

Where am I rapt by this triumphant Theme,
 on Christian Joy's exulting Wing, above
 th' *Aonian* Mount? — Alas, small Cause for Joy!
 What if to Pain' immortal? If Extent
 of Being, to preclude a Close of Woe?
 Where, then, my Boast of Immortality? — — —
 I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with Guilt;
 for Guilt, not Innocence, His Life He pour'd;
 'tis Guilt alone can justify His Death;
 nor that, unless His Death can justify
 relenting Guilt in Heav'n's indulgent Sight.
 If, sick of Folly, I relent; He writes
 my Name in Heav'n, with that inverted Spear
 (A Spear deep-dipt in Blood!) which pierc'd his Side,
 and open'd there a Font for all Mankind
 who strive, who combat Crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only this, subdues the Fear of Death.

And what is *This*? — Survey the wond'rous Cure;
 and at each Step, let higher Wonder rise!
 "Pardon for infinite Offence! and Pardon
 "thro' Means, that speak its Value infinite!
 "A Pardon bought with Blood! with Blood Divine!
 "with Blood Divine of Him, I made my Foe!
 "persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,

"blest