

Dost ask me when? when HE who dy'd returns?
 returns, how chang'd! where then the Man of Woe?
 In Glory's Terrors all the Godhead burns;
 and all his Courts, exhausted by the Tide
 of Deities triumphant in his Train,
 leave a stupendous Solitude in Heaven;
 replenisht soon; replenisht with Increase
 of Pomp, and Multitude; a radiant Band
 of Angels new; of Angels from the Tomb.

Is this by Fancy thrown remote? and rise
 dark Doubts between the Promise, and Event?
 I send thee not to Volumes for thy Cure;
 read Nature; Nature is a Friend to Truth;
 Nature is Christian; preaches to Mankind;
 and bids dead Matter aid us in our Creed.
 Hast thou ne'er seen the Comet's flaming Flight?
 Th' illustrious Stranger passing, Terror sheds
 on gazing Nations, from his fiery Train
 of Length enormous; takes his ample Round
 thro' Depths of Ether; coasts unnumber'd Worlds,
 of more than solar Glory; doubles wide
 Heav'n's mighty Cape; and then revisits Earth,
 from the long Travel of a thousand Years.
 Thus, at the destin'd Period, shall return