

# A Brief Unveiling of God and Man's Glory:

## A Poem

John Greene

A Westminster Divine

1641

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# Introduction

Rev. Travis Fentiman<sup>1</sup>

John Greene started as a felt and hat maker, became a zealous and popular preacher, and went on to become a member of the famous Westminster Assembly.

From humble beginnings,<sup>2</sup> Greene attained a Master of Arts and was ‘eminently learned and pious.’<sup>3</sup> He ‘had a principle hand in raising a baptist congregation in Crutched-friars, London [England], in the year 1639, and was chosen to the office of minister.’<sup>4</sup> Afterwards, Greene became the pastor of a church in Pencombe, in the county of Hereford.

Most of what we know about Greene comes from his opponents. Greene’s independent, congregationalist convictions regarding church government were looked upon by many as innovative and radical. A chief complaint against Greene was that he was an unlearned lay preacher. The presbyterian Thomas Edwards complained, ‘he was one of the first mechanics [tradesmen], who, presently after the meeting of the Long Parliament [1640], preached publicly in the churches of London.’<sup>5</sup> A book written in 1641 called Greene an ‘arch-separatist’ and had for its title:

*The Brownist’s Synogogue; or, a late Discovery of their Conventicles, Assemblies, and places of meeting; where they preach, and the manner of their praying and preaching; with a relation of the names, places, and doctrines of those which do commonly preach. The chief of which are these:*

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<sup>1</sup> Rev. Fentiman is a Licentiate in the Free Church of Scotland (Continuing). He earned an MDiv. from Greenville Presbyterian Theological Seminary and lives in Vermont with his bride and two dear children.

<sup>2</sup> The date of Greene’s birth is not known.

<sup>3</sup> James Reid, *Memoirs of the Westminster Divines* (Paisley, 1811) 364.

<sup>4</sup> Benjamin Brook, *The Lives of the Puritans*, vol. 3 (London, 1813) 34, citing Crosby’s *Baptists*, vol. 3, p. 26,42.

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Edwards, *Gangraena, Part III* (London, 1646) 248-9.

*Greene, the felt-maker... which sect is much increased of late within this city...*<sup>6</sup>

The House of Commons, at one point, summoned Greene on account of lay preaching, reprimanded him, and threatened to severely punish him if he did not renounce the practice.

It is not clear how far the accusations against Greene hold accurate. Greene clearly was not unlearned. Nor would it have been abnormal for the civil authorities and some presbyterians to regard congregational ordination to be no ordination at all (considering it to be a popular vote with no authority). Greene was in fact respected enough to be called upon by the House of Commons to preach at their monthly day of fasting and humiliation on April 24, 1644, which he did.

The accusation in *The Brownist's Synogogue* by John Taylor of Greene being a Brownist<sup>7</sup> (a sect of radical separatists) is probably not true. Taylor, a common tradesman and a prolific writer and poet (authoring over 150 books), was not known for his objectivity. He wrote at least eleven diatribes against Brownists. Thomas Edwards, while listing Greene as a 'sectary', does not categorize him as a Brownist. If Greene truly was of Brownist conviction, there is little chance he ever would have been called to the Westminster Assembly. It is more likely that Greene was an Independent, which Independents were arguably very different from the Brownists, being much more moderate.<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> By John Taylor, 1580-1653, a prolific writer and poet.

<sup>7</sup> Brownism was named after Robert Brown (†1633), one of whose first published works was entitled, 'A Treatise of Reformation without tarrying for any' (1582). For a description of their beliefs and practice, see Daniel Neal, *History of the Puritans*, vol. 1 (London, 1732) [ch. 6, pp. 376-379](#).

<sup>8</sup> Edwards consistently distinguished between Brownists and Independents. For a description of how Independent beliefs differed from Brownists at the time of the Westminster Assembly, see William Heatherington, *History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines* (New York, 1808) 118. Regarding the Independents' (claimed) separate origins from Brownists: '...the present very large and important community known as the Independents do not acknowledge Brown as the founder of the sect; they assert, on the contrary, that the distinguishing sentiments adopted by Brown and his followers had been professed in England, and churches established in accordance with their rules, before the time when Brown formed a separate congregation.' 'Brownists', in *Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*, ed. McClintock and Strong, vol. 1 (1895, reprinted, Grand Rapids: Baker Book House, 1968) 901.

Greene evidenced all the marks of a mainline Independent: half-hour pastoral prayers before the sermon, an hour long sermon, scripture readings with commentary mixed in after the sermon, and there being nothing objectionable in the worship service itself. He was accused of being ‘against all set forms of prayers’, which may or may not be true, but either way was characteristic of the Independents. Whatever Greene’s ecclesiological views were, the softness of his heart was certain. Taylor relates: ‘The man prays about the space of half an hour; and part of his prayer is, that those which come thither to scoff and laugh, God would be pleased to turn their hearts...’<sup>9</sup>

Greene was popular. You will find out why in reading his *A Brief Unveiling*. Edwards wrote of Greene in 1646:

‘...there is so great a resort and flocking to him, that yards, rooms, and house are all so full, that he causes his neighbors’ conventicles [meetings of worship], and others, to be oftentimes very thin, and independents to preach to bare walls and empty seats, in comparison of this great rabbi.’<sup>10</sup>

Greene was not popular because he tickled ears. Rather, ‘he carefully fed his people with knowledge, and warned them of danger.’<sup>11</sup> Preaching to the House of Commons, Greene publicly opposed the ‘Book of Sports’ (1618) which had been published at the King’s authority against the puritans to promote all manner of organized recreations on the Lord’s Day.<sup>12</sup> Greene referred to such profaning of the day that God had set apart for his public and private worship as ‘that sinful liberty on the Lord’s Day,’<sup>13</sup> which was in part the cause of England’s present calamities.

Greene is most known for being a member of the Westminster Assembly. He is listed by the puritan historian Daniel Neal as ‘giving constant attendance’ upon the several years of its meetings.<sup>14</sup> Greene served on various committees including the one

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<sup>9</sup> John Taylor, *Brownists’ Synagogue* (London, 1641) 5-6.

<sup>10</sup> *Gangrena*, Part III, pp. 248-249.

<sup>11</sup> James Reid, *Memoirs of the Westminster Divines*, p. 364.

<sup>12</sup> See Greene’s sermon on Neh. 1:3-4

<sup>13</sup> For a defense of this position from scripture, the Westminster Confession and the puritans, see the website: [ReformedBooksOnline: Recreation on the Lord’s Day](#)

<sup>14</sup> *Memoirs of the Westminster Divines*, p. 364-5.

delegated to consider the fifth commandment. A book of Greene's sermons were given to all the present assembly members on May 20, 1644.<sup>15</sup> Through the church government debates, Greene offered 'occasional support in the assembly' to the Independents, specifically to the Five Dissenting Brethren<sup>16</sup> in their (unsuccessful) motions for congregationalist church government.<sup>17</sup>

Perhaps the most noteworthy thing about Greene's presence at the Assembly is that he was, it appears, a baptist. The Westminster Confession and documents unequivocally assert infant baptism. This goes to show an often overlooked circumstance of the Westminster Assembly: its members (the Scots excepted) never had to swear to the documents that it produced.<sup>18</sup> As the propositions and documents were passed by majority vote,<sup>19</sup> the content of the Westminster documents didn't necessarily represent a least common denominator consensus of everyone present.

Out of what little information we have about Greene's life, even less is known regarding the end of it. The date of his death is not known. The puritan biographer Benjamin Brook records that one historian mentions a 'Mr. John Greene, who survived the Restoration [1660], and who endured cruel persecution with the rest of his brethren; but it does not appear whether this was the same person.'<sup>20</sup>

Unfortunately Greene only left three printed works that have successfully descended through history and are available to us today. Besides the present work, Greene authored:

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<sup>15</sup> John Lightfoot, *Journal of the Proceedings of the Assembly of Divines*, in vol. 13 of *Lightfoot's Works*, p. 268

<sup>16</sup> Thomas Goodwin, Philip Nye, Jeremiah Burroughs, William Bridge, Sidrach Simpson

<sup>17</sup> William Barker, *Puritan Profiles* (Mentor, 2006) 69.

<sup>18</sup> See Alexander Mitchell's '[Note \(Additional\), Subscription to the Confession](#)', in his *The Westminster Assembly: Its History and Standards*, (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1884) 511-2. The Church of Scotland officially adopted and subscribed to the Westminster standards, but the English did not.

<sup>19</sup> See *History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines*, pp. 100-103, who cites the testimony of John Lightfoot and Robert Baillie. See also S.W. Carruthers, *The Everyday Work of the Westminster Assembly* (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Historical Society, 1943) [Ch. 4, 'Procedure'](#), pp. 44-58.

<sup>20</sup> *The Lives of the Puritans*, vol. 3, p. 37, citing Crosby's *Baptists*, vol. 3, p. 82

*Nehemiah's Tears and Prayers for Judah's Affliction, and the ruins and repair of Jerusalem: Delivered in a sermon before the House of Commons upon the day of their monthly humiliation, April 24, 1644*

*The Worlds' Riddle and the Saint's Bliss, 1641*

It is believed that this is the first time in nearly 400 years that *A Brief Unveiling of God and Man's Glory* has been republished. In it Greene shows himself to be something of a precursor to the later reformed baptist poets John Bunyan (1628-1688) and Benjamin Keach (1640-1740).

In the first part of this poem Greene unveils how all people in their various pursuits, from their very nature, desire undiminished happiness. But the source of all happiness and pleasure is God who is infinitely so. Thus, we can only find our greatest happiness with Him. In the second part, Greene describes how we have sunk into misery by our sin. It is God the Son who has vanquished the world, the flesh and the Devil. Being exalted to the highest heaven, He alone can convey enduring happiness to us. And will we not weep over this lost world and show them the Savior? In the third part the poem describes how love inexplicably rises up within us and that we cannot be at rest without love finding its end. God is Love preeminently, and if we would have love dwell in our breast, we must find it in Him. As with all good poetry: you must read it aloud.

You will find the poem delightful; but it is also moving, full of insight and profound. Here are choice words coupled in settings of silver (Prov. 25:11). Many of its stanzas are brilliant. They will become more dear to you with more familiarity, as the best things do.

Though no defense for religious poetry needs to be given, do note that the Holy Spirit thought it good to inspire hundreds of pages of it; the Canon would not be sufficient without such beauty. Poetry was first delivered, not by worldly Lamech (Gen. 4:23-23), but in the sanctity of the Garden before sin: Adam ecstatically praised

the wonder of being united to his lovely bride in verse (Gen. 2:22-23 in the Hebrew). This teaches us that the whole of married life (1 Pet. 3:7) ought to be beautiful poetry; and Adam's oration, Paul says (Eph. 5:31-32), speaks of Christ and the Church: our mysterious, eternal and poetic marriage to the Son of God. Greene below tries (as Paul did in exalted lyric, Eph. 5:14-21) to comprehend (Eph. 5:18) in verse what is incomprehensible (Eph. 5:19): the Love of Christ. And though Greene must fail as did Paul, yet it causes our knees to bow (Eph. 5:14).

# A Brief Unveiling of God and Man's Glory

## 1. A Brief Rehearsal of Happiness in General

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The creatures all of several kinds, to find felicity,  
Doth join both hands and hearts in one, if they may it espy.  
This golden ball each man would have, and therefore runs a race,  
From east to west, from north to south, they spare no time nor place.

Some scattered ends of it they find, and by it wet desires,  
Which soon are lost or else doth fall, below those heavenly fires.  
Content, content each man doth cry, but that is it alone  
Which dwelleth in eternity, where joys are all in one:

Where all things lovely have their rise,  
Their fountain and their spring;  
Upon this mountain there doth sit, the potent mighty King,  
With crowns of glory on his head, with strength on his right hand,  
The praise alone of beauties fair hath Him at all command.

His throne alone surrounded is with honor's highest praise.  
If you will know his name, He is called the Ancient of Days,  
Who is the stock and root of good, where sweetness loseth measure.  
The height and depth of glories great, makes up his exhaust treasure.

Who lived before to give Him breath? Who gave to Him his spring?  
Shall any force Him from his throne, and there sit down and sing?  
Did any fill his heart with joy? If so, show forth his name;  
If not, then look upon his Face, that you may spread his fame.

If happiness you do pursue, if pleasure be your aim,  
If all things sweet you mean to meet, and so make sure of gain,  
If worlds of honor you would have, if crowns be your delight,  
Or if you love to please your eye, in any lovely sight,  
If you on substance love to stand, when comes a stormy hour,  
Or where the darts of death are thrown, ye would hide you in a tower:

Then fly into his bosom fair, where beauties all do meet.  
And when thou ent'rest in that place, with smiles they will thee greet.  
Each glory shows a pleasant face, thou canst them not withstand;  
They will allure and make thee sure to be at their command.

Such music sweetness thou wilt find which will thee force to stay;  
The voice of praises will thee charm, and bid thee come away  
And dwell forever in this sight, where mysteries are made known.  
Then whatsoever thou understand'st doth sure become thine own.

If there thou findest wisdom's seat, and searchest out her spring:  
The streams of glory she brings forth, will crown thee as a king.  
Who knoweth what power, what force she hath?  
None yet withstood her arm;

Whoever fled into her bower,<sup>21</sup> and by it purchased harm?

How safe are all that lie down there, though claps of thunder fly,  
And though the clouds with darkness thick, over the world do lie!  
If princes rage and at thee swell, they spend their breath in vain;  
If snares they lay, the most they get, is labor for their pain.  
Thou stand'st upon a mighty rock, thy building sure is high;  
Though dangers were like armies strong, they cannot thee come nigh.

Oh if you would be truly blest, and never know no grief,  
Then dwell amongst those streams of joys,  
Which each saith I am chief.  
There's room enough, thy thoughts may play,  
Thy game will still thee please,  
All bonds by law are there cut off, thy work it is thy ease.

The height, the depth, the length, the breadth, I AM alone can find;  
He knows it well, and by this light refresheth still his mind.  
All things in Him desired are, and all maintain desires;  
Love still doth rest within his breast, and kindles holy fires.

Who ever saw, and loved Him not, the beauties of his Face?  
And if those beams on them did smile,  
They clothed were with grace:  
And then like princes they did stand, most comely in his sight,  
Their lovely looks doth Him persuade, in them to take delight.

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<sup>21</sup> Definition: A woman's private chamber in a medieval castle.

And if in such He takes content, which are but as a land  
From whence the crop is cut away, and some few years doth stand,<sup>22</sup>  
What rest, what joy, what high solace, hath He in fullness store,  
Where treasures are with such increase, He cannot ask for more?

And these He sets before his view, forever to be seen;  
In all his days there's no decays, each thing is new and green.  
The life He lives is called Love, and doth his fill enjoy;  
He walks along in paths most sweet, where none can Him annoy.  
Security, it is the rock upon the which He stands,  
And there in triumph doth He reign, and binds all others' hands.

His crown is this, He knows his strength, the armies of his power  
Are quickly gathered into one, and ready at an hour.  
He knows his enemies where they lie, their scouts and all their train;  
Their plots do make Him melody, by these He sees them slain.  
He works and none molesteth Him, but forthwith gives Him way;  
His praise his enemies bring to light, in heart though they say 'nay'.  
Who would not lie within his breast, his counsels for to know?  
And see how powers do there combine, his foes to overthrow.

If there thou stay, thou sure shalt see the Godhead round Him flow,  
Each glory with it's several light, makes up a lovely show.  
These excellencies all do say, 'We will stand Thee in stead;'

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<sup>22</sup> That is, if God takes delight in the good of mortal creatures who perish as crops are cut down in the fields, how much more blessed is God who always peers upon infinite goodness?

Himself these excellencies are to help Him at his need.<sup>23</sup>

Life is the chiefest of his strength, love joins itself to either;  
There truth and holiness are met and mingle both together.  
Light comprehendeth all the sum, and for all maketh way,  
That so eternity may seem, but as one pleasant day,  
In which his beauties are displayed, by pieces at his pleasure;  
And so the Godhead shows itself, quite boundless in its measure.

'Tis that which<sup>24</sup> comprehendeth all, to it all's but a story;  
And like a prologue maketh way, that it may show forth glory.  
All creatures of it<sup>4</sup> speaketh praise and sing a pleasant song;  
We die and vanish quite away that so truth may be strong.

Of this all angels speaketh high, and owns no other talk;  
Their feet are strong to run a race, in this most spacious walk.  
Their names, their natures, all they are, this mystery maintains;  
If this were done their life were gone,  
Their pleasures turned to pains.  
They never speak of any power, but in Jehovah's name,  
They are glad to hide them in his tower,  
To keep themselves from shame.

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<sup>23</sup> That is, each glorious excellency of God (each of his attributes) confirms and highlights Him in his rightful place (see Prov. 8:12,14), and his attributes (being Himself in his divine simplicity) are at his command to serve his will if any opposition arises.

<sup>24</sup> That is, the mysterious eternal font of happiness, which has its origin in the Divine Being.

O let none grope in darkness thick, to find a pleasant way,  
Lest clouds put out his glimmering light, and so he go astray.  
The creatures all they are as veils, through which few men can see;  
Most aim to catch their gaudy shows and miss felicity.

But if the mystery opened were, some light there would appear;  
Then restless should she<sup>25</sup> be until we climb a higher sphere,  
Where, as the fountain of all bliss eternally doth flow,  
And from those springs refreshment runs, to all that thither go.

What mighty sea of joy is there! One wave another takes;  
Thus we are borne, and tides of love and sorrows us forsake.  
All spots and stains are washed away, full fair are we and bright,  
That so the King of glories great, in us may take delight.

When we are decked with such a dress, as suits with Him full well,  
Then comes He to his princely seat, resolving there to dwell.  
The throne He is on, is heaven called, where He doth rule with might:  
This heaven is his beauties' fair, each in his fullest light.

Another dwelling place hath He, which He his temple styles,  
And there full oft in glory walks, rejoicing it with smiles.  
If thou but in his lowest seat his countenance dost see,  
Thou shalt at length his throne surmount,  
Where honored thou shalt be.

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<sup>25</sup> That is, the mystery of the source of felicity, who is revealed to be the King of glories. Note that scripture describes the pleasantness and ways of Wisdom and happiness (even the Divine Being) as a lady in Prov. 8:1,23; 9:3. Wisdom is also revealed in scripture as restless and busy, desiring men to come to her (Prov. 8:1-4; 9:1-5)

The First and Last that Ever Was, or evermore shall be,  
Will on thee set immortal crowns in sign of victory,  
Where thou shalt sing new songs of love, forever and for aye:  
Where time's lost in eternity, that everlasting Day.

And thus the God of gods will say, 'My child, all is thine own:

These pleasures sweet, these glories great,

This high and kingly throne.

Here sit thee down, involve thyself with honor's highest fame.

To make thee equal in delights, I'll clothe thee with my Name.

In fullest glory spread thyself, here's room for thee to lie,

Thy heart, thy thoughts, and all thou art, is in infinity.'

The more thou look'st, the more thou mayest

Still love to look upon,

And look to love and ever gaze

Upon this King alone.

This is the song thou still wilt sing:

'I AM hath set me free,

And now I walk as set at large

In midst of liberty.

Sorrows below me have their seat,

Griefs cannot me come nigh,

The dreadful pangs of death are past,

I own no misery.

As women joy when after pain  
They see their issue come,  
And through those joys their pains forget,  
As if they ne'r had none:  
So I forget all things that're old,  
I wholly them eschew,  
And now address myself to joy,  
In things most fair and new.'

## 2. Happiness Conveyed by Jesus Christ

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When death came on by Adam's loss,  
Our danger might we see:  
The presence of true joys were gone,  
Men left in misery.

Those beams of light which were our strength,  
Were vanished quite away;  
The frame and face of all things then,  
Must perish and decay.

Alas poor man, thou art undone!  
Who shall thy loss restore?  
And quit thee out of slavish bands,  
And cure thee of thy sore?

Must death be still a tyrant strong,  
And rule thee at his pleasure?  
Or by his many poisoned darts,  
Torment thee without measure?

Where is thy strength? Look round about;  
Will none thee now deliver?  
Is there no king with death to meet,

Well furnished with a quiver  
With many arrows sharp and keen  
To sting death to the heart?  
And so to make his powers fall,  
And ease thee of thy smart?

If one there be, declare his name,  
Let all men know his power,  
And see the strength of his right arm,  
That razed down hath death's tower:  
That so to him we praises may  
Forever sing aloud,  
And in his bower<sup>26</sup> find a place,  
Ourselves in storms to shroud.

He is called by name the Son of God,  
God in his rich array,  
With all his fullness shining bright,  
And costly garments gay.  
When first light shined in his breast,  
This Son then did He see,  
The glory of his loveliness,  
He counts his Son to be.

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<sup>26</sup> Definition: a retreat of safety.

By light of this Son he generates,  
He stands still in his sight,  
And by the Spirit of life and love,  
He yields to Him his right:  
Which is to own Him as his joy,  
The fountain of his pleasure,  
Where all his glories are involved,  
A magazine of treasure.

By Him He frameth all his thoughts,  
And comes to understand  
How all designs may come to light,  
And prosper in his hand.  
In Him before time did begin,  
He saw a goodly space:  
The length is called eternity,  
In which He runs his race,  
And in all ages shows Himself,  
As best becomes his grace;  
That so the wise in mystery,  
At length may know his face.

In Him He walked by pleasant thoughts,  
Throughout the world so wide,  
And though no world was to be found,  
Yet saints He there espied.  
In Him the children's lives were wrapped,  
A place of surest stay,

That them He might know where to find,  
Upon their happy day.<sup>27</sup>

By virtue of the Spirit of power,  
In Him all joys do find;  
And seeing this resolved is,  
Forever in his mind,  
Upon Him wholly for to spend  
His life, and his delight,  
And in those pleasures to rejoice,  
As armies of his might.

This is his life, herein He joys,  
Here is his heart's desire;  
Here doth He find beauties combined,  
Most purely and entire.

This being so, now doth He think,  
How He his name may raise,  
And so together with his Son,  
Get an eternal praise.<sup>28</sup>  
That Him He might set forth to all,  
He sends him in disguise,  
And veils his glory with our flesh,  
The world again to rise.

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<sup>27</sup> Eph. 1:4 "According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love."

<sup>28</sup> John 17:1 "Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify Thee."

Herein is wisdom's chiefest part,  
Declared and made known;  
That so the counsels of the world,  
Might quite be overthrown.  
Who would have thought the Son of God,  
A mortal death must die,  
And by his deadly death us bring,  
To immortality.

How many troops of enemies flock  
Against Him for to war,  
And in the combat Him to foil  
by many a cruel scare?  
But in this battle who was slain?  
Was't He, or was't his foes?  
If He, it was to rise again  
To bring them fresher woes.

The Prince of Darkness captain was  
The chiefest in this fight,  
Who from his nature hath his name,  
His works are black as night.  
With him comes sin, comes death, comes loss;  
Their force they do unite,  
That so their blows and darts on Him,  
Together at once might light.

Now, now, or never saith this Prince,  
I must me conquest bring,  
Or else a captive I must be  
Under this mighty King.

This fight was sore to fleshly view,  
All might have thought the day  
It had been lost, and we been caught  
In hells hands for a prey,  
But when all fleshly strength did fail,  
Then was the chiefest time  
For righteousness to show itself,  
Most glorious and sublime.

The glory of the Godhead great,  
Upon this Christ our King,  
Did rest, and eke<sup>29</sup> itself display,  
And there in triumph sing.  
There truth and mercy met at once,  
Each strove to get the day,  
But being reconciled at length  
To other each did say:  
'We'll join our sweetness and our might  
And go with glorious train,  
That so we may revive and bless  
Those that were counted slain.'

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<sup>29</sup> Definition: also.

How mighty did the Godhead flow,  
about our Savior sweet,  
And by it did present Himself,  
a sacrifice most meet  
For great Jehovah to delight  
and please Himself withal.

When He beholds his soldiers stout  
led bondage into thrall,  
These soldiers are his attributes,  
each glorious for to see,  
Well furnished both with skill and strength,  
to make his enemies flee.

Where's death become with all his powers,  
and principalities?  
'Tis gone to hell, and hath its doom  
with darkness and with lies.  
The Prince of Hell is now adjudged  
in chains of wrath to lie,  
And by these chains perplexed sore,  
throughout eternity.

Who was it, girt Himself with zeal,  
or who with fury came,  
To tread the winepress of God's wrath,  
and so to get a Name?

What power was that which conquered sin,  
whose wisdom made it's way,  
Or can you tell where those joys are,  
which hath scared grief away?

He's called, by name Emanuel,  
and well He may so be,  
In that He left his royal throne,  
to dwell with me and thee.

The world it was a place whereas  
his glory He might show,  
And yet though glory did appear,  
few men of it did know.

The human nature was a veil,  
which kept light from our eyes,  
And yet that was the ordinance,  
by which our bliss did rise.

Here was the wonder of a God:  
a thing so mean and low  
Should bring to pass such mighty things,  
and all his counsel show.

Here's wisdom in a mystery,  
and power uncontrolled:  
The fountains deep, and sundry springs  
of Life you may behold,  
For by his death to God we are

restored back again.

And now our enemies wear our bands,  
and vexed are with our pain.

What pangs, what woes, what miseries  
must they be sure to have?

Now death is dead, and guilt is fled,  
and grief lies in his grave.

Where's darkness now become, that clothed  
itself with blackness hue,  
Can it out-brave the Light of Life,  
and it's bright beams eschew?

If so, stand forth you hellish powers,  
where are your spells to charm?

Or show some nursery that is new,  
to bring unlooked for harm.

What is your wit, quite lost at once?

Can none take us away

Out of the hands of Him whom we  
do count our strength and stay.

If by his death, so great a loss,  
his enemy doth endure,

His life must be a greater cross,  
and they must bear it sure.

His saints are set at liberty,  
as men from death set free.  
Their joys before them fast do stand,  
and in these joys they see  
Their Savior compassed with the strength  
and height of fullest bliss,  
The Father with his glory bright,  
with many smiles, Him kiss.

And thus He saith, 'My Son, I lay  
the charge upon thy hand;  
The substance of the Godhead great,  
is thine for to command.  
I know no joy, no rest, no peace,  
but what I have in Thee.  
I am thy strength, Thou art my might,  
by Thee I look to see  
The glory of my beauties fair,  
abroad the world to speak,  
And so to cause things high and strong,  
to be esteemed weak.  
All flesh must fall before thy face,  
though seemingly 'tis gay,  
Yet when thy glory doth arise,  
its beauty falls away.  
My treasure all, its in thy breast,  
the incomes of my praise  
Returns, according to the power

and wisdom of thy ways.'

The honor that the Father hath,  
'tis gained by the Son;  
The Spirit worketh all in all,  
and so their praise is one.

The children's life is hid in Him,  
this life is all things sweet,  
Concentered in his breast, the which  
makes him a Savior meet.

There's light most full, there's truth most strong,  
and glory as a flame  
And holiness amongst the rest,  
shows forth his mighty name.  
The image of the Father's face,  
in Him is seen most bright.  
And whosoever doth it see,  
lives in the clearest light.

By it they come to understand  
the Father and the Son,  
All that They have, all that They are:  
to be entirely One.

The life the which each other lives,  
is in the self-same good;

The Father is all beauties rare,  
the Son, this understood.  
He dwelleth in his bosom sweet,  
and knoweth well his mind.  
He's called by name his Counsellor  
and by Him He doth find:  
How Wisdom's glory may be seen,  
in things that are obscure;  
And when He hath no footsteps seen,  
then are his ways full sure.

This glorious mystery is so high,  
there is none can it find;  
If any of it knoweth ought,  
'tis he saith I am blind.

It's more than sixteen hundred years,  
when first it had a tongue;<sup>30</sup>  
And though so long it hath remained,  
it still is fresh and young.  
The age hereof: eternity;  
it doth make known and we  
Shall then by light taste and feel life,  
when conquerors we shall be.

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<sup>30</sup> The mystery of the Father and the Son being one (John 10:30), the Son revealing the Father (John 14:9-11), being most fully revealed in the incarnation at the beginning of New Testament times, this poem being written in the 1600's.

Who shall declare the Father's mind,  
unless it be the Son?  
And when men come to know the same,  
by it their hearts are won:  
To dwell where grace and love doth meet,  
and so to find a rest,  
Even in his bosom where they know  
they are secure and blessed.

There are they filled with all delights  
their cup doth overflow,  
Their comforts never die nor fly,  
but flourish still and grow.  
Though they like to Leviathan,  
could drink up rivers wide,  
Yet doth these vast eternal deeps  
in their full strength abide.  
There are they ever measuring out  
these everlasting measures,  
And by their labor they do find,  
new springs of living pleasures.  
The world and all its joys are lost,  
when they in Him are found:  
They see all shadows fly away,  
their rest is true and sound.

Was ever any taken up,  
into his bosom sweet,

And did not find Love's glorious Face,  
with smiles him kiss and greet?

Nor ever lay there any space,  
but had their face with glory  
Most richly decked. And in their hearts  
there written was a story:  
Of things most rich, most high, most pure,  
mysterious, and unknown.  
The world it cannot understand:  
because they love their own.

The Spirit doth transform and mold  
into the image bright,  
Both of the Father and the Son,  
by both their pow'r and light,  
All these which are by glorious beams  
drawn up into the Son,  
Live in the midst of lasting light,  
where life doth purely run  
More clear than any crystal stream,  
more strong than any tide;  
The sweetness of this water pure,  
invites men to abide,  
Where they may drink and be refreshed,  
and in themselves may know:  
This fountain runs, their springs doth rise  
and plentifully flow.

The truth of all is surely this:  
that Jesus now is set  
And made a Prince of high degree,  
to show God's glory great.  
The Father trusts Him with his stock  
and fullness of his store;  
He hath the rule of all He hath,  
He hath not any more.

This Jesus is our brother dear,  
He hath our portions sure;  
He's true, He's wise, He's strong withal,  
in Him they are secure.

He like a nurse doth cherish us  
by drops as we can bear;<sup>31</sup>  
And when we come to greater strength,  
then greater is our share.  
From Him we suck, in Him we grow,  
into his arms we flee,  
There are we compassed with all joys,  
and in these joys we see:

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<sup>31</sup> That is, a nursing mother with drops of milk.

Our names, our natures, and our life,  
most clear, most pure, and bright,  
The truth and glory of all we are,  
even by the Spirit of light.

This Spirit searcheth deep into  
things that very high,  
The length and breadth of glorious store,  
it hath before its eye;  
That searcheth out the utmost drop  
which in the ocean dwells,  
And by its mighty force and power  
all noisome things expels.  
This Spirit like a dove most swift  
from Paradise doth fly,  
And from our Savior brings us news  
of matters sweet and high.

Whereby we come to understand  
God will not live alone:  
He dwells with Christ, and Christ in us,  
and so we dwell in one.  
O this is that which fills our hearts  
with singing and with praise,  
That what He is, that we shall be  
to 'ternity of days.

Let each saint think all that they have,  
it cometh from the Son;  
Their glory and their flourishing state  
comes by his arm alone.

None can see God in Jesus Christ  
but must be forced to yield,  
And lay all arms down at his feet,  
and say He hath the field.  
Can any stand against that thing  
which is most fair and gay?  
And hath the power of loveliness  
to win the heart away?

From lies, from falsehoods, and from dreams,  
from many deaths and showers,  
And from the hands of iron bands,  
and from all doleful hours:  
Then do not fear you saints most dear  
if that you know the Son,  
You do the Father's face and love  
both see, and eke<sup>32</sup> are won:  
To dwell, to stay, to rest, to sing,  
in Him, and to his praise,  
And eke to sacrifice yourselves,  
unto his fame always.

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<sup>32</sup> Definition: also.

When others spend their time in vain,  
and fill themselves with fire,  
The which is called the wrath of God  
that hot consuming ire:  
They know not God nor yet his Son,  
where all content doth lie,  
And therefore are they bound in chains  
of woe and misery.

You saints weep o'er the world that's lost,  
they know not where they go;  
Though they be blind you know right well  
the ground of all their woe.  
Oh do not let eternal flames  
forever men destroy  
Because like fools, a moment's time,  
they will vain thoughts enjoy.

Show them our Savior where He sits,  
that so they may arise,  
And find much wealth and rest in Him,  
and so vain ways despise.  
But if the world will not you hear,  
yet still run you your race;  
You shall at last both get a crown  
and live in glorious grace.  
Above the world, all cares, all fears

which vexed you with their wiles,  
Your toils now done, your joys begun,  
you are where naught defiles.

### 3. A Short Song of Love

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Love is the flame that princes have  
still kindling in their breast;  
No man can live but he must love,  
or else be void of rest.

The rise, the stock, the root it hath  
doth spring from something good;  
All its desires are as flaming fires  
when this is understood.

As rivers run over all the world,  
their noise with fame doth ring,  
And hasteneth ever to return  
where first they had their spring;  
And when the ocean drinks them in,  
they quiet are again,  
And in their kind they live as if  
they freed were from pain:

So love it runs with streams most strong  
over hills and mountains all;  
It will not fear what force is near,  
it over-runneeth all.

And in the fountain of all bliss,  
it sets itself most sure,  
Rejoicing in those mighty waves,  
on which it rides secure:

'Tis loveliness that love will own  
to be a fellow meet  
In it to rest, that to embrace  
with smiles and kisses sweet.

Loves labor, pain, and all it hath  
is ever how to please  
The object; and in doing this  
To give itself most ease.

'Tis ever burning, never consumed,  
and soaring very high;  
By flames of glory it doth live  
in full prosperity.

Stand forth all powers that can be thought;  
see if you can it sever  
From truth, from beauty, and from strength  
where it will dwell forever.

This love is kind, and bountiful,  
and freely will bestow  
All that it hath itself to boot,

that so itself may grow.

More lovely, fair, and excellent  
still in the object's eye;  
If that is pleased, it is at ease,  
and feels no misery.

Who knows how first it had its rise?  
Who gave to it its name?  
If any did, it must be one  
that knew its worth and fame.

It's God that saith his name is Love,  
and well may He so be.  
Because in Him all glories are  
met in an unity.  
Light, life and love is one in Him,  
they all grow up together;  
Though known to us by several names,  
they each accord with either.

He knows all beauties in Him are,  
his life is this to see;  
Then needs must love triumph and joy,  
which makes this harmony.  
Love walks in every piece of joy,  
wherever it doth find;  
It will needs rest in glory's breast,

and there contents its mind.

What mortal man can have this love  
to lie within his breast,  
But must withal see loveliness  
in which he takes his rest.  
And wheresoever this appears,  
he grows up in desire:  
In this he thinks himself most blessed,  
and follows it entire.

But man is blind, how little he  
of holiness doth know.  
Truth's weakly planted in his heart,  
and slowly it doth grow.  
And hence it comes to pass that we  
live in such low desires:  
The earth like to a mountain thick  
doth hide these heavenly fires.

If you would have your heart a spring,  
a fountain, and a well,  
And have the mighty waves of love  
above their banks to swell;  
If you would ever searching be  
into the truest treasure,  
And find where love had first a seat,  
and face of sweetest pleasure;

If ever you would lovely be  
though in the saints' esteem,  
And judge of all things true and right,  
however men do deem:

Then must you know that all things good  
doth from the Fountain come,  
And tides of love will flow amain<sup>33</sup>  
and make a spacious room  
Within thy heart, and thou shalt see,  
all that thine heart can wish.

Love live, sin die, life reign, death fly,  
what joy is like to this?  
Make haste ye saints! O do not stay  
where naught can you secure:  
Fly to the arms of lovely Love,  
where joys are clear and pure.

The End

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<sup>33</sup> Definition: with strength and intensity.