

( 53 )

T H E

(a) **Cyrus Gate:**

O R,

*The Commencement of the*  
**TRIUMPHANT KINGDOM.**

**A Dialogue.**

Representing the Holy Violence of **FAITH**  
and **LOVE**, as *Wrestling and Prevailing*  
with **GOD**.

*Church.*

**H**OW long dear Lord and Bridegroom dost thou  
Torment thy eager Lover with delay? (stay,  
And still put off, so oft so Solemn Vow'd,  
Our Blessed Nuptial-Consummation Day.  
Enthron'd in thy Triumphant Rest and Bliss,  
The Glories and the Joys of Paradise,  
Can those Blest Regions Ingress thee so,  
Thou shouldst forgetful or unmindful grow  
Of thy poor Suffering Bleeding Spouse below?  
Thy Self (*Dear Lord*) so *Happy*, and so *Great*,  
How canst thou *Love* and not *Communicate*?<sup>1</sup>  
(1) 1st. 2d. 3. &c.

G

*Christ*

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*Christ.*

I had my *Suffering* time, and so must you.  
*Hold out my Faithful Spouse*; and *Blessing* shall ensue.

*Church.*

Long have I Suffer'd, *Lord*, with tedious Moan;  
 As a Widow left Disconsolate alone;  
 Thou so far off Imbosom'd in thy Father's Throne.  
 True, I must Thankfully acknowledge here  
 Thy *Holy Spirit's* Consolations dear:  
 But that ith' *Wilderness*, with me too driven;  
 In its Triumphant Powers with thee too storm to Hea-  
 ( ven.

Whilst *Antichrist* Usurps his hollow'd Seat,  
 And his Impostures vile, thy Oracles defeat.  
 'Tis not my *Suffering* yet that makes me Moan,  
 But on the Ground, to see thy *Altars* thrown,  
 And thy own *Spirit* hear within me *Groan*.  
 Tho' yet my Sufferings in their Zenith be;  
 The hottest Fires, and utmost Raging of the Enemy.  
 'Tis not my Pain makes me so eager move;  
 I know my Cross at last my Crown must prove:  
 But 'tis my *Longing after Him* I Love!

*Christ.*

*Hersick Love* expects not its Reward,  
 Till it has *Won the Prize* by long Atcheivments hard.  
 And *Happier* thou must *Bloody Wars* Alarms,  
 While 'tis my Will, than *Circled in my Arms*.  
 As for th' Usurper Vile the Day is nigh  
 When at thy *Footstool*, he in *Chains* shall lie.

D

*Church,*

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*Church.*

Gladly I bear my Suffering part with thee.  
 But long my Lord Triumphant here to see.  
 My Suffering here is *Thine*; How can thy Bride  
 Endure to see *Thee* daily *Crucified*?  
 Thy little Lambs, from thy own Life out-sprung,  
 Slaughter'd or torn, the Bears and Wolves among,  
 Ah, Gentle Shepherd, this how canst thou see  
 Pity thy *Self*: Redress our *Misery*.

*Christ.*

If you're content to Bear much more am I:  
 'Tis for my Flock I daily in 'em Dye.  
 And if in you I'm made a Sacrifice,  
 What is it but in you, with you to Rise?

*Church.*

O that is the blest End for which we pray,  
 Our *Jesus* in his Church's *Resurrection-Day*.  
 This elder Saints their distant Joy have own'd:  
 For this thy Spouse in every Age has Groan'd.  
 For this Triumphant Saints in Heav'n combine;  
 For this in Heav'n and Earth thy Intercessions join.  
 All this by thy own Spirit we plead we bring,  
 Ev'n the United Hopes, and Faith, and Pray'rs,  
 Thy *Universal Churches Offering*.  
 Thy *Promises* of Old, and later known,  
 Of *Sion's Restoration*, Joy and Crown;  
 The Pledge of *Faith*, thy Earnest Penny lent,  
 Obliging thee to full Accomplishment;  
 These too we bring, and Plead before the Throne  
 Of the Eternal True and Gracious One.

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Accept it, Condescend, make hast, Appear;  
O *Sion's* Life and Joy, and Blessing dear.

*Christ.*

I hear accept, and bleis; tho' yet I know  
Thou My full Coming wants: and thinks me slow;  
A thousand times *more willing* yet than thou.  
I stay but for thy Total *Conquest* dear,  
Get thou full *Ready*; and I *Arreight* appear,

*Church.*

What Readiness can more *effectual* move?  
What is the *Wedding-Garment*, Lord, but *Love*?  
Or, what can Stronger, or more Conquerant prove?  
See at thy Feet, a Heart inflam'd I lay:  
O hast, my Bridegroom Dear, and come away.  
As for my Bondage and Captivity,  
'Tis thou, my Hero, thou must set me free.  
Now in thy Strength, Great Conqueror, advance:  
O save thy *Love*, and seize thy full *Inheritance*.

*Christ.*

Thy Love I own, and ready am to Save;  
Yet to thy Suit still some *Exception* have.  
Some *Weaknesses* remaining yet I see,  
Defective of the perfect Purity.

*Church.*

But such Defects I've learnt to lay on *Thee*,  
Who bear'st the Weight of my *Infirmity*.  
And surely Nature's Lapse to Countermand,  
Must be th' Immediate Work of *Thy* Almighty Hand.  
And

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And Thou hast taught me to Believe and Pray,  
 Thou would'st *Thy Self* at last the *Top-Stone* lay;  
*And Crown thy Work with thy own Ait of Grace;*  
*And take thy Self alone the Glory and the Praise.*  
 What Imperfections then in me remain,  
 From thy own *merits* supply; and add the *golden Grain*.  
 Come then, my Love, what yet retards thy Way?  
 Love grown *Mature*, Requires the Nuptial-Day:  
 Love's grown inflam'd, and can no longer stay.  
 It Dies without thee now, thou *must* my Spouse;  
 Yea, thou *must* hast away.

*Christ.*

Well art thou taught Heaven's Kingdom to assail:  
 Well dost thou Plead: and shall at last Prevail.

*Church.*

Ah Lord! And dost thou still my Suit defer?  
 No, no; Love now Resolves to Persevere,  
 Here at thy Feet I lie, and will not part  
 Till thou who Wounded, hast so deep my Heart,  
 Fulfil my Wishes, Dear, and ease my smart.\*  
*Sion's* (a) *Rememberances* no Rest shall give,  
 Nor let thee now in Glories quiet live,  
 Till thou make her on Earth thy Glorious *Repre-*  
*sentation*!

*Christ.*

Well, let me go my Love; I'll all redress.

*Church.*

I will not let Thee go until thou Bles,  
 And in thy very Throne of Love Carest.

(a) Isa. 62. 6. *Ye that make mention of the Lord—Give him no Rest.*  
 Or as the Original; *Ye that are the Lord's Rememberances, (i. e.) ye*  
*remind him of his Promises; and Plead for their accomplishment.*

*Christ.*

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*Christ.*

Why art thou so Impatient, be still?  
 The Creature it becomes to wait my Will.  
 Wilt thou by Violence force Heaven's Sacred Gate?  
 Cease this thy Suit, so Bold, and so Importunate.

*Church.*

Ah! Kill me not with a Rebuke, my Lord;  
 I Dye with one Unkind or Angry Word.  
 With humblest Awe I give my God his due;  
 But as his Lover I am bold to sue.  
 The Holy Violence of Faith and Love  
 Thou canst not disallow, Heaven must approve.  
 Then Pardon me my Lord, if thy Rebuke  
 But as a *Love-Repulse* I overlook:  
 And tell thee now, my *Love*, grown strong as *Death*,  
 Can no Repulses, no Denials brook.  
*Love* cannot be too Zealous, or too Great:  
 That's but faint *Love* that's not Importunate.

*Christ.*

Go then, and in thy Heart prepare me room:  
 I'm at the Door, behold, I quickly come.

*Church.*

This long you've *said*, my Lord, yet don't Relieve me;  
*Now, now, Perform.* Ah *now, now, now* Receive me.

*Christ.*

Methinks you should delight to suffer on,  
 And Fight for me, my Noble *Amazon*.

While

( 59 )

While still my greatest Foes are in the Field,  
 Thou taught so well may *Flaming Sword* to wield,  
 And Armed so sure with *Faith's Victorious Shield*,  
 Where all thou Conquers still becomes thy own:  
 I more *Oblig'd* thy *Suffering Labours own*,  
 And at the End Endow thee with a Larger *Coston*.

*Church.*

Lord by thy Strength my *Wars* are made my *Play*;  
 But *War* is not the *End*, is but the *Way*:  
 And must like *David's* find its Rest and *Crown*  
 In *Schelan's Peaceful Love-Triumphant Day*.  
 I would conjon'd with my Great *Solomon*  
 Thy Conquests more successful carry on:  
 At once like thee possels Heaven's *Peaceful Charns*;  
 And *Quel* thy Foes by *Love's* all-powerful Arms.  
 Short of the *Fairest Lot*, how can I fall,  
 Thus aiming at the *Price-Original*?  
 When once I've thee obtain'd, at once I've All.  
 Come then, my Loving Spouse, no longer Grieve me;  
*Now, now Perform*: Ah *Now, now, now* Receive me.

*Christ.*

But, know you not there is a *Stated Hour*  
 For your Investment with your Nuptial Dower,  
 And that the *Seasons* all are in the *Father's Power*.  
 How think you my *Ambitious Love* to climb  
 Into my Throne, before th' *Appointed Time*?

*Church.*

Thou always ready art, my Lord, I know,  
 God's Time is Ever an *Eternals Now*.

T:

## ( 60 )

In Nature's Sphere only Determinate,  
 Nature's, and our *Concurrent Act* to take.  
 For this, His *Now* He into *Time* unfolds;  
 And gradually his Reluctant Creature molds.  
 His Will unbounded still this not restrains;  
 But tho' he gives the Nature Course her range,  
 'Tis his Prerogative the Times to *Change*.  
 While we still watch, prepare, depend, expect;  
 Till he but give the Word: then no defect  
 Can stop: Nor shall in me be found neglect.  
 Thy Day of Power shall make our *Wheels* run Gläb,  
 Born in the willing Chariots of *Aminadib*.  
 And thou thy Self hast taught us Lord to Pray,  
 For th' *Hasting* of thy Powerful Kingdom's Day.  
 Here to thy *Act of Grace* we hope to see;  
 And that the *Afflictive* Time shall shorten'd be:  
 Our *Time* here *Crown'd* with thy *Eternity*.  
 What hinders then but that you freight relieve me?  
 Come, come, my Loving Spouse, no longer grieve me;  
*Now, now Perform: Ah now, now, now receive me.*

*Christ:*

I have a Part, a *Spark of God* in thee;  
 Know then thou canst not wholly be set free,  
 Till *disentangl'd* from all *Creature-Act*  
 Self-moving, *that* Regains its *Native Power*  
 In thee, grown up to full *Maturity*.  
 When *That* can take, I ready am to give:  
 'Tis I must Grant, and I in you Receive.  
 Thus the *Free Gift*, and Grace is mine alone:  
 The Holy Violence and *Act* requir'd  
 In you, but as with *Me* in Union  
 You're found, in a Subordinate, and Sequent motion.  
 Come then, my Spouse, I here the Offer make:  
 Behold thy *Heavenly Crown*; and try if thou canst *take*.  
Church,

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*Church.*

O *Mossy weight of Glory!* Who can bear ~~it~~?  
 Flesh trembles Lord; and frail *Mortality*  
 Dares not come near it;

*Christ.*

Nay, shrink not now, when I am free to give  
 What you have prest so eager to receive.

*Church.*

Frail Nature sinks, too feeble here and cold:  
 But see ~~Thy~~ *our* Magnanimous Spirit bold  
 In me Advances; offers to take hold  
 Of the *Bright Flaming Terrible Crystalline Gold.*  
 Ah! what *Desist*? Can *that* too Feeble be?

*Christ.*

No surely, but as stoppt and *Manac'd* by thee,  
 From his full Act conjoyn'd with your full Liberty!  
 His Liberty Restrain'd, you bind your own:  
 For your free *All is found in his Alone.*  
 Nice is the Point, you see, your *Open* to find;  
 Not Run before Him to Preclude or bind:  
 Not stand as *Equal*; nor yet lag *Behind.*  
 But under, *after* Him to follow free;  
*Held fast* to th' Movement of the Deity,  
 In Nature's full conform, and correspondent *harmony*:

*Church.*

Pity, Dear Lord: Help my Infirmary.

H

Hold

( 62 )

Hold thou thy own, and keep me in my Place :  
My Weakness own'd, I still *Rely on Grace*.

*Christ.*

The Glorious Crown and Scepter you desire  
Lie strong inclos'd ith' Principle of *Fire*;  
The Orb of the Eternal *Father's* Might;  
Which when broke through, conveys *Dominion-Right*;  
To this belongs the *Twice* fold Door,  
The *Egypt* Gate of the Almighty Power.  
Which way then will you take? How enter That?

*Church.*

Thou Lord, thou art the Way, the Door, the *Gate*

*Christ.*

True, you through Me must enter. But which part?

*Church.*

If Love's the Crown: its Gate's thy *Flaming* Heart.

*Christ.*

What Key must open it?

*Church.*

— Love's *Flaming* Day.

*Christ.*

Love in its *Intermediate* Degrees  
May enter here; but not the *Custom* to seize. *That*

## ( 63 )

That Love that hopes to win its *Virgin-Dowr*,  
 Must have its full *Proportion of Power*.  
 Love answering Love in equal measure gives;  
 To its below'd Imparts, as it receives.  
 Imperfect Love then Enters but in Part;  
 But Perfect Love possesseth my whole Heart.  
 There too the Central-Fiery Power you see;  
 This toucht by Equal Power will open free,  
 In equal Movement of true *Sympathy*.  
 Like mutual Echoing Concordant Strings  
 In Natures Harmony

Know then that Victorious *Virgin-Love*  
 With its *Male-Power* must here Conforted move;  
 The *Will* on God's *Re-ingrafted* must dispence  
*Faith's Powerful Divine-Magick* Influence,  
 That turns the Mighty *Engine* of *Omnipotence*.  
 This only can unlock the *Seven-Seal'd Door*;  
 And Suffering Love Invest with its *Triumphant Power*.  
 Come then my *Sponse*, take up *Faith's Conquering* *Wot*:  
 Thy *Preparation-Strength* for full *Domination* show:  
 Aim at the *Central Glory* in my Heart;  
 And now shoot home *Faith's Love-tip'd sevenfold Dart*.  
 Six must in single Shaft be shot alone;  
 The Seventh at last must *All Comprize* in *One*.  
 Watch well the *Gulph* between, the *Region Dark*.  
 Be quick, and strong, and with an *Eagle-Eye*  
 Pursue the *Golden Mark*.  
 To Animate thee view, Review thy *Common*.  
 Believe, my Royal *Sponse*, *Believe it doth*;  
 And then for ever wear it as thy *Own*.

## Church.

I Essay, Lord. Heavenly *Wisdom* guide my *Eye*:  
 And *Power Almighty* my *Defect* supply.

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See my first Arrow, Lord, inscrib'd by thee,  
 Desire, through Love, in deep Humility,  
 This to the Flaming White is swiftly gone.  
 The Second too successfull shot, inscrib'd,  
 Desire, thro' Love, in Resignation,  
 My Third is in the Act of, **TRUST** in **GOD** alone.

*Christ.*

Your Third comes near, but yet falls short you see:  
 You clogg'd it with too much *Activity*.  
 By Grace with my own Hand I reach it on.  
 Proceed ; your Fourth : With what Inscription ?

*Church.*

Thanks my Dear Lord. The Fourth's the Hungry Fire,  
 Desire in Love, and *Desire* with strong Desire,  
 Short of thy Heart, sure this can never stay.  
 See it has forc'd its unimpeded way.  
 The Fifth bears Motto *Triumph* on the Cross ;  
*Stay* in the Kingdom's *Craball-Bangs* Rejoice.  
 The Sixth, *The great Rendition* fit of Praise.  
 Ah! these I fear want much *Peculiar* Grace.

*Christ.*

Something Defective, Dearest, these too come :  
 But *Condescending* Love shall take them Home.  
 Now for the *LAST* All-Conquering Shaft prepare :  
 Now Summon all thy Powers, and all thy Graces rear.  
 Here to a *Full Circle* you must draw your Bow ;  
 It must not one *Contracting Angle* know.  
 Here you at once in *Adoration* deep  
 Must Bow, in total *Resignation* keep.  
 Depend on God from every Creature free,  
 Reul and *Rejoice* with Shout of Victory.

From

## ( 65 )

From whence you All receive, must give All back  
 In your Divine Reflex *Rendition-Act*.  
 Must draw with Irresistible *Desire*.  
 And then *Believe* and *Flame* God-like through each  
 In perfect Love's All-Comprehensive Fire.  
 Come now, my Spouse, these Acts in *One* combine,  
 Will make your *Sun* in *My* full *G L O R Y* shine,  
 And Seat you with Me on My *Throne* Divine.  
*ESSAY.*—

*Church.*

No. *Thanks* to God. My *Work* is done.  
 The last Consummate Shaft is *Thine* alone.  
 Be *Thine* the Conquest, Lord, be *Thine* the *Crown*.  
 I here stand still, and see thy Great Salvation.  
 What thou'lt *prepar'd* for *Coronation-Act* ;  
 In me do thou for due *Concurrence* take ;  
 And on my *Passive* Powers and Will resign'd  
 Thy *Own* Impression make.

*Christ.*

Come then, my *Conquering* Love, my *Arm* in thee  
 Shall stretch the *Mighty* Bow to *full* Degree :  
 And thy great *Arrows* too *Successful* be.  
 Come join with Me. *O may* my *Father* give :  
 And all my *Suffering* Spouse's *Ills* Retrieve.  
*Father, I* thank *Thee*. *Thou* always *hearest* me.  
 The *Kingdom* of Thy *Power* on *Earth* be *known* :  
 Thy *Will* on *Earth*, as 'tis in *Heaven* be *done*.  
*Thine* is the *Power*, the *Glory*, and the *Crown*.

*Church.*

O *Wonder* ! *Blessing* ! O *Amazing* *Act* !  
 'Tis *done*.— I see the *Fiery* *Portal* *back*

*Unfold*



( 67 )

Come now, my Royal Love, you must Relieve me ;  
 Long promis'd, now you can no more bereave me :  
 Ah, now Perform, Now, now, now, now Receive me.

*Christ.*

Well hast thou Wrestled, and at last Prevail'd,  
 My Love, my Glorious Queen. Henceforth be Free,  
 Begin the Song : Proclaim the Jubile :  
*Enter, Possess, Triumph, and Reign with Me.*  
*Enjoy, my Suffering Spouse, and Sister Bless ;*  
 Thy Glorious Love-Consummate, Grand-Sabbatic Rest.

*Church.*

*Men.* Hosanna Let it be.  
 Be Mine the Joy, be Thine the GLORY.

*Christ.*

AMEN. *So let it be.*

F I N I S.