

"blest, and chastiz'd, a flagrant Rebel still!

"A Rebel, 'midst the Thunders of his Throne!

"Nor I alone! a Rebel Universe!

"My Species up in Arms! not One exempt!

"Yet for the Foulest of the Foul, He dies,

"most joy'd, for the Redeem'd from deepest Guilt!

"As if our Race was held of highest Rank;

"and Godhead dearer, as more kind to Man!,,

Bound, ev'ry Heart! and, ev'ry Bosom, burn!

Oh what a Scale of Miracles is here!

Its lowest Round, high-planted on the Skies;

its tow'ring Summit lost beyond the Thought

of Man or Angel! Oh that I could climb

the wonderful Ascent, with equal Praise!

*Praise!* flow for ever, (if Astonishment

will give thee Leave) my Praise! for ever flow;

Praise Ardent, Cordial, Constant, to High Heav'n

more fragrant, than *Arabia* sacrific'd;

and all her spicy Mountains in a Flame.

So dear, so due to Heav'n, shall *Praise* descend

with her soft Plume, (from *plausive* Angels Wing

first pluck'd by Man) to tickle mortal Ears,

thus diving in the Pockets of the Great?