## Spiritual Relation

Abijah Woster



With all our powers we'll sing the praise Of Judah's holy Lion; His power protects and still displays To shield the Mount of Zion. 'Tis guarded by a Jaspar wall 'Tis Angel's admiration, To see poor souls raised from the fall, To Spiritual Relation.

How vain are all things here on earth! They're like the twinkling taper! They either languish in the birth Or vanish like a vapor. Let all the earth their joys resound In highest declamation, There are no comforts that are found Like Spiritual Relation.

Nothing on earth so meek and mild, Although so much a stranger; It personates the Virgin Child That slept in Bethlehem's manger. 'Tis fill'd with purity and love, And every kind sensation; 'Tis chaste as is the turtle Dove, 'Tis Spiritual Relation.

There's nothing found in fleshly ways Nor nature's path so flowery, That brings the soul such joyful days, Or yields so rich a dowery. Huge mounts of gold are but as dross, In Wisdom's estimation, To what we find who bear the cross In Spiritual Relation. Since mercy hath our souls retrieved From the infernal Lion; We'll be no more by him deceived, We'll take the way to Zion. Sodom and Egypt we'll forsake, And Babylon's sensation; Our crosses we will joyful take, For Spiritual Relation.

The bands that male and female bind, Lead souls to desolation; Dividing joys distract the mind, And end in desparation. Male and female like one are known, In this blest restoration; Brethren and Sisters make but one, In Spiritual Relation.

Since God hath call'd us by the light, To this blest resurrection; We'll follow on with all our might Until we reach perfection. And when we quit this earthly stage And reach our destination We'll praise the Lamb thro' endless age, For Spiritual Relation.