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17<sup>th</sup> Century Version

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# *Solomon's* PORCH:

OR

THE Beautiful Gate

of Wisdom's

Temple.

*A POEM; Introductory to the Philadelphian Age.*

By

Onesimus

(A.K.A. "Richard Roach")

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Which was inserted into Jane Lead's spiritual journal,

*A Fountain of Gardens, Volume 1*

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Published 1696

## A Note from the Editor

I am very pleased to present the writings of Jane Lead in her native "King's English." The rich and poetic flavor of Early Modern English is a captivating read that has truly withstood the ages. Those who love the language of the King James Bible will also enjoy this classic 17th Century Version (17CV).

Great care was taken to ensure that the texts are as close to the original as possible. Archaic words and spellings remain untouched, although some obvious typos were corrected. Jane's lengthy paragraphs also remain intact. Wherever possible a clickable Table of Contents was added by this Editor for easy navigation. Also featured are clickable PDF Bookmarks. These EBooks are presented in PDF format for optimal viewing and quality printing.

All the texts for the 17CV were transcribed by me personally from microfilm images of the original books, which were scanned and then converted to text. The meticulous work of typing, editing, proofing, revising, layout, etc., was also performed personally by this Editor alone. Converting ancient books into electronic text files can be a laborious process. But since it is an assignment from the Lord, it is therefore rendered a labor of love.

The 17CV of Jane Lead's writings may be downloaded, printed, copied, and distributed freely, as long as they are made available without charge. The complete PDF file must also be kept intact. And since I am constantly revising for typos and other issues, I kindly ask that they not be posted to any website, although you may freely link to them if you desire.

For those who prefer a modern rendering, the Spirit's Day Version is also available by this Editor. And the added feature of paragraph numbering will greatly assist you in your studies of this beloved mystic. For more information about the [Spirit's Day Version](#), please contact:

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This lengthy (24-page) poem was included in the First Volume of Jane Lead's spiritual diary, *A Fountain of Gardens*. It was signed "Onesimus" and is believed to have been written by Richard Roach of the Philadelphian Society. Since Jane permitted it to be included in her spiritual diary, she must have felt it was of great spiritual importance to her readers. (dg)

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## Solomon's Porch

WHEN Sinful Man first left the Blissful Seat,  
Outcast, forlorn; from all that's Good or Great,  
From Virgin-Purity, and Virgin-Love  
Banisht, and Doom'd round the curst Earth to rove,  
In Bestial Image vile; the Fiend within  
Possession took, without the Beast was seen.  
God's Temple wasted lay: His Image bright  
Thick-veil'd in black Egyptian Shades of Night.  
That Glorious Shecinah which Erst did shine  
In His clear Soul; the once All-beauteous Shrine,  
The Seat and Mansion of th' Eternal Trine;  
How is it fled! its finest Gold how dim!  
Its Stones pour'd out, its Precious *Urim*  
Oracular no more, all clouded lies;  
Where Demons now their Oracles disguise.  
From Heights of Bliss to Deeper Woes he fell,  
Still falling, sinking still down tow'rds the Abyss of Hell.  
This cou'dst thou not behold Almighty Love,  
But in Compassions dear, thy tender Bowels move:  
Pity and Mercy move. The Heavenly Bride  
*Sophia* torn from Her new Lover's side,

Her Bridegroom cou'd not thus forgo, Her Eyes  
In Pearly Dews distilling, as he Dies  
One Parting Glance She threw: Fast hold it took,  
And stopt him sinking: Caus'd him back to look  
Repentant. Deeper then, the Heavenly Ray,  
Wing'd with Loves Fires, more piercing, makes its way:  
God's Light and Love conjoyn'd; e're long to dwell  
Within him, in the blest *Immanuel*.

Till then content in Tabernacles low,  
And Temples made with Hands, some gleams of God to show.  
They Travel hand in hand thro' every Age;  
In poor Disguise and humble Pilgrimage:  
With only Types of Rest at every greater Stage.  
One glorious King, the Virgin did descry,  
Enamour'd, courted, entertained her high:  
She staid a while; all Blessings round her fly.  
He would have had his Deities enshrined  
With Earth's Magnificence in one combin'd.  
A glorious Temple-structure rends the Skie;  
The World's Amazement: little in her Eye.  
Departing yet, this Favour high We deign  
Said She, be Thine a Type of our Returning Reign.  
This House a Draught in Miniature shall be  
Of an Eternal Temple Rais'd by Me.

This Revolution finisht, on they go  
Now Downwards, back again to Scenes of Woe,  
Thro' Deaths still conquering Death; where e're they can  
Pierce deeper; and take faster hold of Man.  
Till in the Virgin meek she found abode  
More chaste; and Lodg'd in her the Infant *God*.  
Here, by the O're-shadowings of the Heavenly Dove,  
She unlocks the Centre of Eternal Love.  
Here Light and Love, but scattered in the Earth  
Till now; unite their Beams, and to a Birth  
Proceeding, one blest Humane Offspring Crown  
With Godhead-Power; Whole Kingdoms vast Renown  
Through Infamy, Anguish and Death must Rise:  
A bleeding Victor, a Triumphant Sacrifice.

Here a true Living Temple they enjoy'd;  
Delighted, *Rested in*, which though destroy'd  
In outward frame the Grave could not with-hold,  
From rising Glorious; brighter far, ten Thousand-fold.  
Hail *Sion's* Joy, her precious Corner-stone,  
The Heavenly *Salems* true Foundation,  
The God, the Man, the Virgin all in One.  
The Builders thee refus'd; but thou the Head  
Supream, and we're thy happy Members made:  
Strictly compacted into one; the whole  
One Body in thee, one Heart, one Life, one Soul.  
Ere long, ith' next great Revolution,  
When the fair Virgin Pilgrims Stage is done,  
Her Travails ended, and her Garland won;

A Temple-Glory of Living Stones to rise;  
Whose Base shall fill the Earth; whose Head the Skies.  
Love yet can't triumph here, without its Mate,  
Till Light and Beauty too become Incorporate.

Thus still disguis'd to this great Stage they speed,  
Contented still to suffer, grieve, and bleed:  
Bleed in their Members dear. Through all they move  
Up Hill, to Triumphs hasting. Now the Dove  
Assistant powerful joyns; in each pure Soul,  
Oreshadowing, Christ to form. Spight of controul  
From Daemons malice, or fierce Tyrants hate,  
God's Image, Light, and Life, they here create:  
Still spreading, Tincturing deep; till all's Divine;  
And Christ in ev'ry Feature, ev'ry line,  
Appearing, shall ev'n Here through Soul and Body shine.  
In vain Hell's Obstacles and Bars oppose:  
Each Seal the Conquerors as they pass disclose.  
The Last *Now* Opening, when the Spirits Day  
Its Powers uninterrupted shall Display.  
See, see, the Virgin sends a Previous Ray.

From thy dark Cell now great *Bohemius* rise;  
Tutor to Sages, Mad to th' Worldly wise.  
Wisdom's first distant Phosphor, to whose sight  
Internal Natures Ground, all naked bright  
Unveils, all Worlds appear, Heavens spread their Light

Early thou risest Glorious: but in Clouds  
Thick set, not sent to th' Vulgar: nor Learned Crouds  
Of Reasons Orb, too Low: none thee descry;  
None but the well purg'd Mystick Eagle-Eye  
Of some few Anchorete Elected Magi.  
Here all past Sages veil and disappear.  
Ev'n *Mallebranch* bends beneath his Weighty Character;  
To Thee resign'd: and tis but just, for He  
Draws all from one small Rivulet of Thee:  
Fountain of Science, Art, and Mystery.  
Where *Stagyrite*, *Hermes*, *Plato*, all combine,  
*De Carte* in ev'ry Page, and *Boyle* in ev'ry Line.  
And yet *Alone*, by Eminence, The Divine.  
By whom advis'd the Firstling Flocks small Band  
Prepare, well Trim their Lamps, and ready stand.  
'Midst whom for pious Zeal and forward Care,  
Great *Pordage* with thy Generous *File* appear.  
Adventrous Worthies, set ith' Forlorn Hope  
With Hell's outrageous Malice first to Cope.

Furious the Dragon storms, all methods tries,  
Ev'n by false Magick dark incrept  
To crush the Royal Infant Spirits rise.  
But on they charge undaunted, strive, and Pray,  
Believe, Watch, Bleed, and Travel; force a way  
For entrance, and foretaste the Glorious Day.  
As th' Dark breaks loose, still the Light World's display'd,  
By th' *Virgins* Magick Wand the cursed Fiends are laid:  
Pure Spirit breath's: New Senses open flye;  
They see; and all joynt Assent,  
Hail Great *Bohemius* cry.

All's True; we bear thee Record: Hail to thee,  
Fountain of Science, Art, and Mystery.

At last Great Hero throw off thy undress:  
Speak, condescend familiar. Now, no less,  
A Cherub-Seraph, trowning, flaming high  
Is sent thy Veil to rend, thy *Gordian* Knot to untye.  
Commander sole of all the Graceful Charms  
That flow in Language, Passion, Harmony,  
Attemper'd just. In summ, Second to Thee.

The Wondrous *Taylor* now Revolves again  
Ardent, Seraphick and with tenfold Fires:  
Thunder, and Fire, and Love compose the Name;  
How should it then not breath Harmonious Powers,  
Or want Emphyreal Flame  
Through whose clear Stile in each Transparent Line,  
Thy rough cut, well-set, Polisht Diamonds shine;  
Each Page outstreaming Light, & kindling Love Divine.

All Barrs remov'd at last Heavens Dawn appears,  
The Virgin blushes round the Hemispheres.  
Shedding Celestial Rosie Tincture pure,  
From *Sharon's* Spicy Beds; of radiant Hue:  
Mixt with her own fair Lillies Silver Dew.  
The Morning-Star, true *Venus*, high Aspires,  
Darting on ev'ry side, unblam'd and free,  
Her gracious glittering, lambent, amorous Fires.  
Bright Morning-Star of God's Eternal Day!  
For this we shout aloud, we Sing, we Pray  
*Amen, Hosanna, Hallelujah.*

Ah dear Divine *Urania* now be kind,  
Speak thou, and leave the wretched Man behind.

**T**HE Glorious A Era *Now, Now, Now* begins  
*Now, Now* the Great Angelick Trumpets sings:  
And Now in ev'ry Blast,  
Loves *Everlasting Gospel* Rings.  
The Glad Triumphant Sounds  
Through Vales, ore Hills rebound;  
Glory to the Eternal King of Kings.  
Glory to the Eternal King of Kings:  
The Glorious A Era *Now, Now, Now* begins.

O may through me the Mighty Trumpet sound;  
And spread its Fame the Woods and Plains,  
The Isles and Seas around.  
Let Sportful Eccho's play,  
And Dancing all the way,

Swell and Intune the trembling Sounds anew:  
All well-tun'd Voices raise  
To Great *Elchajabs* Praise;  
*Peace to All Worlds, Dear Love to Man, to God his Honour due.*  
*O may through me the Mighty Trumpet sound,*  
*And spread his Fame the Woods, and Hills, and Plains,*  
*The Isles and Seas around.*

Proclaim aloud the mighty Jubilee,  
That sets *each World* of Captives free:  
Proclaim, Proclaim the mighty Jubilee.  
Let all the Heavenly Nine  
Wreath Arm in Arm entwin'd;  
All in one high Love-labor'd Song agree:  
Let Muse and Grace combin'd  
With Harmony Divine,  
In sweetest Consent, perfect Unity  
Melodious Voices joyn.

Proclaim, Proclaim the Mighty Jubilee,  
That sets *whole Worlds* of Captives free;  
Proclaim, Proclaim aloud the Mighty Jubilee.

Hail Morning-Star of God's Eternal Day:  
*For this we shout aloud, we Sing, we Pray,*  
*Amen, Hosannah, Hallelujah.*

O Bless the Dawn, salute the Morning-Star,  
Thrice bless the happy Womb that bare  
Sophia's Darling Child,

Lustrous, All-charming, Mild;  
Bless, Bless, and Kiss the Daughter Fair,  
And for the Nuptial Bowers prepare  
Of God's Eternal Bride;  
Bless, bless the happy *Lovers* by her side.

Arise ye *Lovers* true,  
Arise, arise ye wondrous few;

Apparitors Divine; ordain'd fore-sent,  
Heavens beauteous Virgin Queen  
To attend and Usher in;  
The Mother to Adore, the Bride to Complement:  
Blest Virgin, Mother, Bride in One:  
Thrice sacred Band of Love, and Mystick Union !  
Arise, arise ye wondrous few,  
Arise ye *Lovers* true.

Long in in glorious Ease obscur'd ye lie,  
Despis'd, neglected; yet neglecting too,  
Nor caring what the Impious trifling World  
Could ether say or do.

Orelookt by Man, yet Lov'd, and favour'd high  
In Heavens Regard, and God's Auspicious Eye.  
Whom neither high Preferments Charm can move,  
Ambitious Fire, or Beauty prompt to Love;  
And yet to Love most true.

Out of the Everlasting Virgin's Womb,  
Sons of the Morn already born anew:  
Born into Time.

And Wing'd at will to ascend the AETHERIAL Clime,  
Angelick Men, Imbodied Seraphim.  
All Captives to the blest *Sophia's* Charms;  
Thro Wisdom's Mazes bright,  
Wandering in Tracks of Light,  
By her still guided and exempt from Harms:

Still kept  
From mazy Errors tangling step,  
From Paths untrue  
By her fair Silver-twin'd Mercurial Clue.  
*Dear Captives to the bright Sophia's Charms;*  
And yet more loudly to proclaim  
Transcendent Love's and Beauties Fame,  
Long wrapt in the Divine *Urania's* Arms.  
*Wrapt in the Dear Divine Urania's Arms,*



Plundering her Sweets, and Rifling all her Charms.

Ye wondrous few arise,  
God's Heralds true; throw off your mortal Guise,  
Now lift your sweet, loud, speaking, Trumpets high,  
Now let your jocund Levets fill the Sky;  
Tell, tell the drowsie World their God is Nigh.

Now let Eternal Song unbounded flow  
With Torrent deep, serene, Majestic, flow;  
Disdaining Arts Controll  
Like Heavens full spangled Canopy,  
Most Nice, and yet most Free,  
Rang'd by Dame Nature's artful Liberty.  
Let evr'y Point a Star, each Line  
In Constellation shine;  
Each Living Word a Soul:  
In Thousand differing wayes,  
Varying to God new Praise:  
Now, Now let your Inspired Seraphick Strains  
In mighty Numbers Roll.

Proclaim, proclaim the Gracious *Jubilee*:  
And set the Sin-bound Captives free:  
Proclaim, proclaim the gracious *Jubilee*.

*O may through me the mighty Trumpet sound:  
And spread its Fame the Woods and Plains,  
The Isles and Seas around.  
Let Sportful Eccho's play,  
And dancing all the way,  
Swell, and Intune the trembling Sounds anew:  
All well-tun'd Voices raise  
To great E L C H A J A H'S Praise,  
Peace to all Worlds, dear Love to Man, to God his Honour due.  
O may through me the mighty Trumpet sound;  
And spread his Fame, the Woods, and Hills and Plains,  
The Isles, and Seas around.*

And ye fair *Virgin-Daughters* of the Morn;  
*Sion's* first Blossoms; from New *Salem* born:

High *Paradisial* Nymphs appear,  
The *Virgin Queen's* attendant Graces dear:  
Hast, hast away,  
And joyn your Powers unanimous to Proclaim

The Wondrous Year;

The Great, the Good, the Now-Revolving Day;  
Full Period-Circle bright, of Endless Fame.

Ye Paradisial Nymphs appear;

The Virgin Queens, Attendant Graces Dear:  
Sion's first Blossoms; from New Salem born:  
Rise ye fair Virgin-Daughter's of the Morn.

Arise and Shine

Illustrious Troop of Heroins Divine;  
Celestial Amazons' untaught to yield,  
With Heaven-Aspiring Ardors, sprightly vigor fill'd.  
In this, the Virgin's Day, most forward; bent  
Zealous their very Hero's to prevent.

In Terrible-Majestick-Gay Parade,  
Hell's fierce Imbattel'd Legions first t' Invade:

With Orient Beams of Light,  
Scattering the Misty Gloom of Night,  
And chasing every black Infernal Shade.

Arise and Shine

Illustrious Heroines:

Cherubick Phalanx bright of Amazons Divine:

Arise, Arise and Shine.

Yet tho' deep skilled in Spirits War-like Arts,  
Nature has fram'd Love Arm'd ye, too too free  
Far deeper Wounds, to give; and nobler Darts  
To fix in pure and captivated Hearts.  
In whose High-tinctur'd Forms harmonious move  
The fiery quick *Serpentine* Energy,  
Charm'd by the mildness of the Peaceful *Dove*,

Inviting still to Love.

Contraries here agree

In strictest Unity,

Each other to improve:

The fierce and powerful *Sting*, and lofty *Spire*  
Co-mingling to *exale* the Amorous Fire.

You at whoes Presence Mortal Beauty must  
Abscond, and in Confusion kiss the Dust.

Beauties too flaming Bright

To be endur'd by Humane Sight:

Which but unveil'd would quench the Inferiour Outward Light.

The Glances of whose Eyes are Lucid Beams,  
In-drawn from the All-radiant, One,  
Divine, *Supercelestial* Sun:  
Where his full Streams,  
Pointed in Central Union,  
*Himself* produce in Lustrous Image fair  
Of his Belov'd *Eternal Son*.  
Hence darting ev'ry way  
In each reflecting subdivided Ray,  
The little Loves intranc't  
With innocent and wanton Dance,  
Thousand enshrin'd celestial *Cupids* play.

From whose Coralline Lip  
Angels their Spicy Draughts of *Nectar* sip;  
Quick darting the divine Love-flaming Kiss,  
In free *Enormous* Bliss.  
In whose fair Cheeks the Tinctures pure combine:  
The matchless Diamonds sparkle *Paler* Bright;  
And in their Orbs of Light  
Enchase the Glittering Rubies *Sanguine* Flame;  
In radiant Blush of Modesty Divine,  
Exempt from Mortal Shame.

Here Re-aspiring from their humble Vale  
To meet the inclining vigorous scented Male,  
In their Dewie Fruitful Bed,  
Their *Sharon* Rose the *Virgin* Lilies wed.  
Whom, as with strict Embrace inwrap,  
They lock within their Flowery Lap,

A Stock of Graces numberless proceed;  
A Spring of lesser Beauties breed.

The clear tralucent Forms all Shade disdain,  
Disclosing freely to be seen,  
The Wonder-World within;  
Each *Argent* Nerve, and ev'ry *Azure* Vein:  
The beauteous *Love-Eye* burning in the Heart;  
From whence Loves Centres endless multiply,  
As thick-set Spangles of the Sky,  
Raising a Sting of Joy in ev'ry Part.  
In ev'ry Point a *Venus* bright;  
Each Star a World of new Delight,

Opening an unexhausted Spring of Bliss,  
Each Nymph her self a *Paradise*.  
So fine, so pliant the external Mould;  
That ev'n therein the brighter Soul,  
With all its Graces Train,  
Imprints it self distinct and plain,  
And as in Fabled Streams,  
Where Silver Currents roll  
On Orient Pearl, and Sands of Gold;  
Displays her rich inestimable Gemms.  
Which free exposed to view  
In their untarnisht native Hue,  
Reflex thro Bodies *Chrystalline*,  
In their transparent *Mirror* shine.  
But deeper yet and more amazing Fair  
Out-shines, out-flames thro' her,  
Express, the *Only* Sons refulgent Character.  
*Now, now ye Paradisical Nymphs appear;*  
*The Virgin Queens Attendant Graces Dear.*  
*Arise, arise and shine*  
*Illustrious Brigade*  
*Of Heroines Divine;*  
*In Terrible-Majestick-Gay Parade:*  
*With Orient Beams of Light*  
*Scatter the misty Gloom of Night;*  
*And banish every black Infernal Shade.*  
  
*Arise and shine*  
*Illustrious Heronies,*  
*Cherubick Phalanx, bright of Amazons Divine,*  
*Arise, Arise and Shine.*  
  
Hast, Hast away,  
And let your well-trim'd flowing Tresses fair.  
Waving in wanton Ringlets, Gild the Air;  
Out-beaming Sun-bright with Pellucid Ray:  
And as they loosely move,  
Fan'd by fresh Odorous Gales of Love,  
With Heavens warm Gentle-breathing Zephirs Play.  
Hast to Proclaim  
*The Great, the Good, the Now-Revolving Day;*  
Amen, Hosanna, Hallelujah.  
Hast to Proclaim  
*The Period-Circle Full; of Endless Fame:*  
*The Great, the Good, the Now-Revolving Day:*  
*For this we shout aloud, we sing, we pray,*

*Amen, Amen; Hosanna, Hallelujah.*

Hero's fall back again,  
Lead up the Virgin Train,  
And Hand in hand as Love-pair'd Twins advance  
In Sacred well-pac't Mystick Dance,  
Tracing on holy Ground,  
Circling *Jehovah's* Altar round,  
Where Ay Love-Incense burns, Goodness and Grace abound,  
Whence Living Coals out-fly,  
Generate and multiply,  
Seraphick Ardors ev'ry way to impart  
To each bright-flaming and Love-melting Heart.

The quick Celestial Fire's  
Straight their Sweet-warbling Tongues inspire,  
While ev'ry Voice and ev'ry Trumpet sings,  
*Glory to the Returning King of Kings;*

Lov's Golden AEra Now, Now, Now begins  
Now, Now in ev'ry Breath, in ev'ry sound  
The Universe around.  
Loves *Everlasting Gospel* rings:  
*Glory to the Returning King of Kings;*  
*Loves Glorious AEra Now, Now, Now begins.*

Fresh springing still th' Inspir'd Harmonious Vein;  
Tunes up to higher Key and loftier Strain;  
In more Inchanting Layes,  
Varying new Hymns of Praise,  
Jointly th' ascending Voice and Soul to raise:  
Ev'n till they both aspire,  
And join with the Seraphick Quire;  
And under God's bright Eye  
In Influence serene they lie,  
Dissolv'd in Rapturous Hallelujahs.

As that sweet little Chorister that flies,  
And singing mounts the Skies;  
Till all his Breath and Song be spent;  
Then down he falls in sweeter Languishment;  
So do Angelick Souls in Sounds aspire:  
They mount and Sing  
Upon the Doves bright Wing;  
That gently fans and feeds th' Ethereal Fire;  
All Emulous to win the steep Ascent,

The mighty Mountains Seven;  
Those Lillie-deckt, and Rosie-flouring Hills,  
Form'd by th' All-bounteous Hand of Heaven,  
Its Darling Sons with meer Delight to fill;  
Till in Melodious Ravishment,  
Their Powers, their Voice, their very Soul be spent:  
The Light  
Becomes too blazing bright:  
The Bliss  
Unsufferable is.  
Then down with speed they take their humble flight,

In Adoration deep; yet but retire  
T' embrace more Near, and be exalted higher.  
Now, Loves last, sweetest *Mystick Death* to try,  
Rapt in sublime Exstatick Joys Expire:

Intranc'd, and *Silent* lye.  
Thus in soft languent Slumbers sweet, true Sleep,  
That Rests in God's *Abyssal* Deep;  
The rest in Visionary Dreams they *See*;  
They *Tast*, they *Feel*,  
What is unknown, Immense, Unspeakable.

*Proclaim, Proclaim the Mighty Jubilee,*  
*That sets each world of Captives free.*  
*Proclaim, Proclaim aloud the Mighty Jubilee.*

*O may through me the mighty Trumpet sound:*  
*And spread its Fame the Woods and Hills, and Plains,*  
*The Isles and Seas around.*  
*Let Sportful Eccho's play,*  
*And dancing all the way,*  
*Swell, and Intune the trembling Sound's anew:*  
*All well-tun'd Voices raise*  
*To great E L C H A J A H's Praise,*  
Pease to all Worlds, dear Love to Man, to God his Honour due

*O may through me the mighty Trumpet sound;*  
*And spread his Fame, the Woods, and Isles, and Seas,*  
*And Heaven and Earth around.*

Too long, too long the wretched World  
Lies wast, in wild Confusion hurl'd  
Unhing'd in ev'ry part; each Property,  
Strugling disrang'd in fiercest Enmity.  
The whole Creation Groans;

And Labouring with Perpetual Toil,  
In Man's Rebellion vile,  
Her own Hard Fate bemoans.  
But now shall Natures Jair  
Cease her intestine War:

Now shall the long Six working Days of Strife,  
Attain their Line and to their Crown arrive:  
At last set free  
In peaceful Rest of Sabbath true:  
Heav'n and Earth created new;  
To Celebrate a Universal *Jubilee*.

Concord divine now meets in ev'ry Part,  
And Love subdues and Reigns in ev'ry Heart,  
Ore all,  
In Summ or Individual,  
Triumphant Harmony, Triumphant Love  
In Sweetest Unity,  
Combin'd together move.  
Ev'n from the *Zenith* high  
Of the clear boundless *Empyrean* Skie,  
The Throne of God;  
Down to Earth's inmost Central deep abode,  
All is Conccent and perfect Amity:  
All in Proportion due,  
In Weight and Number true:  
*Ev'n from the Zenith high,*  
*Th' All-radiant Throne of God,*

*Down to Earth's inmost central deep Abode;*  
*Nothing but Love, but Love, and Harmony.*  
Where every Voice, and every Trumpet sings:  
*Glory to the Eternal King of Kings;*  
*Love's Golden AEra, now, now, now begins,*  
*Now, now in every Breath, in every Sound*  
The Universe around,  
Her Everlasting Gospel rings:  
*Glory to the returning King of Kings,*  
*Loves Glorious Golden AEra now, now, now begins.*

Now harmless thro the Skie  
Let the sweet, whisking treble Lightnings fly:  
Full Base frm Shoar to Shoar,  
Shall in deep Thunders Roar:  
Not Death, not Horror now, but Melody.

Now Mighty Bard sing out thy Sonnet free,  
Nor doubt, it true shall be.  
Come, Thou and joyn  
Thy loud Prophetick Voice with mine.  
"Ring out ye Chrystal Sphears,  
"Now bless our Humane Ears:  
*For ye have Power to touch our Senses so:*  
"Now *shall* your Silver Chime  
"Move in Melodious time;  
And the *deep* Base of Heav'ns great *Orb* shall Blow.  
*From the bright Zenith high*  
*Of the clear boundaless Empyrean Skie;*  
*From the All-radiant Throne of God*  
*Down to Earths inmost central deep Abode*  
*Nothing but pure Conccent and Unity:*  
*All in Proportion due,*  
*In Weight and Number true,*  
*All Universal Love and Harmony.*

This Globe Terrene no longer turn'd Askance,  
Hitch't in her Poles shall now direct advance,  
And thro the liquid AETHER dance:  
And on her Axle Spin:  
In an Harmonious round,  
Breathing Substantial Dense imbodyed Sound.  
Then shall surcease the Ungrateful Din  
Of jarring Sphears and clashing Orbs around:  
While this Wonder-Machine,  
Engine of Harmony divine,  
Shall through the Ecchoing Welkin play;  
And every where  
Its melting Air,  
In clear Triumphant Sounds convey:  
[Into] each obvious rowling Sphear  
Mingling her Ringing Atmosphere.  
Which as it springs  
Still more transparent, bright, and sounding clear,  
At first divides in lesser Rings,  
Compacted close, in Voice acute and shrill,  
More to the Surface near.  
Then wider Waves Intended, till  
The Circles swell, the Sounds begin to fill.  
Still Wid'ning more and more;  
Till with deep *Gamut* Roar,



In full mouth'd Peals Orb within Orb resound.

Here in Epitome  
Shall the vast Heavenly Sphears collected be;  
And down through them transmit their Harmony.  
Each Sphear, each Star shall now dispense,  
With Passage free in direct line;  
And full Aspect Benigne,  
Its various Powers and proper Influence.  
Which in Her hallow Womb,  
This Globe shall deep Intomb;  
Where from her Central working Urn  
They shall arise, and into Body turn:  
And shoot from Centre to Circumference.  
Her Caverns dark must now enlightned be,  
Unfetter'd free;  
As one transparent vast self-moving Wheel  
Of liquid Crystal; open to Reveal,  
Her rich innumerable Stores,  
Her various Wonders great, and her own Acting Powers.  
These upward move, and on the Surface play,  
Adorn'd all Beauteous, Bright, Amazing, Gay:  
And there,  
Themselves in Radiant Flowers, Fruits, Metals, Gems display:  
All Living, Breathing, sounding free  
Into the All-uniting Element,  
The One Capacious Air;  
B'owing from ev'ry Pipe a Different Harmony;  
Still from the Lower Circlets upward sent.  
"Thus every grateful Note to Heav'n repays  
"The Melody it Lent.

*Thus from Earth's inmost Central-deep Abode,  
Ev'n to the Zenith high  
Of the clear boundless Empyrean Sky;  
To the All Radiant Throne of God;  
All is Conscent, and perfect Unity;  
All in Proportion due,  
In Weight and Number true:  
In ev'ry Motion, ev'ry Sound  
The Universe around,  
All is Triumphant Love and Harmony;  
Thro' All the Heav'nly Dove  
Breaths Her Eternal Love;  
Collecting ev'ry various Tone,  
All Acts, all Powers, all Hearts in One;*

Center'd in Beautific Union.

*Proclaim, Proclaim the Mighty Jubilee,  
That sets each world of Captives free.*

*Proclaim, Proclaim the Mighty Jubilee.*

Let all the Heav'nly Nine  
Wreath Arm in Arm entwin'd.

All in One high Love-Labour'd Song agree

Let Muse and Grace combin'd  
With Harmony Divine,

In sweetest Convent, perfect Unity,

Melodious Voices Joyn.

Proclaim, Proclaim the Mighty Jubilee

That sets each World of Captives free:

Proclaim, Proclaim aloud the mighty Jubilee.

*O may thro' th' Awakening Trumpet sound;*

*All spread his Fame, the Woods, and Isles, and Seas,*

*And Heaven and Earth around.*

*Let Sportful Echo's play,*

*And dancing all the way,*

*Swell, and Intune the trembling Sounds anew:*

*All well-tun'd Voices raise*

*To great E L C H A J A H's Praise,*

Peace to all Worlds, dear Love to Man; to God his

(Honour due.

O may through me the mighty Trumpet sound,

And spread His Fame the Woods, and Isles, and Seas,

And Heav'n, and Earth around.

While ev'ry Voice and ev'ry Trumpet sings,

*The Glorious A Era Now, Now, Now begins,*

Now, now th' Angelick Trump His Message brings;

And now in ev'ry Blast

Loves Everlasting Gospel rings:

The glad Triumphant sounds

Thro' Spheres and Worlds rebound,

Glory to the Returning King of Kings.

Glory to the Returning King of Kings,

*The Glorious A Era now, now, now Begins.*

*For this we shout aloud, we Sing, we Pray;*

*Amen, Hosannah, H A L L E L U J A H.*



Wonders unknown of Gods surprising Love:  
Which Firm and Sure,  
Spight of fierce Demons Hate or Sins controul,  
For ever shall endure.  
To Her she gives all free  
Her Privy-Garden *Key*

That leads us to the *Still Eternity*:  
Which only is  
The true Transcendent Virgin-Paradise.  
Whence she such Flowers of various Kind and Hue,  
Imbalm'd in Odorous Heav'nly Dew,  
Into her own Spicy Garden brings.  
In which each Flower,  
Indued with multiplying Power,  
Pregnant becomes of Thousands more.  
Hence th' unexhausted *Fountain* of fresh *Gardens* springs.

Here living Trees their glittering Arms extend;  
Apples of Gold the Silver Branches bend:  
Plenty Luxuriant without End.  
Here round the *Oak* of Strength entwines  
The softer Amorious *Eglantine*,

Which hitherto tho' wild, and barren-wast,  
Here bring their proper Fruits too high for Mortal tast.  
The stately *Elm* still Weds the creeping *Vine*,  
Whose Branches wide Embraced profusely Pour  
Their large *Escolian-cluster'd* Dower.

The Princely Cedars Heaven-aspiring Clime:  
And fit to build the Presence-Ark Divine,  
Th' Incorrptible *Trees of Shittim*

Nor wants Improv'd that *Indian Wonder-Tree*,  
All Spices in Epitome.

Whence we the true Perfumes and Incense bring,  
To Ingratiate and Attone the Offended King:  
Ev'n till the Savour of our Ointments move  
The Bridegroom dear to grant his Love,  
Amidst the *Trees of Faith and Life* aspire;  
Most Virtuous-rich, and Goodly to behold:

O see 'em Blooming fair  
With Orient Pearl, and pure Amorsial Gold.  
Hair Blest *Elysian-flowerly* fruitful Vale:

*Eden* transplanted now.  
Here Blushing *Roses*, *Lilies* Love-sick Pale,  
High-Purpled Mourning *Violets* humbling low,  
With Pinkt *Carnatians* of collected Graces grow.  
Here is the Sun-Flower true

Of steady fixt Love-Contemplation high,  
That from th' Eternal Sun ne're turns its Eye.  
Here the Dove-Gates in Gentle Zephirs Blow:  
Here *Sions* Golden Rivers boundless flow;  
Pure Nectare-Ambrosial Streams, that spring  
With Quintessential Element Divine,  
                    And the New Kingdoms Flaming Wine,  
From the clear *Glassy Sea*, Love's Ocean, bring:  
                    There are the Gardens of Mount *Lebanon*,  
Where *Wisdoms Temple* can be raised alone,  
                    By the True second *Solomon*.

Whose Glorious Representative shall here  
                    Become its Mighty Founder;  
Himself most radiant and Head Corner-Stone  
                    Next to th' Eternal One.  
Hail Great and Powerful CYRUS, Thou art He  
Forenam'd and Chosen from Eternity.  
True *Hyacinth* who to thy *Jasper* Bright  
Loves charming Queen shalt evermore unite,  
Mingling thy Streams of Power with Rays of Light.  
Hail Glorious King, DAVID and MARY One:  
Hail Types of Greater Glories yet to come:  
Hail Pledges of the Blest M I L L E N I U M.  
Blest Pair 'tis Now, Now you begin your Days  
When the Divine SOPHIA Sings your Praise.  
The Rose and Lilly of th' Imperial Crown  
The Flower and Beauty of the Heavenly Throne  
The V and M of Creation.  
Blest Pair thrice happy now begins your Days,  
When the Divine *Sophia* Sings your Praise.  
Hail Glorious King DAVID and MARY One:  
Hail Types of Greater Glories yet to Come.  
Hail Pledges of the BLEST MILLENIUM.

Hail Powerful Beauteous Kind Harmonious V.M.

Arise, arise ye glittering Temple Stones,  
Arise ye Precious *Twelve* Foundations.  
Hast and your Ravisht Souls in one combine,  
All in One Heart, One Life, One Glory shine:  
To Raise of Spirits all compact and Pure  
Wisdom's Magnificent Immortal Structure.  
Each Princely Pillar Generating more,  
Story on Story rais'd, with Golden Spires,

Waving their Streamers of Celestial Fires.  
While the true Doves from ev'ry distant Shoar  
To the Love-Windows fly, and Add their Store,  
Till to the Heavens they Build her Lofty-Tower.

Then down in Love the very Heavens shall Bend:  
Then shall the *Still Eternity* descend.  
And shouts of Victory the Skies shall rend:  
With full-ton'd Acclamation-Anthems clear  
                    And Love Congratulations Dear.  
Thus down in Love the Heavens themselves shall bend,  
Thus shall the *New Jerusalem* descend,  
And God shall *Tabernacle* Here with Men,  
  World without End.

And here at Rest Heav'ns Glorious Virgin Queen,  
In all her Darling Beauties, Charms Divine,  
Majestick Port, and Glories unconfin'd,  
Sits on her Royal Throne, in her high *Fame* Enshrin'd.  
And in the *Mirror* of her Heavens so clear  
Presents her Lustrous *Son*. in whom Express  
Outshines the Glory of his Father Dear.  
In and through All the Eternal Peaceful *Dove*,  
Out-pours the Burning *Sea* of Everlasting Love.  
While loud each Arch-Angelick Trumpet Sings  
*Glory to the Eternal King of Kings.*

                                    While ev'ry Breath and Sound,  
                                    The Ecchoing Spheres and Worlds around,  
In Universal *Hallelujah* Rings.  
*Glory to the Returning King of Kings.*  
*For this we Shout aloud, we Sing, we Pray,*  
AMEN: H O S A N N A: H A L L E L U J A H.

**M**EAN while we turn our Eyes and Ears attent  
To Heavens Embassadress to Mortals sent,  
To shew her Virgin Mother's Love-Intent,  
Through her a sweet Inchanting Ray she flings;  
And purer Souls Inviting Thus Divinely Sings.

Now Open wide ye Everlasting Doors  
                    And swiftly Fly the Winged Hours,  
Till your Great *Lebanon* Prince, the Mighty King  
                    In Solemn Triumph enters in:

All your Fresh Springs with Heaven Dews to fill,  
    Flowing from ev'ry Spicy Quill.  
That you may Drink those *Nectarine* Draughts so pure,  
    To Effect the Universal Cure.  
Quint-Essence streaming from the *Godhead* Source;  
    So Ravishing sweet, of such high Force;  
As to transmute Man's Earth, and drossy Mold  
    To Pearly Beauty, Living Gold.  
Crown'd with the Sun and Star-bright Glory high;  
    Clear Substance of a Deity.  
Thus meetly Qualified and All Divine:  
    Companions to the Glorious Trine.  
Such Heavenly Virgin Souls shall free Command  
    The Treasures of their *Native* Land:  
Those hidden Mines, whose Springs of Golden Ore  
    Shall decaid Nature full Restore.  
*Fountains of Lebanon*s Generated free  
    Shall from this Golden Ocean be.  
The Rapturous Joys whereof no Tongue can tell,  
    But Godhead-Plants that in it dwell:  
Who under th' shady Rocks high Banner grow,  
    Whence Love's spic'd Liquors ever flow.  
O come and tast what Pleasures here abound.  
    Where would ye move in Endless round?  
You must from Dross Refine, and Mount away;  
    Mingling no more with Earth and Clay.  
But as New-Risen Souls make your Ascents,  
    To dwell in *Lebanon's* Golden Tents.

**O** *England*, Hear thy Genius loudly Call.  
O Hear, and ere 'tis fixt, Prevent thy Fall.  
Of Heaven thou most Abhorr'd, thou dearest Lov'd.  
Whom one by True Poetick Instinct mov'd  
Well *Jews* has call'd; "A moody Murmuring Race  
"As ever tried th' extent and stretch of Grace.  
Ah stop, take heed lest thou so Head-strong move,

As ev'n to Burst the very *Chain of Love*.  
Still with Gods prime indulgent Favours Blest,  
And Prov'd as oft by bitter *Plagues* distrest.  
He cannot spare. Ye cannot thee forgo.  
O how His Fury *sears!* how His Compassions flow!  
Mark thy mild Saviour well; how once he stood,



Shedding at *Salem's* Gates his tender Flood.  
 Ore thee again He Mourns, in Tears, in Sighs,  
 Wrung from his Bleeding Heart, and Melting Eyes,  
 Once more, from the Exuberant Mercy-Store,  
 A Glorious Day shall touch Fair *Albion's* Shoar:  
 Take Heed, Prepare: for if thou wilt not see  
 The Visitation Day-spring offer'd Thee:  
 If thou neglect the STAR that will Appear  
 First Rising Glorious in thy Hemisphere.  
 Thou of thy Birth-right wilt Suplanted be;  
 And Heavens full Shower of Blessing pass from thee.  
 The *Morning-Star* despis'd must Glide away;  
 And to a better Land its chearing Beams display.  
 Then at thy Loss and Folly, for a while,  
 Shall the Fair-sprouting *German Lilly* smile,  
 Yet kind and free Assist thy Labouring Toil.  
 Then, *Britain*, then Prepare for Scenes of Woe.  
 Then *Nilus* shall the wicked Land Ore-flow.  
 A--a's Stately Pride must tumble down,  
 And B--b's Lofty Towers must Kiss the Ground,  
 Then Happy who in *Goshen's* fruitful Land,  
 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's Wing shall stand,  
 In Safety, Peace and Plenty at Command.  
 Till the short Gloomy Day be past and gone:  
 And soon another Brighter Morning Dawn.  
 Gods Hand, and Will, shall be too Glaring plain,  
 Longer to meet Neglect, or bear Disdain.  
 Jealous, provok't with Emulation-Fire,  
 Again shall *British* Piety Aspire.  
 As it sunk Low; so shall it now Rise Higher.

His *First-born*, God in Thee again shall Own  
 And pour the Vast, the Double Blessings down.  
 And *England's* Monarch High shall wear Nations Crown.  
 The Fivefold-Portion-Right belongs to Thee.  
 Then shall the Land from Curse and Toil be free.  
 And *England Benjamin* Restored shall be.

**Onesimus.**