hell could reproach thy Church of old,
    That lov'd a Child unborn:
    But now the Son is given, I'm bold
    To love, and fear no Scorn.

* Heb. They should not despise me.
To him I'll give the highest Room
And joy beneath his Shade,
That deign'd to bless the Virgin's Womb,
And human Nature wed.

My God's my Brother now in Dress;
And if he would allow't,
Tho' Hell should mock my fond Care's,
I'd openly avow't.

Ver. 2. I would lead thee, and bring thee into
my Mother's House, who would instruct me:
I would cause thee to drink of spiced Wine,
of the Juice of my Pomegranate.

I would attend and usher thee
Into my Mother's Home;
Then would her Courts instructive be,
For Light with Pow'r would come.

Her Children would thy Glory see,
Did they thy Presence share:
And I for entertaining thee
Would bring my choicest Fare.

To spiced Wine, with 'Grantes Juice
I would thee welcome make;
And greatly would my Heart rejoice,
Wer't better for thy Sake.

Well were the Feast bestow'd on thee;
For thine my Graces are,
Who, when thou com'st to feed with me,
Dost bring along the Fare.

Ver.
Ver. 3. His left Hand + should be under my Head, and his right Hand should embrace me †.

1. Lo, he descending from above,
   In Answer to my Pray'r,
   Enfolds me in his Arms of Love,
   To shew his tender Care.

2. His left Hand for my Support he
   Beneath my Head does place;
   Then for my Comfort lends he me
   His right Hand's soft Embrace.

3. His Presence brings a Silver Show'r
   Of Blessings from above;
   I'm closely guarded with his Pow'r,
   And girded with his Love.

4. For my Solace 'gainst Sin and Death,
   I feel his divine Charms;
   And, for my Safety underneath,
   His everlasting Arms.

5. O welcome blest and happy Hour
   When he unveils his Face;
   I'm then supported by his Pow'r,
   Comforted by his Grace.

Ver. 4. I charge you, O Daughters of Jerusalem, * that ye stir not up, nor awake my Love, until he please. O Sa-

† Or rather is. See Chap. ii. 6.
‡ See these Words more largely spoken to, Chap. ii. 7. and iii. 5. * Why should ye stir up, or why awake, &c.
the Song of Solomon.

1. O Salem's Daughters, now, I pray
   And charge you, stand in Awe
   T' awake my Love, or any Way
   Provoke him to withdraw.

2. This heav'nly Quiet marr not ye
   With loud offensive Noise;
   Why should ye rob yourselves and me
   Of such uncommon Joys?

3. His Smiles are free, he comes and goes,
   The happy Hour is this:
   Why should ye prove such wretched Foes,
   To interrupt the Blifs?

4. My glorious Lord now rests within
   Mine Arms of Faith and Love;
   I charge myself, my Heart, my Sin,
   Not once to stir or move.

5. While he allows his Visit sweet,
   Let none his Rest annoy;
   O may I never grieve his Sp'rit,
   Nor sin away my Joy.

The Companions Words.

Ver. 5. (Who is this that cometh up from the Wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved.)

1. What fair and lovely Bride is this!
   Tho' press with Gries and Sins,
   Yet trav'ling from the Wilderness,
   On her Beloved leans.
2. How boldly does she in his Name
And in his Strength go on,
All other Righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone!

His Wings bear up her Soul aloft,
'Elove all that can molest:
His Bosom is the Pillow soft
On which her Head doth rest.

3.
Lo, how on his almighty Arms
She can her Cares unload;
And march thro' all opposing Harms,
Depending on her God.

4.
Her fir'd Affections upward tow'r,
And, with a heav'nly Air,
Contempt on earthly Glory pour,
As far below her Care.

5.
Ascending from the Wilderness
Of Sorrow, Sin and Thrall,
And strongly bent for heav'nly Bliss,
She leaves the dusky Ball.

I raised thee up under the Apple-Tree:
there thy Mother brought thee forth, there she
brought thee forth that bare thee.

1.
To Men's Applause with mighty Maze
What small Regard is due?
But,
|| Then in the Heb. has the Mark of the Mas-
culine Gender.
But, Lord, with thee, who art my Praise,
Let me my Suit pursu'e.

2.
Such sweet Experience, Lord, I had,
Beneath the Apple-tree;
Under thy Shadow still I'm glad,
Alone, to meet with thee.

3.
I rais'd thee up in secret Pray'r,
Thy joyful Help to yield:
For by thy Grace I wrestled there,
And by thy Grace prevail'd.

4.
Thy Mother too that brought thee forth,
Hard trav'ling with Annoy,
There at her Son, her Saviour's Birth
Forgot her Pangs for Joy.

5.
The Saints beneath thy fruitful Shade
Thy beauteous Likeness wore;
They that in Sorrow travail'd had,
In Joy thine Image bore.

6.
Thy Shadow thus to them and me
Such Pleasure does afford,
That more and more I long to see
Thy Glory there, O Lord.

Ver. 6. Set me as a Seal upon thine Heart, as
a Seal upon thine Arm:

1.
Grant, Lord, my Name engrav'd may be
Upon thy Heart and Breast;
And so infure thy Love to me,
My glorious God and Priest.
2. O let me fasten as a Seal
   Upon thine Arm divine,
And by confirming Marks reveal
   Thy mighty Love is mine.

3. Grant also, Lord, my Love to thee
   May firmly be impress:
And let thy Name my Signet be
   Deep stamped upon my Breast.

4. O may my Heart the Center prove
   Of thy Affections keen;
Thy Heart the Center of my Love,
   And nought to intervene.

---For Love is strong as Death, Jealousy
   is cruel as the Grave:---

1. Strong Wings of holy Love aloft
   Bear up my Soul afresh,
Which in sweet Raptures dying soft
   Forgets the Clog of Flesh.

2. While thus my Heart does mounting fly
   On this Seraphic Wing,
In Love to thee I kindly dye,
   To ev'ry mortal Thing.

3. As thy strong Love, O Lord, to me
   Could conquer Death and Dread;
So does my ardent Love to thee
   The Pow'r of Death exceed.
It kills me, Lord; I can't resist
This strong Desire of mine:
If not with Satisfaction blest,
To Death, to Death I pine.

Admit me, Lord, into thy Heart,
Left my Heart jealous be
That either thine from me depart,
Or mine depart from thee.

Such Jealousy would fore torment
And torture me to Death;
Like the devouring Grave, intent
To stop my vital Breath.

---The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire, which hath a most vehement Flame.---

These jealous Flames will quite consume
My Soul, like burning Fire;
Unless thy loving Answer come
To suit my Heart's Desire.

My flaming Heart does melt afresh,
If thou depart i' th' leaft;
Mine ardent Zeal eats up my Flesh,
Love-sickness pains my Breast.

The Sparks of fervid Love ascend
Like mounting Flames on high;
With veh'rent Force they heav'n-ward bend,
And pierce the azure Sky.
O Let thy Bowels, Lord, be mov'd
To grant my Heart's Desire:
I'd rather die than not be lov'd,
My Heart is all on Fire.

Ver. 7. Many Waters cannot quench Love,
neither can the Floods drown it: If a Man
would give all the Substance of his House for
Love, it would utterly be contemned.

1.
No Waves could quench thy Love which fat
As King upon the Flood
Of rolling Vengeance vastly great,
And on a Sea of Blood.

2.
Thus nor can many Waters drown
My flaming Love to thee,
Nor Torrents of Turmoil bear down
The Zeal that burns in me.

3.
In vain by Flatt'ries or by Fears
Do Hell and Earth combine,
To quench the Fire of Love that bears
A Stamp so much divine.

4.
Desertion black, nor Devil, nor Man,
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Sea,
Nor Life, nor Death, nor Angels can
Divorce my Love from thee.

5.
Were Wealth to bribe my Love, I could
The golden Bait disdain,
Like despicable Dung that would
Invade my Heart in vain.

I cast
4.
I cast Contempt on Suitors all
That dare compete with thee,
And value Thrones no more than Thrall,
Should they thy Rivals be.

Ver. 8. We have a little Sister, and she hath no
Breasts: What shall we do for our Sister, in
the Day when she shall be spoken for?

1.
Since now, dear Lord, our mutual Love
Is thus so deep impresst;
May I this Access sweet improve,
That others may be blest.

2.
Our little Sister, Lord, to wit,
A barren Gentile Race,
With all uncalled, unsav’d as yet,
Tho’ chosen by thy Grace:

3.
She little Knowledge hath, we see,
No fashion’d Breasts of Love;
No Principle of Grace from thee,
Nor Nurture from above.

4.
No Breasts of Consolation sweet,
No Word, no Means of Grace;
No warm Milk of Instruction meet,
To feed her starving Race.

5.
What shall be done for her, I pray,
And for her Progeny,
When they shall on the Marriage-Day
Be call’d to match with thee?
6. What for our Sitter-Church to come, Which Jews or Greeks do hatch: To bring her to thy Marriage-room, And carry on the Match?

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 9. *If she be a Wall, we will build upon her a Palace of Silver; and if she be a Door we will inclose her with Boards of Cedar.*

1. Love, I'll inform thee what we'll do, With this our Sitter dear, When by the Gospel-Call I woo, And speak into her Ear.

2. If once the good Work were begun, As by my Grace it shall; And she by Faith on me alone Built like a Brazen Wall:

3. We'll make the Wall a Work compleat, A Silver Palace fair †, A Temple for my holy Sp'rit To dwell for ever there.

4. If once I make her Heart a Door Wide ope to take me in; We'll, as with Cedar-boards, secure And strengthen her within.

5. We Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Will frame, advance and crown

† *Psalm cxliv. 12.*
The happy Building at our Cost,
Which Hell shall ne'er pull down.

6.
Ev'n outcast Gentiles base, at length
The wond'ring World shall see
In numerous Issue, Beauty, Strength
And Grandeur, rival thee.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 10. I am a Wall, and my Breasts like
Towers: Then was I in his Eyes as one that
found Favour.

1. Kind Lord, how gladly do I hear
Thy Promise made to me,
For Elect Sister-Churches dear?
I roll their Care on thee.

2. My sweet Experience clears thou wilt
Thus kindly deal with them;
For I'm a Wall most firmly built
And rear'd upon thy Name.

3. Thou mak'st my Breasts of Graces grow
Like Iv'ry Tow'rs so high;
I trust what love to me dost show,
To them thou won't deny.

4. When Grace my Unbelief destroy'd,
And on my Rock me fix'd,
Thy Favour then my Soul enjoy'd,
With sweet Love-tokens mix'd.

8. Then
Then did my Life's Deportment shew
Thine Image on my Heart;
And thou thyself with Pleasure view
The Grace thou did'st impart.

I'm joyful when to Mind I do
These happy Days recall:
By Grace was I built up, and so
My little Sister shall.

Ver. 11. Solomon had a Vineyard at Baal-hamon, he let out the Vineyard unto Keepers: Every one for the Fruit thereof was to bring a thousand Pieces of Silver.

Another Object of my Care,
Beside our Sister dear,
Is likewise, Lord, thy Vineyard fair,
Already planted here.

Our Solomon, the Prince of Peace,
A Vineyard did possess,
And to a Multitude did lease
And let it out to dress.

A Baal-hamon, where he plants
Upon a fruitful Soil,
And Servants with Commission grants
To keep it from Turmoil.

He takes the Care in chief, but they
An under-trust maintain;
He wakes and keeps it Night and Day,
Else Watchmen watch in vain.
From ev'ry Servant there employ'd
He still requires the Rent
Of Praise, for what they have enjoy'd
And work to his Content.

Each one, for Fruit that he assigns,
Proportion'd Tribute brings,
And renders for a thousand Vines
A thousand Silverlings*.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver, 12. My Vineyard, which is mine, is before me:

1. My Vineyard, Love, the Object is
   Of my peculiar Care;
   My Heart and Eye is fix'd on this
   More close than anywhere.

2. 'Tis mine by special Right and Grant,
   By Blood and Conquest too;
   The State and Case of ev'ry Plant
   Is always in my View.

3. My Vineyard in my Bosom set
   Has therein such a Room,
   A Woman sooner can forget
   The Infant of her Womb.

4. Tho' Nature should her Frame desert,
   And Mothers, Monsters prove;

* Is. vii. 23.
A Paraphrase on

Yet Zion dwells upon the Heart
Of everlasting Love.

The CHURCH's Words.

Thou, O Solomon, must have a Thousand; and those that keep the Fruit thereof Two Hundred.

1.
True, Lord, the Vineyard is thine own,
The Charge is chiefly thine;
Yet under thee, thou hast made known,
The Charge is also mine.

2.
This Vineyard of mine own, alas!
Of late I did neglect;
But now I will the Trust (thro' Grace)
More carefully inspect.

3.
My Graces, Talents, Time, and all
That I receive from thee,
To husband for thy Service, shall
Be always in mine Eye.

4.
The Fruits of Gratitude I'll bring,
Which unto thee I owe:
The Vineyard's Revenue, O King,
Belongs to thee, I know.

5.
To thee a thousand Fold pertains;
And when thou gett'lt thy Due;

† The Preceding Part of this Verse, tho' already explained and apply'd to Christ, yet being reckoned by some to be the Church's Words, are here also resumed as hers.
To Under-keepers, for their Pains,  
Two hundred shall accrue.  

6.  
Thou’ none that labour in thy Name  
Shall of thy Praise partake;  
Yet what Respect is due to them  
I'll render for thy Sake.

CHRIST's Words,

Ver. 13. Thou that dwellest in the Gardens, the  
Companions hearken to thy Voice: * Cause me to hear it.  

I.  
O thou, my Bride, that lov’st to haunt  
The Gardens of my Grace,  
And solemn Inns where every Saint  
Delights to see my Face;  

2.  
I’m pleas’d thou careful keep for me  
The Orchards of my Love,  
Until thy nobler Mansion be  
The Paradise above.  

3.  
The Saints, all thy Companions dear,  
To social Worship bent,  
Are glad thy graceful Words to hear,  
And to thy Voice intent.  

4.  
Take this Occasion in thy Walk  
To cause me to be heard;  
Make me the Subject of thy Talk,  
My Name to be rever’d.  

† Or cause me to be heard.
And while they to thy Voice give Ear,
Cause me to hear it too,
By flying Posts of frequent Pray'r:
Full Freedom I allow.

I'll joy how oft I hear from thee,
Until the parting Screen
And Range of Hills 'twixt thee and me
No more shall intervene.

The CHURCH's Words.

Ver. 14. * Make haste, my Beloved, and be thou like to a young Roe or a young Hart upon the Mountains of Spices.

1. Ah Lord, Communion with thee now
Is sweet, but quickly o'er:
We must not part but with a View
To meet again in Glore.

2. Mean time, let still fresh News from thee
(My Soul from Sloth to purge)
Effect thy Hearing oft from me,
As thou art pleas'd to urge.

3. But O make haste to bring me home
To that delicious Place,
Where Fears and Doubts can never come,
Nor Clouds to veil thy Face.

4. Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
On speedy Wings of Love:

* Heb. Fly away.
I languish while I sing below,
And long to sing above.

'Tis good indeed to taste thy Grace
In Gardens here below:
But better far to see thy Face
Above, where Spices flow.

These balmy Heights thy Glory fills
'Till the refreshing Day:
But haste, my Love, upon the Hills;
Love cannot bear Delay.

Thy second Coming must be dear,
O my Belov'd, to me;
For, when thou shalt with Clouds appear,
I'll then be like to thee.

Thy Foes that awful Day may hate,
And view with fearful Grudge;
But, free of Dread, I long, I wait:
My Love will be my Judge.

I ardent pant with restless Eyes
To see thee Face to Face:
No less than Glory can suffice
The Appetite of Grace.

My Months are Ages of Delay,
Each Minute slowly wears;
'Till thy swift Chariot roll away
These Rounds of tedious Years.
No Balsam can remed e my Sore,  
'Till Jesu s from on high
Shall cleave the furry Plains; and o'er
The Cr ystal Mountains fly.

12.
Roll Days and Years out of the Way.  
Between my Soul and thee.
O hast e the Cons u mma tion-day;  
Amen, so let it be.

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