THE

(a) Cyrus Gate: OR,

The Commencement of the

TRIUMPHANT KINGDOM.

A Dialogue.

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

Church.

HOW long dear Lord and Bridegroom dost thou

Torment thy eager Lover with delay? (say,

And still put off, so oft to 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 ingros 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?

(8a) Isa. 45, 1, &c.

G

Christ
(54)

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 Imbowed'd in thy Father's Throne.
True, I must thankfully acknowledge here
Thy Holy Spirit's Consolations dear:
But that is't 'Wilderness', with me too driven;
In its Triumphant Prowess with thee too flown to Heaven.

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 throw'n,
And thy own Spirit hear within me Groan.
Tho' yet my Sufferings in their Zenith be;
The hottest Fires, and worst Raging of the Enemy.
'Tis not my Pain makes me so eager, move,
I know thy Cross at last my Crown must prove:
But 'tis my Longing after Him I Love.

Christ.
Herrick Love expects not its Reward,
Till it has Won the Prize by long Achievements hard.
And Happier thou must Bloody Wars Arm'd,
While 'tis my Will, than Circle'd in my Arms.
As for th' Usurer Vile the Day is nigh
When at thy Footstool, he in Chains shall lie.

Church.
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 Rife?

Church.

O that is the blest End for which we pray,
Our Jesus in his Church's Resurrection-Day.
This elder Saints their effluent 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 Grrawn;
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 haft, Appear;
O Sion's Life and Joy, and Blestling dear.

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

Church.
What Readines 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 haft, 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 fave thy Love, and seize thy full Inheritance.

Chrift.
Thy Love I own, and ready am to Save;
Yet to thy Suit still some Exception have,
Some Weaknesse 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 Laple to Countermand,
Must be th' Immediate Work of Thy Almighty Hand.

And
And Thou hast taught me to Believe and Pray,
Thou wouldst Thy Self at last the Top-Stone lay;
And Crown thy Work with thy own All 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 Maturity, Requires the Nuptial-Day;
Love's grown inflam'd, and can no longer stay.
It Dies without thee now, thou misfit my Spouse?
Yea, thou must hast away.

Christ.
Well art thou taught Heaven's Kingdom to attain:
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, hate so deep my Heart,
Fulfil my Wishes, Dear, and ease my Sins.
Sion's (a) Remembrancers no Rest shall give,
Nor let thee now in Glories quiet live,
Till thou make her on Earth thy Glorious Repose.

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

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

(a) see 82. 6. In theveyblessedness of the Lord—Give him no Rest.
Or in the Original: To thee are the Lord's Remembrancers, (i.e.) to remind him of all Promises; and Plead for their accomplishement.

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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 denial's 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

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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 Crown.

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 Solomon's Peaceful Love-Triumphant Day.
I would conjon'd with my Great Solomon:
Thy Conquests more successful carry on;
At once like thee possest Heaven's Peaceful Charms;
And Quell thy Foes by Love's all-powerful Arms.
Short of the Fairest Lot, how can I fall,
Thus aiming at the Prize 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 Eternal Now.
(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 Still,
Born in the willing Chariots of Aminadib.
And thou thy Self hast taught us Lord to Pray,
For th’ Hastening of thy Powerful Kingdom’s Day.
Here to thy Act of Grace we hope to see;
And that the Additive Time shall shorten’d be:
Our Time here Crown’d with thy Eternity.
What hinders then but that you straight 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 disentangled from all Creature All
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 All 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.
Church.

O Mighty 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.

Fain Nature finks, too feeble here and cold:
But see Thy own Magnanimous Spirit bold
In me Advances; offers to take hold
Of the Bright Flaming Terrible Crucifline Gold.
Ah! what Defeit? Can that too Feeble be?

Christ.

No sartely, but as fpopt and Manacld by thee,
From his full Ask conjoin'd with your full Liberty
His Liberty Restrain'd, you bind your own:
For your free Ask is found in his Alone,
Nice is the Point, you see, your Shan to find;
Not Run before Him to Prelude or bind;
Not stand as Equal; nor yet lag Behind.
But under, after Him to follow free;
Hild fast to th' Movement of the Deity,
In Natures full conform, and correspondant harmony.

Church.

Pity, Dear Lord; Help my Infirnity,
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 in its Principle of Fire;
The Orb of the Eternal Father's Might:
Which when broke through, conveys Dominion-Right:
To this belongs the Twin-tow'd folding Door,
The Cyrus 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 Dagg.

Christ.
Love in its Intermediate Degrees
May enter here; but not the Crown to seize. Thos
That Love that hopes to win its Virgin-Dower,
Must have its fall 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 posesses 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 Nature's Harmony.

Know then that Victorious Virgin-Love
With its Male-Power must here Conformed move;
The Will on God's Re-ingrafted must dis pense
Faith's Powerful Divine-Magick Influence:
That turns the Mighty Engine of Emissinence.
This only can unlock the Seven-Seal'd Door;
And Suffering Love Invest with its Tri umphant Power.
Come then my Spouse, take up Faith's Conquering Bow:
Thy Preparation-Strength for full Domination show:
Aim at the Central Glory in my Heart;
And now shoot home Faith's Love-ripped Sevens fold Dart.
Six must in single Shaft be shot alone;
The Seventh at last must All Comprise in One.
Watch well the Gulp between, the Region Dark.
Be quick, and strong, and with an Eagle-Eye
Pursue the Golden Mark.

To Animate thee view, Review thy Crown.
Believe, my Royal Spouse, Believe it done:
And then for ever wear it as thy Own.

Church.
I Essay, Lord, Heavenly Wisdom guide my Eye:
And Power Almighty my Defect supply.
See my first Arrow, Lord, inscrib'd by thee,
Refrain, through Love, in deep Humility,
This to the Flaming White is swiftly gone.
The Second too fast and small, inscrib'd,
Refrain, thro' Love, in Resignation,
My Third is in the Act of, Trust in GOD alone.

Christ.

Your Third comes near, but yet fails 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,
Refrain in Love, and Draw 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;
And in the Kingdom's Travail Pangs Rejoice.
The Sixth, The great Rendition Art 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 near.
Here to a Full Circle you must draw your Bow;
It must not one Controlling Angle know.
Here you at once in Adoration deep
Must Bow, in total Resignation keep.
Depend on God from every Creature free,
Read and Rejoice with Shout of Victory.

From
From whence you All receive, must give All back
In your Divine Reflex Rendition-Att.
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 combind,
Will make your Sun in Thy full G L O R T shine,
And Seat you with Me on My Throne Divine.

ESSAT.—

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-Akt;
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 Armin 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 Att!
"It is done.—— I see the Fiery Portal back

Upheld
Unfold and inward Roll its mighty Values.
The White, the Central Gold, the Flame of Love
Dilates Seven, Triumphant, Infinite,
Touch'd and Transpier'd by the All-powerful Shaft;
And answers in Love-Lightning glances quick;
Daring Ten Thousand Thousand Arrows back,
That Play as in thy well-pleas'd Father's Smile.
From the Luge-boiling Furnace, Ocean, Gulph
Unmeasurable low the God-head Streams;
Sparkling with Sapphirs, Diamonds, Rubies Bright,
Varying the one unutterable Light.
I see God's Virgin Ninious fair descend:
Angels, Arch-Angels, Saints with Shouts of Joy
Her Progress back again to Earth attend.
Her Right-Hand Deprever, Immortality:
Her Lest-Dominion, Riches, Honours, Peace,
And Earth Triumphant GLORY.
The Eternal Father gives his Blessing free,
While th' Echoing Spheres Resound in Harmony.

"Go forth, my Son, seize thy Inheritance,
"And thou his Bride, and mine thy Joys Commence,
"This Token given—Henceforth let Heaven and Earth
"Triumphant, and Church-Militant be One,
"In my Blest Kingdom's Power, and Love's Conquestion.

Ah see! my Gracious Lord, what I have here
Th' Usurp'd Seat of Heaven, th' Anointing Spirit dear,
Witnessing the full Time, Vouching my Peace;
My Charter, Seal'd, Down, Communion,
To take thee now for ever as my Own,
Interrex of THY Eternal THRONE,
In Sacred Nuptial Veil, and Heavenly Love's
Eternal Consummation.
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, Praise, Triumph, and Reign with Me.
Enjoy, my Suffering Spouse, and Sister Blest;
Tis Glorious Love: Confummate, Grand-Sabbatic Rest.

Church.
Amen. Let it be.
Be Mine the Joy, be Thine the GLORY.

Christ.
Amen. So let it be.