

Silence

A quiet Silent Person may possess
All that is Great or High in Blessedness.
The Inward Work is the Supreme: for all
The other were occasiond by the Fall.
A man, that seemeth Idle to the view
Of others, may the Greatest Business do.
Those Acts which Adam in his Innocence
Performed, carry all the Excellence.
These outward Busy Acts he knew not, were
Things of a Second or a lower Sphere.
Building of Churches, giving to the Poor,
In Dust and Ashes lying on the floor,
Administring of justice, Preaching Peace,
Ploughing and Toyling for a forc't Increas,
With visiting the Sick, or Governing
The rude and Ignorant: This was a thing
As then unknown. for neither Ignorance
Nor Poverty, nor Sickness did advance
Their Banner in the World, till Sin came in:
These therfore were occasiond all by Sin.
The first and only Work he had to do,
Was in himself to feel his Bliss, to view
His Sacred Treasures, to admire, rejoyce
Sing Praises with a Sweet and Heavnlly voice,
See, Prize, Give' Thanks within, and Love
Which is the High and only Work, above
Them all. And this at first was mine; These were
My Exercises of the Highest Sphere.
To see, Approve, take Pleasure, and rejoyce,
Within, is better than an Empty Voice:
No Melody in Words can Equal that;
The Sweetest Organ, Lute, or Harp is flat,
And Dull, compar'd thereto. And O that Still
I might Admire my Fathers Lov and Skill!
This is to Honor, Worship and Adore,
This is to lov Him: nay it is far more.
It is to Enjoy Him, and to Imitate
The Life and Glory of his High Estate.
Tis to receiv with Holy Reverence,
To understand his Gifts, and with a Sence
Of Pure Devotion, and Humilitie,
To prize his Works, his Lov to Magnify.
O happy Ignorance of other Things,
Which made me present with the King of kings!
And, like Him too! All Spirit, Life and Power,
All Lov and joy, in his Eternal Bower.
A World of Innocence as then was mine,
In which the joys of Paradice did shine
And while was not here I was in Heaven,
Not resting one, but evry Day in Seven.
For ever Minding with a lively Sence,
The Univers in all its Excellence.
No other Thoughts did intervene, to Cloy,
Divert, extinguish, or Ecclyps my joy.
No other Customs, New,found Wants, or Dreams
Invented here polluted my pure Streams.
No Aloes or Dregs, no Wormwood Star
Was seen to fall into the Sea from far.
No rotten Soul, did like an Apple, near
My Soul approach. There's no Contagion here.
An unperceived Donor gave all Pleasures,
There nothing was but , and all my Treasures.
In that fair World one only was the Friend,
One Golden Stream, one Spring, one only End.
There only one did Sacrifice and Sing
To only one Eternal Heavenly King.
The Union was so Strait between them two,
That all was eithers which my Soul could view.
His Gifts, and my Possessions, both our Treasures;
He mine, and I the Ocean of his Pleasures.

He was an Ocean of Delights from Whom
The Living Springs and Golden Streams did corn:
My Bosom was an Ocean into which
They all did run. And me they did enrich.
A vast and Infnit Capacitle,
Did make my Bosom like the Deitie,
In Whose Mysterious and Celestial Mind
All Ages and all Worlds together shind.
Who tho he nothing said did always reign,
And in Himself Eternitie contain.
The World was more in me, then I in it.
The King of Glory in my Soul did sit.
And to Himself in me he always gave,
All that he takes Delight to see me have.
For so my Spirit was an Endless Sphere,
Like God himself, and Heaven and Earth was there.