

198 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

what healing Hand can pour the Balm of Peace?
and turn my Sight undaunted on the Tomb?

With Joy, — with Grief, that *healing Hand* I see;
Ah! too conspicuous! It is fix'd on high.
On *high!* — What means my Phrensy? I blaspheme;
Alas! how *low!* how far beneath the Skies?
The Skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me —
But bleeds the Balm I want — yet still it *bleeds*;
Draw the dire Steel — Ah no! — the *dreadful* Blessing
what Heart or can sustain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human Hope: That Nail supports
our falling Universe: That gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the dismal Wish
Creation had been smother'd in her Birth —
Darkness His Curtain, and His Bed the Dust;
when Stars and Sun are Dust beneath his Throne!
In Heav'n itself can such Indulgence dwell?
O what a Groan was there? A Groan *not His*.
He seiz'd our dreadful Right; the Load sustain'd;
and heav'd the Mountain from a guilty World.
A thousand Worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear.