

*Thoughts I*

1

Ye brisk Divine and Living Things,  
Ye great Exemplars, and ye Heavenly Springs,  
Which I within me see;  
Ye Machines Great,  
Which in my Spirit God did Seat,  
Ye Engines of Felicitie;  
Ye Wondrous Fabricks of his Hands,  
Who all possesseth that he understands;  
That ye are pent within my Brest,  
Yet rove at large from East to West,  
And are Invisible, yet Infinite;  
Is my Transcendent, and my Best Delight.

2

By you I do the joys possess  
Of Yesterdays-yet-present Blessedness;  
As in a Mirror Clear,  
Old Objects I  
Far distant do even now descrie  
Which by your help are present here.  
Ye are your selvs the very Pleasures.  
The Sweetest, last, and most Substantial Treasures.  
The Offsprings and Effects of Bliss  
By whose Return my Glory is  
Renewd, and represented to my View:  
O ye Delights, most Pure, Divine, and True!

3

Ye Thoughts and Apprehensions are  
The Heavenly Streams which fill the Soul with rare  
Transcendent Perfect Pleasures.  
At any time,  
As if ye still were in your Prime,  
Ye Open all his Heavenly Treasures.  
His joys accessible are found  
To you, and those Things enter which Surround  
The Soul. Ye Living Things within!  
Where had all joy and Glory been  
Had ye not made the Soul those Things to Know.  
Which Seated in it make the fairest Shew?

4

I know not by what Secret Power  
Ye flourish so: but ye within your Bower,  
More Beautifull do seem,  
And better Meat  
Ye daily yeeld my Soul to eat,  
Then even the Objects I esteem  
Without my Soul. What were the Skie,  
What were the Sun, or Stars, did ye not lie

In me! and represent them there  
Where els they never could appear!  
Yea What were Bliss without such Thoughts to me,  
What were my Life, what were the Deitie?

5

O ye *Conceptions of Delight!*  
Ye that *inform* my Soul with Life and Sight!  
Ye Representatives, and Springs  
Of inward Pleasure!  
Ye joys! Ye Ends of Outward Treasure!  
Ye Inward, and ye Living Things!  
The Thought, or joy Conceived is  
The inward Fabrick of my Standing Bliss.  
It is the Substance of my Mind  
Transformd, and with its Objects lind.  
The Quintessence, Elixar, Spirit, Cream.  
Tis Strange that Things unseen should be Supreme.

6

The Ey's confind, the Body pent  
In narrow Room: Lims are *of* small Extent.  
But Thoughts are always free.  
And as they're best,  
So can they even in the Brest,  
Rove ore the World with Libertie:  
Can Enter Ages, Present be  
In any Kingdom, into Bosoms see.  
Thoughts, Thoughts can come to Things, and view,  
What Bodies cant approach unto.  
They know no Bar, Denial, Limit, Wall:  
But have a Liberty to look on all.

7

Like Bees they flie from Flower to Flower,  
Appear in Evry Closet, Temple, Bower;  
And suck the Sweet from thence,  
No Ey can see:  
As Tasters to the Deitie.  
Incredible's their Excellence.  
For ever,more they will be seen  
Nor ever moulder into less Esteem.  
They ever shew an Equal face,  
And are Immortal in their place.  
Ten thousand Ages hence they are as Strong,  
Ten thousand Ages hence they are as Yong.

### ***Thoughts II***

1

A Delicate and Tender Thought  
The Quintessence is found of all he Wrought.  
It is the fruit of all his Works,

Which we conceive,  
Bring forth, and Give,  
Yea and in which the Greater Value lurks.  
It is the fine and Curious Flower,  
Which we return, and offer evry hour:  
So Tender in our Paradice  
That in a Trice  
It withers strait, and fades away.  
If we but ceas its Beautie to display.

2

Why Things so Precious, should be made  
So Prone, so Easy, and so Apt to fade  
It is not easy to declare.  
But God would have  
His Creatures Brave  
And that too by their own Continual Care.  
He gave them Power evry Hour,  
Both to Erect, and to Maintain a Tower,  
Which he far more in us doth Prize  
Then all the Skies.  
That we might offer it to Him,  
And in our Souls be like the Seraphim.

3

That Temple David did intend,  
Was but a Thought, and yet it did transcend  
King Solomons. A Thought we know  
Is that for which  
God doth Enrich  
With joys even Heaven above, and Earth below.  
For that all Objects might be seen  
He made the Orient Azure and the Green:  
That we might in his Works delight.  
And that the Sight  
Of those his Treasures might Enflame  
The Soul with Love to him, he made the same.

4

This Sight which is the Glorious End  
Of all his Works, and which doth comprehend  
Eternity, and Time, and Space,  
Is far more dear,  
And far more near  
To him, then all his Glorious Dwelling Place.  
It is a Spiritual World within.  
A Living World, and nearer far of Kin  
To God, then that which first he made.  
While that doth fade  
This therefore ever shall Endure,  
Within the Soul as more Divine and Pure.

### *Thoughts. III*

Thoughts are the Angels which we send abroad.  
To visit all the Parts of Gods Abode.  
Thoughts are the Things wherin we all confess  
The Quintessence of Sin and Holiness  
Is laid. All Wisdom in a Thought doth Shine,  
By Thoughts alone the Soul is made Divine.  
Thoughts are the Springs of all our Actions here  
On Earth, tho they them selvs do not appear.  
They are the Springs of Beauty, Order, Peace,  
The Cities Gallantries, the feilds Inceas.  
Rule, Government and Kingdoms flow from them,  
And so doth all the New Jerusalem.  
At least the Glory, Splendor and Delight,  
For tis by Thoughts that even she is Bright.  
Thoughts are the Things wherwith even God is Crownd,  
And as the Soul without them useless found,  
So are all other Creatures too. A Thought  
Is even the very Cream of all he wrought.  
All Holy fear, and Love, and Reverence,  
With Honor, joy and Prais, as well as Sence,  
Are hidden in our Thoughts. Thoughts are the Things  
That us affect: The Hony and the Stings  
Of all that is, are Seated in a Thought,  
Even while it seemeth weak, and next to Nought.  
The Matter of all Pleasure, Virtue, Worth,  
Grief, Anger, Hate, Revenge, which Words set forth,  
Are Thoughts alone. Thoughts are the highest Things,  
The very Offspring of the King of Kings.  
Thoughts are a kind of Strange Celestial Creature,  
That when they' re Good, they' re such in evry Feature,  
They bear the Image of their father' s face,  
And Beautifie even all his Dwelling Place:  
So Nimble and Volatile, unconfind,  
Illimited, to which no Form' s assignd,  
So Changeable, Capacious, Easy, free,  
That what it self doth pleas a Thought may be.  
From Nothing to Infinitie it turns,  
Even in a Moment: Now like fire it burns,  
Now' s frozen Ice: Now shapes the Glorious Sun,  
Now Darkness in a Moment doth become,  
Now all at once: Now crowded in a sand,  
Now fils the Hemisphere, and sees a Land:  
Now on a Suddain' s Wider then the Skie,  
And now runs Parile with the Deitie.  
Tis such, that it may all or Nothing be.  
And' s made so Active Voluble and Free  
Becaus tis Capable of all thats Good,  
And is the End of all when understood.  
A Thought can Clothe it self with all the Treasures  
Of GOD, and be the Greatest of his Pleasures.  
It all his Laws, and Glorious Works, and Ways,

And Attributes, and Counsels; all his Praise  
 It can conceive, and Imitate, and give:  
 It is the only Being that doth live.  
 'Tis Capable of all Perfection here,  
 Of all his Love and joy and Glory there.  
 It is the only Beauty that doth Shine,  
 Most Great, Transcendent, Heavenly and Divine.  
 The very Best or Worst of Things it is,  
 The Basis of all Misery or Bliss.  
 Its Measures and Capacities are such,  
 Their utmost Measure we can never touch.  
 Here Ornament on Ornament may still  
 Be laid; Beauty on Beauty, Skill on Skill,  
 Strength Still on Strength, and Life it self on Life.  
 'Tis Queen of all things, and its Makers Wife.  
 The Best of Thoughts is yet a thing unknown,  
 But when 'tis Perfect it is like his Own:  
 Intelligible, Endless, yet a Sphere  
 Substantial too: In which all Things appear.  
 All Worlds, all Excellences, Sences, Graces,  
 Joys, Pleasures, Creatures, and the Angels Faces.  
 It shall be Married ever unto all:  
 And all Embrace, tho now it seemeth Small.  
 A Thought my Soul may Omnipresent be.  
 For all it toucheth which a Thought can see.  
 Oh that Mysterious Being! Thoughts are Things,  
 Which rightly used make his Creatures Kings.

***Thoughts. IV***

In thy Presence there is fullness  
 of joy, and at thy right hand there  
 are Pleasures for ever more.  
 Thoughts are the Wings on which the Soul doth flie,  
 The Messengers which soar above the Skie,  
 Elijahs firey Charet, that conveys  
 The Soul, even here, to those Eternal joys.  
 Thoughts are the privileged Posts that Soar  
 Unto his Throne, and there appear before  
 Our selves approach. These may at any time  
 Above the Clouds, above the Stars may clime.  
 The Soul is present by a Thought; and sees  
 The New Jerusalem, the Palaces.  
 The Thrones and feasts, the Regions of the Skie,  
 The joys and Treasures of the DEITIE.  
 His Wisdom makes all things so Bright and pure,  
 That they are Worthy ever to endure.  
 His Glorious Works his Laws and Counsels are,  
 When seen, all like himself, beyond compare.  
 All Ages with his Love and Glory Shine,  
 As they are his all Kingdoms are Divine.  
 Whole Hosts of Angels at his Throne attend,  
 And joyfull Praises from his Saints ascend.

Thousands of thousands Kneel before his face  
And all his Benefits with joy embrace.  
His Goodness makes all Creatures for his Pleasure,  
And makes itself his Creatures chiefest Treasure.  
Almighty Power doth it self employ  
In all its Works to make it self the joy  
Of all his Hosts, and to compleat the Bliss  
Which Omnipresent and Eternal is.  
His Omnipresence is an Endless Sphere,  
Wherin all Worlds as his Delights appear.  
His bounty is the Spring of all Delight,  
Our Blessedness, like his, is infinit.  
His Glory Endless is and doth Surround  
And fill all Worlds, without or End or Bound.  
What hinders then, but we in heav'n may be  
Even here on Earth did we but rightly see?  
As Mountains, Charets, Horsemen all on fire,  
To guard Elisha did of old conspire,  
Which yet his Servant could not see, being blind,  
Ourselves enviroind with his joys we find.  
Eternity it self is that true Light,  
That doth enclose us being infinite.  
The very Seas do overflow and Swim  
With Precious Nectars as they flow from him.  
The Stable Earth which we beneath behold  
Is far more precious than if made of Gold.  
Fowls Fishes Beasts, Trees Herbs and precious flowers,  
Seeds Spices Gums and Aromatick Bowers,  
Wherewith we are enclos'd and servd, each day  
By his Appointment do their Tributes pay,  
And offer up themselvs as Gifts of Love,  
Bestowd on Saints, proceeding from above.  
Could we but justly, wisely, truly prize  
These Blessings, we should be above the Skies,  
And Praises sing with pleasant Heart and Voice,  
Adoring with the Angels should rejoyce.  
The fertile Clouds give Rain, the Purer Air,  
Is Warm and Wholsom, Soft and Bright and fair.  
The Stars are Wonders which his Wisdom names,  
The Glorious Sun the Knowing Soul enflames.  
The very Heavens in their Sacred Worth,  
At once serv us, and set his Glory forth.  
Their Influences touch the Gratefull Sence,  
They pleas the Ey with their Magnificence.  
While in his Temple all his Saints do sing,  
And for his Bounty prais their Heavenly King.  
All these are in his Omnipresence still  
As Living Waters from his Throne they trill.  
As Tokens of his Lov they all flow down,  
Their Beauty Use and Worth the Soul do Crown.  
Men are like Cherubims on either hand,  
Whose flaming Love by his Divine Command,

Is made a Sacrifice to ours; which Streams  
Throughout all Worlds, and fills them all with Beams.  
We drink our fill, and take their Beauty in,  
While Jesus Blood refines the Soul from Sin.  
His Grievous Cross is a Supreme Delight,  
And of all Heavenly ones the greatest Sight.  
His Throne is neer, tis just before our face,  
And all Eternitie his Dwelling place.  
His Dwelling place is full of joys and Pleasures  
His Throne a fountain of Eternal Treasures.  
His Omnipresence is all Sight and Love,  
Which whoso sees, he ever dwells above.  
With soft Embraces it doth Clasp the Soul,  
And Watchfully all Enemies controul.  
It enters in, and doth a Temple find,  
Or make a Living one within the Mind.  
That while Gods Omnipresence in us lies,  
His Treasures might be all before our Eys:  
For Minds and Souls intent upon them here,  
Do with the Seraphims abov appear:  
And are like Spheres of Bliss, by Lov and Sight,  
By joy, Thanksgiving, Prais, made infinite.  
O give me Grace to see thy face, and be  
A constant Mirror of Eternitie.  
Let my pure Soul, transformed to a Thought,  
Attend upon thy Throne, and as it ought  
Spend all its Time in feeding on thy Lov,  
And never from thy Sacred presence mov.  
So shall my Conversation ever be  
In Heaven, and I O Lord my GOD with Thee!