

216 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

Thine, All; Day thine, and thine this Gloom of *Night*,
 with all her Wealth, with all her radiant Worlds:
 What, Night eternal, but a Frown from Thee?
 what, Heav'n's meridian Glory, but Thy Smile?
 And shall not *Praise* be Thine? not Human Praise?
 while Heav'n's high Host on *Hallelujahs* live?

O may I breathe, no longer, than I breathe
 my Soul in Praise to Him, who gave my Soul,
 and all her Infinite of Prospect fair,
 cut thro' the Shades of Hell, *great Love!* by Thee.
 Oh most adorable! most unador'd!
 where shall that Praise begin, which ne'er should end?
 Where-e'er I turn, what Claim on all Applause!
 How is *Night's* fable Mantle labour'd o'er,
 how richly wrought, with Attributes divine!
 What *Wisdom* shines! what *Love!* This Midnight Pomp,
 this gorgeous Arch, with golden Worlds inlay'd!
 built with divine Ambition! nought to Thee;
 for Others this Profusion: Thou, Apart,
 Above! Beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!
 where art thou? Shall I dive into the *Deep*?
 call to the *Sun*, or ask the roaring *Winds*,
 for their Creator? Shall I question loud