

made groan the Centre, burst Earth's marble Womb,
 with Pangs, strange Pangs! deliver'd of her Dead?
 Hell howl'd; and Heav'n that Hour let fall a Tear;
 Heav'n wept, that Men might smile! Heav'n bled, that Man
 might never die! — —

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,
 unraptur'd, uninflam'd — Where roll my Thoughts
 to rest from Wonders? Other Wonders rise;
 and strike-where e'er they roll: My Soul is caught:
 Heav'n's sov'reign Blessings, clust'ring from the Cross,
 rush on her, in a Throng, and close her round,
 the Pris'ner of Amaze! — In His blest *Life*,
 I see the *Path*, and in His *Death*, the *Price*,
 and in His great *Ascent*, the *Proof* Supreme
 of Immortality. — And did He rise?
 Hear, O ye Nations! hear it, O ye Dead!
 He rose! He rose! He burst the Bars 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