

and give the King of Glory to come in.
 Who is the King of Glory? He who slew
 the rav'nous Foe, that gorg'd all human Race!
 The King of Glory, He, whose Glory fill'd
 Heav'n with Amazement at his Love to Man;
 and with Divine Complacency beheld
Pow'rs most illumin'd, wilder'd in the Theme,

The Theme, the Joy, how then shall *Man* sustain?
 Oh the burst Gates! crush'd Sting! demolish'd Throne!
 last Gasp! of vanquish'd Death. Shout Earth and Heav'n!
 This *Sum of Good*, to Man: *Whose* Nature, then,
 took Wing, and mounted with Him from the Tomb!
 Then, then, I rose; then first *Humanity*
 triumphant past the Crystal Ports of Light,
 (Stupendous Guest!) and seiz'd eternal Youth,
 seiz'd in our Name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
 to call Man mortal. Man's Mortality
 was then, transferr'd to Death; and Heav'n's Duration
 unalienably seal'd to this frail Frame,
 this Child of Dust. — Man, all-immortal! Hail;
 Hail, Heav'n! all-lavish of strange Gifts to Man!
 Thine all the Glory; Man's the boundless Bliss,

Where