

196 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

whose all-prolific Beam late call'd me forth
 from Darkneſs, teeming Darkneſs, where I lay
 the Worm's Inferior, and, in Rank, beneath
 the Duſt I tread on, high to bear my Brow,
 to drink the Spirit of the golden Day,
 and triumph in Exiſtence; and could'ſt know
 no Motive, but my Blifs; and haſt ordain'd
 a Riſe in Bleſſing! with the *Patriarch's* Joy,
 thy Call I follow to the Land *unknown*;
 I truſt in Thee, and know in whom I truſt;
 or Life, or Death, is equal; neither weighs:
 all Weight in this — O let me live to Thee!

Tho' *Nature's* Terrors, *thus* may be repreſt;
 ſtill frowns grim *Death*; Guilt points the Tyrant's Spear.
 And whence all human Guilt? from Death forgot.
 Ah me! too long I ſet at nought the Swarm
 of friendly Warnings, which around me flew;
 and ſmil'd, unſmitten: Small my Cauſe to ſmile!
Death's Admonitions, like Shafts upwards ſhot,
 more dreadful by Delay, the longer ere
 they ſtrike our Hearts, the deeper is their Wound.
 O think how deep, *LORENZO!* *here* it ſtings:
 who can appeaſe its Anguiſh? How it burns!
 What Hand the barb'd, invenom'd, Thought can draw,

what