

300 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

In ambient Waves plunge thy polluted Head,
Wash the dire Stain, nor shock the Continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the Cause
of *Self-Affault*, expose the Monster's Birth,
and bid *Abhorrence* hiss it round the World,
Blame not thy Clime, nor chide the distant Sun;
the Sun is innocent, thy Clime absolv'd;
Immoral Climes kind Nature never made.
The Cause I sing, in *Eden* might prevall,
and proves, It is thy Folly, not thy Fate.

The Soul of Man (let Man in Homage bow,
who names his *Soul*), a Native of the Skies!
high-born, and free, her Freedom should maintain,
unfold, unmortgaged for *Earth's* little Bribes.
Th' illustrious Stranger, in this foreign Land,
like Strangers, jealous of her Dignity,
studious of Home, and ardent to return,
of *Earth* suspicious, *Earth's* enchanted Cup
with cool Reserve light touching, should indulge,
on *Immortality*, her godlike Taste;
There take large Draughts; make her chief Banquet *there*.

But