

THE
MARROW
OF
Gospel-History:
OR, A
Diversion for Youth at their
spare Hours.

Being a POEM on the *Birth, Life, Death, and Resurrection* of our most blessed Lord and Saviour
Jesus Christ.

With some Thoughts on the Apostate Angels, and fallen Man: The former under an irrecoverable
Estate, having no Object of Faith for Salvation: And the latter restored by the Death of Christ.

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A POEM on the *Birth, Life, Death, and Resurrection* of our most blessed
Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

CHAP. I.

The ARGUMENT.

Theophilus the Lover of God, begins in making mention of the unsearchable Attributes and Perfections of Jehovah, and how he is encompassed on his glorious Throne by the Holy Hierarchy and Order of Angels, Seraphims, Cherubims, Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Powers, Archangels, who are Eternally casting their Crowns at the Feet of the Incomprehensible Trinity, with Hallelujahs.

JEHOVAH right, is Infinite,
And in eternal Bliss:
The most Supreme therefore doth reign,
O Kings give him a Kiss. Ps. 2. 12.

Who is Immense, and full of Sense,
An independent Good;
Yea, only Wise: do not despise
The Everliving God.
In all his Will immutable,
For Changes he knows none:
How can that be, when perfect's he,
Three Persons yet but One?

Pure Angels fall, and honour all
The Glorious Trinity,
With Crowns down cast, their Praises last
Unto Eternity.
The Seraphims, and Cherubims,
Thrones, Principalities;
Dominions too, Archangels true,
Their God for ever praise.

CHAP. II
The ARGUMENT.

Here interposeth an holy Evangelist, who gives an Account of the horrible Revolt of some of the Angels from Jehovah their supreme Lord: And that one of them, now called Beelzebub, headed Thousands with [a] Design to overthrow God's Monarchy.

BUT one thro Pride, became a Head

To thousands, who resolv'd
God's Monarchy for to destroy,
Rather than be controul'd.
They War maintain, in Heaven's Plain,
So they might equal be,
In Honour, Praise, and length of Days,
Unto the Trinity.

God pleads his Rights, and them despites,
So hurls them into Hell,
To the Abyss, Pit bottomless,
Where they shall ever yell.
Then Satan proud, he spake aloud,
What tho the Field be lost?
All is not gone, my Heart's not won,
To love *Jehovah* most.

This I can boast, all is not lost,
My Will's unconq'erable;
Resolv'd I be still to be free,
Tho I remain a Devil.
'Twere shame for me to bow the Knee;
And God adore and love:
A Prince in Hell, doth far excel
Subjection, tho above.

[Mr. Milton.

A Chaos great, and Abyss deep,
God casts those Rebels in;
A burning Lake is their sad Fate,
And Flames all surrounding.

CHAP. III. The ARGUMENT.

Jehovah himself gives a Relation of his framing the Heavens and Earth; and how he created another Creature called Man, to serve him better than the fallen Angels; and having very glorious Qualifications, is made Lord of the New World.

THE Earth and Man, I God did frame,
And made him Lord of all,
In Righteousness and Holiness,
With an immortal Soul.
This Man most wise, in Paradise,
I fixt with great delight;
Whose Will was free, at liberty,
To be unjust or right.

That Man alone might not lie down,
A Help-meet him I gave;
And from his Bone, and Flesh alone,
The Woman came most brave.

And for a time, how did they shine,
In this delightful Place;
In this new Land, how Hand in Hand,
They walk'd with God in Grace.

CHAP. IV.
The ARGUMENT.

*Satan having discovered the New World, and Man reigning as King in it, the Devil envies his
Paradisical State; and in order to make him miserable like himself, he tempts him to throw off the
Government of his Lord and Maker: All which the good Angel which guarded Paradise, could not
be ignorant of.*

SATAN did tell the Peers of Hell,
An Antient Prophecy
In Heaven was, A World should rise
From nothing very high.
In which New Land, I understand,
A Creature beautiful;
Not much below our selves, I know,
Will reign as I in Hell.

Come noble Peers, some Course let's steer,
This Land for to discover;
And then allure this Creature pure,
To act as our own Brother.
God on his Throne, with his blest Son,
Saw Satan swiftly fly,
Unto the Man in this new Land,
To bring to misery.

The Angels good, they understood,
While guarding this new Creature;
The fallen One discovered Man,
With a most blessed Feature.
An evil one, they saw fly down,
To *Adam* in disguise.
So walkt their Rounds, the Garden-Bounds,
If him they might surprize.

In Paradise, he tempts with Lies,
That Man his Bliss might lose;
As he lost God, all Hope and Good,
Which made him thus confus'd.
Satan did fix the weakest Sex,
With *Eve* did thus begin;
To eat's no Death, the Serpent saith,
It's natural, no Sin,

The Serpent speaks so fine and neat,
Which made the Woman say,

How came you thus, to speak to us,
By tasting yonder Tree?
Come eat good Food, and know as God,
Don't live in Ignorance;
In Envy he forbiddeth thee
This Tree; come eat but Once.

And so at last, through sinful Lust,
They both were overcome;
Their Fruit dear cost, God's Image lost,
And so the World's undone.

For Man his Maker, his Creator,
In Paradise enjoyed:
Till he did sin against his King,
Nothing the Man annoy'd.

Till he did break, and violate
The Law of his Supream;
His Happiness was perfect Bliss,
He as a King did reign:
But on the Fall he came in thrall,
And was cast from his height;
The flaming Sword it brandished,
To keep the Tree of Life.

When *Adam's* Eyes apologiz'd,
No Boon was to be had;
No Penance then could help the Man,
To make him once more glad.
And must I go, from *Eden* so,
As not to return more,
From this sweet Place, and God of Grace?
O this is very sore.

O might I stay, I would obey,
And never more offend:
Who'l intercede, and for me beg,
Eden my Days may end?
Those fragrant Smells, which far excel
The Scents of *Lebanon*;
And Odours free, on every Tree,
I'll offer God alone.

[*Mr. Norris.*

I'll take my Rounds, in *Eden's* Bounds,
Before I do depart:
Now farewell all, my Joys do fail,
By a deceived Heart.
A publick Head, so *Adam* stood,
As Christ is of his Spouse;
And what he did, as our chief Head,
We did it gain or lose.

None would refuse, but *Adam* chuse
Them for to represent:
O none so fit, nor none so meet,
Whatever the Event.
Therefore let none on God lay blame,
That we in *Adam* fell:
Hid any his Choice, it had been thus,
Pure Reason doth us tell.

CHAP. V.
The ARGUMENT.

Adam apologizing for himself, lays the Cause of his Apostacy on his Sovereign Lord and the Woman, the Woman on the Serpent; a Curse descends on them all. Now Man being undone by the abuse of his Free-Will, hath no hopes of any Restoration, unless the uncreated Being shew Man more favour than the fallen Angels.

THIS Woman see, thou gavest me,
Tempted, and I did eat.
O, blame not God, Free-will abus'd,
Was it thy Soul did cheat.
The Woman vain, she lays the blame,
Upon the Serpent's Guile.
Who to her said, Like unto God
You shall be in a while.

From sinful Lust, Judgment doth haste,
On Man and Woman too.
'Tis they must die, that lov'd a Lie
Above a God most true.
The Ground once blessed, with Thorns is curst,
The Woman bears in sorrow.
And Man must sweat, if Bread he'll eat;
The Serpent trails the Furrow.

Thus happy Man, he is undone,
Himself he can't restore.
O Man's sad Fate, the Devil's State
He's in for evermore,
Unless some State, that's uncreate,
More pity shew to Man,
Than Angels have, who God won't save,
That from their Maker ran.

CHAP. VI.
The ARGUMENT.

Jehovah seeing his Creature Man undone in the New World, begins to be concerned how he may be restored, and not for ever lost as the revolted Angels. He makes a Proposition to the heavenly Hosts to this End; but all stood mute, until the Son of God broke silence, with the offer of himself to be Man's Redeemer: Upon which the heavenly Hosts gave a Shout, with Hallelujah's.

SHALL Man be lost, by Devil's Lust;
And ne'r recover'd more?
Shall Devils boast of their Conquest,
And triumph in their Power?
Come heavenly Host, can none suggest
Where such Love can be found?
You Spirits all, who'l be mortal,
That Justice may not be wound?

The Man to Death, I made of Earth,
But may for ever- live?
Who'l pity take on his sad State,
For Man himself will give?
Now all stood mute, and silent to't,
A Pause in Heaven's made;
Till one did break the Silence great,
And there it was replied

By God's own Son; What! is there none
That will Compassion show?
I looked when some Seraphim
Would pity Man below.
I God's dear Son, will Man become,
A Man of Sorrow's Death:
This glorious Throne I'll leave anon,
And descend to the Earth,

For to restore this Man so poor,
Unto a better State;
And make him wise, a Paradise
He shan't lose as of late.
Then Heaven rang, the Angels sang,
That splendid Host above;
Who saw such Grace, in God's Son's Face,
And shewd Man such Love.

And God did see, his own Decree
From Love to Man he made,
Even from high Eternity,
Which runs not retrograde.
He gave his Son for sinful Man,
That in his stead might die;
And set his Face in our Law-Place,
Us to indempnify.

The Angels shape he doth not take,
Northern redeem to live:

Yet let none speak, thus God is weak,
Or Grace diminutive.
I thee do tell, unsearchable
Is his Beneficence.
Yet know also, he'll have but who
His Sovereign Will presents.

CHAP. VII
The ARGUMENT.

An Apostle extraordinarily relates how that Jehovah had a Son, who was to be born of a Virgin. The great End and Scope of it, was the Redemption of a lost World.

IF some would know, how Man from Wo
Is brought, and set in Bliss.
A Wonder's wrought, come see God's Thought
In this Analysis.
The Spirit above. fell in much Love,
Upon a Virgin sweet:
To comprehend, or understand
This I do not predict.

But yet that King, and holy Thing,
Which was in *Mary's* Womb,
Was God indeed, of *Abr'am's* Seed,
True God, and yet true Man.
Who understands how God and Man,
Should in one Person dwell?
One Person true, yet Natures two,
But one *Immanuel*.

His Godhead Rays had dull'd our Eyes,
But veil'd with humane Flesh.
His Glory's hid, for there's much need
With Man he should converse.
And nothing less, for Man's Trespass,
An angry God can please.
But Righteousness, in humane Dress,
Can his great Wrath appease.

No Diadem or Hecatomb,¹
Such large Dimensions hath
Of blessed Good, Christ won by Blood,
For those that tread his Path.

¹Hecatomb - A great public sacrifice (properly of a hundred oxen) among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and hence extended to the religious sacrifices of other nations; a large number of animals offered or set apart for a sacrifice. ² A sacrifice of many victims; a great number of persons, animals, or things, presented as an offering, or devoted to destruction; *loosely*, a large number or quantity, a 'heap'. OED online]

CHAP. VIII.
The ARGUMENT.

A Man of God with an antient Record, signifieth the Time and Coming of the Messiah, and the long Journey he makes to visit a sinful World: And tho he sat as the Second Person with the Eternal Trine Council in the Court of Celestial Glory, upon making and redeeming the World, yet is graciously pleased to suffer hard Things for those who rebelled against his Royal Crown and Dignity.

THE time draws on, the Lord must come,
And *Daniel's* Weeks shall end.
It's then some will *Messiah* kill,
The Sanctuary rend.
And when the Tax, from *Cesar's* Acts,
Begins for to commence,
Mary goes then to *Bethlehem*,
From *Nazareth* went thence.

And in a Stable, it's no Fable,
The Virgin did bring forth
The greatest King ever did reign,
Or will be on the Earth.
This blessed King lies in an Inn,
No Princes Court hath he;
But in a Manger, lies in danger,
Expos'd to misery.

O blessed Morn, a King is born,
A Virgin-Maid the Mother:
But his Grandsire is God, admire
This Myst'ry altogether.
But pray from whence did come this Prince?
From Heaven's Council-Board,
Where he did sit, in Council great,
Before the World was made.

[*Mr. Milton.*

Counsels of Love, in Heaven above,
With Father, Son, and Spirit.
Counsels of Peace, how to release,
Man from his sad Demerit.
In this Compact, Eternal Act,
It was concluded on,
That Man should be the Subject free
Of God's Redemption.

In this Contract, and noble Act,
The Price was fixt upon.
Justice demands no Gold or Lands,

But Godlike Blood for Man.
A Covenant of Suretiship
Christ entered into,
That unto Death would give his Life,
And unto God his due.

So he might reign, and be a King
Over redeemed Man,
His Captain Head for him will bleed,
And in his room will stand.
In this Decree they did agree,
That what the Surety did,
God would impute, from Grace's Root,
As if the Debtor paid.

This Infant God deserves thy Ode,
Come join the Angels Quire,
And from the Altar of thy Heart,
Ascend an hallowed Fire.
To him who left his Royal Court,
And chose a darksome House:
This Majesty lays Glory by,
For to espouse a Curse.

And tho this Man from *David* spang,
He's pure without, within:
And tho is made of *Abraham's* Seed,
Hath no Orig'nal Sin.
Pow'r Infinite can separate
Between the Virgin's Sin,
And Virgin's Seed for there is need
Christ be a holy Thing.

The Virgin blest, lays Christ to rest;
Then round the Courtly Stable
Bright harness'd Angels guard the Lord,
While in a Cribbee Cradle.

CHAP. IX.
The ARGUMENT.

A Celestial Messenger, called an Angel, is dispatch'd from the Throne, to inform the Shepherds in the Field of the Nativity of the Messiah. The heavenly Host do unite in their singing Hallelujah's to the most High for sending his Son to redeem Man. Satan sends a Summons to his Peers to enter into a deep Council, how he may procure Man's second Revolt, knowing, if he can perswade Man to rebel against the second Adam, there remains no more Sacrifice for his Sin.

THE Angels great, much speed do make
To Shepherds keeping Sheep,

And say, Fear not, a Saviour great
Is born, O do not weep.
Rejoice, be glad, come joy in God;
In *David's* City strong
This Day is born, for Man forlorn,
A Saviour God and Man.

The heavenly Host do join their Force;
And give Encomiums² high,
To God above, who in much Love,
Hath sent his Son o die.
Glory to God, the highest Good,
Who sends Peace to the Earth.
Man hath that Bliss, the Devils miss,
An Object for his Faith.

Those damned Ones, none them bemoans,
Who lie in deep despair
Of any Good from that just God,
They all revolted are.
From hence in rage, they all engage,
To envy God and Man,
Glory to God; from Man all Good
They'l hinder what they can.

Adam the First *Paradise* lost,
Where once he sweetly sang:
But was regain'd by Man's good Friend,
Christ the triumphant King.
He Satan fought, and gain'd the Fort,
Yea won the Field and Day.
The Woman's Seed did break the Head,
Of Man's grand Enemy.

Satan in spite, he rallies up
His broken Troops dispers'd.
A Council calls of black Peers all,
That Man maybe distrest.
With our grand Shield, we'l gain the Field,
The second *Adam* took.
Come lose no Ground, come be profound,
That Man from God may look.

'Tis our Intent, to circumvent
Both Head and Body too:
If we can part Christ and Man's Heart,
That's all we aim to do.
But he forgot, what was *Job's* Lot,
And how he fail'd therein:
Yet is so mad, to set on God,
Who made him of Nothing.

2 A formal or high-flown expression of praise; a eulogy, panegyric. *Oxford English Dictionary* online.

CHAP. X.
The ARGUMENT.

Some Country Shepherds are giving an Account to the Nation of the Jews, what an Angel had informed them; and of their Journey to Bethlehem, where they found Joseph and Mary with the Babe, the Infant-God, lying in a Manger.

TO *Bethlehem* those Shepherds come,
The Wonderful to see: [Isa. 9.6.
And found the Lamb, the holy One,
Desig'd for *Calvary*.
They told the Jews the Angels News,
Immanuel was come.
Now Admiration fills the Nation,
For this most glorious One.

They found the Babe, the Infant-God,
But in a low Degree:
His God-like Face was full of Grace
To Man in Misery.

CHAP. XI.
The ARGUMENT.

A Man of God gives the Church Information of the Circumcision, and presentation of Christ, with his Mother Mary's Purification in the Temple. Also how a good old Man named Simeon, and a gracious Matron called Anna, believed that Child to be him of whom the Prophets spake, should descend from Abraham and David's Loins; when probably many great Persons who walked in the Temple, looked upon this Infant-God only as the Son of a poor Carpenter.

AFTER eight Days they Circumcise
Christ, which presag'd much Good,
That came to pass upon the Cross,
Where he shed all his Blood.
The purest Maid, Mother of God,
Above all Women blest,
Was presented, and purified,
In God's Temple of Rest.

Then *Simeon* old, being foretold
Of this great Potentate,
With a sweet look of Faith, him took,
And blest the Lord of State.
And at his Breast, Jesus did rest,
Here's Love in highest Passion.
He dies in peace, and goes to rest,
On sight of God's Salvation.

Tho rich and great the Temple walk'd,
When Christ was Circumcis'd,
To be a King none did know him,
But *Ann* and *Simeon* wise.
None did him greet, who was so great,
But on him meanly look'd;
Some poor Off-spring, far from a King,
A Carpenter's Relique.

But holy *Ann*, when she came in,
And saw the Babe of Grace;
She did proclaim to every one,
He came of *David's* Race.
O *Israel*, you looked well,
In your *Jerusalem*:
This pretty Babe, in your Arms laid,
Works your Redemption.

'Tis *Shilo* sure, who will allure
All Men by his free Grace.
This is the Root, from *David* shot,
He hath a God-like Face.
The Sage and Wise then heard the Noise,
A Jewish King was born.
They brought sweet Scent from *Orient*,
Gold, Frankincense and Balm.

Herod the Great, now full of Heat,
The blest *Messiah's* Foe:
He calls the Scribes, of several Tribes,
This Monarch down to throw.
The Wise and Sage, he them did charge,
If they did find the King,
To signify it by and by,
That he might worship him.

But his vile Mind had then design'd
A Fact most Tragical.
O Hypocrite, God will thee smite,
Thou Son of *Belial*.
But those wise Men, they worship him,
And *Herod's* Laws despise:
For by a Dream, and Star they came
Unto the only Wise.

In *Bethlehem*, the Babes all then,
From two Years old and up,
Were Martyred all, that Christ might fall;
This was a bitter Cup.
Now Lamentation fills the Nation,
For this inhumane Act:

All Parents cry, and like to die,
Because their Babes are not.

The Governour began to fear,
That *Cesar's* Time was short;
And *Mary's* Son would shortly reign,
Their Government subvert.

CHAP. XII The ARGUMENT.

A Cherub is dispatcht from the Celestial Canaan, to inform Joseph and Mary in a Dream of their going to Egypt to avoid the Malice of Herod, who sought the Death of the young Child; and upon Herod's Death, signifies, God would have them return again to their own Land.

NOW on a Time an Angel came,
Who *Mary* and *Joseph* tell,
Their Feet must stand on *Egypt* Land,
Until that *Herod* fell,
Who quickly dies: so th' Angel flies
With all celerity,
To *Egypt* Land, and gives Command
That *Joseph* go his way:

For they are dead, all gone and fled,
Which sought the young Child's Life;
And by a Dream informed them,
From the true God of Light.

CHAP. XIII. The ARGUMENT.

A Messenger of the King of Kings, gives Information how this young King of Nazareth disputed with, and confuted the Doctors of the Law at 12 Years old. Of his entring upon his Prophetical Office. He sends John Baptist as his Harbinger, authorized him to Baptize; and about thirty Years of Age was baptized by him himself, to fulfil all Righteousness; the Ordinance confirmed by the whole Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WHEN *Mary's* Son twelve Years had run,
The Doctors of the Law
He did dispute, and them confute,
And made them stand in awe.
And now, in fine, sweet Jesus time
Of working doth commence,
A Harbinger for to prepare
His way he sendeth thence.

His Mission is for to baptize,
John Baptist 'tis I mean;
He them immerst who Sins confest,

And true Repentance gain.
For to fulfil the Royal Will,
Christ came to Prophet *John*
To be baptiz'd in any wise,
When thirty Years had run.

Then *John* him took to *Jordan* Brook,
And there did him immerse;
He did him dip, because most meet
To fulfil Righteousness.
This was not done to wash off Sin,
Because *Messiah's* pure:
To Man he's sent a Precedent,
Let it all Men allure.

The glorious Trine did all combine
To witness to this thing.
The Father, Son, and Spirit, as one,
Did honour his Baptism.

CHAP. XIV.
The ARGUMENT.

One of Christ's Learned Disciples informs the Church, that after Jesus was baptized, he is led into the Wilderness, where the Devil appeared unto him, probably like some Antient Man in poor Habit. The Messiah discovered he knew him, tho' under a disguise, to be the Head of the Apostate Angels. Christ not answering his End in making Bread of Stones, is hurried by Satan out of the Wilderness through the Air, who sets him upon a Pinnacle of the Temple in Jerusalem, and from thence carries him to a very high Mountain, where he tempts his Lord to worship him.

THE Spirit of Bliss i'th' Wilderness
And Desert Christ doth lead,
Among wild Beasts, where are no Feasts;
Full forty Days no Bread.
To God's Son dear there did appear,
In this vast Wilderness,
A gray old Man, with Clothing mean,
As if some Lamb did miss.

To Christ he spake, Sir, What sad Fate
Hath brought you to this Place?
All that come here, do die for Fear
Or Want in a short space.
I speak the more upon this score,
Thou seem'st to be the Man;
That Man most wise, who was baptiz'd
By new baptizing *John*.

And that good Man, baptizing *John*,

Call'd thee the *Son of God*:
Which if thou be, come let me see,
And make of Stones some Bread.
Then spake the King unto the Swain,
Dost't think I know thee not?
Thou art that Head didst thousands lead,
When first thou didst revolt.

Then the arch Fiend, who cannot mend,
Confest he was that Spirit,
Under sad Fate, unfortunate,
Eternal Wrath t'inherit.
Then on a trice he hurries Christ
Out of the Wilderness,
All through the Air, God's Hemisphere,
To put him in distress.

[*Mr. Milton.*

A Pinnacle of the Temple
He sate his Judg upon,
The Temple in *Jerusalem*,
And said, *Come cast thee down*.
Thou shalt not fall, the Angels all
Procession forth will make,
From Heaven high, the Air and Sky,
Death to anticipate.

Thus *Beelzebub*, Prince of the Club,
King of the damned Crew,
Does tempt God's Son to worship him,
As if it were his due.
Proud *Lucifer*, he did allure
His God to worship him;
These Kingdoms fine shall all be thine,
Bow now before my Throne.

This was his Scope, and his great hope,
Man's Saviour to destroy;
For if the King he made to sin,
No Saviour could he be.
Satan begone, *Apollyon*,
Worship the Lord thy God,
And do not tempt him God hath sent
To bruise thy subtil Head.

The Lord of Bliss was tempted thus,
That simpathize might he,
And succour those against their Foes,
Who are in misery.
Full forty Days he fasts, in praise
Of Power Infinite,
That from our Head we might have Bread
Of Life, of Strength, of Might.

If he God's Son thus set upon,
To bow and worship him,
Then wonder not at Satan's Plot,
That tempts Man to the same.
He tempted Man for to liken
His God to Creatures vile;
Made very fine in glorious Shine;
And thus did him defile.

A Creature cold they 'dorn with Gold,
Who pompous Worship love.
Religion gay, tempts Men to pray
To Devils as God above.
Full well they'r known to Heathen Men,
By various Names they gave,
Moloc, Chemos, and Ashtaroth,
Adonis, Thammus brave.

He sets his Seat by God's most great,
Satan's Altar by *Jah's*;
That Men may moan at his black Throne,
And then at them he laughs.

CHAP. XV.
The ARGUMENT.

An Elder and Witness of Christ, informs the Church of the Messiah entring upon his Prophetical Office, but is opposed by Men of the same Spirit which opposed St. Paul; such as Barjesus, and Elimas the Sorcerer, who irrationally asserted that he wrought Miracles by the Power of the Prince of Devils, Lucifer: but by his Divine Reply he put them all to silence.

CHRIST rich in Grace began to preach,
And Man illuminate;
In *Naphtalim* and *Zebulun*,
Commands them to repent:
He makes new Hearts, and Men translates,
From Darkness into Light:
So that his Fame and fragrant Name,
Were spread both Day and Night.

But Envy rose, among the Jews,
Against the Prince of Light;
Thy flout and jeer, they domineer
Over his Sovereign Right.
And many said, he friendship had
With *Beelzebub* the Great;
And in much spite call'd *Nazarite*,
The Carpenter's Relique.

That Pow'r cast out the Legions stout,
They say 'tis Satan's all;
And thus in spite, they 'ppose the Light
Of Spirit, Word, and Soul.
A Kingdom, said our Lord and Head,
Divided cannot stand.
Can Satan call out Satan? judg:
Come answer my Demand.

From sinful Lust, the Holy Ghost
Against it now they sin;
Which to remit here is not meet,
Nor in the World to come.
If that Men sin against the Son,
And Father of all Light,
He may forgive; but not who live
The Spirit to despise.

Who understand the Lord's good Mind,
And yet in Malice call
The Holy Ghost, and Blood of Christ,
The most unjust of all:
These are the Men, Who greatly sin
Against the last Relief.
They can't repent, whose Hearts are bent,
To Envy and Mischief.

CHAP. XVI.
The ARGUMENT.

A Man of God enters with an Antient Record, called the Gospel, which gives a Relation of Christ's sudden departure from Earth to Heaven. Also of his bloody Sweat in Gethsemain; and of his drinking a horrible Cup of Death, in Obedience, to his Father, and for the Good of Man. Moreover, how one of his own Family betrayed him into their hands, who belonged to the Black Prince of the damned Crew; and came with Swords and Staves to apprehend Christ, whom they bound with Cords, and carry him to the Judg as some grand Malefactor.

THE time draws on, Christ must be gone
From Earth to Heaven high.
A Lamb's prepar'd, we might regard
That it did typify.
Pure *Shilo's* Fate did intimate,
That Lamb for us must die;
Who had no Spot, yet takes his Lot
To bleed at *Calvary*.

The Paschal Lamb's Supper be'ng done,
He blessed Bread did break;

Let we forget Love Infinite,
He gave Command to eat.
And after supt, he took the Cup,
Which also signified,
Blood must be shed, for there is need
Man's Soul be purified.

And gave Command, that Act should stand
Until he come again,
For every Church to practise much,
To shew his Death and Pain.
Then after Supper he did utter
A Sign of humble Love,
In washing Feet: Come it's most meet
We follow him above.

They sweetly sing a blessed Hymn,
Before he went to die;
With Heart and Tongue they sweetly sung
The Praise of God most high.
The Lord goes out to *Olive* Mount,
And *Gethsemain* also;
Saith he, my Soul is sorrowful,
My Griefs no Man doth know.

My People wait, I'll invoke
My Father Lord of all,
If I this Cup of Death must sup,
Or pass this Draught of Gall.
But, Lord, thy Will, not mine fulfil,
I came no less to do:
My bloody Sweat, and Sorrow great,
Gives Peace to Greek and Jew.

When he came back, all were asleep;
What can't you watch one Hour?
Then said the Lord, with one accord,
Watch, pray with all your Power:
Yea every one, no Temptat'on
For you may be too high.
The Flesh is weak, Satan's a Cheat,
Your Trial's very nigh.

Then ushers in the most Obscene
Upon the Lord of Bliss;
Judas that Cheat, betrays in heat
His Master with a Kiss.
With Staves and Sword they take the Lord,
As if a *Barrabas*:
A Guard most strong they set upon
The Innocent, alas!

Jesus did call, Whom seek you all?
The Man of *Nazareth*?
'Tis I am he, let these go free,
Put none of them to death.
By Power Divine some were struck down,
When they him apprehend:
'Twas Mercy all they did not fall,
And into Hell descend.

Some Sages think, they did not shrink
His Skin to penetrate;
When with a Cord they tie the Lord,
His potent Arms about.
Peter by Sword, as well as Word,
For Christ apologiz'd:
When *Malchus* Ear he cuts, then fear
Did all his Guard surprise.

Then Christ the Word, would have the Sword
Put up; and *Malchus* nigh,
To heal his Wound, most safe and sound,
Tho his grand Enemy.
Now to *Annas* they, make him pass,
And hurry him away;
And out of hate interrogate
The Lord about his way.

The Lord said then, my Doctrin's known,
'Tis not obscure and hid;
The Temple nigh, where I did pray,
And preach, it open stood.
An Enemy, a stander-by,
Said, Durst thou answer so?
For thy false ways apologize,
The Judg dost thou not know?

This King of Grace they smote his Face,
With sordid Heart and Hand:
But this good Man was like a Lamb,
Tho all against him stand.

CHAP. XVII.
The ARGUMENT.

One of the King of Kings Messengers gives an impartial Relation of the Carriage of the Messiah before his Judges. How he was adjur'd to confess he was a King. Several false Witnesses swear point blank against him; and he is sentenced to Death as guilty of Blasphemy, and one that sought the Destruction of the Government, and dethroning Cesar; and that by a new Doctrine their old

Religion was undermined. But before they led him to Execution, they whipt him till his sacred Blood ran down his Body.

FROM Annas Christ to Caiaphas Priest,
And Council they him lead;
An Officer calls one to swear,
Tho then there was need:
Yet up starts one against the King,
And swears that he should say,
He could pull down this Temple fine,
And perfect the third Day.

This Lying was for to dispraise
The Lord of Dignity;
Who did not mean the Temple-Stone,
But his own dead Body.
His infinite Power could smite
Down all the Gates of Hell,
If they had been Adamantine,
His Strength doth so excel.

Jesus stood mute, did not dispute,
When they did him accuse;
The Brats of Hell in that Council,
Did greatly him abuse.
We thee abjure, if thou be pure,
Make no Equivocation.
Art thou a King, and without Sin?
Come, make a Declaration.

I do not lie, no verily,
You prophesied right;
I am your King, and without Sin,
And have Eternal Might.
When you shall see my Majesty,
Sit at the Lord's right Hand,
You'l mourn full sore, and me implore,
When I reign in the Land.

Upon the same a Voice forth came,
Says Blasphemy he spake,
Him crucify, for he doth lie,
Lead him without the Gate.
Those Vipers spit upon his Lip,
As Men with Mischief rife:
They scoff and jeer, and without fear,
Do strike the Lord of Life.

Come prophesy, thou Prophet high,
Who smote thee on the Cheek:

Canst thou decry Physiognomy,³
Thou wicked Heretick?
To this we'l add, he was made sad,
By *Peter*'s flat denial;
Who then and there did curse and swear,
When Christ was near his Trial.

But one sweet Look from Christ so took,
That *Peter*'s Heart did break,
And bitterly then he did cry,
To see his Faith so weak.
They with him trudg to *Pilate* Judg,
No Accusations want;
They with their Lies and Calumnies,
Over the Lord do vaunt.

Thou Blasphemer and Conjuror,
Thou wicked Heretick;
Cesar can't rule, thou call'st him Fool,
Our King dost contradict.
Then *Pilate* saith, Who takes an Oath,
Rebellion he did make?
Who now can tell he's culpable
Of ought against the State?

I cannot see Enormity
In this Man doth appear;
Preposterous it is for us
To sentence one that's clear.
If you'l release on at the Feast,
The Feast of Paschal Lamb;
Determine ye who it shall be,
The Christ, or sinful Man.

'Tis *Barrabas* we will release,
The other crucify;
Let all his Blood be on our Head,
And on our Children lie.
Some did proclaim, they must arraign
The Lord at *Herod*'s Bar:
The President was glad, and sent
The *Galilean* there,

Now tho of late *Herod* the Great,
And *Pilate* were at strife:
Yet when the Heir comes to their Bar,
They 'gree to take his Life.
Herod the Great said, Operate
Some Wonders in my sight:
My Humour please, or else chastis'd

3 The supposed art of predicting the future from the features of the face; a fortune told in this way. Also: fortune foretold or character divined by astrology. *Oxford English Dictionary* online.

Thou shalt be e're 'tis Night.

But this sage King, the most Serene,
True God, and only Wise,
Humours him not, in this his Plot,
Tho Rage against him rise.
They him transfer to *Pilate's* Bar,
Drest in an Idiot's Coat;
They him degrade, as Fools are made,
And at the Lord do flout.

Then *Pilate* saith, Who takes an Oath?
Let Evidence appear,
Why he must die at *Calvary*,
As if some *Premunire*.⁴
We'l him chastise before your Eyes,
And so let him depart.
No, they reply, him crucify,
We beg with all our Heart.

We'l no King have, but *Cesar* brave,
He is Legitimate:
Down with this thing, this little King,
Cesar's the Potentate.

Then they him scourge, which made a purge,
Our Souls to clarify:
His sacred Back no stripes did lack,
Before he went to die.
Some think with Rods, others with Cords
Or Wier, he was whipt,
And tied fast unto a Post,
When he was naked stript.

In Rancor great his Body's beat,
O Adamantine Heart!
They made his Blood run like a Flood,
From Head and every part.
Behold the Man, said *Pilate* then,
In him no Fault I find:
Away with him, said the Obscene,
To Death he is design'd.

The President for Water sent,
To purify his Hands;
See I am clear from his Blood pure,
Upon him lay no Bands.
Pilate may think, that Christ will wink
At this prodigious Sin.
O no, he sate as Magistrate,
And Sentence gave on him.

4 Praemunire: Law. *Oxford English Dictionary* online.

Who wonder can, that *Pilate's* Hand
At last himself should hang,
When's Conscience was so faithful as
To tell him Christ was King?

CHAP. XVIII.
The ARGUMENT.

One of Messiah's Learned Disciples interposeth with an astonishing Narrative about his Lord's being led to execution: bound with Cords, and the heavy Cross fixt on his Back, on which he was crucified, and a strong Guard surrounded him all the way to Golgotha: And while the Cross was fixing in the Earth, they unmantle and strip him to his naked Body, which they lift up and nailed to the Cross, one Foot on the top of the other, with Arms stretched out, being plac'd between two Thieves, a Crown of Thorns on his Head, and an Inscription of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, as the Custom of the Romans was to all they accounted Malefactors.

THE most high Lord they bound with Cord,
And lead to *Calvary*;
Fixt on a Cross most ponderous,
On which he was to die.
Upon his Back, like *Isaac*,
The blessed Type of Christ,
This Cross did lie most heavily,
Tho he was meek and Just.

This Innocent, 'tis like did faint,
And Humane Nature fail,
Being so sore, with Stripes before,
And had no time to heal.
Another Man, a *Syrenian*,
At that time coming by,
Must bear the Cross, most ponderous,
On which Christ was to die.

What Wit of Man can now define,
His Sorrow, Grief, and Shame?
Who can dilate, and explicate,
His Misery and Pain?
At the same time the female Kind
Compassion him to shew;
To see him thrust, by Men unjust,
A base and sordid Crew.

Jerusalem, the Lord said then,
Weep not for me from hence;
*Peccavi*⁵ cry, your Sins are high,
Your Pride and Ignorance;
Condole, be sad, you were so mad,
As for to imprecate

5 Used to acknowledge one's guilt or responsibility for an error. Frequently in to cry *peccavi*. *Oxford English Dictionary* online.

Innocent Blood upon your Head,
Will make you desolate.

He *Calv'ry* saw, and *Golgotha*,
The Crosses situation;
Then Solitude he understood
But for a sinful Nation.
Now being come, Christ standeth bound,
Until the Cross be fixt;
With a strong Guard about the Lord,
A bitter Cup they mixt.

Now all the Crew, Roman and Jew,
This blessed One do strip;
Unmantle bare, and pluck'd the Hair
From off his tender Lip.
He's naked stript, as well as whipt,
And all his Body bare,
That ours may be cover'd most free,
With Righteousness most fair.

Now all in haste they nail him fast,
And hang between two Thieves,
The Scripture's Will for to fulfil,
So Man from Hell he saves.
The Nails were great, in Hands and Feet,
That fixt him to the Tree.
O who can tell what Christ did feel,
And there sustain'd for thee?

His Hands and Feet they penetrate,
And Out the Blood did gush;
For they did tear him with a Spear,
And crown'd with thorny Bush.
That Christ was King, the Inscription,
In Hebrew, Latin, Greek;
Did signify to all stood by,
For *Pilate* thought it meet.

Over his Head this Paper stood,
That all might read the same:
He was the King of Jewish Men,
Tho they did him defame.
Before he dies, he opes the Eyes
Of a most wretched Sinner;
Who own'd him King, believ'd in him,
As the God-Man Redeemer.

Remember, Lord, to me be good,
When in thy Kingdom-State.
By my free Grace to Paradise,
This day I'll thee translate.

They him exhaust, and now do boast,
Our Grief he bore it all;
The weight of Sin was laid on him,
To save a precious Soul.

When he would ease his tortured Feet,
By hanging on his Hands;
They must be in prodigious pain,
This Reason understands.
And when he eas'd his tortur'd Hands,
By resting on his Feet,
His Body's weight, where e're it met,
Must make the Patient sick.

God's holy Son, tho God and Man,
Of Sorrow must be full:
On him did lie much Misery,
God's Wrath did fill his Soul.
The Lord at last cries out, I thirst,
The Prophets to fulfil;
A Vin'gar sponge they gave his Lungs,
So he had not his Will.

Water was scant, he must it want,
We might have plenitude
Of living Streams, come from his Reins:
O Love not understood!
Could *Mary* then of *Magdalen*,
Have had her own desire,
Her Tears should quench her Saviour's Thirst,
Whose Heart was on a fire.

A Flame of Love to him above,
To all Men did appear;
Where she did weep, and wash his Feet,
And wip'd them with her Hair.
Now at this time the Souldiers game
For Jesus seamless Coat;
For to fulfil the sacred Will,
That Will to consummate.

The direful Curie was ponderous,
The Malediction high;
Which made him cry, *Ely, Ely,*
Lama sabachthany.
I am content for to be empty
Of all my Sacred Blood,
So I my Flock-inoculate
By Faith into their Head.

The Guilt Of Man I'll fasten on
This cursed Cross and Tree:

Justice Divine shall have a Fine,
To set the Guilty free.
I'll bury all their Guilt and Thrall,
Both in the Grave, and deep:
Yea, all the high Iniquity
Of my free chosen Sheep.

Then some obscene said to the King,
Physician save thy self:
If that thou be God's Son most free,
Recover now thy Health.
The Mother stood nigh by the Wood,
I mean the wooden Cross,
On which did hang her precious Son,
Till all his Blood was lost.

What Tears of Blood could she have shed,
His Sorrow to prevent:
To see those Hands, heal'd many Wounds,
So pierced, torn and rent?
His glorious Head ran purple Blood,
His Feet and Side the same.
But his Free Grace that him debas'd.
Is his immortal Fame.

Those bloody Eyes they can't suffice,
Those Sluces are too small,
His Sorrow to give vent unto,
Hence from his Pores Blood falls.
He saw a Scrowl, a dismal one,
Of Sins present and past,
And Sins to come, he must atone,
For all from first to last.

[Mr. Norris.

His Love most sweet and bloody Sweat,
Did wipe off all the Score.
Some moments Pain makes him to reign,
Eternal Ages sure.
And as he hung before the Sun,
His Virgin-Mother saw
His Gore-blood Eyes, and heard his Cries
To God, *Abba, Abba*.

Into thy Hand my Spirit ascends,
My Work is finished:
All Debts are paid, Books cancelled,
Justice is satisfied.
Now Christ is dead, they brake no Leg,
The Scripture may fulfil;
Yet by their Hate hangs dislocate,
Unjoint from Head to Heel.

Upon the same great Darkness came
All o're the Hemisphere.
The Rocks did rent, the Graves were empty;
Thus Wonders did appear.
The Temple-Vail was rent in twain,
Then soon they understood
He was God's Son, tho also Man,
From thence infer was God.

The Heathens all that Day condole,
And eloquently said,
Surely the God of Nature's dead,
Or final End hath made.
O this great World to Dust he'l hurl,
For hanging on the Cross
The Quintessence of all Goodness;
O Act preposterous.

CHAP. XIX.
The ARGUMENT.

A Friend of the Messiah's signifies what happened after the Lord's Death. A Counsellor at Law begs his Body, and inters it with sweet Spices. The great Council gives order for a strict Watch, a Seal and Stone to be set on the Sepulchre. Now Beelzebub triumphs to see Christ dead, and in some hopes conquered for ever. But the third. Day he arose from the Grave, to the Confusion of all the Devils: And after forty Days upon the Earth, ascends to Heaven from Mount Olivet, is the view of his Apostles; but first gave them his Benediction, and on the Day of Pentecost sent down the Holy Ghost; and from the Power of this Spirit his Disciples go on in the World conquering, by preaching Jesus of Nazareth to be the Son of God.

OF Pilate Head, Joseph did beg
The Body of the Just;
And did inter the Lord with Myrrh,
As saith the Holy Ghost.
As Man at first did prove unjust,
In Eden Paradise;
The blessed King in a Garden,
Acquits the Man on wise.

The Watch was strong, they sat upon
The Grave where Christ did lie,
For to prevent the Lord's Intent.
Of rising the third Day.
The Sepulchre they made most sure,
With Watch, a Stone, and Seal,
For to prevent the Lord's Intent,
But they in all do fail.

When Christ was dead, then *Beelzebub*
Did triumph, and thus speak,
I conquer'd have unto the Grave,
God's Christ of mighty State.
'Tis I am King, and triumphing,
Who will my Subjects be?
And Christ deny, whom I defy,
He's overcome you see.

Who would serve him, a conquer'd one?
Obey me, 'tis no sin:
Cast off his Name, 'tis horrid shame
To own one dead your King.
What Revel-rout in Hell throughout,
When they thought all was won,
And Christ laid low, see how they crow
In hopes that all's their own.

Now *Lucifer* ascends his Chair,
And mounts his gloomy Throne:
The hellish Guard flock round their Lord,
And vaunt, he's King alone.
Now the black King began to sing,
Altho in Flames array'd;
And thus began the hellish Song,
When to his Peers he said;

Dominions, Thrones. Powers unknown,
I claim all as my Right:
I've gain'd the Field, Jesus did yield,
And he is conquer'd quite.
I do not fear him call'd the Heir,
Immortal some him thought:
But now he's dead, he's gone and fled,
And ne'r to life be brought.

[Mr. Wesley.

The Devils in pomp, and great triumph,
Appear now Christ is dead:
The Oracle's Head come fill with speed,
The World may be misled.
The Hebrew Child no Sword can weild,
He'l conquer you no more:
Let's march from Hell, in Heaven we'l tell
Of our all-conqu'ring Power.

And conquer there as well as here,
Who can before us stand?
Now God is dead I will be Head,
In Heaven, Sea and Land.
While Satan spake with lofty state,
In came the Glorious One,
With all the Marks, victorious Acts

Of a triumphing King.

While *Beelzebub* with his black Club,
Did vaunt, yea, scoff and boast;
Came starting in the powerful King,
And Guards from God of Hosts.
This glorious Guard surround the Lord,
Like warlike Angels stand,
To smite to Hell great *Belial*,
And all against him band.

Who is this here doth domineer,
And boast of Victory
Over God's Son, the holy One,
Who lives altho did die?
I have the Keys of Hell and Death,
Who am the First and Last:
All Potentates, and powerful States,
To me shall yield or taste

Unmixed Wrath, as my Word saith,
Which they can never bear,
Nor dwell in ever-burning Lakes,
Or the devouring Fire.
O how confus'd, and how amaz'd
The Devils all do stand:
Satan flies down his Iron Throne,
To flee from Jesus Hand.

The Devils fled from Christ their Head,
And from his terrible Wrath:
But Christ pursues his scoffing Foes,
Through their black horrid Path.
The Devils knew, that Christ the true,
Had broke their Gates and Walls;
And conquer'd Death, and all the Earth,
So into Hell he falls.

And now the Word of God's made good,
The Serpent's Head is bruise'd,
Christ he hath trod upon his Head,
Which makes him thus confus'd.
Then Satan spake with horrid hate,
What tho I conquer'd am?
Be just if sent, and don't torment
Your Foes before the time.

And now in Chains he them confines
Unto the Judgment-Day.
All Powers must bow before his Brow
Who doth the Scepter sway.
Christ he Death's Bands broke with his Hands,

And in triumphing manner
He did arise, tho Enemies
Stood round with Guard and Banner.

Yea, that strong Guard upon the Lord,
Did tremble like dead Men:
The Earth did quake, their Hearts did shake
To see him rise again.
And at the Grave, an Angel brave,
That shined as the Sun,
Did roll away the Stone that Day
The Lord did rise upon.

And that day's Morn good Women mourn,
About the Sepulchre;
Jesus you seek, pray do not weep,
The Angel said, Don't fear:
Rather rejoice, lift up your Voice,
Christ from the Grave is gone;
In *Galilee* you may him see,
The Living he's among.

The Lord did shew himself most true,
After he did arise;
The Signs were all infallible,
He was in no disguise.
And for to put all out of doubt,
No Spirit did appear;
Come touch, said he, *and handle me*,
My Flesh and Bones most pure.

After he rose, and vanquish'd Foes,
An Apparition's made
To *Magdalen* in a Garden,
By Jesus Christ the Lord.
The Gard'ner then she thought upon,
Till that Christ *Mary* said,
O *Rabboni!* she did reply,
My King, my Lord, my Head.

Mary touch not thy Lord as yet,
Till I to God ascend:
Then me embrace by Faith, which Grace
Will all the Saints commend.
But poor *Thomas*, his Faith's amiss,
He won't believe 'tis he,
Unless the print, where the Nails went
Into his Body, he see.

A just Reproof of, s Unbelief,⁶
The Lord gave, when he said,

6 This should be; A just Reproof of, 's Unbelief, [Ed.]

Most bless'd is him, who hath not seen,
And yet believ'd his God.
The Scripture saith, if we ha'n't Faith
In the rising again
Of Christ our Head, we all are dead,
And damned every one.

Then Preaching's vain, and Faith's no Gain,
If Christ be in the Grave;
God's Justice Good not satisfied,
So Pardon none can have.
The Church did meet, and God did seek
Upon the Week's first Day;
Where Christ among them often came,
To cheer them in his Way:

And gave Commands, into the Hands
Of his Apostles dear,
How they should act in every part,
Till he again appear.
E're Christ ascends, he gave Commands,
That at *Jerusalem*,
At Wisdom's Gate they may expect,
The Spirit promis'd them.

Now Christ ascends before his Friends,
From Earth to Heaven high;
From whence he'l come, e're it be long;
To fetch his Bride away.
Christ clears the Air, and Hemisphere,
Where damned Spirits dwell;
He clears the Path for Saints on Earth,
To Joy Celestial.

Disperse you Orbs, you glittering Clouds,
At distance roll away:
His glorious Guard the Way prepar'd,
On Christ's Ascension-Day.
The Angels high above the Sky,
Spake unto them below,
What happy King is this you bring?
In triumph he doth go.

Who is this King, this glorious One?
And what may be his Name?
The *Lord of Hosts*, he's known by most,
His Vict'ry gives him Fame.
Lift up ye Gates, ye Doors of State,
And entertain your King:
Come stand wide ope in Heaven's Court,
Ye Gates everlasting.

He comes who hath conquer'd the Grave,
And drags the King of Pride,
Fastned unto his Chariot new,
In which the Lord doth ride
Triumphantly, to Bliss on high;
His Chariot moved fast
To Heaven's Gate, where many wait,
And thousands cry, Haste, haste.

This Prince of State, when Heaven's Gate
He had arriv'd unto;
O what a Shout is given out
By Angels as his due!
And with his Crown went in, sat down
Close by his Father's Side;
And will prepare a Palace there
To entertain his Bride.

He's now gone home to wear his Crown,
For all his Work is done.
God's satisfy'd, En'mies subdu'd,
And now ascends his Throne.
Now Christ is gone, the Spirit doth come
On the Rebellious.
The Sinner's Head is captive led,
And Gifts are given us.

On Pentecost the Spirit did rest.
In cloven Tongues, upon
The Messengers of Jesus Christ,
Because he was gone home.
He doth inspire, baptize with Fire;
Prophets, Apostles too:
He'l Pastors give, the Church may live
A holy Life and true.

Poor Fishermen go conquering on
The World in Jesus Name.
The Blind do see, the Dead rais'd be
To Christ's eternal Fame.
If Christ did shew his Godhead true,
When in a swadling Clout,
Controll'd the Crew of damned Hue,
In all the World about;

[Mr. Milton.

He will much more his Power declare,
Ascended now on high;
Captivity he captive led
In his triumphant Day.
This Hebrew Child, tho meek and mild,
Made Devils loudly roar,
On Mountains steep, in Vallies deep,

On all the Seas and Shore.

All Oracles dumb, no hideous Hum,
No mighty Trance or Spell:
Apollo's Shrines no more Divine's,
Nor no Prophetick Cell.
The *Flamins*⁷ quaint at Altars faint,
In consecrated Grove;
Because no Sound doth there rebound
From their sweet Object *Jove*.

All Temples dumb, *Peor*, *Baalim*,
And mooned *Ashtaroth*:
No Tapers shine, none can divine;
Hence *Beelzebub* is wroth.
Now *Moloc's* fled, that Idol's dead,
Isis and *Osiris*,
From Judah's Land, the Infant's hand
Laid low the Heathen Priests.

Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his Post,
To the Infernal Jail;
Who go in Troops, their Malice shoots
Back to the God of all;
Who comes, who comes, in glor'ous Blooms,
From *Edom* and *Bozrath*;
In whose Brow high is Majesty,
And treads untrodden Paths.

Glory surrounds his Body's Bounds,
There's Terror in his Face: [Mr. Norris.
The Evening Sky, the Scarlet Dye,
His Robes cannot debase;
They are so red with God-like Blood,
And Blood of Enemies;
They are much stain'd with Conquest gain'd,
And blessed Victories.

I mighty One, 'tis I do come,
That treads the Press alone
Of Wrath Divine, such Power is mine,
I will have help from none.
'Tis I can speak my Foes to death,
And that in Righteousness:
Almighty I can save most high,
From Hell to Heaven's Bliss.

'Tis I alone go conqu'ring on,
By my great Power and Strength;
And Blood runs o're my Garments pure,

7 flamen. A priest devoted to the service of a particular deity. flamin diall= Latin flamen dialis, the flamen of Jupiter. *Oxford English Dictionary* online.

My People might have Health.
'Tis I outvie the Scarlet Dye,
And make my Garments red,
Like those Men that do tread the Fat
And Wine-press for the Blood.

I wear those Clothes, red like the Rose,
To save some, some destroy:
By shedding Blood, I bruise one's Head,
And God do satisfy.
The Day is come, that signal One,
And Death shall have its Doom;
The Kingdoms dark I will subvert,
And conquer every One.

No Sea of Blood but Christ's most good,
The Enemy could spoil:
And we are glad, Christ's bloody Flag
Doth flourish over all.
The Cher'bims Guard of the High Lord,
Stood by while Christ did fight;
His Father true forsook him too,
Yet he the field did get.

My Fury strong supports me long,
And with my single Arm,
The Conquest's won, Salvation's come
To mine that none can harm.

CHAP. XX.
The ARGUMENT.

This Chapter contains an Account of a triumphant Song to the Lamb, by the Saints of the Old and New Testament, for Christ's most glorious Conquest over his and the Church's Enemies, in his Resurrection and Ascension.

WITH *Deborah* we'l sing to *Jah*,
Who hath avenged me,
And trod down Strength; his Arm hath length
To spoil his Enemy.
When he march'd on, the Enemy strong
Did tremble in the Earth;
And in the Field he made them yield,
As Holy Scripture saith.

Wake *Deborah*, awake with Mirth,
A Song of Triumph sing:
Our *Barak* Head Captivity led

A Captive, tho a King.
Proud *Sisera* must stand in awe,
The Stars in Heaven fight;
The great *Jael* hath conquer'd Hell,
And put his Foes to flight.

Come to our King, with Israel sing,
The Lord's a Man of War:
He gloriously triumphs on high,
And leads his Enemies far.
Pharaoh of Hell that proud Rebel,
His Chariots overthrew;
His great Captains, and chosen Ones,
Their Strength could not renew.

They proudly said, Pursue the Head,
Fight not with Small or Great,
But *Israel's* King, strike most at him,
Then we shall them defeat.
Come draw your Sword, upon my Word,
My Lust I will fulfil;
I will divide the Spoil, his Pride
Shall not go conquering still.

The Sea arose upon his Foes,
And in it they did sink;
A Sea of Wrath, wherein no Path
Can find from it to shrink.
Who can compare with this most Fair,
Glorious in Holiness,
And fearful in the praise of Men?
His Wonders cannot cease:

Now *Hannah* sung, we will prolong,
Our Honour he exalts;
Against our Foes his Power flows,
They may not proudly talk.
The mighty One is broken down,
And weak Ones girded are;
The Prince brought down from a high Throne,
The Poor exalted there.

Come, *Esa's* Song we will prolong,
To our beloved King,
That us hath made his sweet Vineyard,
Who were but Lumps of Sin;
And fix'd it in a fruitful Hill,
Where Showers fall Divine;
A Tower great he made in it,
And on it Christ doth shine.

He doth it watch, his Vineyard rich,

'Tis done both Night and Day;
A fiery Wall is round them all,
Against the Beasts of Prey,
May *Zion* say, in a good Day,
Tho thou wast angry, Lord,
With me for Sin, through Christ our King,
Thy Favour is restor'd.

Behold, my God doth Help afford,
He is Salvation;
Who shall I fear? *Jehovah's* near,
My Trust, my Strength, my Song.
Therefore in Faith let's draw with Mirth,
From God's Salvation-Wells,
Those living Streams, Christ's bloody Veins
Did purchase for Rebels.

In this good Day, we all will say,
Praise, praise the Lord alone;
Exalt his Name, and spread his Fame,
For great's the holy One.
In *Zion's* Land, his mighty Hand
Is stretched out to save
His *Israel*, where he doth dwell,
Whom to his Son he gave.

Well is it said. in God's sure Word,
Excellent Things doth he:
'Tis shewed forth in all the Earth,
God for his Church will be.
Sing and cry out, come give a Shout
Of *Hallelujah's* high
To *Jehovah*, begun on Earth,
But lasts Eternity.

The Prophet old, when he foretold
Death should be swallowed up
In Victory, by one on high,
Then he this Song did put
Unto the Church, to triumph much
On that triumphant Day:
Eternal Gates, stand ope in state,
That Saints then enter may.

This City strong they enter in,
Salvation is their Wall,
And Bullwarks too; none can subdue
And make this City fall.
As *Mary's* Song, when *Gabriel* came,
The Angel her did tell,
And her salute, and kindly greet,
With News that did excel;

That she should bear the glorious Heir
Of Heaven, and of Earth;
In her pure Womb should lie God's Son;
As holy Scripture saith.
Then she brake out with holy Shout
Of Praise, to magnify
The Lard above, who in much Love
Had fill'd her Soul with joy.

What Wonders here, that I should bear
A Saviour unto Man!
That I so poor, God great in Power,
Should set his Love upon!
And me exalt, with all my Faults,
Above all Women high;
No Queen he took this King to suck,
Or bear in her Body:

But me poor Maid he did regard,
To his eternal Praise,
I bore the King who had no Sin,
One of eternal Days.
With *Zachary*, the Lord on high,
Let us ever extol,
For visiting and redeeming
His People from all thrall.

A Horn of Power, and a strong Tower
Of great Salvation,
For us hath rais'd; eternal Praise
The Lord shall wait alone.
Now are made good the Prophet's words,
Spake since the World began:
God's Covenant stood, his Mercy's good,
He sent to us his Son,

To save us from the Proud and Strong,
Yea all our Enemies,
In Righteousness and Holiness,
To serve him all our Days.
That good Day-spring doth Knowledg bring
Of Sins remission free,
And blessed Light, and Peace in sight,
To those in Darkness lay.

With *Simeon* old, let's be so bold,
To take the Lord of Glory;
In Arms of Love, tho high above
Heaven's Superior Story.
And praise him too, for 'tis his due,
And tell him we can die

In Peace and Rest, because the best
Of Objects now we see.

Our Eyes have seen the blessed One,
Hid from great Potentates.
The Gentiles Light, he is most bright,
And *Israel's* Glory great.
Now triumph Saint, the Lord he went
Unto Mount *Calvary*;
Suffer'd the Cross, and bore the Curse
For Man's Felicity.

For surely by his Poverty
The Poor are very rich;
And by his Shame they have great Fame,
No earthly Monarch such.
We were let free, for bound was he
Unto the Post and Cross;
Great Grief he had, we might be glad
Our Crown cannot be lost.

From Heaven's room the Son came down,
We all might there ascend:
God Man became, he might regain
That Love which bath no End.
No House had he, tho of Heaven free,
We may have one above,
Not made with Hands, or Men's Commands,
But by God's Power and Love.

God in the dark seem'd to forsake
His own eternal Son;
We might have Light, splendid and bright,
And ever with him dwell.
A Wonder's here, God's Son most dear,
Had less ground to expect
The Shines o God, when that he di'd,
Than Saints of either Sex.

He's in the Dark to purchase Light,
From hence forsaken too:
Saints may expect (tho Christ did not)
God's Shines their Dying-day.
Lord, we a Song will sing, as long
As an Eternity.
O King of Days, 'tis endless Praise
Is still thy Childrens cry.

What tho we stand in a strange Land,
A *Babel* Wilderness,
Our Harps will tune to the Renown
Of him who's Lord of Hosts.

As travelling on to Mount *Sion*,
Our House, our Place, our Home;
As going on, we'll sing our Song
To him upon the Throne.

Who can but sing, the Lord will come?
Methinks he's at the Door;
Faith sees him stand, now just at hand,
My Soul be sad no more.
With *David* sing, and Offerings bring;
Let all the Saints of God
Rejoice in him, that maketh them
Most glorious by his Blood.

Upon your Bed, sing to your Head,
Declare his noble Acts;
For this will be eternally
The Work of Tongue and Hearts.
O let us sing the Lamb's sweet Song,
Cry, *Great and marvellous*
Are all thy Works, Lord God of Hosts,
Almighty, true and just!

And with Saint *John*, we'l praise the Lamb,
The Prince and King of Earth,
Who loved us, and washed us
With his own Blood through Faith.
To God most wise give all due Praise,
Glory and Majesty;
Dominion great, a Prince's Seat
He hath above the Sky.

Let's give henceforth *Hallelujah*,
Salvation, Honour too;
With that Voice came out from the Throne,
Praise God his Servants do.
O King of Saints, all Nations faint
At thy just Judgment, Lord,
Who shall not fear, and thee revere,
And spread thy Fame abroad?

Thou worthy art to have the Heart,
Because all Things th'hast made.
For thine own Will, and Glory still;
Hence 'tis we give thee Laud.
Let Heav'n and Earth their Praise set forth,
And *Hallelujahs* sing,
For our high God, and mighty Lord,
Remains a conqu'ing King.

CHAP. XXI.
The ARGUMENT.

An Evangelist sheweth whence it was that so much Shame and Pain fell on an innocent Person, by striking the Name of the Debtors out of the black and bloody Bond the Law, and inserting his own. What a long Journey he came to redeem and marry Poor Leprous Begars. And what bloody Battels he fought to gain this poor contemptible Worm, and how he invested her with an Eternal Kingdom of Glory, from his last Will and Testament.

WHO Inquest-makes, Interrogates,
The Scribe which here indites?
If he can show, why all this Wo
Fell on the Lord of Light?
I'll take from thee Prolixity,⁸
In a Compendium shew,
That thee and I made him to die,
Who was *Messiah* true:

His Cheeks we smote by our proud Heart,
And Hair eradicate;
His Hands and Feet Nails penetrate,
He might us happy make.
I say again, thy Sin and mine
Procured all this Wo;
The thorny Crown makes Blood run down,
From Head to Feet below.

We him did strip, and also whip,
The Spear ran in his Side,
The Travail of his Soul did make
An Enemy his Bride.
Come Malefactor, evil Actor,
Make one believing look:
What all pass by, none cast an Eye
On me who am forsook

Of my dear God, my precious Lord?
And purely for your sake
I left my Weal inscrutable;
I might you happy make.
My Hand I struck, with God who took
My Covenant and Bail,
That I might see the Debtor free
From the Infernal Jail.

Men ought repent, they ever went
To take a Surety's Place;
But I did long the Day Were come,
Tho suffer'd much Disgrace.

⁸ Tedious lengthiness of spoken or written matter; long-windedness, wordiness. Occasionally in more neutral sense: lengthiness or elaborateness of discourse. *Oxford English Dictionary* online. Most likely the latter of the two meanings in this case [Ed.].

Your Names struck out the legal Book,
That Book and bloody Bond,
My Name I insert with all my Heart,
So I stand only bound.

I who am just, God did arrest
Your Substitute for all;
And God accounts the Sinner just,
And Christ the Criminal.
I paid Man's Debt by bloody Sweat,
In Prison also lay;
But afterward had a Discharge
On th' Resurrection Day.

O Men admire free Grace the higher,
For Love distinguishing,
That you might live, an Object have
For Faith, tho Devils none.
No Gospel-light before their sight,
Men no Commission have
To preach in Hell the pure Gospel,
He only Men will save.

Surely Success we should not miss,
That are Ambassadors.
If we could preach, and Devils teach,
Their Pardon Christ procures.
But now we preach, our Hands we stretch
In vain the whole long day,
And call upon the Sons of Men
To haste and come away

To Jesus Christ the Chief and Best,
But Sinners will not hear:
So Unbelief makes them the Chief
Of Sinners, will appear;
Yea greater than the Devil's Sin,
Or Man's in Paradise,
For neither of them did rebel
Against redeeming Grace.

CHAP. XXII.
The ARGUMENT.

The Spouse of CHRIST interposeth with the admiration of his Love, the Quantity, and immense Treasures thereof, having no Bank nor Bottom. The Nature of it is free. All Sinners may fill their Vessels from this Pipe; which is more comfortable than the most fragrant Wine, and so powerful, that it draws the Heart to Christ, as a Loadstone the Mass of Steel.

WHAT marvellous rich Love is this,
That such a cursed Race
As we came from, should sit among
The Children of his Grace!
Our Fathers sure, the *Hittites* were,
Our Mothers *Amorites*:
A cursed Race, yet by free Grace
In those the Lord delights.

None us beheld when in the Field,
All wallowing in our Blood;
None pitied us under this Curse,
But the *Samar'tan* good.
He casts an Eye, when passed by,
And said, Live Infant, live;
When in our Blood, he was so good,
His saving Grace to give;

And threw his Skirt on our foul Heart,
To hide our Nakedness:
This is the Time of Love, the Time
He gave us Righteousness.
A Covenant wherein's no Want,
With Sinners made when poor,
To be his own he gave his Son,
The Cov'nant to ensure,

We washed are with Water pure,
And with the best of Blood,
Blood's wash'd away with Blood that Day
Death seiz'd the Son of God.
God did appoint them to anoint
With his most precious Oil:
They decked are with Silk and Hair,
All clean, no longer foul.

A Chain of Gold, the Worth's untold,
Is put about her Neck;
The Linen white, and broidred Work
Doth her most lovely deck.
Upon her Hands the Bracelet stands;
Her Head with Jewels set,
And on the same a glorious Crown:
With Ear-rings she's bedect.

And she did eat the finest Wheat,
And sweetest Honey too;
She's beautiful, and doth excel
The most Self-righteous *Jew*.
Now her Renown, and glorious Fame,
Goes through the Heathen Land:
She prospers in a blest Kingdom,

Which never will have End.

Her Comeliness is Righteousness,
But this the Lord puts on;
And Comely through his Comeliness,
Glory to Grace alone.
This Spouse excels in glorious smells
Myrrh, Aloes, Cashia;
Her Garments fine a sweet Perfume
Do cast forth every way.

Within, within the Glory's seen,
In the King's Daughter true;
Wrought Gold's her Garb, most richly laid,
The Bridegroom wears it too:
At whose right Hand the Queen doth stand,
In Gold of *Ophir* fine:
Her Beauty great makes Christ to speak,
Thy Beauty is Divine.

The Father just his Son did trust,
Before his Incarnation,
In saving those, to Heaven goes,
In every Land and Nation.
The Son most just the Father trusts,
That he Salvation give
All the Elect, who have their Debt
Paid long before they live.

Their Debt did pay and satisfy,
Some hundred Years before
They Being had, by Christ his Blood,
Or e're they ran in score.
What's requisite, and what's most meet
In any Advocate,
Is found in Christ, the Meek and Just,
The only Potentate:

Who doth delight to see the Spite
And Disagreement end,
Between the King and Men for Sin,
Therefore his Blood did spend.
He's just and meek, yea very sweet,
Most powerful and true;
And brings God down to love the Man,
And Man to God does go.

The *Levites* pass, the Priests make haste
From us, sweltring in Blood:
But the good Man, *Samaritan*,
Stood still to do us good;
And in the Soul did pour in Oil,

So heal'd the Wounds of Sin;
And rather than his Soul should pine,
His Blood he poured in.

He covers all, our Shame and Fall,
With Robes of Righteousness:
And gives to Man a glorious Ring,
To seal them up to Bliss.
The fatted Beast is kill'd, to feast
Those starving Souls of ours:
O Lamb of God, thy Blood was shed
In an accepted Hour.

We *Syrians* poor, and Strangers were,
In a most forlorn Plight,
Lay at thy Door of Grace full sore,
In Darkness without Light:
Yet saidst thou, Live, my Grace I give,
To thee, besmear'd with Blood:
Live, Infant live, my Son I give,
To be thy Prince and Head;

An Head of Sense and Influence,
Is to his Body dear:
As from the Root the Branches shoot,
So Christ the Church doth bear.
His Lambs he'll feed, a tender Head,
One Member if but ill,
A Balsam made of his own Blood,
Doth from the Heart distill,

As Branches dry, and also die,
Which from the Vine are cut;
So every Saint would quickly faint,
And die, if from the Root.
As many Branches make one Vine,
And many Grains one Loaf,
So many Men one Body frame,
Unite to Christ by Faith:

Who gave himself for our Souls Health,
That's more than Heaven high
Ten thousand times ten thousand Tens,
Come let us for him die.
A Journey long, through Storms a throng,
Christ came to visit thee;
His Head with Drops, and Dew his Locks
Did wet, he might thee see.

Tho Mankind had some Lovers bad,
When he the Question put;
He gave his Dove excelling Love;

By which their Hearts he took:
But waited long, with Patience strong,
For Floods can't quench his Love;
Repulses strong, often and long,
Could not make him remove.

This Bridegroom wrought, great Battels fought,
To him none equal be:
Few Husbands will the Bride and Kin
By Blood, as he did. Thee. [Mr. *Delaun.*
Ear-rings of Gold, Riches untold,
He clothes his Bride withal;
His Spouse doth dress with Righteousness,
To beautify the Soul.

And from all Debts they are acquit,
By Marriage of the King;
Who will invest his with the Best,
A Kingdom without Sin.
What Monarchs known to leave his Throne,
For Leprous and Diseases'd?
And tho' forlorn, and fill'd with Scorn,
Yet he with thole is pleas'd.

Some Bridegrooms change, new Lovers gain;
And cast the old away:
But he loves first, unto the last,
Yea to Eternity.
The Mother dear, her Son most near
She sooner can forget,
Than a Convert, with changed Heart,
Out of his Love can slip.

The Mountains fast, they all shall haste
From their most fixed Place,
Before that he will thee deny,
Who art in Cov'nant-Grace.
If any can the Heavens span,
And measure Sea and Land;
Then Flesh and Sin, and Satan's Gin,
May pluck them from his Hand.

If Moon so bright, and Stars oth' Night,
Their Course can change and slip;
Then may his Love decline his Dove,
Whom he keeps while they sleep.
If he can drown the World again,
Against his fix'd Decree:
Then may his Love from thee remove,
Which none shall ever see.

⁹If he be true, and able to
Save *Jacob* and his Seed;
If he be God, he will afford
Them help in all their need.
The Bride when old, som's Love grows cold,
Subject to Death are all;
But *Jehovah* no Changes hath;
Because he lives, you shall.

Nor Life, nor Death, nor Heaven or Earth,
Any Divorce can make,
Between those two Lovers most true,
The Lord and his Elect.
Upon Christ's Heart the Spouse thou art,
Upon his Arm and Breast:
Him love and kiss, you shall not miss.
Of everlasting Rest.

To all believe, he doth bequeath
Great Blessings in his Will;
Remission, Peace, Pardon and Grace,
The holy Spirit's fill.
This Testament that Christ hath sent,
By Blood is ratified.
Now who his Will can disannul?
The Testator hath died.

The Legatees, with bended Knees,
The Spirit is appointed,
The Holy Ghost, as one in trust,
To see the Saints Anointed.
O vast, immense Treasures of Sense
And Love *Jah* doth impart,
More than the Seas or Ocean is,
For breadth, length, depth, and height.

The cursed Cross the Lord did kiss,
And the devouring Flame;
Also the Breath of direful Death,
For Man's eternal Gain.
Lord we esteem, Grace did redeem
More than the richest Wine:
No Cordial dear my Heart can chear,
Like Blood from the true Vine.

Come pierce my Dove the Pipe of Love,
And fill your Vessels full;
Divine Excels is forboreness,
Now satiate your Soul.
Love's all that can be thought by Man,

[Mr. Reeves.]

⁹ In this copy of *The Marrow of Gospel History* on EEBO, pages 83 to 86 are missing from the text. The missing pages are present in the version of this work in Collins' *Three Books*. The text from *Three Books*, is supplied here in red coloured text, for continuity and consistency. These missing pages, may be partly the reason for the poem's republication in *Three Books*, in the same year. *Ed.*

In Earth or Heaven above,
Epitomize the God most wise,
The Sum of all is Love.

A Letter's wrote, where Love's the scope,
And superscrib'd to Man;
The Gospel free is sent to thee,
That Christ thy Love may gain.
As Loadstones draw the steely Mass,
So Love my steely Heart
Doth knit to thee, as Ivy free
About the Oak doth wrap.

This Love's like Rain to quench the Flame
Of all Mens burnng Lusts.
A Corrosive from Loves deriv'd,
To eat the Hearts poor Flesh.
And now, O Lord, with one accord,
We go from *Lebanon*;
And this World's Mount of Pleasures shan't
Divide a God and Man.

The Leopard's Paws, and Lion's Jaws,
And all the wicked Rout;
From Satan's Gins, and Spoilers Dens,
Make haste and lead us out,
Unto the Mount of Myrrh above,
The Hill of Frankincense;
That Holy Land none yet could find,
Nor shall till we go hence.

CHAP. XXIII.

The ARGUMENT.

Mother Zion interposeth with high Praises to the Messiah, for those great Immunities and Advantages she hath from the several Offices and Operations of his Majesty, in reference to the Church, set forth by variety of Types and Figures in the Old Testament.

GREAT Majesty advanc'd in Bliss,
Most Righteous and most True:
Eternal Days of Glory, Lord,
Come short of what's thy due.
Tho few believe the Lord's Report,
And feel his powerful Arm;
Yet *Zion* by peculiar Grace,
Believes through Grace's Charm.

A none-such¹⁰ Comeliness we see,

¹⁰ nonsuch. An unparalleled person or thing, and related senses. rare and arch. in later use. *Oxford English Dictionary* online.

In Christ our Lord and King;
While some say, What is thy Beloved
More than another Man?
He's pure and white, and ruddy too,
The chief of Thousands sure;
He altogether lovely is,
His Beauty doth allure.

And tho ungodly Men report,
For his own Sin did die;
Yet we believe it was our Sins
That hang'd him on the Tree.
And when, like Sheep, from God had stray'd
To our own sinful Way;
The blessed Shepherd on his Back
Did take us from the Prey.

The Lord from his sweet Life did part,
Our Debt to satisfy:¹¹
So we from Justice were discharg'd
Upon his dying Day.
He like a Lamb most patiently,
Unto the Slaughter's led,
And drunk the bitter Cup of Death,
Without a murmuring Word.

Before the Judgment Seat he stood,
A Prisoner at the Bar:
And by his Judgment we are freed,
Who wretched Prisoners were.
His Generation is so Great,
Noble, Eternal too!
None can declare the Number of
His Sons and Daughters true.

In shedding of his precious Blood,
A numerous Off-spring hath,
Which none can number nor declare,
For they fill Heaven and Earth.
And tho no Violence did act,
Yet he must make his Grave
With wicked and ungodly Men,
For such he came to save.

It pleased God his Son to bruise,
An Offering he Might give,
To have a glorious Church on Earth,
And with him ever live.
As *Eve* came out of *Adam's* Side,
So did the Church from Christ;
She is the Travail of his Soul,

11 This is the end of the missing text found in the version in *Three Books, Ed.*

For whom he groaned much.

But Satisfaction great hath he,
After his trav'ling Soul;
For his Seed he will justify,
By knowing Christ their All.
A Portion with the Great he'l have,
And with the Strong divide
The Glory of his conquering Strength,
In spite of Hellish Pride:

Because he poured forth his Soul
To Death, both frank and free,
And took it up in three Days time,
So got the Victory.
And now triumphantly is gone,
Into the Heavens high,
Having Captivity captive led,
'Tis' like his Majesty.

And there doth Intercession make
For all whose Sins he bare;
And will not cease his glorious Work,
Until they with him are.
Our Ark of Love, which saves thy Dove,
Thou art, O Lord, most strong,
When delug'd all the World beside,
Thou sav'dst thy Church alone.

Our *Jacob's* Ladder, by which God
Doth friendly visit us,
And we ascend upon the same,
Immanuel, God with us.
Our *Isaac* art, who bore the Cross,
And felt the sharpned Sword,
In whom the Nations all are blest,
According to thy Word.

Our blessed *Joseph*, who was sent
From *Canaan* heavenly,
Unto the *Egypt* of this World
For Food, we might not die.
Our fiery cloudy Pillar art,
In this dark Wilderness:
Our *Joshua* doth us conduct
Unto the Land of Rest.

Our Rock of Ages, Lord, thou art,
Smote both by God and Man:
The Emanation of thy Blood
And Streams were seen by *John*.
Our feasting Passover also,

The spotless Lamb was slain;
The sprinkling of the Soul by Blood,
Prevents a sinful Reign.

Our brazen Serpent we behold,
Whenever stung with Sin;
From that Disease deliver'd are,
Which else would end in Hell.
Our *Jubilee*, accepted Year,
Was the Year of thy Death;
We heard the Gospel-Trumpet sound
True Joy, and free from Wrath.

Our Mercy-Seat, and Throne of Grace,
The great Propitiatory;
From which the Father kindly speaks,
Poor Sinners here is Glory.
The Mercy-Seat above the Ark,
And Tables of the Law,
Did figure Mercy triumphing,
O'er Justice which we saw.

The Altar, Priest, and Sacrifice:
As Priest, both Man and God;
As Altar, God, who sanctifies;
As Man, the Offering's good.
The rich and holy Vail thou art,
Thy Body's Vail was rent:
So we into the holy Place
May have a free ascent.

The Manna in the Wilderness,
Tho called *Angels Food*,
Is far unlike that feeds the Soul,
The Gospel-Feast is Blood,
Which here below we feed upon,
In this sad Wilderness;
But when once got to *Canaan's Land*,
We feed no more as thus,

Yet as the Jew could not forget
The Manna Miracle;
No more can Saints forget in Bliss,
God's Wonders there to tell.
Our *Shiloh*, and safe Maker art,
And *Jacob's Star* also;
The Laver where poor Lepers wash,
And blessed Fountain too,

That's opened for *Jerusalem*,
And *Judah's* Guilt to wash;
And all the Gentiles that repair

To him for Righteousness.
The Shew-bread Table did hold forth,
In God's House is no want:
The Lord is always with his Flock,
His Table is not scant.

Our Altar of Perfume, O Lord,
And golden Censor art;
The Cloud of spiced incense sweet
Perfumes the Mercy-seat.
O Lord, our Sin, and Peace-off'ring,
Jonah cast in the Sea,
To still the Storm of Wrath Divine,
Man in it may not lie.

Our Temple, Tabernacle true,
Which God did pitch, not Man;
The Godhead dwelt in humane Flesh,
Is the Temple I mean.
Our *Joshua* and dear Saviour,
Who wore our Rags of Sin,
And we his Robes of Righteousness,
So brought unto the King.

And now the filthy Garment's gone,
And chang'd with Raiment new,
The long and spotless Robe of Christ:
Now what can Satan do?
Thou art our great *Zerubbabel*,
A spiritual Temple makes;
The Temple of the living God
In Men, Christ undertakes,

To build, tho greatly opposed
By Mountain Enemies:
He that laid the Foundation-stone,
The Top-stone he will raise;
And finish Grace where it's begun,
In spite of all our Foes:
That you may all ever ascribe
To him, Grace, Glory, Praise.

Our *Sampson* art, who slew by Death,
More than when living was:
The strangest way of conquering,
Is dying on a Cross.
Who took from Satan's Kingdom great,
The Gates thereof away;
And led Captivity captive,
In his triumphing Day.

Our spotless Lamb, both God and Man,

Was foreordain'd to die,
To take off Sin, and Death's great Sting,
Bring Immortality.
The slain and living Goat thou art:
As slain, the Mercy-seat
Is still with Blood besprinkled;
As living dost intreat,

And interceed continually:
This is the Incense sweet,
That like a Cloud in sweet Perfume,
Is round the Mercy-seat.
The Goat on which our Sins are laid,
Iniquities confess,
And carried out of Memory,
Lost in the Wilderness:

And far removed, as East from West,
Drown'd in his bloody Sea;
Behind his Back they all are cast,
And blots them out most free.
He is the great *Melchisedeck*,
Without Beginning, End;
As Man no Sire, no Mother as God,
The Type he did transcend.

A King of Peace, and Priest most high,
Who offer'd once for all;
Not for his own, but others Sins,
Himself, not Beasts did fall.
The Peoples Covenant thou art,
In Substance, Person, Name;
And hence art called *Immanuel*,
Two Natures, Person one.

The Substance of the Covenant
Of Grace, it is in short;
Thy God I am, thou shalt be mine,
And we will never part.
Now God and Man together dwell
In Christ, for evermore:
This is the great Foundation of
Man's Happiness in store.

That tho by Sin Man's separate
From God, the chiefest Good,
Yet now in Christ united are,
Man shall live still with God.
And if the Union cannot cease,
Call'd *Hypostatical*;
No more can that 'tween God and his,
Because 'tis Eternal.

Tho God and all our *Adam* lost,
Yet Christ hath it regain'd:
And now the Saints have God in all,
The want of which them pain'd.
But Unbelievers have not God,
In what they do enjoy;
Since Sin did break the golden Link,
All things do them annoy.

But those are Christ's, all things are theirs,
And work still for their Good;
But the Profane, what e're they have,
It's separate from God;
From God in way of Covenant,
So that all these may say,
Riches and Honour I have much,
But God in all leaves me.

And when Man lost a sight of God,
A Vision beautiful;
He by his Blood hath it regain'd,
When all things else did fail.

[edited to here]

CHAP. XXIV.
The ARGUMENT.

The undefiled Virgins of the Lamb, beg her Beloved to make haste over those Mountains of Bether and Separation, and put an end to the Winter Storms, and hasten the break of the Eternal Summer and Day of Glory, where back-part Sights and Lattice-Looks will be turned into the Beatifical Vision, and all the Saints shall have their white Robes, Palms in their Hands, and Crowns on their Heads, and sit with Christ upon his Throne, to judg Men and Devils; then they shall behold the Glorious Deity shining through the Blessed Glass of the Humane Nature. The Virgins conclude with an Exhortation to the Noble Host of Martyrs, the Glorious Apostles and Prophets, Elders, Seraphims, Cherubims, and every Creature in Heaven and Earth, to cast their Crowns before the Lamb.

WHAT back-part Views, and Lattice-Lights,
To those beyond the Grave;
There's Banquets sweet, here is none such
For any Saint to have.
Lord, make no stay, come look'd- for Day;
What ails the Morning-Light?
All Shadows flee away, be gone,
And Day of Glory break.

Lord, *Bether* Mount, remove it quite,
And leap over them all;

No longer Separation make
Between thee and my Soul.
O be thou like the Roe and Hart,
With winged speed make haste;
Come o're those separating Hills,
And take us to thy Rest.

The Winter Blasts are almost gone,
Farewel the Rain and Flood:
We cry aloud, come fetch us home,
Why have thy Chariots stood?
Come, Lord, with thy sweet *Jubilee*,
Hark how the Creatures groan
With Saints, for full Redemption;
Hear how they make their moan.

Come, blessed Lord, do thou create
New Heavens, and new Earth:
A sinless Kingdom we long for,
Which gives true Joy and Mirth.
With speed make haste, Vengeance to shew,
For thy blest Temple's sake:
All Antichrists both East and West
Do thou make desolate.

And then the chief rejected Stone,
Tho little, it will grow
Into a Mount, and fill the Seat
Of Monarchs here below. [Mr. *Rafeson*.
That Stone which from the Mountain was
Cut out, without a Hand,
Into a Mountain, let it grow,
And all the World command.

A burdensome Foundation-stone,
In *Zion* there shall lie:
All that do spurn against that Stone,
Shall by it fall and die.
Then all Christ's marked Ones, they shall
With him ascend the Throne;
Then all the World to him will bow,
When he shall reign alone.

Lord Jesus haste unto thy Throne,
We no more Captives be;
And fly upon the Wings of Love,
For thee we long to see.
This blessed Day no Night will have,
The Moon will be a Sun;
A seven-fold Light the Sun will be:
O were this Day begun.

Come haste that blessed break of Light,
Let Shadows flee away;
When Ordinances all shall cease,
Come on Eternal Day.
Then through a Glass shall look no more,
Unless the Glass Divine;
We shall through humane Nature see,
The blessed God-head shine.

The Glass of Ordinances cease,
Now look through them no more,
Nor Creatures Word or Promises,
When we see God most pure:
Then we shall in each Bosom's rest,
As in a Bed Divine;
And fulness of pure Joy shall have,
When God doth on us shine.

Now Righteous Ones they entrance have,
Into this Palace Royal,
There where no Curse shall ever be,
Or any time of Trial.
That City of *Jerusalem*,
In Vision *John* did see,
Descending out of Heaven above,
With glorious Majesty.

This City which doth entertain
The People of the Lord;
It is set forth by Metaphors,
So is not understood,
The Walls of Stone most precious are,
And the Foundation too;
Twelve thousand Furlongs is the Breadth,
The Length and Height also.

Twelve Gates, twelve Angels at the Gates,
That keep both Watch and Ward:
No evil thing can enter there,
Tho they stand all abroad.
And on those Gates the Names are writ,
Of the twelve blessed Tribes
Of the Children of *Israel*,
In whom the Truth abides.

And twelve Foundations hath the Wall
Of this most Royal City;
In which Foundation There is writ
Their Names, the Lamb did pity.
The twelve Apostles of the Lamb
Were written fair thereon;
There is no City like to this,

Free, Holy, without Sin.

Pure Jasper was the Wall built of,
The City of pure Gold:
Gold is the Streets of this rich Place,
Its Worth cannot be told.
Twelve glorious Pearls the Gates thereof,
One Pearl every Gate;
And the Foundation richly deck'd
With Precious Stones of State.

And from this City glorious Streams
Of living Water comes,
Out of the Throne of God the Lamb,
Are most refreshing Streams.
And in the middle of the Street,
And either side the River,
Twelve sorts of Fruits the Tree of Life
Did bear, to heal us ever.

And here the Throne of God shall be,
Also the Lamb's high Throne;
And there his Servants shall be free,
To serve the Holy One:
And they shall see his blessed Face,
And bear his glorious Name;
Which on their Foreheads shall have place,
His Image to proclaim.

And then and there shall be no Night,
For God the Lord most High,
Will be their Temple, and their Light,
To all Eternity.
Now blessed Jesus his will lead.
To living Water Springs,
Where Tears shall all be wash'd away,
A City full of Kings.

[Mr. Barton.

Law-Righteousness could not procure
Such Thrones and Kingdoms great,
Such Palms and Robes as Saints shall have
When they in Heaven meet.
Strike up you blessed Spirits in Bliss,
Your Songs most lofty high;
You separated Souls in Bliss
Praise him, as well you may.

[Mr. Reeves.

Unto the Lamb, whose Seat is set
In midst of the great Throne;
He there was seen who had been slain;
By Saints and Angels known.
'Twas thou wast slain, and hast redeem'd

All Nations by thy Blood;
Therefore worthy to ope the Book,
The Mysteries of God.

The Book seen in *Jehovah's* Hand,
Written without, within,
Which do contain God's Counsels great
Unto the final End.
O holy Jesus, blessed Lamb,
John's Sorrows did prevent.
Thou *David's* Root, and *Judah's* Lion,
Wast fit to ope the Book.

A Person very fit to Rule
Both this World, and the Church
Therefore all Power is given him,
Because there is none such.
Let's praise this King for ever-more,
With Angels, Elders, Beasts;
Church-Militant, and Triumphant,
Adore the Lord of Hosts.

Ye noble Host of Martyrs all,
The glorious Prophets too;
Angels, Apostles, Arch-Angels,
Praise him the Lord most true.
Who can declare the sweet Jub'lee
In Heaven solemniz'd,
By Seraphims, and Cheubims,
And Principalities?

Powers and all, Dominions too,
To him do cast their Crowns;
Then thousand times ten thousand Tens
In holy Thanks abound,
Crying, O holy, holy Lord,
The Lamb in glorious State.
O Holy Ghost, Holy and True,
Who did the Creatures, make,

Redeemed Men, for ever sing
Of Surety Righteousness;
They'l have it there for ever-more,
In everlasting Bliss.
Come let us join the Creatures all,
In Heaven, Earth, and Sea;
All Creatures with loud Voices cry,
Worthy, O Lamb, worthy.

All Wisdom, Riches, to receive
Strength, Blessing, Glory too,
From all in Heaven, in Earth and Sea,

Is thine Eternal due.

FINIS.

*ERRATA.*¹²

BOOK the First. Page 16. line the first, after *thousand*, add, &c. Pag. 77. l. 23, for *things*, read *Temptations*.

Book 2. Pag. 33. l. 19. read 27 *Years*. Pag. 24. l. 29. for *sad*, read *said*.

In the Poems, Pag. 9. l. 11. read, *is brandished for it*. P. 31. l. 1. read *adorn*. P.75. l. 5. read, *they*. P. 96. l. 1. read *what's*.

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¹² This ERRATA is exactly the same as that in the version in *Three Books*. This suggests this copy may have been extracted from *Three Books* and possibly rebound. *Ed.*