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Here O my soul attend & hear,
The call of Jesus blest,
Come unto me and I will give,
Aye an everlasting rest.

Verses on Mr John Glenholmes &
his Demerit

Dear Sir in these ^{few} lines I will,
Give you a Sample of my Skill,
In making verses like a Poet
But am grown old you must allow it,
Apollo and the nine deny,
To give me fire to versify
When clambering up Parnassus rocks,
The muses laugh Apollo mocks,

2
Like generous Horse that run for Gold,
Unprofitable grow when old,
He plys his feeble Limbs in vain,
Nor Gold nor silver can obtain,
So cannot I describe your dwelling
In full perfection though I'm willing
Nature profuse with both her hands
Has lavish'd Beauties on your Lands.

3

Such as I cannot well describe,
 Even though you'd give an apple bribe,
 Then he content take what I give,
 And long & happy may you live,
 A splendid Villa fair & gay,
 Stands on the left side of the way,
 As down to Newtown And we go,
 Between rich Armstrong & Dan Blow,

4

The owner courteous and kind,
 Is always glad to see his friend,
 And ever ready to impart,
 What may revive and cheer the heart
 In living ponds, there fishes play,
 There Mellow notes of Birds in May,
 And finest horses cows & sheep,
 As ever fold or stall did keep,

5

There flowers and fruits in plenty rise,
 An eastern grove ascends the skies,
 A fruitful Orchard Arbors round,
 Grow on a rich & fertile ground,
 And forest trees both ^{great} and tall
 A monstrous Ash surmount them all,

And through the ^{6³} ~~the~~ Cloud extend ^{top} his
And with the Star he seems to cope
The groves are for the Nymphs prepar'd,
From Muses worthy of regard,
Diana there might bend her Bow,
And through the forests Arrows throw,
To kill wild beasts, but none are found,
So blest and happy is your ground,
These blooming beauties fading are,
And all their charms beneath your care.

7
Then on the Earth let not your Love,
But seek Inheritance above,
Not to be bought with finest Gold,
Exceeding Paradise of old,
An healthful Climate without Disease,
Perpetual peace & perfect Ease,
Where life abides eternally
And upright men can never die.

8
There purest Light more clear than noon,
Without the aid of Sun or Moon
There ~~and~~ Spring & Autumn reign together,
And flowers and fruits appear for ever,
The muse forbids description here,
And calls to keep within my Sphere.

lost human language, should degrade,
What is divine, she is afraid.

Heb ^{17⁸⁵} 1st victory, over Death in Ode 6

This world & all its vanities I leave,
And my remains shall lie in silent grave,
In dust be left to crawling worms & prey,
Yet shall arise at Resurrection Day,
My sleeping dust shall then awake to live
In heavenly glory which my Lord shall give,
Who me redeemed from sin & punishment,
To make me pure by holy Spirit sent.

Then shall the ^{Saints} ~~cloud~~ ^{cloud} together sing,
O cruel Death where's now thy bitter sting,
In that triumphant ^{thrift} ~~du~~ joyful cry,
O in his own grave where's now thy victory,
Death & the grave shall never more be found,
When all the Saints with glory shall be crown'd,
Unable now I am to offer praise,
But when in heaven through future lasting days,
I render thanks & praises ever singing,
In gratitude unto my Heavenly King,
The heavenly hosts shall joy to see me come,
From trouble to my everlasting Home,

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Their joy and blessedness shall ever be,
A great increase of my felicity,
If saints in heaven delight in others bliss,
Why here on earth thus lemp do we miss,
Let us the Lord and one another love,
And thus were fitted for the world above,
No theft nor fraud nor hatred enter there,
With joy & love the Saints all filled are,
No sweasens there to interrupt their peace,
Nothing that vile can ever see that please,
then here below I learn to serve the Lord,
And keep his laws & search his gracious word,
Thus on the earth, strive to begin my Heaven,
By grace to me and understanding given.
I'll live & die in hope of mercy sure
And purest joys which ever shall endure
Then blessed with the blessed saints I'll be
And Christ my Lord in dazzling light shall see,
Exalted high above the sun & moon,
Beyond the earth when life & time are done
The Saints shall strive who can the Lord most love,
Who them to save descended from above,
And was made flesh a Sacrifice became,
Sinners to save then let us bless his name
This is the blessed work of saints on high,
to praise & love & praise perpetually

Soliloquy often repeated by the Author.
January 1782 Ode ~~the~~ 7th

The Lord my Saviour night & Day,
My sure defence & constant Stay,
He saves me from deserved wrath,
Prevents a fatal second death,
Open my Eyes enlarge my heart,
To know thy will, and do my part,
Me justify & righteous make,
By grace divine for Jesus sake,
Thy glorious name then will I praise,
And learn to walk in wisdoms ways,
Thy laws I love to keep in mind,
All which are perfect & divine,
I know no other straight way, to please,
By grace to me and wisdom given,
Thy word I for my guide will take,
O do not then thy work forsake,
Then happy shall I be and wise,
While Sun & Moon adorn the skies,
While Mountain tops are clad with Snow,
And rapid tides do ebb & flow,

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While trees beside the waters rise,
And courses run to gain the prize,
While fields are clad with flock & herds,
And trees resound with singing birds,
Like the concluding day, shall come,
When all mankind must hear their doom,
The Graves are broke the dead arise,
The seas do listen with surprise,
The dead in both quickly awake,
The wicked tremble the earth doo quake,
Through all world the shock is felt,
The Elements in flames do melt
All terrenall Substances are burn'd,
The earth to red hot ashes turn'd,
In midst of flames the groaning world,
Is suddenly to ruin hurl'd,
The Judge descends from heaven on high,
In splendor & bright Majesty,
In flaming fire to destroy,
The workers of Iniquity,
A glorious train attend upon
The Lord exalted on his throne
The Nations call, the judgment set,
Thousands of men & Angels wait,
Distinction ^{made} in a short while
between the pious & the vile,

the precious on the Lords right hand,
The vile at awful distance stand,
The righteous Lord tries every cause,
In execution of his Law,

The Books are open, sentence given,
Good men & Angels fly to Heaven,
The men & Demons down descend,

To misery that knows no end.

Their lusts are strong, not satisfied,
Because not killed, before they died

Their growth in mischief & in ill,
Gives growth to woe & ever will,

Contempt & lasting shame they bear,
Horrid outcries & Owlings hear,

Their sin increases, more & more,
Their vengeance is enlarged therefore

A flaming comet is their Hell,
Where tears & Darkness ever dwell,

Condemned to live against their will,
Their Dungeon bottomless they find,

To sinking always are destin'd,

But righteous men are higher rais'd,
Their love & knowledge are increas'd,

Their growth in wisdom does not cease
 But to perfection goes apace,
 From strength to strength they always rise,
 But still beneath the Angels size,
 They rise & rise, but never can,
 To infinite be raised to man.
 Glory to God eternally,

For his rich grace & mercy free,
 Glory ascribe to Christ his Son,
 For faith & hope to rest upon
 Who freely shed his precious blood,
 To heal our wound & make us good,
 Glory unto the Spirit too,

Who also wonders great can do,
~~Though there are ever one in three,
 To be revered & glorified~~

Glory ascribe to three in one
 To God the Father, God the Son
 And God the Spirit be honour done.

The Saints repose in Christ.
 Return my Soul in hope unto thy God,
 There make a firm & permanent abode,
 A sure foundation base to build begin
 Thy heart make strong, gainst ^{of sin} assaults
 Let stable thoughts & good resolutions
 And love be sure witnesses thy heart be found
 Awake my Soul from sleep lift up thine eyes
 Above the starry heavens beyond of thies.
 Let meditation & Immensity
 Go hand in hand ascending up on high,
 Where earth a Moon & Stars go out of sight.
 The Solar System the huge Globe of Light
 At immense Distance seems a twinkling Star
 In contemplation rais'd toward heaven so far,
 Awake my Soul again ascend to heaven,
 Which is to Angels in possession given;
 There grows the tree of life planted to bear,
 Two be kinds of fruit in each month of year,
 But by our ancient parents wilful vice,
 And disobedience, driven from Paradise,
 Wretched & wretched, destined to direful woe,

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Till Christ our Lord was pleas'd to under
The penalties & heavy punishment,
Due to the ungodly and impudent,

All this he suffered our lives to save,
From utter darkness and the irksome grave,
His fathers Law more over he obey'd,
Most perfectly in our law room & stead,
The way he opened to eternal life,

Our thanksgiving gave moons & relief,
Then let the Saints redeeming love admire,
Our love & gratitude rise always higher,
Behold the many wonders of grace divine,
Which in the Gospel Covenant do shine,
Rises from poverty, glory from shame,
From cursed death, life & salvation came
Then all ye Saints & Angels come along,
Your voices join in the triumphant song,
Praises & Glallelujah loudly sing,
Unto Jehovah our Almighty King.

To the above add in the following page
in these few lines the fact & divine
attempt is thereby made to make him shine.

And to Jehovah too his only Son,
 Who over Death the victory hath won,
 And to the Holy Ghost who Sanctifies
 With ardent love lift up your joyful Eyes.
 Therefore ye Saints Jehovah praise proclaim
 And cry thrice holy to his blessed name

Of the Ode going to Sleep or to Death

Now I lay ^{me} down to Sleep,
 Because the Lord my Soul doth keep
 In Safety, he preserves me still,
 Him therefore magnify I will.
 He rescues from every foe,
 And many dangers where I go,
 In sickness he my heart sustains
 Gives health in place of grievous pains.
 Thus with my body gently deals,
 His grace unto my soul reveals,
 The grace that's purchas'd by the Lord,
 Made sure by promise in his word,

Ye workers of Iniquity,
 Therefore in haste depart from me,
 Because I mean to serve my God,
 Under ^{his} shade to make Abode,
 To save me from your cruelty,
 Your wickedness and misery,
 Lord give me ^{with} that work by love,
 And o'er the world victorious prove,
 O'er my Lusts and Covarise,
 My foolish Pride & every Vice,
 Then will I labour Day & Night,
 To serve my God with great delight,
 I'll live in hope of Mercy true
 And purest joys that still abide
 So I'll Jehovah's praises sing,
 In loud Hosannas to my King,
 Both here in concert with the just,
 And in the world to come, I trust,

To mire the love of God & Christ
 for redemption Ode 10th ^{is due}
 Gaiest God, most gracious, highest praise
 unto thy name, from Gentile & from Jew,
 Come all ye Nations altogether come,
 from all y^e outmost parts of Christendom,
 To bless Almighty God who gave his son
 To save Mankind when utterly undone,
 Bless the Eternal Son of God who came
 To save us from contempt & endless shame,
 This love of God no language can express,
 Let us therefore the Lord of Heaven confess,
 The love of Christ does very far surmount
 Our shallow understand^{ing} to recount.
 In depth descends & penetrates the grave,
 In height ascends to heaven our souls to save,
 Its greatest length & breadth exceed y^e Ken
 of heavenly angels & the son of men,
 Its length & breadth like the huge earth & seas,
 In vastitude therefore the Lord's name praise
 This love of Christ from Angels was conceal'd
 Till by the Church to them at last reveal'd,

17
After long time God's wisdom in a miracle,
To all the Hosts of heaven was fully told,
Glad Heaven the morning stars together sing,
In loud hosannas to their mighty King,
The highest Angels all their gl'ous employ,
Some strike the Lyre, some shout aloud for joy,
To see the saints filling the vacant place,
Left by proud angels thrust down in disgrace,
Thus heaven in raptures fullest joys overflow,
While hollow murmurs fill black Hell below,
Malignant Demons fret & gnash their grievous
Because Jehovah does his saints relieve
Thus between Angels good & bad we learn,
A manifest distinction to discern,
One kind our happiness congratulate
The other fret & as much grieve and hate.

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The Fathers prayer for his family 10th
Bless all my Children Lord, & servants too,
Early in thy Law's path cause them to go,
Yielding Obedience to thy precious word,
Thou their God merciful & gracious Lord,
Through all the walks of life be thou their
Keep them secure from avarice and pride, guide,
Give early grace & Piety Mature
Which unto their life's end may still endure
Give them a patient meek & humble mind,
Always unto thy precepts well inclined,
From hurtful lusts ag't the soul that war,
Cause them abstain & keep at distance far,
Cause them in virtuous deeds to persevere,
Till fully ripe for glory in Gods fear,
Matured by virtue of Christs righteousness,
Thus may they enter into lasting Bliss
To God of father son & Spirit too
Let all Saints & Angels homage do.