

T O

Mrs. *MARY FRIEND*;
Knowing her but by Report.

T Were both unjust and stupid to refuse
To so much Worth, the Tribute of my
Muse;

Tho Saints, as well, may those Bright Forms
express,

That in a Rapture they conceive of Bliss;

As I can give such Wondrous Charms their
due,

Or, Dress in Words, my Brighter Thoughts of
You:

Charming, and Gay, your *Fair Idea* seems

As Gay, as if compos'd of Love and Beams;

Such Heavenly Rays adorn your Lovely Eyes,

That, by *Imagination*, they surprize,

And, at your Feet, a Female Victim lies:

8 *Poems on several Occasions.*

But how, *Fair Nymph*, will your Approaches
Fire,

If *Distant Charms* such gentle thoughts in-
spire.

PARAPHRASE

On Joh. 3. 16. *For God so loved
the World, that he gave his on-
ly begotten Son, &c.*

I.

YEs; so God loved the World; But where
Are this Great Loves Dimensions?

Even Angels stop; for, baffled here

Are their vast Apprehensions.

In vain they strive to Grasp the *boundless thing*;

Not all their Comments can explain the migh-

ty Truth I Sing.

Yet