

*Paraphrase on Cant. 5. 6. &c.*

OH! How his *Pointed Language*, like a Dart,  
Sticks to the *softest Fibres* of my Heart,  
Quite through my Soul the charming Accents slide,  
That from his *Life inspiring Portals* glide;  
And whilst I the *enchanting sound* admire,  
*My melting Vitals in a Trance* expire.  
Oh Son of *Venus*, Mourn thy baffled Arts,  
For I defy the proudest of thy Darts:  
Undazled now, I thy weak *Taper View*,  
And find no fatal influence accrue;  
Nor would *fond Child* thy feebler Lamp appear,  
Should my bright *Sun* deign to approach more near;  
Canst thou his Rival then pretend to prove?  
*Thou a false Idol, he the God of Love*;  
Lovely beyond *Conception*, he is all  
Reason, or *Fancy* amiable call,

14 *Poems on several Occasions.*

*All that the most exerted thoughts can reach,  
When sublimated to its utmost stretch.*

Oh! altogether Charming, why in thee  
Do the vain World no Form or Beauty see?

Why do they Idolize a dusty clod,  
And yet refuse their Homage to a God?

Why from a *beautious* flowing Fountain turn,  
For the Dead Puddle of a narrow *Urn*?

Oh Carnal Madness! sure we falsely call  
*So dull a thing as man is, rational;*

Alas, my shining Love, what can there be  
On Earth so splendid to *out-glitter thee*?

In whom the brightness of a God-head Shines,  
With all its lovely and endearing Lines;

Thee with whose sight Mortality once blest,  
Would throw off its dark Veil to be possess'd;

Then altogether Lovely, why in thee  
Do the vain World no Form or Beauty see.