

view Man, to see the Glory of your God!  
 Could Angels envy, they had envy'd *here*;  
 and some *did* envy; and the rest, tho' Gods,  
 yet still Gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs Man,  
 tempted to weigh the Dust against the Skies)  
 they less would *feel*, tho' more adorn, my Theme.  
 They sung *Creation*; (for in that they shar'd);  
 How rose in Melody, the Child of Love!  
*Creation's* great Superior, Man! is *Thine*;  
 thine is *Redemption*; They just gave the Key:  
 'tis *Thine* to raise, and eternize, the Song;  
 tho' human, yet divine; for should not *this*  
 raise Man o'er Man, and kindle Seraphs *here*?  
*Redemption!* 'twas *Creation* more sublime;  
*Redemption!* 'twas the Labour of the Skies;  
 far *more* than Labour — It was *Death* in Heav'n.  
 A Truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;  
 if not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

*Here* pause, and ponder: Was there *Death* in Heav'n?  
 What then on Earth? On Earth, which struck the Blow?  
 Who struck it? Who! — O how is Man enlarg'd,  
 seen thro' this Medium! How the Pygmy towers!  
 How counterpois'd his Origin from Dust!  
 How counterpois'd, to Dust his sad Return!

How