

The Reflexion

by Edward Taylor

The sermon explores the deep longing for God's presence and the transformative power of His grace in restoring our souls.

Scripture: Psalm 51:10, Song of Solomon 2:1, Isaiah 1:18, 2 Corinthians 5:17, Ephesians 4:22

Topics: "Gods Love", "Spiritual Renewal"

Description

Edward Taylor reflects on the beauty and sweetness of God, comparing it to a rose of Sharon, expressing a deep desire to fully experience and be enraptured by God's love and presence. He acknowledges the impact of sin on the world and the need for God to cleanse and restore the soul to its original state of paradise. Taylor longs for a deeper connection with God, yearning for His grace to fill and transform his heart, ultimately seeking to have God's beauty and glory shine through his life.

Transcript

Canticles 2:1 "I am the rose of Sharon."

Lord, art thou at the Table Head above

Meat, Med'cine, Sweetness, sparkling Beautys, to

Enamour Souls with Flaming Flakes of Love,

And not my Trencher, nor my Cup o'reflow?

Ben't I a bidden guest? Oh! sweat mine Eye:

O'reflow with Teares: Oh! draw thy fountains dry.

Shall I not smell thy sweet, oh! Sharons Rose?

Shall not mine Eye salute thy Beauty? Why?

Shall thy sweet leaves their Beautious sweets upclose?

As halfe ashamde my sight should on them ly?

Woe's me! For this my sighs shall be in grain,

Offer'd on Sorrows Altar for the same.
Had not my Soule's, thy Conduit, Pipes stopt bin
With mud, what Ravishment would'st thou.Convay?
Let Graces Golden Spade dig till the Spring
Of tears arise, and cleare this filth away.
Lord, let thy Spirit raise my sighings till
These Pipes my soule do with thy sweetness fill.
Earth once was Paradise of Heaven below,
Till inkefac'd sin had it with poyson stockt;
And Chast this Paradise away into
Heav'ns upmost Loft, and it in Glory Lockt.
But thou, sweet Lord, hast with thy golden Key
Unlockt the Doore, and made a golden day.
Once at thy Feast, I saw thee Pearle-like stand
'Tween Heaven and Earth, where Heavens Bright glory all
In streams fell on thee, as a floodgate and
Like Sun Beams through thee on the World to Fall.
Oh! Sugar sweet then! My Deare sweet Lord, I see
Saints Heaven-lost Happiness restor'd by thee.
Shall Heaven and Earth's bright Glory all up lie,
Like Sun Beams bundled in the sun in thee?
Dost thou sit Rose at Table Head, where I
Do sit, and Carv'st no morsell sweet for mee?
So much before, so little now! Sprindge, Lord,
Thy Rosie Leaves, and me their Glee afford.
Shall not thy Rose my Garden fresh, perfume?
Shall not thy Beauty my dull Heart assaile?

Shall not thy golden gleams run through this gloom?

Shall my black Velvet Mask thy fair Face Vaile?

Pass o're my Faults: shine forth, bright sun; arise!

Enthroned thy Rosy-selfe within mine Eyes.

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