

the *Thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?  
Or holds He furious *Storms* in streighten'd Reins,  
and bids fierce *Whirlwinds* wheel his rapid Carr?

What mean these Questions? — Trembling I retract;  
my prostrate Soul adores the *present* God:  
Praise I a distant Deity? He tunes  
my Voice (if tun'd;) the Nerve, that writes, sustains:  
wrap'd in his Being, I resound his Praise:  
But tho' past *All* diffus'd, without a Shore,  
His Essence; *local* is His Throne (as meet),  
to gather the Dispers'd (as Standards call  
the Lifted from afar); to fix a Point,  
a central Point, collective of his Sons,  
since *finite* ev'ry Nature, but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose Nod is *Nature's* Birth;  
and *Nature's* Shield, the Shadow of his Hand;  
her Dissolution, his suspended Smile!  
The great *First-Last!* pavilion'd high he sits  
in Darkness, from excessive Splendor, born,  
by Gods unseen, unless thro' Lustre lost.  
His Glory, to created Glory, bright,  
as that to central Horrors; He looks down  
on all that soars; and spans Immensity.

Tho'