Dumnesse

Sure Man was born to Meditat on Things,
And to Contemplat the Eternal Springs
Of God and Nature, Glory, Bliss and Pleasure;
That Life and Love might be his Heav’ly Treasure:
And therfore Speechless made at first, that he
Might in himself profoundly Busied be:
And not vent out, before he hath t’ane in
Those Antidots that guard his Soul from Sin.

Wise Nature made him Deaf too, that he might
Not be disturb’d, while he doth take Delight
In inward Things, nor be deprav’d with Tongues,
Nor be disturb’d by the Errors and the Wrongs
That Mortal Words convey. For Sin and Death
Are most infused by accursed Breath.
That flowing from Corrupted Intrails, bear
Those hidden Plagues that Souls alone may fear.

This, my Dear friends, this was my Blessed Case;
For nothing spoke to me but the fair Face
Of Heav’n and Earth, before my self could speak,
I then my Bliss did, when my Silence, break.

My Non-Intelligence of Human Words
Ten thousand Pleasures unto me affords;
For while I knew not what they to me said,
Before Their Souls were into Mine conveyed,
Before that Living Vehicle of Wind
Could breath into me their infected Mind
Before my Thoughts were levend with theirs, before
There any Mixture was; the Holy Door,
Or Gate of Souls was cloud, and mine being One
With in it self to me alone was Known.
Then did I dwell within a World of Light,
Distinct and Seperat from all Mens Sight,
Where I did feel strange Thoughts, and Secrets see
That were, or seemd, only reveald to Me,
There I saw all the World Enjoyd by one;
There was in the World my Self alone;
No Business Serious seemd but one; No Work
But one was found; and that did in me lurk.

D’ye ask me What? It was with Cleerer Eys
To see all Creatures full of Deities;
Especialy Ones self. And to Admire
The Satisfaction of all True Desire:
Twas to be Plead with all that God hath done;
Twas to Enjoy even All beneath the Sun:
Twas with a Steddy and immediat Sense
To feel and measure all the Excellence
Of Things: Twas to inherit Endless Treasure,
And to be dild with Everlasting Pleasure:
To reign in Silence, and to Sing alone
To see, love, Covet, hav, Enjoy and Prais, in one:
To Prize and to be ravish’d: to be true,
Sincere and Single in a Blessed View
Of all his Gifts. Thus was I pent within
A Fort, Impregnable to any Sin:
Till the Avenues being Open laid,
Whole Legions Enter’d, and the Forts Betray’d.
Before which time a Pulpit in my Mind,
A Temple, and a Teacher I did find,
With a large Text to comment on. No Ear,
But Eys them selvs were all the Hearer’s there.
And evry Stone, and Evry Star a Tongue,
And evry Gale of Wind a Curious Song.
The Heavens were an Orakle, and spake
Divinity: The Earth did undertake
The office of a Priest; And being Dum
(Nothing besides was dum;) All things did com.
With Voices and Instructions; but when I
Had gain'd a Tongue, their Power began to die.
Mine Ears let other Noises in, not theirs;
A Nois Disturbing all my Songs and Prayers.
My foes puld down the Temple to the Ground,
They my Adoring Soul did deeply Wound,
And casting that into a Swoon, destroyd
The Oracle, and all I there enjoyd.
And having once inspir'd me with a Sence
Of forrein Vanities, they march out thence
In Troops that Cover and despoyl my Coasts,
Being the Invisible, most Hurtfull Hosts.
Yet the first Words mine Infancy did hear,
The Things which in my Dumness did appear,
Preventing all the rest, got such a root
Within my Heart, and stick so close unto't
It may be Trampled on, but still will grow;
And Nutriment to Soy't it self will owe.

*The first Impressions are Immortal all:*
And let mine Enemies hoop, Cry, roar, Call,
Yet these will whisper if I will but hear,
And penetrat the Heart, if not the Ear.