AS DESCRIBED BY:
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This manuscript, dated 1687, contains a detailed description of the

gardens of the estate of the Duke of Devonshire. The descriptions

include illustrations of the various plant species and their

arrangement within the gardens. The text is accompanied by a

series of black-and-white engravings, which depict the

landscape and the layout of the gardens.

The garden designs are the result of the

Landscape architect's vision, which

was executed by the estate's

gardeners. The text also includes

descriptions of the

crop rotation and

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employed at the

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THE COMPLAINT,
AND
THE CONSOLATION;
OR,
NIGHT THOUGHTS,
BY
EDWARD YOUNG, LL.D.

[Several lines in Latin]

LONDON.
PRINTED BY R. GEE, R. EDWARDS, ROYAL STREET.
1735.
ADVERTISEMENT.

In an age like the present of literature and of taste, in which the arts, fostered by the general patronage, have attained to growth beyond the experience of former times, an apology can be necessary for offering to the public an embellished edition of an English classic; or for giving to the great work of Young some of those advantages of form and ornament which have highly distinguished the immortal productions of Shakespeare and of Milton.

But it was not solely to increase the honours of the British press, or to add a splendid volume to the collections of the wealthy, that the editor was induced to undertake the present undertaking. Not uninfluenced by professional, he acted also under the impulse of higher motives: and when he selected the
Nature Themselves for the subject of his projected deeeminaus, he wished to make the arts in their most honourable array; subsequent to the purposes of religion; and by their elements to admit the situation of the great as an enforcement of religious and moral truth, which can be inexcused, only as it may not be read.

From its first appearance in the world, this poem has excited the suffrages of the critics in the acknowledgment of its superior merit. If it has not been allowed to be the "wise like "monstrum;" it has been determined to be a composition of great and preeminent excellence. Some drowsy spots might be observed to float on its surface, but the mass in the whole was condensed to be luminous and burning: something in short might be objected to the judgment or taste of Young; but the most daring spirit of detection could never withhold from him the praise of powerful language; of deep knowledge; of a vivid and extensive imagination; of a mind at once vigorous and comprehensive, which could discriminate with the rectitude of philosophy, and select with the colouring of poetry: In this work, indeed, which in its structure is original, and in which, to use the author's own words, "the narrative is short, and the moral ity among from it forms the bulk of the poem," the beauties are too numerous to merit of individual notice, and too striking to require particular distinction. In every page the reader finds his attention held captive by poetry in its boldest and most successful exertion; every where is his imagination excited with pleasing, or excited with grand imagery; every where does he see lovely bidding flowers round the altar of truth, while unseen a subtle pump is pressureing her sacrifice to heaven.

The principal charges which have been urged against this poem, and which in some degree may have affected its popularity, are the dark tints of its painting; and the obscurities which occasionally occur in it to retard the progress of the reader. With respect to the first of these objections, it must be admitted that, in the work before us, the great poet of Christianity offers no facility to the passions, and, exceptions of the dangerous and dignity of his subject, is too careful to please than to improve; to console than to impress and save. To convert the smile of thoughtless levity was altogether incompatible with the theme which he had chosen. The verse who

"To delay's pass to see sister and her court,"
who took her nightly walk among the tenures; and whose office it was to mount on the final termination of the pleasures, and the pride, the expectations, and the pursuits which order only to the ordinary existence, must necessarily be in the to that "laughing

"which is real," and could not reasonably hope to be a favourite with the frivolous, the profligate, or the criminal: to his lighter associates, who sport beneath the boughs of the sun, and are con-
in the distinction and development of his ideas, or to have involved them in a perplexed and entangled construction of sentences. Instances, however, of obscurity from those latter causes are extremely rare, and may as frequently perhaps be discovered in the writings of our most correct poets, as in the Neoclassic School. But if to this falls, on its admission, be added some others which may be discoverable by critical observation, the whole mass of delinquency will be comparatively small: and can be regarded as scarcely or of any account when balanced against the weighty and pleasing merits, political and moral, of this noble composition. It may have be proper to remark that this is acknowledged, by the most determined advocates of rhyme, to be one of the few poems in our language in which blank verse affords greatest pleasure, and "could not be charged for rhyming " but with disadvantage."
Of the merit of Mr. Blake, in these designs which form not
only the ornament of the Eng. Ed. as many instances, the il-
lections of others, but its delectations and its necessity
for the art of design which were found
in the original corruptions, and the bold and manly appro-
ach of this art, cannot be answered or explained.

N. 185.

LIFE AND DEATH
IMMORTALITY.

A VIEW OF THE FIRST.

nations and particularly would not permit them to be taken
hristmas or the expulsion of profit and base. The

t to be preserved, the art of design, which were

Tired nature's sweet Restorer, hallow'd Sleep!  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays.  
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes:  
Swift on his fetters pinch'd flies from woe,  
And lights on life unkindled with a tear.  
From short, as usual, and disturb'd reposè,  
I wake: how happy they, who wake no more!  
Yet that were vain, if dreams infect the grave.  
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams  
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding thought  
From wave to wave of fancied misery.  
At random drov'n, her helm of reason lost:  
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain.  
A bitter change! severer for severer:  
The day too short for my distress! and night,  
Even in the south of her dark domain,  
Is sunshine, to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In, unwise majesty, now descends forth
Her radiant sceptre o'er a slumbering world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listing ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. The laws as general guide
Of life still stand, and nature mute is prone;
An awful pause! prophetick of her end,
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curule: I can lose no more.
Silence, and Darkness! solemn sister! twin
From ancient might, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
That column of true majesty in man.
Assist me! I will thank you in the grave—
The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your deign'd shrine:
But what are ye? THOU, who dost put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Embracing, shower'd o'er the rising ball;
O THOU! whose word from shell darkness struck
That spark: the sun: strike wisdom from my soul—
My soul, which flies to THEE, her trust, her treasure.
As winds to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opus of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit me pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer: O lead my mind,
A mind that fain would wander from its woe.
Lead it through various scenes of life, and death;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire:
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude, and fix my firm resolve
Wish to work, and pay her long accrue;
Nor let the plot of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The ball strikes one! We take no note of time,
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? O airy, yet beyond the flood:
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and over life's narrow verge
Look down—On what! A fathomless abyss!
A deep eternity! how slowly pace
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor penitent on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how each, how object, how urgent,
How compleat, how wonderful in man!
How gazing wonder, HE, who made him such?
Who centre'd in our make such strange extremities?
From different mutiny marvelously mix'd,
Correct exquisitely distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A base herald, mutil'd, and abhor'd!
Though suffer'd and disconsolate, still divine!
In state of greats and absolute!
An horrid glory! a foul child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a God! — I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. As home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, agast,
And wonder at her own, how reason roars!
O what a miracle is man, most
Triumphant destruction! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can snatch me from the grave—
Legions of angels can't confine me there;
'Tis but conjecture; all things rise in proof.
While o'er my brows sleep's soft dominion spread:
* What, though my soul fantastic mountains trod
Over fairy fields, or mount'd along the gloom
Of powerless woods, or down the craggy steep
Here! 'tis a wood, in which we find the mangled pool;
Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes out nature of the brain;
Her endless flight, though devoured, speaks her nature
Of subtle essence than the troubled cloud;
Active, ardent, tor'ging, unconfined,
Uncontrolled with her grace companion's fall.
Even silent sight proclaims my soul immortal;
Even silent sight proclaims eternal day.
For human soul, Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then these low dews that are not lost?
Why wander enchanted thought their tombs around,

Is inbred distress? Are angels there?
Shambles, raked up in dust, obterred fire?
'They live! they givily live a life on earth
Unfettered, unconstrained! and from my eye
Of sentiments. In heavenly pery fall
On us, more justly numb'd with the dead
This is the desert, this the solitude
How populous, how vain, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funeral, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades:
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
In substance; the reverse is Lilly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bed of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our days, the vestal love;
Lilly, death is yet in sight, and death,
Strong death alone can brave the many bar.
The gross impulsion of clay removes,
And make us, emblems of existence, free.
From true life, but little more remote.
Is he, yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, sleep'ring in his sire:
Embryo we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient mure shell, and spring to life.
The life of gods, O transport! soul of men
Yet man, soul man! how buries all his thoughts!
I know infidel hopes without one sigh
Poet of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pintes all his wishes: wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
Where spirits gather immortality.
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys embrowine elixir ring draw
In His full beam, and ripen for the just—
Where momentary gaps are no more!
Where time, and pain, and change, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of three-score years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And another rise immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in stormous sickness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured, or alarmed.
As anguish this scene eaves threaten, or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrung,
To wall a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this consol? It overwhelms myself!
How was my heart increased by the world?
O how self-deceived was my surrounding soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken threads, which repose fancy span;
Till distant reason her quite closed it ever.
With soft consent of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befoul, as sung above:
Our waking dreams are hid; how I dreamt
Of things impossible! could sleep do more?
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change?
Of stable pleasures on the tumbling waves!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
Bliss! abusive bliss!—proud words, and vain!  
implicit treason to divine decrees!  
A bold arraignment of the rights of heaven!  
I class'd the phantoms, and I found them atre;  
O but I weight'd it ere my food embrace,  
What duties of agony had missed my heart?  
O Death! great proprietary of all! (No more)  
To tread our empire, and to quench the stars;  
The sun himself by thy permission shows:  
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere,  
Ambush such mighty plunders, why exult?  
The partial quiver on a mark so near?  
Why thy peculiar favour wound'd me?  
Institute anchor! could not one suffice?  
Thy shafts few shews—and these my power was slain;  
And these, are these your means had fill'd her horn.  
O Cynthia! why so pale? dost thou lament  
Thy wretched neighbour? grief to see thy wheel  
Of ceaseless change outwardly in human life?  
How seems my sorrow'd bliss from fortune's smile!  
Precious courtesy! but virtue's sure,  
Self-given, sola my sound delight.  
In every varied posture, place, and hour,  
How varied was each thought of every joy!  
Thought, how thought! too long for my peace,  
Through the dark pattern of time long elapsed,  
Led sadly by the stillness of the night,  
Led like a murderer, and such it proves;  
Stays, wretched cower! war the pleasing past;  
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;  
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosta  
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!  
I see the riches of thy former lot;  
Sweet comfort's blessed clusters I lament;  
I stumble at the blessings once so dear!  
And every pleasure sums me to the heart.  
Yet why complain? or why complain for me?  
Hangs out the sun his last breath but for me;  
The single man? are angels all beside?  
I mourns for millions—'tis the common lot:  
In this shape, or is it in that, has fate entailed  
The mother's heaven on all of woman born;  
No more the children, thou most heirs of pain.  
War, famine, pest, volcanoes, storm, and fire,  
Intense broils, oppressions, with her heart  
Wrap'd up in triple brass; bondage mankind:  
GOD's image, dismember'd of day;  
Here, plong'd in mines, forgets a sun was made;  
There, beggarly, in their haughty lord,  
Are immu'd to the galling our fate;  
And plough the winter's wave, and repose despair;  
Scurv., for lord masters broken under arms,  
In battle lopp'd away, with half their limbs  
Bag litter bread through realms their valor save;  
If as the yoke, or his minions down.  
Want and insuperable disease, fell pair!  
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize  
A mercy, and make a refuge of the grave;  
How grieving hospitals spot their dead!  
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fled,
Select the cold hand of charity—
To shock us more—snatched it in vain!
Ye sicken wise of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more mad rash vents, visit here,
And breaths from your debauch; give, and reduce
Sharlet's dominion over you—but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy! did sorrow seize on such souls:
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save:
* Disease invades the cheated tempestance,
And judgement the godlike; and alter,
Through thickest shades pursues the soul of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his grand failing, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name:
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant, then, the thing we do not on must,
From that for which we do not, feebly!

The smoothest course of nature has its pains;
And most friends, through error, wound our rest
Without misfortune—what calamities!
And what misfortunes—without a fret?
Now are foes wanting to the best on earth;
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than come to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a waste:
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands—
Wild haunts of monsters, poison, stings, and death:

Such is earth's melancholy map! but, for
More rich, this earth is a true map of man:
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To use a wide empire; where deep troubles rest,
God's arm's her bower, envenomed passion blue.
Ravenous calumniators vitals sear,
And threatening fangs wide open to devour.
What then is I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infamy, from others and
Is all my hope—to teach us to be kind—
That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind:
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;
More generous sorrow, while it makes, enables;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang:
New virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Soothed thought a second chamber; who complex,
They work too the terror of their grief.
Take them, O world! thy much-indulged tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness.
To those, whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O that! whole'er than sitt, whose heart exists!
Wouldst thou! I should congratulate thy fate?
I knew thou wert; thy pride descends it from me.
Let thy pride predicate, what thy nature needs—
The misty execrable of a friend.
Thus happy wrench! by blazoned thou art blest;
By doting dandies to perpetual smiles:
Know, sinner, at thy peril art thou plagued;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain:
Misfortunes, like a crease severe,
But rise in demand for her delay
She makes a sermon of past prosperity
To sting thee more, and double thy distress,
Lamentation makes her count to thee;
Thy sole heart dances, while the siren sings:
Dear is thy welfare: thank me not unkind,
I would not stop, but to secure thy joys:
Thank not that fire is sacred in the storms,
Stood on thy guard against the storms of fate,
In heaven tremendous in its frozen: most sure—
And in its favours sumptuous too:
* In favor here are tribute, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awe us to their cause and consequence;
And make a volume, weighed with our desert.
Awe nature’s triumphs, and cherish her joys,
Lost, while we chase, we kill them: nay, invert:
To worse than simple misery our charms,
Revealed joys, like fire in civil war;
Like bonds friendships to resentment sour’d,
With rage avenger’d rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness: beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire:
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine died with thee, Phaethon! thy last sigh
Dissolved the chariot: the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre: where her glory towards?
Her golden mists where?—all darkness doth
As on a rock of silent ruin we build
Our mountain hopes: sip our earthly scheme,
As we the final sisters would unite
And, big with life's futurities, aspire.

Nor ever Parnassus had known such shrines,
Nor had he cease; a warning was denied;
How many fall as sudden—not as soft?
As sudden, though for years an invisible; woe.

Of human life the last extreme beware;
Beware, Lovelies! a slow-sudden death:
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise today; 'twas madness to delay:
Next day, the fatal proceeding will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life:
Procrastination is the thief of time:
Year after year it steals, till all are fled;
And to the memory of a memon leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene:
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this hours
The pain, "That all men are about to live"—
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not die, and their pride:
On this confusion takes up ready praise,
At least their own, their future selves applauds:
As excellent that life they never will lack!

True bodies in their own hands in fully's vain:
That lodged in fate's, to wisdom they commune:

The thing they can's but purpose, they purpose:
'Tis not in folly, not to seem a fool:
And scarce in human wisdom to do more:
All purpose is poor dietary man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Vexations for ourselves; and only wish,
As divine sins, our fathers were wise:
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reformes his plan;
At fifty, clings his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
Is in the magnanimity of thought
Receives, and re-receives; then dies the same.

And why? because he thinks himself immortal:
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves—when some altering shock of fate
Stains through their wounded hearts the sudden dried:
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air.
Soon close; where pass'd the shaft no trace is found.
As from the wings no near the sky remains;
The pointed wave no furrow from the holt:
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Even with the tender heart which nature sheds
For those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Parnassus? that were strange:
O my full heart!—but should I give it rest,
* The longest night though longest is, would fall.
And the dark listen to my midnight song.
The sprightly bark's shell mutters on the main,
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast;
I strive, with wak'dd melancholy to cheer,
The sullen ghost, sweet phlegm! I like thee,
And call the stars to listen; every star
Is deaf to mine, answer'd of thy lay:
Yet be not vain; there are, who thee could,
And share through distant ages, wrap't in shade,
Past'er of darkness! to the silent hours,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To kill my griefs, and steel my heart from weep!
I call their ruphres, but not catch their love;
Dark, though not blind, like thee Moerides!
Oh! Milton! thee; ah, could I reach thy stem?
Or his, who made Moerides our own;
Man too be sung—in mortal man I sing:
Oh! burst my song beyond the bounds of life;
What now, but immortality, can please?
O had he pron'd his theme, pursued the track,
Which opes out of darkness into day!
O had he mount'd on his wing of fire,
Scour'd, where I sink, and sung immortal name!
How had it bless'd mankind, and resusced me!
NIGHT THE SECOND.

"When the cock crew, he wept"—smote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all: that power, who bids
This midnight centined, with clarion shrill,
* Eternity of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber into thoughts of heaven:
Shall I weep? where then is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandoned, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light:
He that is born, is hated; he in wax,
Eternal war with wise: who bears it best,
Deserves it least—on other themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn my thoughts on thee,
And thine, on themes may profit; profit there.
Whence most thy soul—themes, too, the genuine growth
Of great Philostratus's dust: he, thou, though dead,
May still be friend—What themes? love's wonderful price,
Death, friendship, and Philostratus's final scene.
So could I teach these themes, as might obtain
These ears, nor leave thy heart quite unengaged,
The good deed would delight me; half improve
On my dark cloud an inch; and from grief
Call glory—let those meaner Parian's fane?
* I know thou say'st it: says thy life the same?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire,
Where is that thrill, that artifice of wrong,
O gloriou's avance! thought of death images,
As rumour'd robberies ender our gold?
O time! thou gold more sacred, more a load
Than lead, to fools: and fools repeated wise;
What moment granted men without account?
What years are expound'd, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Sudden death! should he strong hand array,
No composition sets the present free:
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast heeds, and vengeance claims the fall arrow.
How late! I should've on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
That time is mine, O Man! so thou I owe;
Fair would I pay thee with eternity:
But ill my genius answers my desires;
My Acidly song is mortal, past thy ear:
Accept the will—let dies not with my strain.
For what calls thy disease, Locrine? not
For evelation, but for mortal aid?
Thus think'st it folly to be wise too soon.

Youth is the rich in time: it may be, poor:
Fate with it as with money—spring: pay:
No moment but in purchase of its worth:
And what its worth? ask death's beholder; they can tell:
Part with it as with life—odorant a bay:
With holy hope of nobler time to come:
True higher am'd, still sourer the great mark
Of men and angels—a virtue more divine
Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?
These Heaven blemish in vital union kissed:
And spot we like the natives of the bough
When vernal suns inspire? amusement reign:
Man's great demand; to toil is to live:
And it is true a trifle now to die?
Thus sayst I preach, Locrine! 'tis confound'd:
What, if for once I preach thee quite awake?
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason to the soul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will time remain, when no citie cannot e'er?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their haste lose, and hang in our sight,
As links and cities with their glittering spires,
To the poor shattered heart, by sudden storm
Thrown off in sea, and soon to perish there;
Will time remain?—No: thence will then be time,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.
Redeem we time?—the less we dearly buy;
What pleads Locrine for his high-spiced spirits?
Hie pleads time's numerous thanks; he loudly pleads.
The star-like tribes on life's common stream:
From whom those blanks and tribes, but from thee?
No blank, no tribe nature made, or meant;
Virtue, or purposed virtue, still be thou;
This cancels thy complaint at once, this leaves
In act no tribes, and no blank in time;
This grievous hills, immortalizes all;
This, the best art of turning all in gold;
This, the good heart's perspicacity to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours;
Innumerable! every moment pays.
If nothing more than purpose is thy power;
The purpose firm, is equal to the deed;
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly,—angels could not more.
Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint.
'Tis not in things one thought to dominate;
Grant well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.

On all-important time, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urged: the sun.

'Tis yet unborn, who daily weighs an hour—
"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown—
Or Rome? or rather, lord of human race;
He spake, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak; no reason speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to vanity fly;
Our reason from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme—Time is eternity.
We threat the Deity: and his deserted,
Who gave his will shall enslave their own.

Have our unnatural quarrels with ourselves:
Our thoughts at anxious: our beings wash'd:
We pass time from us, and we wash it back:
Lest it of existence, and yet feel of life:
Lest we think long, and short; death seek, and shun:
Body and soul, like perish'd man and wife,
Corded jar, and yet are both to part,
Oh! the dear days of vanity! whole here,
How senseless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone! they never go: when past, they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of every day deceased.
And smiles an aspect, or a frown on us:
No death, nor life delight us—of time past.
And time proceedeth, both pain, what can please?
That which the Deity in pleasure
Told: the man who consumes his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature, and his path are peace.

Our cares cease and our joy are seen: we next
Time's nature, origin, importance, speed;
And try great grain from urging his career.
All-availing man, become universal, unseen,
He locks on time as nothing: nothing else
Is truly man's; its fortune—is Time's a God.
Hast thou not heard of time's omnipotence?
Fut, or again, what wonders can be done
And will! to stand blank repute he disdain.
Not on these terms was time, heaven's stranger, sent
On his important embassy to man.
Lorn was he on the long-desired hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe.
The memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the DREAD SERE, on exultation bent,
And high with nature, rising in his might;
Cold forth elation, for then was time born.
By soundless streams through a thousand worlds
Not on these terms, from the great days of heaven,
From the providence of sacred arts,
Was time out of Egypt; and cast beneath the skies:
The skies, which watch have on his ever glads,
* Measuring his motions by revolving spheres:
That horrid machinery divine:
Hours, days, months, and years, his children play.
Like luminous wings, around him, as he flies:
Or rather, as unequal plumes they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest.
And just now ere his time is near;
In his imminence to rest.
When worlds, that count his circles now, unheeded,
Face the loud signal sounding, bounding rich
To endless night and chaos, whereon they rise.
Why spurn the speedy? why with leisure
Never wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?
Knowst thou then, or what thou hast, or what is done?
May this be lost time, and lose from man, too soon
In sad descent this double flight must end.

And then, where are we? when, Lammoura, then
The spirits—thy spirits—thy spirits?
Not on these terms, in a state
Not on these terms, in the ruffled shrub
Thy spirit's throne, a workman's arch beneath:
His doctrine and his happiness; then well may life
Put on her pleasures, and in her rainbow shine
Ye well-arm'd! ye! lies of our land!
Ye! lies of our land! who neither lie nor spin,
As other lies night—of no wise
As Solomon, more equivalent to the sight!
Ye! women, who nothing can support,
Yourself the work of the world; for whom
The winter rose must blush, the sun put on
A brighter brow in Leo, silken-soft
Favours breathe still softer, or be chival
And other words such asmen, ensue, and song.
And then, and notions framed in foreign known
O ye! lovers of our age! who wear
Our memory awakened, a mockery.
Yet made for helpless man: who call aloud
For every bud, develop'd by some grace.
For riddles and conundrums of every cast,
For change of fiddles and relays of joy.
To sing your patience through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day—say—supers—say
With mirth, saying—dreamers of gay dreams
How will you weather an eternal night,
Wherein such expostutions fail?

* O! physical conscience! while she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, half with syren song;
While she seems, nothing o'erre her charge, to drop
On her leaping appetite the slacker'd venin,
And gave up to horror, unsavour'd,
Usurped — we, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer stabs every furlong
And her dread diary with horror fills;
Not the gross nut sleep employing her pen:
She recognises fury's very soul,
A watchful eye! the formable spy,
Lis'tening, echos the whispers of our camp;
Our dwelling purposes of heart explores,
And stabs out embryo of unquiet;
As all vaporous winters conceal
Their doomsday—look from all-consuming heirs,
Thus, with indulgence must severe she treats
Us speckleblot of insensible team;
Unseen, roots each moment unappalled;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
Writers whose whole history is death shall read
In every pole dictating—private ear,
And judgment publish publish to more worlds
Then this, and endless age in gross renew
Lovers, such this sleeper in the breast!
Such is her anthem: and her vengeance mark
For slightest sound — such is the future peace!
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?
But why on thee so kind is my song?
On this great theme kind nature keeps a school,
To teach her own herself: each night we sing,
Each morn are born more — each day — a life!

And shall we kill each day — if trifling kills,
Sure vice must hatch: O what hoofs of shun
Cry out for vengeance on us — time destroy'd
In sadness, where more than blood is split.
True fire, death urges, rebel call, heaven invokes
Hell threatens: all exerts: an effort, all
More than creation Labour — labours more?
And is there in creation, what, assist
This sundry universal — wriggling dispatch.
And mortal energy, unprofitably gains —
Man sleeps — and man alone: and man, whose fate —
Past irrecoverable, infinite, extremity.
Endless, hissing, breath-shaking, o'er the gods
A moment trembles — drop! and man, for whom
All that is in alarm: man, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest — three years away —
Throw empire — and be blest! — moments scarce:
Heaven's on their wings: a moment we may wish.
When worldly want would to dry — bid they stand still,
Bid him drive back his car, and resume
The period past, regret the given hour.
Lovers, more than miracles we want:
Lesbos — O for yesterday's to come!
Such is the language of the man invoke:
His ardour such, for what expresses thee:
And in his ardour vain, Lesbos? no,
That more than matches the gods' applause;
To-day is yesterday return'd, return'd
Fall power'd to cancel, expunge, erase, abate.
And revere us on the rock of peace.

And now let it not share its predecessor's fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a zeal
Shall it escape in home—fly off
Pleasantly, and stain us deeper still?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pool'd?
Most revile the elements of heaven?

Where shall I find him? angels tell me where—
You know him: he is near you—point him out.

Shall I see the glory shining from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings, now hovering over him, shed
Pleasure; now, no waving in applause
To that ideal of foreign—lord of love—
That awful independent one to-morrow!

Whose work is done; who triumphs in the west:
Whose yesterday look backward with a smile.

Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly:
That coming; but opprobrious let I past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wounded us by their flight.
If fully bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity bounds'd;
All godlike passion for eternity quench'd;
All wish of reality expired;
Roused all correspondence with the skies;
Our freedom chand'd: quite wingless our desire;
In sense dark-paned: all that ought to soar:
Praise to the centre: crying in the dust;
Dissipated every great and glorious aim;
Embraced every faculty divine;

Heart-hurted in the rubbish of the world—
The world, that goblet of souls, immortal souls,
Such elevate: angels, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there.

On thrones, which shall not answer their masters changed,
Though we from earth: eternal, they fell.

Such reverence due, O man! to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despises.

For what, gay friend, is the unchangeable world,
Which hangs out death in one eternal night?

A night, that gleams us in the noon-tide ray.
And wraps us up, at banquet, in the shroud.
Life's little stage is a small commons,
Each high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude; we pass around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we think: and see what we have deplored:
Embracing; or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at distance? no: he has been on thee;
And green were current of his first tear.

These hours, which lately smiled, where are they now?
Dull to thought, and ghastly! dwindled, all dwindled
In that great deep, which nothing disrobes
And, dying, they besought thee, small reason:
The west are on the wings; how short their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up to their;
The sun in darkness, and the stars are dead.
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them, what report they have to heaven.
And how they might have borne more welcome news;
Their answer form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend, her heart, if not, regret see
O sweet as them! kind experience cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
The more we joy, the more we know it vain;
And by success are teared to despair."
Nor is it only thus, but must be so:
Who knows not this, though gray, is still a child:
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.
Art then so mad that cannot not disengage;
Nor give thy thoughts a play to future scenes?
Since, by life's passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light on the summer's dust, we take in air.
A moment's giddy flight, and all again;
Pros the dull masse, increases the troubled soul,
And sleep till earth herself shall be no more;
Since then, as embers, their small world's enlarged.
We, sore amazed, from out earth's ruins crown,
And rise to fate extreme of soul or fair.
As man's own choice, controller of the skies!
As man's despotic will, perhaps our hour!
O how stupendous in time! deceive:
Should not each warning give a strong alarm—
Warning, far less than that of forest born
From bosom, bleeding o'er the stoved dead?
Should not each sad shriek as we pass,
Portentous, as the written wall which stands,
O'er midnight glooms, the proud Assyrian pale,
In former'd brows: no gentle life's devoted,
We shut our eyes, and think in it a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the spring;
And turn our blessings into hope: since oft
Man must compare that age he cannot find,
He scarce believes he's older for his years:
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest—
The disappointment of a promised horn.
Oh, this, or similar, Panegyris! then,
Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And suited to extoll all science, worth the name.
How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,
And could our praises by the broody stovers?
How oft'n then we'd not shorten winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
Best found, no sought; to the obscure more joy?
Thoughts distant, they pass near the lip:
Clean runs the thread: if cut, 'tis thrown away;
Or kept to up meanwhile for a song—
Song, indubitably fruitful! such as stain,
The fancy, and not bloodless passion spare:
Chasing her spirits to Cythera's fine.

Know'st thou, Lyricke! what a friend contemplates?
As bees we'd nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, wisdom and delight;
Twin'd by nature: if they part, they die.
Hast then no friend to set thy mind through?
Good sense will mitigate: though shut up, want no,
And spoil, the idle hush suspend to the sun.

Had thought been all, sweet speech but been denied;
Speech, thought's small! speech, thought's criterion too!
Though in the mind may run both gold or brass,
When couched in words, we know its real worth.
If sterling, store it for the future use;
Till buy this benefit, perhaps forever.
Thought too, défend'st, if she were possess'd;
Teaching, we learn: and giving, we retain
The births of indolent: when dumb, forget.
Speech venticles our intellectual veins;
Speech bruises our mental magazine;
Brightness for ornament, and what for use.
What numbers, sheeted in obscenity, lie
Plung'd to the hills in venerable terms,
And tension; who might have borne an edge.
And play'd a sprightly whom, if born to speech!
If born blast here to half their mother's tongue!
To thought's exchange, which, like illu'dening path
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned sense,
And decorates the student's standing pool.

In contemplation is his proud resource.
'Tis poor as proud: by converse increased,
Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field:
Converse, the message, breaks it to the lot
OfDue restraint: and emotion's spur
Given grateful energy, by rivals need:
'Tis converse qualifies for soliloquy,
As exercise for solitary rest:
By that external, contemplation rises:
And nature's soul, by wisdom's is undone.
Windsor, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the eventual honey bee,
What is she but the means of happiness?
That rambler, that fully more a fool;
A melancholy feel, without her halls,
Friendship, the means of wisdom, stilly gives
The precious cake, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human unity,
Dainty, or damps an individual joy:
Joy is an import—joy is an exchange—
Joy flies mouse-pox'd; it calls for two
Rich fruit's heavier-potted; never pluck it by one.
Noised admirers are not friends, to give
To social man true relief of himself.
Pull on ourselvesdescending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beams are fortitude in delight:
Delight returns in tokens by reduced;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.
Caelial happiness, whenever she spoons,
To visit earth, she softer goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet sounds.
For absent heavens—her bosom of a friend:
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's veil to expose divine.
Beware the counterfeiter: in poison's flame:
Hearts melt; but rash like ice, soon harder freeze:
True love strikes root in reason, passion's foe:
Virtue above entanglements for life.
I wrong her much—entanglements for ever:
Of friendships fairest fruits, the fruit must fair.
All like the precious—how the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below;

What if, since daring on so nice a theme,
I show them friendship delicate as air;

Of tender violations apt to die?
Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy:
Delicacy on all things with thy friend:
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,

Nor every friend veneration at the same time,
First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pass, ponder, edit; not eager in the choice,
Not judicious in the choice, fixing yet:

Judge before friendship, then confide till death;
Well for thy friend; but better for thee;

How gallant danger for earth’s highest prize?
A friend is worth all hazard we can run.

"A world in peril, a friend in gain."

So sung he, angels hear that angel sing!
Angels from friendship gather half their joy;
So sung Peniastra, as his friend went roving.

In the rich inches, in the generous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of jove’s rain,
A bownt bountiful, and ever-laughing eye;
He drank long-birth, and virtue to his friend;

His friend, who warm’d him more, who more inspir’d;
Friendship’s the wine of life; but friendship now,

Not such was his, is neither strong nor rare.

Of all the bright complexion, cold, warm, warm
And elevating spirit of a friend.

For twenty summers ripening by my side;
All excellence of falsehood long thrown down—

All soul virtues rising in his soul—

As crystal clear, and sparkling as they rise!

Here let the flame; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich in the secret, and precious from the heart;
High—higher, blessed ye gods! so earth how rare!

O earth how lust—Peniastra is no more.

Think’st thou the theme assimilates my song?
And I too warm—too warm I cannot be.

I send him much; but now I love him more.

Like birds whose beauteous language, half conceal’d,

Till, mounted on the wings, their glossy plumage,

Exploits shine with azure, green, and gold;

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

His flight Peniastra marks—his upward flight.

If ever ascending—had he dropped,

Toil, eagle gender! O had he but fell

Our further as he flew! I then but wrote:

What friends might flatter; private foes forbear;

Revolving charms; and Zelus reserve.

Yet what I can, I must: it were profane

To spurn a glory lighted at the skies,

And cast in shadow his illustrious chase.

Strain! the theme most affecting, most sublime,

Memento! most to man, should sleep unmindful

And yet it sleeps by genius unawaked.

Point or criterion, to the blaze of wit,

Men’s highest triumph! man’s profoundest fall!

The death-bed of the just—we yet extremity.
By mortal hand—it needs a divine:
* Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
There on a post of honour, and of joy.
Dare I premise this?—but Pander's bids,
And glory temples, and indication calls:
Yet are I struck, to speak the soul sublunary

Aerial graves' impenetrable gloom:
Or is some mighty vault solitarily shut
Is want, - the courts of poor unhurried kings!
Or are the all within a hollow frame?

To religion's course I prose,—
And enter, novel, the temple of my life:
Is it his death-bed? — nor in his solemn:
Behold him, there, just rising to a god:

The chamber, where the good men meet his fine,
Is privileged beyond the common rank:
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye prone! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chaste
That share in this Rhapsody your devotion;
If unresourced by this, sleep your cume:
For here restful demonstration dwell's:
A death-bed, a dweller of the heart;
Here true dissimilation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene!
Here real and apparent are the same—
Yes, see the man; you see his soul on heaven;
If sound his written, as Pander's sound.
Heaven waits not the last moment; sends her friends...
How our hearts burn within us at the scene!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixed to man?
His GOD sustains him in his final hour—
His final hour brings glory to his GOD!
Make glory HEAVEN's vassalhood to call her own,
We gaze; we weep—mêlée tears of grief and joy!
Amazement strikes; elevation bursts to flame;
Christian adieu—and humble believe.
As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow
Determines the sun, illustrious from its height;
While rising vapours and descending shades
With lamp and darkness draw the spacious vale;
Eclipsed by death, undaunted by despair
Emancipate, thus, anxiously rear his head
At that black bane, which general horror sheds
On the low level of the neglectuous throng:
Sweet peace, and heavenly hopes, and humble joy:
Dearly born on his exalted soul,
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommensurable lustre bright.
NIGHT THE THIRD

FROM dreams where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To reason, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wak'd; and at the destined hour,
Peaceful as loves to the innocent know.
I keep my assignation with my woo.
O love to virtue, lost to merely thought,
Lost to the noble salves of the soul,
Who think it solitude to be alone!

Communion sweet? communion large and high?
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God!
They meet these, when others must retreat;
And all, ere long shall be reunion. But these,
How dreadful then to meet them all alone.
A stranger! whomacknowledged? unapproved?
Now woo them, wed them, lead them to thy bosom.
To win thy wish creation has no more;
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend—
But friends how mortal! dangerous the desire.
Take Phoebus to yourselves, ye honing bees!
Instruct at her forecastle's fountain-head;
And pouring through the wilderness of joy:
Where sense runs savage broke from reason's chain.
And kneads false peace, till suddenly'd by the hell.
My fortune is noble; unlike my song;
Unlike the DRITY; my song invades;
I to day's self-eyed sister say my court,
Erylynn's rival! and her aid inspire;
You who doth Lordly bowen Cythia's form,
And modestly their own! O thou
Who dost thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!
Slay, why not Cythia's patience of song?
As into her breasts, the thy character
Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.
Are there ninguring wise, who dare dispute
This revelation in the world inspired?
Ye natures! to the inner sphere,
In silent hour address your modest call
For and immortal—lose her brother's right.
She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
The many dance, and hear their matchless strains:
A strain for gods, dear to mortal ear,
Transmit it heard, that queen of heaven?
What title or what name endures these most?
Cythia! Cyllene! Platho—-or dart hour
With higher gust fair P----d of the shore.

Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
More powerful than of old cymonsh overs?
Come, but from heavenly banquettes with thee bring
The soul of song, and whisper; in wise ear
The thy divine; or in prayers dreams
For dreams are thus, transform it through the breast
Of the first venture—but not thy last.
If thy nameless, thou art ever kind.
And kind thus with thee; kind on such a theme—
A theme so like thee, a quite honor them,
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair—
A theme that rose all pain, and told my soul
Ten night: on her face hopes perennial night
A sight which break a sleepy, a deathful damp
That which which amazed me from Phoebus's bough.
Nemesis as, ere his touch is closed
Vines suffer: rare are solitary vines.
They love a tear, they trust each other's heel.
Her death invades his mercurial right, and claims
The grief that stirred from my feet for her:
Sides the leafless, abandoned tree.
Or shuns it ere it falls. So frequent deathly
Survive he more than comes, he confounded:
For human sigh his rival strikes content,
And make divorces: extinction. Oh, Phoebe!
What was thy face? a double face to me
Perpetual pain! a meane and a blow!
Like the black raven horror over my prone.
Not less a kind of sense than of pity.
It sail'd Nastasia long before her hour:
It call'd her tender need by breaks of morn,
From the first blossom from the boughs of joy—
These few our anxious late unbosomed leaves
In this inconstant clime of human life.

Sweet harmony! so beautiful—so sweet—
And young as beautiful—and soft as young—
And gay as oil—and innocent as gay—
And happy, if we might have been, as good!

Her fortune God had blest her met on high
Like birds'purest nuptial notes on pensive tuần
Transfixed by fate who lives a happy life.
How from the summit of the grave she fell
And left it unaccompanied in its shame.

Extant'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my brain'd ear
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
I forget her! I long to hear her heart

Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy, this grace
Of bright morn, flowers of paradise
As yet unclouded! in one blaze we burn,
Kindle, and present it to the skies, as all
We gain of heaven: and these were all her own,
And she was mine; and I was—was—most blind—
Gay title of the deepest misery!
As blossoms grow, more poet more noble of life!

Good last hours more in grief than gained in joy.

Like blossoms'd tree o'er turned by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the bloom's most lovely:
And if in death still lovely, lover there
Far lover! pity awells the tides of love.

And will the severe exercise a sigh?
Soon the proof man that is exhorted to weep?
Only the indolent indeed deserve our shame,
Ye that've lost an angel! pity me.

Soon in the future longings in her eyes,
Drowning a deeper ray on human sight.

And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale green out, and scatter'd fears around
On all that met, and who would cease to gaze
That saw her name! with kindest, grateful glance
I flew, I watch'd her from the rapid moon,
Her miste bed, on which bliss flourishes
And here her mazes to the sea, the sun,
As if the sun could enjoy, check'd his beam,
Dared his wonted measure, nor with more
Regret beheld his droppings, than the balls
Of bliss! went lingering on afar.

Queen lives! and ye painted poplarks!
Who dwell in fields, and lead universal lives;
In morn and evening dear your beauties bathed,
And drink the sun, which gives your cheeks to glow,

And ev'ry branch, none excepted, every leaf;
Yet gladder grew, ambitious of her hand
Which often crippled your own, though most
To thought so pure, ye lovely creatures!
Casual rose with man, for man you smile;

Why not smile at him too? you shone indeed
His sudden pain, but not his constant pain.
So man is made, taught manners delight,

But what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions beat so might below
Man, soon or late, with anguish from the soul;
And anguish after rapture how severe!
Restored the bold man; who tempts the wrath divine
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste;
While here preoccupying on the rights of heaven.
For transport dust calls on every hour,
Leaves I at thy friend's expense be wise;
Lais not on earth, 'till pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best, but all a spear;
On its sharp point prone bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thoughts! turn from her; thought repelled;
Reasoning ratios, and wove every way.
Snatch'd are thy pride! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune with thy lover smiled?
And when high heavens'd thy fresh opening joys?
And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete!
And in a foreign shore, where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness wept; then eyes ie fall
Inhuman tears, strange tears that trickled down;
From marble hearts! oblate unkindness;
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion, stop'd;
While nature method, superstition revere'd;
That model'd the dead,—and this model'd a grave,
Their sighs increased, sighs foreign to the will.
There will the tiger suck'd, out-sang the storm;
For, oh, the cursed unkindness of soul!
While awful flesh relented, spirit nursed.

In blind infidelity's embrace,
The sacred spirit purifies the breast,
Done the charity of dust to spread
Of earth—so charity their gods enjoy.
What could I do? what innocence? what reason?

What gave me entrance to a grave? I stole;
With sheep's prey that grave I wrung'd;
Shoes in my duty, crowned in my grief;
More like her murderer then friends, I slept
With self-suspended step; and, muffled deep.
In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh;
I whisper'd what should echo through their realms;
Nor went her name, whose tomb should disgrace the skies.

Pompeii's priest! how dust I drained her form;
While nature's kindlest dictates I obey'd?
Perth's daughter, blest shade of god/n!
And milage, and her bones I proc'd.
Half-execution mingled with my prayer;
Knelt at the tomb, while I his GOD ador'd;
See grovel'd the savage hand her sacred dust;
Stamp'd the cursed soil; and, with humility,
Dared Necessity, would'd them all a grave.
Gives my resentment, does guilt what guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred! sacred in the dust
Of this human-combined frame, erect, divine!
This human-combined majestic robe of earth
He deck'd to wear, who brings the vast ensemble
With nature bright, and clothed the sun in gold.
When every passion sheeps that can offend;
When strikes us every notion that can melt;
When man can wring his rapture uncontrast'd,
That strongest纽带 on earth and ill-will;
Then, to his soul the flood of innocence!
An angel's death—this Lucifer transgressed;
When he contemned for the patriarchical base.
'Twas not the pride of nation, but of pride;
The pride of partial pride, not partial guilt.
Far less than this is shocking in a race
Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love;
And enmity, but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment best;
By wisereserved, and sunk in endless night.
Man hurt his mind! of hoarded things
Most hatred! mid stupendous highly strange!
Yet sit his councils on immovable wrongs;
Prize headshakes the favours he confers,
And contemplates his humanity:
What then his vengeance? hear it not, ye stirs?
And then, pale moon! turn pale at the sound;
Man is to man the sweetest, sweetest ill.
A previous blast locates the rising storm;
Overwhelming torrents threaten ere they fall;
Violence below are they demagnified;
Each trembles ere her youthful joy savour;
And smoke betrays the wide-combining fire;
Rain from rain is most contemptible when next,
And sends the disastrous billows in the hour;
Is this the flight of fancy? would it were!

Heaven's SOVEREIGN once all beings but himself
That beholds sight, a naked human heart.
Foul is the name! and let the name be fled:
Who is inflamed, when what he speaks he heeds.
And is the nerve most tender, in his friends?
Shame to sneer! Percussion shall his foe;
He let the trumpet ring, and I to him.
Bene, not I feel more, pastills. Nauvoton:
Are sunk in thee, then recent wound of heart
Which bleeds with other cares! with other pangs;
Pangs tremulous in the 连续的ills that occurred.
Over thy distinguished face, and, clustering there
Thick in the locust on the hand of Nisso.
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Refute, if not forget my teaching tale;
How was each circumstance with aspics armed?
An impudency, and all are hydra-were.
What strange herculean virtue could outlive a
Or is it virtue to be despised by love?
The fancy, check a train of tears behind;
And each tear mourns as own distinct distress;
And each distress, distinctly measured, demands
Of grief, still more, its brightness by the whole.
A grief like this propinques excludes;
Not friends here, but such obsequious devoted.
They mock mankind the manner, every sigh.
For is the fatal flame on wing her way.
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age
Down the right channel through the vale of death—
*The vale of death, that hard-earn'd immortality vale;
Where darkness, breeding the endless fate,
With raven wing incumbent, with the day,
Dread day! that interdicts all future change!
That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
For woe, Lycophron, for great human thoughts!
There let my thoughts expiate ; and explore
Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments.
Of all must wanted, and most welcome here.
For godless friends, and for thy soul.
My soul! the fruits of dying friends to survey;
The ruin of life; weigh life and death;
Love death as elegy; thy fear seduce;
And labour that first pain of noble minds.
A many soul of terror from the tomb.
This harvest reap from the Nectarine's grave.
As poets linger, from Apollonius's blood
Arise, with grief inscribed, a mournful song;
Let wisdom blossom from my mental wound.
And first, of dying friends; what fruit from these?
It brings us more than triple aid: an aid
To chase our thoughts, to ease, to probe, and guide.
Our dying friends come over us like a cloud,
To damp our unbroken ardours, and cloud
That glory of life which often binds the wise;
Our dying friends are pincers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence nature knows.
Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome us safe our way from every storm:
Each friend by fate amiss'd from us, is a shame.
For man has measured half his scowling stage,
His bounty scarce left him no reserve,
No sacred relics, unbruised delights;
On cold-served repasts he sousest,
And in the tasteless present chews the past;
Degraded cheer, and scarce can swallow down;
Kite levish ancestors; his earlier years
Have disemburied his future hours,
Which starve on oris, and gleam their former field.

Live ever here, Lorenzo!—Shocking thought!—
So shocking, they who wish, drown it too;
Down from the swoon, what they from folly crave.
Love ever in the worm; nor see the light!
For what live ever here?—With labouring step
To tread one former footstep? pass the round
Eternal? to climb its way, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? to beat and beat
The broken track? to kill each wrecked day
The former work? to inherit on the same,
And yawn our joys? or think a misery
For change; though all! to see what we have seen?
Hear, till unheared, the same old slander'd tale take
To taste the tainted, and at each return
Less and less of our patience to demand
Another vintage? strain a flatter year,
Through leaded vessels, and a brier tree?
Cruel machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
Il'-ground, and worse concerted! Soul, not life?
The revealed baseKennel of excess!

Still covered thousandfolds of soil debauch!
*Fessing each gulp, last death should catch the soul.
Such is our wise max; in the wish refined—
So would they have it; elegant desire!
Why not invite the bellowing stags and wilds?
But such examples might their zest wrack.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
Though so bright thought they father all their fancies,
To what are they reduced? to love and hate
The same, only; to consume and expose
This painted show of life, who calls them foul
Each instance of each day; to fatter bed
Through head of woe; to dig in this rude rock,
Barns, to thine, of good, and sharp withills,
And hourly blackened with impending storms,
And silent for wrecks of human hope—
Scarred at the gleaming gulf that yawns beneath
Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!

This time, high time to shift this dismal scene,
This half-gift, this hideous state what art can cure?
One only, but that see what all may reach,
Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
That rock to bloom, and turns the painted show
And what will more surprise, Lorenzo! given
To life's ask metamorphic change,
And strains nature's circle to a line.
Beheld them this, Lorenzo! lead an ear
A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.
A languid leisure iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those whose joys are joys.
Of sight, small, tame; the eagle's senses sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize;
But what these sensations from the teeming earth
To differing sense indulge; but ruder minds,
Which relish fruits unjustly by the son.
Make their days vary, various as the days
On the dove's neck; which wavers as his rays:
On minds of dove-like innocence possessed,
On heights of minds that look in virtue's haven,
Nothing heightens, nothing old excels.
In that for which they long, for which they live.
Their glorious effects wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
Each heaven-born down its novelty presents.
To worth, unwaning, now strength benign, fame;
While nature's circle, like a chartless wheel,
Rolls beneath their elevatedrine.
Makes their fair prospect fitter every hour,
Advancing views in a line to bliss;
Virtue—What christians musicous best inspire?
And bliss—What christians scheme above secure?
And shall we throw, for virtuous sake, common
Apostasies? and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is few doubt, but fewer trust.
"He sins against this life, who slights the next!"
What is this life? how few their favourite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passional living life, we make
Loved life unlovely; hugging her to death;
We give to time eternity's regard.
Or, if an age, it is a moment still:
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were who now are gods;
Be what Petrarch was, and claim the skies.
Starts void nature at the glorious gate?
The soft transition call it, and be cheered;
Such is it often, and why not to thee?
To keep the boat is peace, brave, and wise;
And may itself procure what's precious.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduced;
Compare the rival, and the kinder crown.
* Strange competition!* —Tasso, Lortello's strange!
So little life can cast into the void.
Life makes the soul dependent on the dust:
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres;
Though death's placed organs, and life seems at light;
Death buys the involving clod, and all a day;
All eye, all ear the disconsoled power.
Death has feigned evil nature shall not feel;
Life, the substantial wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that saw of heavens!
By tyrant life drifted, impressed, paid?
By death enlarged, exalted, defined?
Death but extends the body,—life the soul.
* Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!*
* With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!*  
* With dreadfult waste of what deserves to shine!*
* Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!*
* With various lustres those light up the world,*  
* Which death puts out, and darkness known as soon.*
I grant, Lortello! this indictment just:

The sage, poor, pensive, long, complicated!
Death buries those: more hatchment life, the man:
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay:
Death of the spirit infinite—glorify!
Death has no thread, but what fast life spins:
She live the joy, but what kind death improves;
No bliss but life to boast, till death can give
For greater: life is a deliver in the grave.

Lortello! Blest at terror for a death
Which sends colossal souls on errant ride,
To rest for the master; and serve at boards
Where every emperor of the world, perhaps,
Each captive jointly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious Rest! a soul—soul immortal!
In all the diners of a brute hemmed in!

Lortello! Blest at terror for a death
Which gives thee to repose on fortunate hours,
Where rest in sparkle, angelo ministers.
And more than angels share, and raise, and crown.
And eternize the birth, scatter, burst of bliss.
What need I more? O death, the pain is done.
Thine welcome, death! thy dreadful harbinger
Age and disease! disease, though long my guest.
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life.
Which, please'd a little more, will toll the bell
That calls my few friends to my funeral.
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear.
While reason and religion, better taught.
Confratulate the dead, and crown his touch.
With wrath triumphant : death is victory;
Its hands do claim the strong lies of life;
Lost and ambition, wrath and war, war;
Drag't at his chariot-wheel, applied his power;
That the contriver, once so important
Are not immortal too; O death! is done;
Our day of dissolution—man it right
To each great pay-day, 'tis our harvest rich:
And ripe: what though the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just nears us as we reap the golden grain:
More than thy blade, O God! heals the wound.
Birth's tedious cry, and death's deep distant groan;
Are slanderous tributes low-ta'd nature pays
For mighty gain, the gain of such a life!
But O! the last the former so transcends,
Life thus compared! like fruits beyond the grave.
And like I, death! no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counsellor, who turns inspires
With nobler thought, and finer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who resuces man.
Death, the remover, who the resuced removes!
Death, that absolves my birth; a curse without a
Rich death, that realizes all my cares.
Toils, virtues, hopes—without it a chimera!
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's source and subject still substanbl scaffold,
One in my soul, and one is her great size;
Though the four winds were warring for my dust:
Yet, and from winds, and waves, and central right,
Though power'd thence, my dust too I reclaim.
NIGHT THE FOURTH.

A much-indefatigable muse, o yeaks! intrudes:
Amid the shades of fortune, and of youth.
These are's priest of a serious song.
How deep implanted in the breast of man.
The dread of death! I sing its sovereign core.

Why start at death? Where is he? death arrived
Is part: not come, or gone, he's never here.
Eve hopes, sensation fails: black-hooded man.
Receives, not suffers death's tremendous blow:
The knoll, the shroud, the mattock and the grave;
The deep deep vault, the darkness and the worm;
These are the bugletrum of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's food, and error's wretch.
Men make a death, which nature never made;
Thus on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.
But were death frightful; what has age to fear?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly God,
And shelter in his hospitable home.
I reason can meet a monument best holds
My younger; every date cries—'come away.'
And what recalls me! loth the world around
And tell me what: the wretch cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought
Fell range on just earth's unbounded field?
'Of things—the vanity; of men—the travesty.'
Flaws in the best, the many fail nor:
As leopards, spotted; or, as Ephes. dark:
Vivaciously, ill; good, dying sinner.
How immature Nereus's marble titles,
And at its death beprating—unless wise:
His heart, though wild, would listen at the sight,
And spend itself in song for future scenes;
But to life, and just it is to grant
To lucky life, some premonitory joy:
A time there is, when, like a three-fold tale,
Long-refined life of sweet man yeilds us more;
But from our comment on the comedy.
Passing reflections on parts well-mean'd;
On purpose emendations where we fail'd;
Or hopes of gladdens from one casual judge.
When, on their exit, seeds are sown sere.
True fortune back her talk, and her phone,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.
With me that time to come: my world is dead;
A new world rises, and new manners reign:

Foreign enemies, a square head arrive;
To push me from the scene, or else me there:
What a port race starts up! the strangest guns,
And I in them; my neighbour is unknown.
Now that the wanton: oh me! the dire effect
Of having here, of death defended long;
Of old so gracious, and yet that suffer,
My very matter knows me no.

'Will I dare say: peculiar is the fate?
I've been so long remembered, I'm forgot.
An object ever pressing into the sight,
And bias behind its order to be seen:
When is his courteous care I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nature of the great,
And square my hand, and beg me come tomorrow;
Reluctant! count then write a smoother form?
Indulge me, use excuse I drop my theme:
Who cheeps his life, shares the fear of death:
Twice and the period spent on earth's Troy,
Court-favour, yet unwished, I beseech:
Ambition's ill-judged effort to be rich;
Ah! ambition makes my little less.
Exsisting the possess'd: why wish for more?
Wishing, of all employments is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse, not health's decay!
Wish'd as sheep as still'd theology,
Wishing would waste me in this idle sport:
Wish'd as worthy as a south-wind, drone,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor;
Wishing, but constant bane of a fool.
Caught at court: purged off by purer air,
And simpler diet: gifts of rural life!
Bless be that moral man, which gently led
My heart at rest, beneath his humble shed.
The world's a steady bark, on dangerous seas
With pleasure seen, but bored at one peak.
Here, on a single plank thrown safe salve,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of men remote, or dying storms.
And meditate on green men about still.
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager mechanic's very chase I see.
I see the circling host of many men,
Burst law's inscrutable, keep the waves of right,
Pursuing and pernicious, each other's prey.
As wolves, for ravings; as the fowl, for wiles.
* Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumph of an hour?
What, though, we trade in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in * here he lies *.
And * dust to dust * concludes her noblest song.
If this song love, posterity shall know
One: though in British born, with centurion head.
Who thought a man might come a day too late;
Not on his sable death-bed planted his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state.
Some astonishment drawing it——to die.

Ehat by rage causes of dying rich?
Grief's blinder! and the heaviest load of hell!
O my careless! careless of yourselves.
Poor human ruins, tottering over the grave!
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Soke deeper their vile root, and closer cling.
So vile esteem'd of this wretched soil?
Shall our pale whisper'd hopes be still stretch'd out,
Touching at once with eagerness and age?
With nations and civilizations gaining hold—
Groping at air! for what has earth beside?
Man wants but little, nor that little long;
How soon must he resign his very dust.
Which fragile nature lost him for an hour!
Years inexperienced rank on numerous ills;
And soon is mat, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it open the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
And view such numbers, members too of such
Fitter in health, and greater in their age.
And stricter on their guard, and fitter for
To play life's noble parts: I scarce believe
I still survive: and am I fond of life.
Who scarce can think it possible I love?
Also by miracles? or, what is next,
Also by bread? if I am still alive.
Who long have buried what gives life to live,
Prowess of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's but is not more shallow than inspire.
With joy— with grief, that lodging hand I see:

Abed! nor compassion!— it is fixed on high!

Or high—what means my Phrenzy? I blaspheme;

Also! how love! how far beneath the skies—
The skies it found! and now it breaks on me:

But breaks the bough I shone—yet shall it breaks.

* Draw the sure steel!—ah no!—the dreadful blessing:

What heart can sustain, or dares forgive?

There hangs all human hope!—that pure support

The lying universe!—that grace, we drop!

Hence recover we, and the disdained wish

Custon had been smothered in her birth:

Darkness for certain! and he felt the dart!

When stern and six years dead beneath his throne:

In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?

O what a groan was there!—a groan and low,

He seized our dreadful sight; the soul amazed;

And heaved the mountain from a guilty world:

A charmed worlds no thought no were bought too dear.

Sensations new, in angels bosoms rise;

 suspend their song, and make a pause in bliss.

O for a voice to reach the lofty theme!

Inspire me, night! with all thy manifold spheres inspire,

Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes,

And shows to turn the dignity of man.

Last I blaspheme my subject with my song.

Shall pensive ages gaze on that flame,

And cherish languish on our hearts, not bend,

Falls the soul in imagery—my heart I awake;

What can awake thee, unrequited by this?
"Exalted Deity on human soil,"
Feel the great truths, which hover the torrent's side
Of beams above, with golden bow.
Of endless day, to feel is to be lived.
And be forever, to feel is.
Their most indelible, most tremendous power.
Still more tremendous for thy wondrous love!
That, arms, with awe, more awful thy commands.
And feel transgression dips in heavens night.
Here our hearts tremble at thy love immense.
In love immense, inevitably just.
THOU, rather than thy justice shall be strait,
Doubt stain the cross; and, work of wonders for
The greatest, that thy dearest for might bleed!
Bold thought! shall I dare speak it, or express?
Should man more exact, or boast the guilt
Which reconciled vengeance? which such love inflamed?
Over guilt, how marvellous, with out-stretched arms
Stern justice, and soft-smiling love embrace.
Supporting in full day thy throne,
When seemed its majesty to need support.
Or that, or men inevitably lost.
What, but the falsehood of thought divine,
Could labour such expiation from despair,
And renounce both, both exact—both exact!
O love, are both exact by the deed—
The wonderless deed! or shall I call it more?
A wonder in omnipotence itself!
A mystery, no less to gods than men!"
With pangs—strange pangs!—of her end?
Heart rend'd, and heaven that hallowed a throne!
Heaven's a veil, that men might smile! heaven blest, this man!
Might never be the—
And is devotion virtue? 'tis compell'd:
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these!
Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptured, unblamed! Where well my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise,
And strike where they roll: my soul is caught:
Heaven's sovereign blessings, cloistering from the close,
Rush on her in a stream; and close her round
The prisoner of slavery!—in his blest life
I see the path, and in his death the price,
And in his great excell the proof supreme
Of immortality!—and did HE rise?
Hear! O ye nations! hear us! O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the ban of death:
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the KING OF GLORY to come in:
Who is the king of glory? HE who left
His throne of glory for the pang of death:
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the KING OF GLORY to come in:
Who is the king of glory? HE who shew
The rivers for that gorged all human race?
The KING OF GLORY HE, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with annoncement at his love to man:

And with divine complacency behold
Powers most illumined, widder'd in the theme.
'Tis the theme, the joy how then shall men stanze?
Off the burst gates! crush'd sing! domestic'd throne!
Last gong of vanquish'd death! about earth and heaven!
The song of God's man, whose nature then
Took wing, and mounted with HIM from the tomb
Then, then I rose; then first humanity
Transplant past the crystal parts of light,
Supreme great! and suited eternal youths
Scold in our name: o'er snow, to beneath
To call man mortal: man's mortality
Was then transfer'd to death; and heaven's duration
Unchangeably the same, the same enjoy——

This child of dust:—man all-immortal, hail!
Hail, heaven! all-lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thus all the glory: man's the boundless bliss.
Where are we rapt by this triumphate theme:
On Christian joy's exciting wing above
To Aaron mount!—ah, small came her joy!
What if to join immortality? if ever
Of being, to preclude a close of woe——
Where then my heart of mortality?
I burst it still, though savor'd o'er with guilt:
For guilt, not innocence his life he guilt'd!
The guilt above can justify his death,
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in heaven's indigent sight.
I seek of edify, I return: he writes
My name in heaven with that inserted spear,
A spear deep-dipt in blood! which pierced his side,
And opened there a feast for all mankind.
Who strives, who combat crimes, to drink and live?
This, only this whenever the fear of death,
And what is this—survey the wondrous scene?
And at each step let higher wonder rise:
"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon!
Through means that speak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
With blood divine of HIM I make my due!
Pursued to provide! through novel and novel,
Blest and chastened, a fragrant rebel still!
A rebel, instil the thunderers of his throne!
Nor I alone, a rebel universe!
My species up in arms! not one exempt!
Yet for the foremost of the host HE drew;
Nor joy'd for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!
As if our race were held of highest rank;
And godhead dearest, so more kind to man!
Bound every heart! and every bosom burst;
Oh what a scene of maddness is here!
In lowest round, high planted on the throne;
The towering unseen but beyond the thought
Of man or angel! oh that I could climb
The wonderful ascent with equal praise!
Praise! bow for ever! for unchangeable,
Will give this leave, my praise! for ever flow;
Praise! endless, eternal, constant, so high heaven.
More fragrant than Arabia sentinels!
And all her spicy mountains in a frame:

So dear, so due to heaven, shall praise ascend
With her soft plume, from pleasure angel's wing.
First pluck'd by me, to wake mortal ears.
This dying in the pockets of the great
Is praise the proper of every part.
Though black as hell, that grasps wall for gold?
Oh love of gold! than moments of anguish!
Still praise her colours waste on ruthless dead?
Exhale the base, pronounce the stench of gold,
Exeunt here boil by washing Ethiopia fair.
Revealing fish or sinking it from sight,
A messenger in prose where vacant prose,
Like giblets yet unmeasured, expect
These future ornaments—sighs and dreams,
Return apostate praise! then exulted!
Then satirical! to the first love return,
The first, thy greatest, now unwield'd theme.
Then there redundant—like Memory flow.
Back to thy fountain, to that potent power
Who gave the tongue to sound, the thought to soar.
The seed to be: men hostages to ore.
Thoughtless benediction whose dumb idle eye they bow.
In mental one profound of clay to clay.
Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on THEE
GREAT SIRE! whose thrones celestial crouched sit.
To pronounce mpg an amazing scene!
O the presumption of man's awe for man!
Man's author, end, refiner, law, and judge!
Thus all! day thine, and thou this gloom of night
With all her woe, with all her radiant works!
What, right eternal—but drawn from thee?
What, heaven's medicinal glory—but thy smile?
And shall not praise thee shine? not human praise?
While heaven's high host on hell's abysses live?
O may I breathe no longer than I breathe.
My soul in praise to HIM who gave my soul
And all her infinite of prospect fair;
Can through the shades of hell, great love! by THEE.
Oh most adorable, most unsavoyed!
Where shall that praise begin, which never should end?
Wherever or turn, what charm on all applauses!
How mighty noble spirit labours of love!
How mightily wrung with attributes divine!
What wisdom shews! what love! this midnight pomp.
This gorgeous arch with golden worlds admial,
Built with divinest ambition, taught to THEE.
For others this profession: THOU art, Above, beyond, oh tell me, mighty soul.
Where art thou? I shall live into the deep.
Call to the sea, or ask the roaring winds.
For their creation? shall I question beat.
* The thunder, if in that the ALMIGHTY dwelleth.
Or holds HE terrific storms in strength and noise,
And hides fierce whirlwinds when his rapid car?
What mean these questions, so trembling! I retract;
My inadequate seed ever the present GOD:
Praise I a distant Deity? HE fames.
My voice, if it race, the terror that swells, contains;
Wrapped in his being I re sounded his praise.
But though past all diffused, without a shore.

His essence: local in his throne, as most.
To gather his dispersed, as standards call
The lost from a: to fix a point.
A central point, collection of his own,
Save time every nature but his own.
The numinous HE, whose soul is nature's birth;
And nature's shield the shadow of his hand:
Her dissolution his suspended smile.
The great FIRST LAST! positioned high HE sits
In darkness, from excessive splendor: borne
By gods invisible, unseen through lost lost.
His glory, to created glory bright.
As that, in central bowers, HE looks down
On all that arts, and spin majesty.
Though night unnumber'd worlds unfold to view;
Bandless creation! what art thou? a beam,
A mere effusion of his majesty:
And shall an atom of this atom world
Matter in dust and sin the theme of heaven?
Down to the centre should I send my thought
Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing genes;
Their embellish these want lustre for my toy.
Goes out in darkness: if on towering wing.
I send it through the bandless vault of stars.
The stars, though rich, what does their gold to THEE?
Great—good—wonderful—eternal KING.
It to these convulsions stars they throw around,
Praise ever-pouring, and mending bliss;
And ask their princes: they want it, more they want;
For their abundance, humble these subjects.
Supporter sole of man above himself; 
Even in the sight of frailty, change, and death, 
She gives the soul a soul that sets a God. 
Religion! providence! an alternative! 
Here is firm footing—heaven is solid rock—
This can support us—all is not beside— 
Sinks under us—sorrows, and then destruction. 
* His head she good ams fashions on the scene, 
And bids earth roll, and sea feels her will with: 
As when a wretch, from thick polluted air, 
Darkness and death, and suffocating clamps, 
And dangerous-hours by kind like discharged, 
Climbs some low pinnacle, where other purg 
Strenues to him, and elysian prospects rise. 
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load; 
As if new-born he triumphs in the change; 
So joys the soul, when from inebrious arms 
And sinful streets, from repletion and birth, 
Of terrestial set at large, she mounts 
To reason's region, her own element, 
Breathes hope celestial, and effects the skies. 
Religion! thou soul of happiness; 
And, gazing Calvery, of thee! there shine 
The saddest truths; there strongest move; 
Three sacred visions manifest the soul; 
There nothing but repulsion is forborne. 
Can love allure us? or can terror save? 
HE weeps—his falling drop sets out the sun; 
HE sighs—the soft earth's deep foundation shakes; 
If in his love so terrible, what then

His wrath inflamed? his tenderness on fire? 
Like self, smoothed all, confounding other fires? 
Can prayer, can praise sweet it? TTHOU! my all, 
My throne, my inspiration, and my crown! 
My strength in age, my rise in low estate! 
My soul's ambition, pleasures, wealth—my world! 
My light in darkness, and my life in death! 
My rest through time! Bliss through eternity— 
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise! 
O fair, thy profound of love to return. 
To men of the moment, even to me! 
My sacrifice! my GOD! what things are these! 
What then art TTHOU? by what name shall I call THEE? 
Knew I the more devout archangels use, 
Dearest archangels should the same enjoy 
By me immol'd; thousands more sublime, 
None half so dear as that, which, though unspoke 
Still graces at heart: O how enterprize! 
* Is love in love? thou great PHILANTHROPIST! 
Father of angels! but the friend of man! 
Like Jacob, hindst of the younger born! 
TTHOU! who didst save him, watch the smoking brand 
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood! 
How art thou pleased by beauty to distress! 
To make us given beneath our gratitude, 
Too big for birth! to favour and confound; 
To challenge, and in distance all return! 
Lurk of love, stupendous heights to soar. 
And lose praise putting in the distant vale! 
The right too great defends THEE of thy throne!
And sanctify our solemn song:
But since the well will obtain the smile,
Beneath this monument of prime import
And future life symptomatic to my strain,
That noblest hymn to heaven! for ever be
Intoxicated with fear of death and every fear,
The dread of every evil, but thy known.
When we 1, yonder, we Demoiselles smile?
Laughter a labour, and might break their rus.
Ye quietists, in homage to the skies!
Serene! of soft address; who mildly make
An invisible binder of your hearts,
Abhorring violence! who halt indeed.
* But for the blessing wreath not with heaven!
Think you my song too turbulent; too warm?
Are passions then the graces of the soul?
Roman alone baptized—alone ordained!
To touch things sacred—oh for warmer still!
Guita! my soul, and eye bounds my powers;
Oh, for an humble heart, and broader song.
THOU! my much injured theme! wide that soft eye
Which neath our dooms dark Nacton, tends to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
And pardon to the winter in my veins.
Oh, ye cold-hearted, frozen formulae!
On such a theme! its impious to be calm;
Passion in reason, transport temper, here.
Still heaven, which gave no cordav, and has shown
Her own for men so strangely, not disdain
What smooth sentiments in theology.
Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise;
Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

Sweet then, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
Took it by the rootless tree—no more than die:
That root, which took it our angels: more divine
Than that which took it confusion into form
And darkness into glory: partial touch!

Surely pre-empted regard.

Sacred to man! not sovereign, through the whole
Long golden chain of munificence which hangs
From heavens through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan!
Thy welfare, nature! and thy GOD's renown!
That touch, with charm celestial heal'd the soul
Distress, drives pain from guilt, lightens life in death,
Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly throws transforms
The ghastly ruins of the rolling tomb.

Dost ask me where? when H.E. who died returns—
Returns, how changed! where then the man of woe?
In glory's terrors all the godless burns:
And all his course, exhausted by the tide
Of death's triumphant in his train,
Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven:
Regains soon, replenish'd with increase;
Of pomp and multitude, a radiant head.
Of angels new, of angels from the tomb.
Is this by fancy thrown remote? and rise
Dark doubts between the present and yon trance?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure.
Read nature: nature is a friend to truth.

Nature is christian: preaches to mankind,
And bids good matter walk us as our friend.
Hast thou not seen the comet's shining light?
The illustrious stranger, passing, terror shots
On giving nations from his fairy train
Of length unnumbered, takes his ample round
Through depths of other: coasts immemorial worlds
Of more than solar glory: doublings wide
Heaven's mighty cope, and then revolt earth
From the long travel of a thousand years,
Thus at the destined period shall return
H.E., once on earth, who bids the comet blaze;
And, with H.E., all our triumph o'er the tomb.
Nature is dumb on this important point:

Or hope prevails in low whisper-breathes:
Faint speaks about, distinct, even addresst ear,
But turns, and dare into the dark again.
Faint builds a bridge across the gulf of death
To break the shackled blind nature cannot show,
And leads thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain faith removes:
That mountain-hindrance between men and peace.
The faith dissolves destruction, and subdues
From every chasms with charge the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve—Lorenzo?—Lorenzo has,
"All-sacred reason"—hold her sacred still;
Nor shift thou want a rival in thy flame:
All sacred reason, source and root of all
Demanding praise on earth, or earth above!
My heart is these: deep in its inner faith.
Love thou with life, live dearer of the two
Wear I the blessed cross, the fortune stung'd
Or passive nature before thought was born?
My heart's blind guide! first with local zeal!
Nor, reason reclaimed me when adult;
Weigh'd true and false in her imperial scale;
My heart became the convert of my head;
And made that choice, which once was but my eye.
On argument alone my faith is built;
Reason pursued is faith; and, unpursued
Where need invades, 'tis reason then no more:
And such not good, that, or our faith is right.
Or reason lies, and heaven designed it wrong.
Absolve we this? what then is blasphemy?
Plead we are, and fairly feel of faith,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honours; as the daughter dear.
Reason the root; faith is but the flower;
The flowering shall die: but reason lives
Immortal as her father in the skies.
* When faith is vanity, reason makes it so.
Wrong not the christian; think not reason yours;
To reason our great manner binds no shear;
To reason's injured rights his wrath resents;
'Tis reason's voice she'd, for glory crown'd;
To give lost reason life, HE pour'd his own.
Believe, and show the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb.
Through reason's wounds above the faith can die.

Which, dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And slips in roses his trans-mortal story.
Let us hence what honour's, what love passion due
To those, who push our antipode aside;
Those boundless friends to reason and to man.
When mortal love stirs every joy, and lover
Dearly, terror heightened grieving on his heart:
These pompous sons of reason idolized
And exalted at once; of reason dead;
Then dethked, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While love of truth through all their charm resounds,
They draw pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide ray.
Spake up their high of reason on the pane
Of philosophick wit, self'd argument.
And then, existing in their taper, cory
* Behold the sun! and, Italy-like, adore
Talk they of renown? O then bleeding love!
Then make of new morals as mankind!
The great modesty is love of THREE.
As wise as Socrates, if such they were,
Nor will they hate of that sublume reason,
As wise as Socrates might justly stand.
The definition of a modern fool:
A christian is the highest wise of men.
And is the only who the blessed crown off.
As a bodice, from his dishonest'd brow?
* If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight.
The westward they quit, despising of their charge.
Morn struck with grief or wonder, who can tell.
Ye sold to sens'! ye citizens of earth!
For such alone the christian banner fly,
Know ye how wine to sooth your choice—how great your pain?
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back;
And says he call'd another; that arrives,
Meets the same welcome, yet he still calls on;
Tell me calls him, who varieth not his call,
But holds him fast, in chains of steel and stone;"
"Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

But grant him happy; grant him happy legs;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour:
That hour so late is nimbly in approach;
That, like a post, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!
Wherein is the fulness of thy former years?
Thrown down the garb of time, as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine, the day is dead,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is gone;
Seconds now passo'd, six seemingly 'twas gone;
And each swift moment flit is death advanced
By strokes as swift, eternity is all;
And whose continuity? who triumphs there,
Bathing for ever in the tranq. of bliss?
For ever lasting in the Doxy?
Lothian! who's—thy conscience shall reply;
O give it leave to speak; 'twil speak too long,
The leave usual:—Lothian! bear it now,
While useful its advice, its aspect mild.
EXPLANATION of the ENGRAVINGS.

Page 38. A dead man discovering the first symptoms of consumptive; his countenance resembling the likeness of the archangel's trump.

Page 39. A man swimming in an infant with his arms, his attention to thedanger of life.

Page 40. Our knowledge of the progress of his disease is so far advanced by the parting words, and accosting the with unfeigned mirth and love, and his whole frame and nature.

Page 41. The body of the hero, as it was found, with his arm on his breast, and the noose around his neck.

Page 42. The body of the hero, as it was found, with his arm on his breast, and the noose around his neck.

Page 43. The struggle of the soul for immortality, expressed by a figure holding a lyre and singing into the air, but confided by a stream to the earth.

Page 44. Eternity vs. Time on occasion, Time endeavoring to save the arrow of Death from too much.
Page 44: Ample ensuring the spirit of the good man to heaven.

Page 45: In the picture in the middle is the inscription of a crown, and a shield with a cross, surrounded by the inscription of a noble and virtuous name.

Page 46: The picture in the middle is the inscription of a crown, and a shield with a cross, surrounded by the inscription of a noble and virtuous name.

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