

## 450 THE COMPLAINT, ETC.

Ten thousand Worlds, Ten thousand Ways devout,  
 At Nature sending Incense to THE THRONE,  
 except the bold LORENZO's of Our Sphere?  
 Op'ning the solemn Sources of my Soul,  
 since I have pour'd, like feign'd ERIDANUS,  
 my flowing Numbers o'er the flaming Skies,  
 nor see, of *Fancy*, or of *Fact*, what more,  
 invites the Muse — Here turn we, and review  
 our past Nocturnal Landshape wide: — Then say,  
 say, then, LORENZO! with what Burst of Heart,  
 the Whole, at once, revolving in his Thought,  
 must Man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?  
 "O what a Root! O what a Branch is Here!  
 "O what a Father! What a Family!  
 "Worlds! Systems! and Creations! — And Creations,  
 "in One agglomerated Cluster, hung,  
 "\*) Great VINE! On THEE, on THEE the Cluster hangs;  
 "The Filial Cluster! infinitely spread  
 "in glowing Globes, with various Being fraught;  
 "and drinks (Nectarous Draught!) Immortal Life.  
 "Or, shall I say (for *Who* can say enough?)  
 "a Constellation of Ten thousand Gems,  
 "(and, O! of what Dimension! of what Weight!)

\*) *Joh. 15, 1.*