

200 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

Sensations *new* in Angels Bosoms rise;  
suspend their Song; and make a Pause in Bliss.

O for their Song to reach my lofty Theme!  
Inspire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful Spheres!  
\* much rather *Thou!* who dost those Spheres inspire;  
whilst I with *Seraphs* share seraphic Themes,  
and shew to Men the Dignity of Man;  
lest I blaspheme my Subject with my Song.  
Shall *Pagan* Pages glow celestial Flame,  
and *Christian* languish? On our Hearts, not Heads,  
falls the foul Infamy: My Heart! awake.  
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,  
"Expended Deity on human Weal?,"  
Feel the *great Truths*, which burst the tenfold Night  
of *Heathen* Error, with a golden Flood  
of endless Day: To feel, is to be fir'd;  
and to believe, *LORENZO!* is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Power!  
Still more tremendous, for thy wond'rous Love!  
That arms, with Awe more awful, thy Commands;  
and foul Transgression dips in sev'nfold Night.  
How our Hearts tremble at thy Love immense!  
In Love immense, inviolably Just!

Thou,

\* Dieser Vers ist in den letzten Ausgaben weggeblieben.