

78 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

*For*, or *against* what Wonders can He do!

And *will*: To stand blank *Neuter* He disdains.

Not on *those Terms* was *Time* (Heav'n's Stranger!) sent  
on his important Embassy to Man.

LORENZO! no: On the long destin'd Hour,  
from everlasting Ages growing ripe,  
that memorable Hour of wond'rous Birth,  
when the *Dread Sire*, on Emanation bent,  
and big with Nature, rising in his Might,  
call'd forth Creation (for then *Time* was born,)  
by Godhead streaming thro' a thousand Worlds;  
not on *those Terms*, from the great Days of Heaven,  
from old Eternity's mysterious Orb,  
was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath the Skies;  
the Skies, which watch him in his new Abode;  
measuring his Motions by revolving Spheres;  
that Horologe Machinery Divine.  
Hours, Days, and Months, and Years, his Children play,  
like num'rous 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 antient Rest,  
and join anew *Eternity* his Sire;  
in his *Immutability* to nest,  
when Worlds, that count his Circles *now*, unling'd.

(Fate