

268 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

Yet this, ev'n *This*, my Laughter-loving Friends!
 LORENZO! and thy Brothers of the Smile!
 if, what imports you most, can most engage,
 shall steal your Ear, and chain you to my Song.
 Or if you fail me, know, the Wise shall taste
 the Truths I sing; the Truths I sing shall feel;
 and, feeling, give Assent; and their Assent
 is ample Recompence; is more than Praise.
 But chiefly Thine, O LITCHFIELD! nor mistake;
 think not un-introduc'd I force my Way;
 NARCISSA, not unknown, not unall'y'd,
 by Virtue, or by Blood, illustrious Youth!
 to thee, from blooming *Amaranthine* Bow'rs,
 where all the Language *Harmony*, descends
 uncall'd, and asks Admittance for the Muse:
 a Muse that will not pain thee with thy Praise;
 thy Praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.

O Thou! Blest Spirit! *whether* the Supreme,
 great antemundane Father! in whose Breast
 Embryo Creation, unborn Being, dwelt,
 and all its various Revolutions roll'd
 present, tho' future; prior to themselves;
 whose Breath can blow it into Nought again;
 or, from his Throne some delegated Pow'r,

who,