

A
PARAPHRASE

ON THE
Book of JOB:

As likewise on the SONGS of
MOSES, DEBORAH, DAVID:

On Four Select
PSALMS:

SOME
Chapters of ISAIAH,
AND THE
Third Chapter of HABAKKUK.

By Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt. M.D.
One of His Majesty's Physicians in Ordinary, and Fellow of the
College of Physicians in London.

*Ut si occupati profuimus aliquid civibus nostris, profimus etiam, si possumus,
otiosi. Cic. Tuscul. Quest.*

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T H E
 Song of DEBORAH
 P A R A P H R A S ' D.

JUDGES, Chap. V.

LET the Victorious Tribes of *Israel* sing,
 Let their loud Shouts thro' Heav'n's wide Chambers
 Let them applaud with one united Voice, [ring.
 Their God, the glorious Author of their Joys.
 Let them Triumphant Acclamations raise,
 And spend the Breath he gives them, in his Praise.

He has our Swords with Conquest crown'd,
 And spread the fear of *Israel's* Name around.

He to avenge us on our Foes,
 Has crush'd the haughty Pow'rs that did our Arms oppose.
 Our Troops from Heav'n with noble Zeal inspir'd,
 The glorious Hazards of the Field desir'd.
 God fir'd their Veins with Military Rage,
 And made 'em long for Arms, and eager to engage.

Ye Potentates and Princes hear,
 Ye Kings and Rulers of the Earth give Ear.
 I *Deb'rah* I, will in a lofty strain
 Sing the great King, by whom you live and reign.

When God in Person did our Tribes command,
 And led 'em with a mighty Hand
 From wild *Arabia's* Rocks to *Canaan's* Land :
 As soon as he had pass'd the Field,
 By th' *Idumean* Farmer till'd,
 What marks of Greatness did his March attend ?
 What Pow'r in Miracles did he expend ?
 What Terrors did he send before to fright
 The Lords of *Canaan* and the *Amorite* ?
 What Pomp and Majesty did he display ?
 Floods of impetuous Glory delug'd all his way.
 From his refulgent Sword, and radiant Shield,
 Flushes of rapid Splendor spread the Field.
 The trembling Heathen fled for fear,
 For who could such a stress of Lustre bear ?

At every step th' Almighty Leader took,
 Th' astonish'd Earth down to its Center shook.
 Contending Tempests bellow'd under ground,
 And strong Convulsions did with horrid sound
 The low Apartments break, and all the Vaults confound.
 The Earth with dreadful Gripes was sore oppress'd,
 Which did its twisted Bowels wrest.
 From their low Channels, Subterranean Waves
 Were thrown on Sulphur Mines, and fiery Caves.
 The Chasms of gaping Plains and Mountains rent,
 Did yield to struggling Vapours vent,
 And suffocated Nature to relieve,
 To ambient Air admission give.

The SONG of DEBORAH.

Heav'n's Crystal Battlements to pieces dash'd,
In Storms of Hail were downward hurl'd;
Loud Thunder roar'd, red Lightning flash'd,
And universal Uproar fill'd the World.

Torrents of Water, Floods of Flame
From Heav'n in fighting Ruins came.

At once the Hills that to the Clouds aspire,
Were wash'd with Rain, and scorcht with Fire.
The Waters down the Mountains Sides were pour'd,
And o'er the Vale th' unbridled Deluge roar'd.

Canaan's proud Hills with this affright
Shook to their Base, and well they might;
For *Sinai* rock'd and quak'd, when God
Made on its Brow his terrible Abode.

In *Shamgar's* and in *Jael's* days,
Robbers and Thieves infested all the ways.
These Sons of Violence pursu'd their Prey
On publick Roads in open day.

Poor Trav'lers to escape the cruel hands
Of these Licentious, lawless Bands,
They pass'd thro' Ways and Paths unknown,
Yet still in fear, from Town to Town.

The trembling People by these Spoilers scar'd,
To Towns of Strength in Troops repair'd.

They left their old Abodes to be possess'd
By Owls and Bats, and every rav'ning Beast:
Until their fruitful Land at last,
Became a wild Inhospitable Wast.

O *Israel*, these were thy sad Wants and Woes,
 These thy Oppressions when I *Deb'rah* rose ;
 When I arose a Mother to restore

Thy former Peace, and Wealth, and Pow'r.
 Till then thy blind Apostate Sons forsook
 Theirs, and their Father's God, and took
 New fangled Gods, of old unknown,
 Gods lately into Reputation grown,
 Gods carv'd in Wood, or cut in Stone.

Heav'n thus provok'd, excited Foes,
 Who full of rage against our Citys rose.
 Confed'rate Kingdoms War with *Israel* wag'd,
 And horrid Slaughter in our Bowels rag'd :
 And well it might, for we were so disarm'd,
 That when the Foe our Gates alarm'd,
 Did there a single Shield or Spear,
 Midst forty Thousand *Israelites* appear ?
 O *Israel* then, I rose to rescue thee
 From thy vile Chains to set thee free.

Nor can my Song too much exalt the Fame
 Of those great Chiefs, who freely came
 To give me Aid, and to subdue our Foes,
 Did gen'rously their Lives expose.
 Give them their due Applause, but chiefly bless
 The God, who gave them Courage and Success.

The SONG of DEBORAH.

Ye Lords in Courts of Judgment who preside,
And thro' the Streets in awful State,
With num'rous Trains attended ride,
Th' Almighty's wondrous Work relate.
Ye People who can leave your safe Abodes,
And travel now secure in Publick Roads ;
You that do now in Joy and Peace,
Your Fig-trees and your Vines possess ;
You who no more the noise of Archers hear,
But unmolested to your Springs repair ;
Do you rehearse God's righteous Deeds,
Whence this your unexpected Peace proceeds.

Awake, awake, O *Deborah*, awake,
Quickly thy Harp and Timbrel take.
A Song of Triumph and of Joy rehearse,
In lofty Strains, and noble Verse.
A Song that may just Honour pay
To the great Deeds of this illustrious Day!

O *Barak* rise, arise thou valiant Chief,
Whose Conqu'ring Arms have brought relief
To *Israel* in our vast distress,
And made our haughty Foes their Impotence confess.
Thou mighty Man advance, and lead along
Thy Spoils and Trophys thro' the cleaving Throng,
Thy Captives lead in clanking Chains,
All their vast Army's small Remains.

Thou who the dreadful Battel didst display
 On that decisive, glorious Day,
 Now draw thy Pomp and Triumph in Array.

Jacob's Remains by Heav'n with Empire crown'd
 Have laid their Yoke on *Canaan's* Kings around.
 Ev'n me the Lord has rais'd to Regal Sway,
 And made the Mighty my Commands obey.

Thy Sons did first the War embrace,
 Forward in Arms, O *Benjamin*;
 And next to thee a few of *Ephraim's* Race
 Advanc'd, and joyn'd their Troops with thine,
 Rulers and Nobles from *Manasses* came,
 Whose brave example did the rest inflame.
 The Scribes of *Zebulun*, and learned Men,
 To weild the Sword laid down the Pen.
 The Princes and the Lords of *Issachar*,
 Despising Danger, undertook the War.
 With Zeal they follow'd me their Head,
 And *Barak* to the Field their valiant Squadrons led.

Ah *Reuben*, how were we dismay'd,
 To be defrauded of thy Aid!

Ah, why didst thou desert thy Country's Cause?
 Why did not *Reuben* share this day's applause?
 Say when thy Breth'ren arm'd with Sword and Shield,
 For Liberty advanc'd into the Field,
 Why didst thou sullen in thy Tents abide,
 As if in Blood and Int'rest not Ally'd?

Couldst thou to Arms thy Shepherd's Crook prefer,
 And rather chuse thy bleating Sheep to hear,
 Than the loud Thunder of a noble War ?

Oh, how much Trouble to our State,
 Did this ignoble Deed of thine create ?

Gilead beyond the Flood of *Jopran* stay'd,

And of the haughty Foe afraid,
 Refus'd to give his Brethren Aid.

Dan on his Wealth and Shipping too intent,

No Succours to our Army sent.

Asher with like inglorious Negligence,

Trusting to Rocks and Caves as his defence,

Stay'd on the Shore, and no Assistance gave,

Our Worship, or our Liberty to save.

But oh ! what wondrous Deeds were done

By *Naphtali* and *Zebulun* !

With what an ardour, what a warlike rage

Did those brave Men in Fight engage ?

Methinks I see those Warriours make

Their bold and irresistable Attack.

Greedy and fond of Danger, they

The Squadrons cleft, and cut the way

To the chief Places of the Field,

Which did the chiefest choice of ruin yield,

Which were with plenty of Destruction stor'd,

And all the horrid shapes of danger did afford :

Where Death triumphant in the Battel stood,

Besmear'd with Brains, and Dust, and Blood.

Great Potentates of formidable Fame,
 Captains and Kings against us came;
 Their confluent Troops from every Coast,
 Compos'd a vast o'erflowing Host.

We saw th' advancing Deluge from afar,
 And all the must'ring Tydes of complicated War.
 They stopt, and in Battalia stood,
 Upon the Banks of *Kishon's* Flood;
 Thither our eager Squadrons flew,
 There did we fight, and there proud *Jabin's* Troops subdue.

The radiant Host of Stars above
 Drew out, and did in warlike order move.
 They did their Darts from Heav'n's high Turrets throw,
 And charg'd with fatal influence the Foe.
 They to our Aid their glitt'ring Forces brought
 And against *Sisera* in their Courses fought.

O *Kishon*, then thy troubled Tyde
 Was choak'd with Carcasses, with Crimson dy'd.
 Swords, Helmets, Shields roll'd all beneath,
 And of the lighter Instruments of Death
 Spears, Arrows, Darts, a floating Wood
 O'erspread the surface of thy Flood.
 Thy current swept their Troops away,
 And with their mighty Spoils enrich'd the wondring Sea.
 Thy banks, and all the Vale about,
 Were spread with marks of ignominious rout.

Chariots o'erturn'd, and scatter'd Shields,
And broken Hoofs deform'd the Fields :
Hoofs torn, and on the stony places cast,
O'er which the flying Horsemen past.

Accurst th' Almighty's Angel cry'd,
Accurst be *Meroz* who her help deny'd.
Vengeance and Plagues on her vile People light,
Who would not for their God and Country fight.

But let us *Jael's* Courage sing,
Let loud Applauses thro' our Citys ring
Of *Heber's* Wife, above the rest
Of Womankind may she be blest.

Great *Sis'ra* choak'd with heat and dust,
Demanded Water from the Spring ;
She to allay the Gen'ral's thirst,
Did Milk and Cream in costly Vessels bring.

She to the Nail the left apply'd,
And with her right hand did the Hammer guide.

And as the mighty *Sisera*
Stretcht on the Pavement sleeping lay,
Th' undaunted Woman with a noble blow,
Drove in the Nail, and pierc'd his Temples thro.

Amaz'd, not waken'd with the Wound,
He sprung, and bounded from the ground :
The brave Virago did her blow repeat,
And laid him prostrate at her feet.
He bow'd and fell, and gasping lay,
Quiver'd and groan'd his Life away.

She drew his Sword, and with a Manly stroke,
The Warriours Head from off his Shoulders took.

His Mother looking thro' her Window said,
Why is his Triumph thus delay'd?

Why does his lingring Chariot stay?

Why roll his Wheels so slowly on the way?

Her Maids, nay, she her self reply'd,

The Conqu'rors stay their Booty to divide.

The distribution made, each Chief can shew

A Damsel for his share, or two.

But *Sis'ra's* Prey outshines the rest,

His is a party-colour'd Vest

Which Gems and rich Embroidery adorn,

Fit by the greatest Princes to be worn.

These boastful words she spoke, while *Sisera*

Dead in the Tent of *Jael* lay.

Lord let his Fate attend thine Enemy,

So let them perish who against thee rise.

But let the Men who Wickedness abhor,

Who love thee, and thy Name adore,

Be like the Sun,

Who when refresh'd, does in his Vigour rise,

Eager to run

All the blew Stages of the spacious Skys.