

## *Extract of Dr. Young's Night Thoughts (1770)*<sup>1</sup>

[Baker List, #323]

### Editorial Introduction:

A major theme running through eighteenth-century English literature and art was the importance of viewing present pleasures and successes in perspective—by recalling the transitory nature of fortune, our mortality, and the accountability of eternal judgment. This theme found particular expression in a set of poets often referred to as “the graveyard school.” The roots of this school are traced to Edward Young’s *Poem on the Last Day* (1713) and Thomas Parnell’s *A Night Piece on Death* (1722), both of which Wesley included in his *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* (1744).<sup>2</sup> The school reached prominence mid-century, in works like Young’s *Night Thoughts* (1742–45), Robert Blair’s *The Grave* (1743), James Hervey’s *Meditations among the Tombs* (1746), and Thomas Gray’s *Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard* (1751).

John Wesley resonated strongly with the themes of this school of eighteenth-century poetry.<sup>3</sup> He was so drawn to their expression in Edward Young’s *Night Thoughts* that he incorporated into his 1744 *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems* an extract from the installments of Young’s ongoing work that had appeared to date.<sup>4</sup> This enthusiastic reprinting quite rightly drew complaint from Robert Dodsley, Young’s publisher, for violating the English copyright law adopted in 1710 (known as the “Statute of Anne”).<sup>5</sup> The complaint was resolved by Wesley signing the following agreement on February 8, 1745:

Having inadvertently printed, in a collection of poems published by me in three volumes, 12<sup>mo</sup>, some pieces that are the property of Mr. Robert Dodsley, Bookseller—viz., five of the *Night Thoughts* and some pieces of Mrs. Rowe—for which I have this day made him satisfaction by giving him two notes, one for 20£ payable in six days, and another for 30£ payable in three months, I hereby give him my word and promise that I will never again reprint the same in that or any other manner.

John Wesley<sup>6</sup>

What is left unsaid in this agreement is that it was legally binding only until April 10, 1766; since the Statute of Anne limited copyright protection to twenty-one years, effective each April 10. Thus, Wesley was within his legal rights when, in December 1768, he began “reading over Dr. Young’s *Night*

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<sup>1</sup>This document was produced under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: March 29, 2013.

<sup>2</sup>Wesley read Young’s *Poem on the Last Day* in 1729, and collected it in his MS Poetry Miscellany (1730), 155–774; before publishing it in *MSP* (1744), 2:71–94. He published Parnell’s *Night Piece on Death* in *MSP* (1744), 1:261–64; and reprinted it in the *Arminian Magazine* 11 (1788): 107–9.

<sup>3</sup>This is reflected in the many deathbed scenes that Wesley included in the *Arminian Magazine*, as well as his reprinting of Gray’s *Elegy* in *AM* 9 (1786): 570–74.

<sup>4</sup>Edward Young released *The Complaint; or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality* (London: Robert Dodsley) in installments between 1742 and 1745. Only the first seven nights were in print in 1744, so Wesley’s extract in *MSP* (1744), 2:229–373 is limited to them.

<sup>5</sup>See Wesley’s letter to Robert Dodsley (Dec. 12, 1744), *Works*, 26:119.

<sup>6</sup>The original manuscript document is held in MARC; it is apparently in Dodsley’s hand, with Wesley providing only his signature. Cf. *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* 71 (1848): 976.

*Thoughts*, leaving out the indifferent lines, correcting many of the rest, and explaining the hard words, in order to make that noble work more useful to all, and more intelligible to ordinary readers.”<sup>7</sup> The fruit of this labor appeared in early 1770, when Wesley published an extract of the entire set of Young’s *Night Thoughts*, with notes. Comparison of this extract with that in *MSP* (1744) quickly reveals that he did not just tack on the last two nights. Instead he worked through the entire volume again, often selecting or omitting different material than the first time. The main characteristic that Wesley’s two extracts share is that they both omit entirely Young’s “Night Three.”

Edward Young (1683–1765) was a prominent English poet, dramatist, and literary critic. He suffered the death of his stepdaughter in 1736, her husband in 1740, and his own wife in 1741. These events surely contributed to his decision to compose a long blank verse poem (running roughly 9,750 lines) that focused on themes of grief, consolation, and reclamation of sinners; though he may have been responding as well to Alexander Pope’s optimistic account of human nature in *Essay on Man* (1734). Young titled the poem *The Complaint*, but it was soon referred to primarily by its subtitle *Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality*. The poem begins as meant to console, but its main aim is to instruct. It is addressed throughout to the shadowy figure of Lorenzo, a skeptical and profligate son whom the narrator seeks to impress with the sorrow of the world and the majesty of God. It is divided into nine parts, each signifying a particular night. The first five nights primarily articulate the subjective nature of grief, while the last four turn toward Christian apologetics. The work received high acclaim when it was first published, going through 100 editions by 1800.

Most critics agree that Young’s *Night Thoughts* was admired in the eighteenth century as much for its religious and moral principles as for its poetic achievement. Wesley clearly shared this dual focus. He continued here a practice, which he adopted for his extract of Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, of highlighting passages that he judged of particular value with an asterisk (\*). Indeed, in this extract he uses both “a single or double mark (i.e, \*\*)” to point out what he considers “the *sublimest strokes of poetry*, and the most *pathetic stokes of nature and passion*” (p. iv). This may suggest that the single mark is for the first stated purpose and the double mark for the second. In any case, the double marked passages are clearly most commended. While he does not mention it in the preface, Wesley frequently (though not always) indicates the *end* of the section that he is commending by use of a closing bracket: ]. Examples of all three marks can be seen on page 10 below.

There were 120 copies of Wesley’s *Extract* of Young still in inventory at his house in London when Wesley died in 1791. He appears to have been anticipating the need for a reprint, because his personal copy, which remains in the remnant of his library at Wesley’s House in London, has several manuscript markings of corrections. These corrections are annotated in the transcription below. While the transcription adopts modern principles of capitalization, we have generally retained the spelling of Wesley’s original. Likewise, we have retained his line numbering (since he refers to it in the notes), even when it is incorrect (though we note such instances, as on p. 15).

### **Editions:**

John Wesley. *An Extract of Dr. Young’s Night-Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality*. Bristol: Pine, 1770.

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<sup>7</sup>Wesley, *Journal* (Dec. 20–30, 1768), *Works*, 22:167.

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**AN  
EXTRACT  
FROM  
DR. YOUNG'S  
NIGHT-THOUGHTS  
ON  
LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.**

[blank]

**To the Reader.**

1. It is the observation of a late ingenious writer,

What is usually called a correct taste, is very much offended with Dr. Young's Night Thoughts. It is obvious, that the poetry sometimes sinks into *childish conceits*, or *prosaic flatness*; but oftner rises into the *turgid*, or *false sublime*: and that it is often *perplexed* and *obscure*. ... Yet this work contains many strokes of the *most sublime poetry*, ... and is full of those *pathetic strokes* of nature and passion, which touch the heart in the most tender and affecting manner. Besides ... there are afflictions too deep to bear either reasoning or amusement: they may be soothed; but cannot be diverted. The gloom of the Night Thoughts perfectly corresponds with this state of mind. It indulges and flatters

the present passion, and at the same time presents those motives of consolation, which alone can render certain griefs supportable. . . . We may here observe that secret and wonderful endearment, which nature has annex to all our sympathetic feelings, whereby we enter into the deepest scenes of distress and sorrow, with a melting softness of heart, far more delightful than all the joys which dissipating and unthinking mirth can inspire.<sup>1</sup>

2. My design in the following extract is: First, To *leave out* all the lines, which seem to me, either to contain *childish conceits*, to sink into *prosaic flatness*, to rise into the *turgid*, the *false sublime*, or to be incurably *obscure* to common readers: 2. To *explain* the words which are *obscure*, not in themselves, but only to unlearned readers: 3. To *point out*, especially to these, by a single or double mark, what appears to me to be the *sublimest strokes of poetry*, and the most *pathetic strokes of nature and passion*.

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<sup>1</sup>John Gregory, *A Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with Those of the Animal World* (London: J. Dodsley, 1765), 149–51.

3. It may be objected by some, that I have left out *too much*, by others, that I have left out *too little*. I answer, 1. I have left out no more than I apprehended to be either childish, or flat, or turgid, or obscure: so obscure as not to be explained without more words, than suited with my design. 2. I have left in no more of what I conceived liable to any of these objections, than was necessary to preserve some tolerable connexion between the preceding and following lines.

4. Perhaps a more plausible objection will be, that the explanations are *too short*. But be pleased to observe, it was no part of my design, to explain any thing at large, but barely to put, as often as I could, a plain word for a hard one: and where one did not occur, to use two or three, or as few as possible.

5. But I am sensible, it may be objected farther, the word added to explain the other,



does not always express the meaning of it, at least not so exactly and fully as might be. I answer, 1. I allow this. But it was the best I could find, without spending more time upon it than I could afford. 2. Where the word added does not express the *common* meaning of the word, it often expresses the Doctor's *peculiar* meaning: who frequently takes words in a very *uncommon*, not to say, *improper* sense. 3. I have made a little attempt, such as I could consistently with abundance of other employment. Let one that has more leisure and more abilities, supply what is here wanting.

**Night the First.**

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy *sleep!*  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays,  
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:  
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,  
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!  
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.  
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams  
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding thought  
From wave to wave of *fancy'd* misery,  
At random drove, her helm of reason lost;  
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,  
A bitter change; severer for severe:  
The *day* too short for my distress! and *night*  
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,  
Is sun-shine, to the colour of my fate.

\* *Night*, sable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,  
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
 Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world: 20  
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!  
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear an object finds;  
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the general pulse  
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;  
 An awful pause, prophetic of her end.]  
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;  
 Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

*Silence*, and *darkness*! solemn sisters! twins  
 From antient *night*, who nurse the tender thought  
 To *reason*, and on reason build *resolve*, 30  
 (That column of true majesty in man)  
 Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;  
 The grave, your kingdom: *there* this frame shall fall  
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine:  
 But what are ye? *thou*, who didst put to flight  
 Primeval *silence*, when the morning stars  
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;  
 O thou! whose word from solid *darkness* struck  
 That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul,  
 My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure; 40  
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

\* Thro' this opaque of *nature*, and of *soul*,  
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,  
 To lighten, and to chear: O lead my mind,  
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe)  
 Lead it thro' various scenes of *life* and *death*,

And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire:  
 Nor less inspire my *conduct*, than my *song*;  
 Nor let the vial of thy vengeance pour'd  
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain. 50

\* The bell strikes *one*: we take no note of time,  
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,  
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the *knell* of my departed hours;  
 Where are they? with the years beyond the flood:  
 It is the *signal* that demands dispatch;  
 How much is to be done! my hopes and fears  
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge  
 Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss; 60  
 A dread eternity! how surely *mine*!  
 And can eternity belong to me,  
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?]

\* How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!  
 How complicate! how wonderful is man!  
 How passing wonder he, who made him such!  
 Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!  
 From different natures, marvelously mixt,  
*Connexion* exquisite of distant worlds!  
 Distinguisht *link* in being's endless chain! 70  
*Midway* from *nothing* to the *deity*!  
 A beam ethereal sully'd, and absorb'd!  
 Tho' sully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine!  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!

*Helpless immortal! insect infinite!*  
 A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,  
 Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,  
 And wond'ring at her *own*: how reason reels! 80  
 O what a miracle to man is man,  
 Triumphantly distrest! what joy, what dread!  
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd!  
 What can preserve my life? or what destroy?  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.]

\* 'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:  
 While o'er my limbs *sleep*'s soft dominion spread,  
 What, tho' my soul phantastic measures trod,  
 O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom 90  
 Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep  
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;  
 Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,  
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?  
 Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature  
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;  
 Active aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,  
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall:  
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:  
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day: 100  
 For human weal, heaven husbands all events,  
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

\*\* Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost?  
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,

In infidel distress? are *angels* there?  
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, etherial fire?  
 They live! they greatly live a life on earth  
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye  
 Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall  
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead: 110  
*This* is the desert, *this* the solitude:  
 How populous! how vital, is the grave!  
*This* is creation's melancholy vault,  
 The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;  
 The land of apparitions, empty shades:  
 All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond  
 Is *substance*; the reverse is folly's *creed*;  
 How solid all, where change shall be no more!

*This* is the bud of being, the dim dawn,  
*Life's* theatre as yet is shut, and death, 120  
 Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,  
 This gross impediment of clay remove,  
 And make us embryos of existence free.  
 From *real* life, but little more remote  
 Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,  
 The *future* embryo, slumbering in his sire.  
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,  
 Yon ambient, azure shell, and spring to life,  
 The life of gods: O transport! and of man.

\* Yet man, fool man! here burys all his thoughts; 130  
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:  
 Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,  
*Here* pinions all his wishes: wing'd by heaven

To fly at infinite; and reach it there,  
 Where *seraphs* gather immortality,  
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.  
 What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,  
 In *his* full beam, and ripen for the just,  
 Where momentary ages are no more!  
 Where time and pain, and chance, and death expire! 140  
 And is it in the flight of threescore years,  
 To push eternity from human thought,  
 And smother souls immortal in the dust?  
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,  
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,  
 Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,  
 At ought this scene can threaten or indulge,  
 Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,  
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.]

Where falls this censure? it o'erwhelms myself. 150  
 How was my heart encrusted by the world!  
 O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul!  
 How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round  
 In silken thought, which reptile *fancy* spun,  
 Till darken'd *reason* lay quite clouded o'er  
 With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,  
 Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt  
 Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)  
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change! 160  
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!  
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!

How richly were my noon-tide trancis hung  
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!  
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!  
 Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue  
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,  
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone!  
 Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture?  
 The cobweb'd cottage with its ragged wall 170  
 Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!  
 The *spider's* thread is cable to man's tie  
 On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

\* O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!  
 Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!  
 Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,  
 That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,  
 And quite unparadise the realms of light.  
 Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;  
 The baleful influence of whose giddy dance, 180  
 Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.]  
 Here teems with revolutions every hour;  
 And rarely for the better; or the best,  
 More mortal than the common births of fate.  
 Each moment has its sickle, emulous  
 Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep  
 Strikes empires from the root; each moment plys  
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere  
 Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down  
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss. 190



\* Bliss! sublunary bliss! proud words, and vain!  
 Implicit treason to divine decree!  
 A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!  
 I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.  
 O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,  
 What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!  
 Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine  
 To tread out empire, and to quench the stars:  
 The sun himself by thy permission shines;  
 And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere. 200  
 Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust  
 Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?  
 Why, thy peculiar rancor wreck'd on me?  
 Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?  
 Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;  
 And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.  
 O Cynthia! why so pale? dost thou lament  
 Thy wretched neighbour? grieve, to see thy wheel  
 Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?

In every vary'd posture, place, and hour, 210  
 How widow'd every thought of every joy!  
 Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace,  
 Thro' the dark postern of time long elaps'd  
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night,  
 Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing *past*,  
 In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;  
 And finds all desert *now*; and meets the ghosts  
 Of my departed joys, a numerous train!  
 I rue the riches of my former fate;  
 Sweet comfort's blasted clusters make me sigh: 220

I tremble at the blessings once so dear;  
 And every pleasure pains me to the heart.  
 Yet why complain? or why complain for one!  
 \* I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;  
 In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd  
 The mother's throes on all of woman born,  
 Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

\* War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,  
 Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart  
 Wrapt up in tripple brass, besiege mankind: 230  
 God's image, disinherited of day,  
 Here plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made;  
 There beings, deathless as their haughty lord,  
 Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;  
 And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair:  
 Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,  
 In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,<sup>2</sup>  
 Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd,  
 If so the tyrant, or his minion doom:  
 Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair!) 240  
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize  
 At once; and make a refuge of the grave:  
 How groaning hospitals eject their dead!  
 What numbers groan for sad admission there!  
 What numbers once in fortune's lap high-fed,  
 Solicit the cold hand of charity!  
 To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;  
 Disease invades the chastest temperance; 250<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>2</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), this line is marked for deletion.

<sup>3</sup>A misprint incorrectly showed this line as "250"; the editor has not corrected this or other instances of misnumbering in order to preserve the line numbers printed in the document with the line notes at the end of each Night.

And punishment the guiltless; and alarm  
Thro' thickest shades pursues the fond of peace:  
Man's caution often into danger turns,  
And his guard falling, crushes him to death.  
Not happiness itself makes good her name;  
Our very wishes give us not our wish;  
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,  
From that for which we doat, felicity!  
\* The smoothest course of nature has its pains,  
And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest;  
Without misfortune, what calamities!  
And what hostilities, without a foe!  
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth:  
But endless is the list of human ills,  
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

260

A part how small of the terraqueous globe  
Is tenanted by man? the rest a waste,  
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;  
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death:  
Such is earth's melancholy map! but far  
More sad! this earth is a true map of man:  
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights  
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss;  
Loud sorrows howl; envenom'd passions bite;  
Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,  
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.

270

What then am I, who sorrow for myself?  
In age, in infancy, from other's aid

Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.  
 That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind: 280  
 The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;  
 More generous sorrow while it sinks, exalts,  
 And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.  
 Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give  
 Sworn thought a second channel; who divide,  
 They weaken too, the torrent of their grief:  
 \* Take then, O world! thy much indebted tear:  
 How sad a sight is human happiness  
 To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!  
 O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults! 290  
 Would'st thou I should congratulate thy fate?  
 I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.  
 Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,  
 The salutary censure of a friend:  
 Thou happy wretch! by blindness art thou blest;  
 By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles:  
 Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;  
 Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.  
 Misfortune, like a creditor severe,  
 But rises in demand for her delay; 300  
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity,  
 To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

Lorenzo! fortune makes her court to thee,  
 Thy fond heart dances, while the Syren sings.  
 I would not damp, but to secure thy joys:  
 Think not that fear is sacred to the storm:  
 Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.  
 Is heaven tremendous in its frown! most sure:

And in its favours formidable too;  
 Its favours here are trials, not rewards: 310  
 A call to duty, not discharge from care;  
 And should alarm us, full as much as woes;  
 O'er our scan'd conduct give a jealous eye;  
 Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,  
 Lest while we clasp, we kill them; nay invert,  
 To worse than simple misery, their charms:  
 Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,  
 Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,  
 With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.  
 \* Beware what earth calls happiness; beware 320  
 All joys, but joys that never can expire:  
 Who builds on less than an immortal base  
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander! thy last sigh  
 Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanting earth  
 Lost all her lustre; where, her glittering towers?  
 Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down  
 To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears!  
 The great magician's dead! thou poor, pale piece  
 Of out cast earth, in darkness! what a change 330  
 From yesterday! thy darling hope so near,  
 (Long-labour'd prize!) death's subtle seed within  
 (Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,  
 Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd  
 The worm to riot on that rose so red,  
 Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

\* The present moment terminates our sight;  
 Clouds thick as those on doomsday, drown the next;

We penetrate, we prophesy in vain,  
 Time is dealt out by particles; and each, 340  
 Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,  
 By fate's inviolable oath is sworn  
 Deep silence, "where eternity begins."

\* By nature's law, what may be, may be now;  
 There's no prerogative in human hours:  
 In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,  
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?  
 Where is to-morrow? in another world.  
 For numbers this is certain; the reverse  
 Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*, 350  
 This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,  
 As on a rock of adamant we build  
 Our mountain hopes; spin out e[t]ernal schemes,  
 And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not even Philander had bespoke his shroud;  
 Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd.  
 How many fall as sudden, not as safe!  
 As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.  
 \* Of human ills the last extreme beware,  
 Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death. 360  
 How dreadful that deliberate surprize!  
 Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer;  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead!  
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life;  
*Procrastination* is the thief of time,  
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
 \*\* And to the mercies of a moment leaves

The vast concerns of an eternal scene.]  
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange?  
 That 'tis so frequent, *this* is stranger still. 370

\* Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
 The palm, "that all men are about to live."  
 For ever on the brink of being born;  
 All pay themselves the compliment to think  
 They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride  
 On this reversion takes up ready praise;  
 At least, their own; their future selves applauds;  
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!  
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;  
 That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign. 380

All promise is poor dilatory man,  
 And that thro' every stage: when young, indeed,  
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,  
 Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,  
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise:  
 \* At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;  
*Knows* it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;  
 At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought 390  
 Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.]

\*\* And why? because he thinks himself immortal,  
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves;  
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate  
 Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread;  
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,

Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found:  
As, from the wing no scar the sky retains;  
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;  
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:  
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds  
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.  
Can I forget Philander? that were strange;  
O my full heart! but should I give it vent,  
The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,  
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

400

THE END OF THE FIRST NIGHT.



## Notes on Night I.

Line

9	<i>Emerging</i> —Rising out of
16	<i>Zenith</i> —The height
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Domain</i> —Dominion
31	<i>Column</i> —Pillar; support
34	<i>Dreary</i> —Dismal
36	<i>Primeval</i> —Original; of the first age
42	<i>Opaque</i> —Thick darkness
55	<i>Knell</i> —Passing-bell
64	<i>August</i> —Grand
72	<i>Ethereal</i> —Heavenly
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Absorbed</i> —Swallowed up
83	<i>Alternately</i> —By turns
92	<i>Mantled</i> —Gently moved to and fro
95	<i>Devious</i> —Irregular
101	<i>Weal</i> —Welfare
112	<i>Vital</i> —Full of life
122	<i>Impediment</i> —Hindrance
123	<i>Embryos</i> —Unborn children
133 <sup>4</sup>	<i>Pinions</i> —Fastens down
137	<i>Ambrosial</i> —Heavenly, delicious
154	<i>A reptile</i> —The allusion of a silk-worm is still carried on
161	<i>Stable</i> —Fixt, steady
164	<i>Gorgeous</i> —Fine, splendid
174	<i>Permanent</i> —Lasting
180	<i>Baleful</i> —Hurtful; sad
181	<i>Vicissitude</i> —Changeableness
185	<i>Emulous</i> —Resembling

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<sup>4</sup>Ori., “134”; a misprint.

Line

186	<i>Enormous</i> —Huge
189	<i>Domestic comfort</i> —Comfort at home
190	<i>Sublunary</i> —Earthly
194	<i>Phantoms</i> —Appearances
206	<i>Filled her horn</i> —Performed her course
213	<i>Postern</i> —Back-door
219	<i>Rue</i> —Grieve for
228	<i>Pest</i> —Plague
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Volcano</i> —A burning mountain
229	<i>Intestine</i> —Within ourselves
240	<i>Fell</i> —Dreadful
262	<i>Hostilities</i> —Acts of enmity
266	<i>Terraqueous globe</i> —The earth
283	<i>Conscious virtue</i> —That of which we are conscious
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Mitigates</i> —Softens, eases
304	<i>The Syrens</i> used to sing men to sleep, and then devour them
308	<i>Tremendous</i> —Dreadful
313	<i>Scan'd</i> —Examined
322	<i>Base</i> —Foundation
337	<i>Terminates</i> —Bounds
342	<i>Inviolable</i> —That cannot be broken
345	<i>Prerogative</i> —One house has no privilege above another
352	<i>Adamant</i> —A diamond
358	<i>Admonished home</i> —Warned of going into eternity
365	<i>Procrastination</i> —Putting off from day to day
372	<i>This bears the palm</i> —This is the chief
379	<i>Is folly's vails</i> —Is given to folly
381	<i>Dilatory</i> —Putting off from time to time
390	<i>Magnanimity</i> —Greatness of thought

**Night the Second.**

\* “When the cock crew, he wept,”—smote by that eye,  
Which looks on me, on all: that power, who bids  
This midnight centinel with clarion shrill,  
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,  
Rouze souls from slumber, into thoughts of heaven.]  
Shall I too weep? where then is fortitude?  
And fortitude abandon’d, where is man?  
I know the terms on which he sees the light;  
He that is born, is listed: life is war;  
Eternal war with woe—on *other* themes 10  
I now will dwell: what themes? *time’s wondrous price,*  
*Death, friendship,* and *Philander’s final scene.*  
Themes meet for man! and meet at ev’ry hour,  
But most as this, at midnight ever clad  
In death’s own sables; silent as his realms;  
And prone to weep; profuse of dewy tears  
O’er nature, in her temporary tomb.

He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.  
Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,  
(Blest av’rice!) which the thought of death inspires. 20

O time! than gold more sacred; more a load  
 Than lead, to fools; and fools reputed wise.  
 What moment granted man without account?  
 What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid?  
 Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,  
 Insidious death, should his strong hand arrest,  
 No composition sets the prisoner free.  
 Eternity's inexorable chain  
 Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrears.

How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late  
 Life call'd for her last refuge in despair! 30  
 For what calls thy disease? for moral aid.  
 Thou think'st it folly to be wise too<sup>5</sup> soon.  
 Youth is not rich in time; it may be, poor:  
 Part with it as with money, sparing; pay  
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth:  
 And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell.  
 Part with it as with life, reluctant; big  
 With holy hope of nobler time to come. 40

\* Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?  
 And sport we like the natives of the bough,  
 When vernal<sup>6</sup> suns inspire? amusement reigns  
 Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:  
 And is it then a trifle, too, to die?—  
 Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?  
 Is it not treason to the soul immortal,  
 Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?  
 Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure?

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<sup>5</sup>Ori., "to"; a misprint.

<sup>6</sup>Ori., "venal"; corrected in Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House).

When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes 50  
 Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight?  
 (As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires  
 To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm  
 Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there)  
 Will toys amuse?—no: thrones will then be toys,  
 And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

\* Redeem we time?—its loss we dearly buy:  
 What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?  
 He pleads time's numerous blanks; he loudly pleads 60  
 The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.  
 From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee?  
 No blank no trifle nature made or meant.  
 Virtue, or purpos'd virtue still be thine:  
 This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves  
 In act no trifle, and no blank in time.  
 This greatens, fills, immortalizes all:  
 This, the blest art of turning all to gold;  
 This, the good heart's prerogative to raise  
 A royal tribute, from the poorest hours.  
 Immense revenue! every moment pays. 70  
 If nothing more than purpose in thy power,  
 Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:  
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
 Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.  
 Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;  
 'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer;  
 \* Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven.

\* On all-important time, thro' every age,  
 Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the man  
 Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour. 80

\* "I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd,  
 Had been an emperor without his crown;  
 He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.  
 So should all speak: so reason speaks in all:  
 From the soft whispers of that god in man,  
 Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,  
 For rescue from the blessing we possess?  
 Time, the supreme!—time is eternity;  
 Pregnant with all eternity can give,  
 Pregnant with all, that makes arch-angels smile. 90  
 Who murders time, he crushes in the birth  
 A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

\* Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,  
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man?  
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,  
 We censure nature for a span too short;  
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too;  
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,  
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed;  
 And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves. 100  
 Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer  
 Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;  
 Death, most our dread; death thus more dreadful made.  
 O what a riddle of absurdity!  
 Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels:  
 How heavily we drag the load of life!  
 Blest leisure is our curse, like that of Cain

It makes us wander; wander earth around  
 To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd  
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour. 110  
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement:  
 Yet when death kindly tenders us relief,  
 We call him cruel; years to moments shrink.  
 \*\* Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,  
 And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;  
 Behold him, when past by; what then is seen  
 But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?  
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,  
 Rueful, aghast! cry out at his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills, 120  
 To nature just, their cause and cure explore.  
 No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.  
 We throw away our suns, as made for sport,  
 \* We waste, not use our time: we breathe, not live,  
 And barely breathing, man, to live ordain'd,  
 Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.  
 And why? since time was given for use, not waste,  
 Enjoyn'd<sup>7</sup> to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,  
 To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;  
 Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain; 130  
 That man might feel his error, if unseen;  
 And feeling, fly to labour for his cure.  
 Life's cares are comforts; such by heav'n design'd;  
 He that has none, must make them, or be wretched:  
 Cares are employments; and without employ  
 The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest;  
 To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

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<sup>7</sup>Ori., "Enjoy'd"; corrected in Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House).

Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;  
 Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.  
 We rave, we wrestle with great nature's plan; 140  
 We thwart the deity; and 'tis decreed,  
 Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.  
 Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourselves;  
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil.  
 We push time from us, and we wish him back,  
 Life we think long, and short; death seek, and shun.  
 Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,  
 How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!  
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;  
 \* The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd, 150  
 And smiles an angel; or a fury frowns.]  
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past,  
 And time possess, both pain us, what can please?  
 That which the deity to please ordain'd,  
 Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours  
 By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,  
 At once he draws the sting of life and death:  
 He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause, and cure, are seen: see next 160  
 Time's nature, origin, importance, speed;  
 And thy great gain from urging his career.—  
 He looks<sup>8</sup> on time, as nothing: nothing else  
 Is truly man's: what wonders can he do?  
 And will: to stand blank neuter he disdains.  
 Not on those terms was time (heaven's stranger!) sent  
 On his important embassy to man.  
 When the dread sire, on emanation bent  
 And big with nature, arising in his might,

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<sup>8</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he changes to "We look."



Call'd forth creation, (for then time was born)  
 By Godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds:  
 Not on those terms, from the great days of heaven, 170  
 From old eternity's mysterious orb,  
 Was time cut off, and cast beneath the skies;  
 The skies, which watch him in his new abode,  
 Measuring his motions by revolving spheres:  
 Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play  
 Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies:  
 Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape  
 His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,  
 To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,  
 And join anew eternity his sire; 180  
 When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd  
 (Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush  
 To timeless night, and chaos, whence they rose.  
 Why spur the speedy? why with levities  
 New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?  
 \* Man flies from time, and time from man: too soon  
 In sad divorce, this double flight must end;  
 And then, where are we? where Lorenzo! then,  
 Thy sports? thy pomp?—I grant thee, in a state  
 Not unambitious; in the ruffled shroud, 190  
 Thy parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath.  
 \* Has death his fopperies? then well may life  
 Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

\* Ye well-array'd! ye lilies of our land!  
 Ye lilies male! who neither toil, nor spin,  
 Ye delicate! who nothing can support,  
 Yourselves most insupportable! for whom

The winter rose must blow, and silky soft  
 Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;  
 And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song, 200  
 And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!  
 O ye who deem one moment unamus'd,  
 A misery, say, dreamers of gay dreams!  
 How will you weather an eternal night,  
 \* Where such expedients fail? where wit's a fool,  
 Mirth mourns; dreams vanish; laughter sinks in tears.

O treacherous conscience! while she seems to sleep,  
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;  
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop  
 On headlong appetite, the slackened rein,<sup>9</sup> 210  
 The sly informer minutes every fault,  
 And her dread diary with horror fills:  
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen:  
 She dawning purposes of heart explores,  
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;  
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,  
 Writes our whole history; which death shall read  
 In every pale delinquent's private ear;  
 And judgment publish: publish to more worlds  
 Than this: and endless age in groans resound. 220  
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon?

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,  
 Hell threatens; all exerts; in effort, all;  
 More than creation labours!—labours more?  
 \* And is there in creation, what, amidst  
 This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,  
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns?—

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<sup>9</sup>Ori., "reign"; an archaic spelling.

Man sleeps; and man alone; and man, whose fate,  
 Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,  
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph 230  
 A moment trembles; drops! man, the sole cause  
 Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,  
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away?  
 Throw empires, and be blameless! moments seize,  
 Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish  
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand still,  
 Bid him drive back his carr, recall, retake  
 Fate's hasty prey; implore him, re-import  
 The period past; re-give the given hour!  
 Lorenzo—O for yesterday to come! 240

Such is the language of the man awake;  
 And is his ardour vain? Lorenzo! no:  
 \* To-day is yesterday return'd; return'd  
 Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,  
 And reinstate us on the rock of peace.  
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate;  
 Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.  
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?  
 More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?

Where shall I find him? angels tell me where? 250  
 You know him; he is near you: point him out;  
 Shall I see glories<sup>10</sup> beaming from his brow?  
 Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?  
 Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him shed  
 Protection; now, are waving in applause  
 To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!

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<sup>10</sup>Ori., “glorious”; corrected in Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House).

That awful independent on to-morrow!  
 Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past;  
 Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile;  
 Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly; 260  
 If not by guilt, they wound us by their flight,  
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave;  
 All feeling of futurity benumb'd;  
 All relish of realities expir'd;  
 Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;  
 Embruted every faculty divine;  
 Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world:  
 The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,  
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire  
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there 270  
 On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd,  
 Tho' we from earth; ethereal, they that fell.  
 Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.  
 For what, gay friend! is this escutcheon'd world,  
 Which hangs out DEATH in<sup>11</sup> one eternal night?  
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,  
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.  
 \*\* Life's little stage is a small eminence,  
 Inch high the grave above; that home of man, 280  
 Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around,  
 We read their monuments; we sigh; and while  
 We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplor'd;  
 Lamenting, or lamented all our lot!]  
 Is death at distance? no: he has been on thee;

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<sup>11</sup>Ori., "is"; a misprint.

And given sure earnest of his final blow.  
 \* Those hours, which lately smil'd, where are they now?  
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd  
 In that great deep, which nothing disembogues;  
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown. 290  
 The rest are on the wing: how fleet<sup>12</sup> their flight!  
 Already has the fatal train took fire;  
 A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;  
 The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

\* 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;  
 And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;  
 And how they might have born more welcome news.  
 Their answers form what men experience call,  
 If wisdom's friend, her best: if not, worst foe.  
 O reconcile them: kind *experience* crys, 300  
 "There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;  
 "The more our joy, the more we know it vain;  
 "And by success are tutor'd to despair."  
 Nor is it only thus, but must be so:  
 Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.  
 \* Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,  
 Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Since by life's passing breath, blown up from earth,  
 Light as the summer's dust, we take in air  
 A moment's giddy flight; and fall again; 310  
 Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,  
 And sleep till earth herself shall be no more;  
 Since then (as emmets their small world o'erthrown)  
 We, sore-amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,

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<sup>12</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he changes "fleet" to "swift."

And rise to fate extreme, of foul or fair,  
 As man's own choice, controuler of the skies!  
 As man's despotic will this hour, decrees;  
 Should not each warning give a strong alarm?  
 Warning, far less than that of bosom torn  
 From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead? 320  
 Should not each dial strike us as we pass,  
 Portentous, as the written wall, which struck,  
 O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,  
 Like that, the dial speaks; and points to thee;  
 "O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;  
 "And while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."  
 Know; like the *median*, fate is in thy walls:  
 Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death;  
 Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives  
 On her own meal; and then his nurse devours. 330

\* That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,  
 It life resembles too: life speeds away  
 From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still:  
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:  
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen,  
 Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.  
 Warnings point out our danger, gnomons, time;  
 As these are useless when the sun is set;  
 So those, but when more glorious reason shines.  
 Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,  
 That sedentary shadow travels hard: 340  
 \*\* But all mankind mistake their time of day;  
 Even age itself: fresh hopes are hourly sown  
 In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's descent,

We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain:  
 We take fair days in winter, for the spring:  
 We turn our blessings into bane; since oft  
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel:  
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.  
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store  
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest; 350  
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On this, or similar, Philander! thou,  
 Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;  
 And strong to wield all science, worth the name:  
 \* How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,  
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream?  
 How often thaw'd, and short'ned winter's eve,  
 By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,  
 Best found, so sought; to the recluse more coy?  
 Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip; 360  
 Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,  
 Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song;  
 Song, fashionably fruitless; such as stains  
 The fancy, and unhallow'd passion fires;  
 Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane.

Know'st thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?  
 As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,  
 So men from FRIENDSHIP, wisdom and delight.  
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd:  
 Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion too. 370  
 Thought, in the mine, may come forth gold or dross,

When coin'd in word, we know its real worth.  
 Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possest;  
 Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain  
 The births of intellect: when dumb, forgot.  
 Speech burnishes our mental magazine;  
 Brightens for ornament; and whets for use:  
 'Tis thought's exchange, which like th' alternate push  
 Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,  
 And defecates the students standing pool. 380  
 'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;  
 As exercise, for salutary rest.  
 By that untutor'd, contemplation raves  
 A lunar prince; or famish'd beggar dies;  
 And nature's fool, by wisdom's is outdone.

WISDOM, tho' richer than Peruvian mines,  
 And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,  
 What is she, but the means of happiness?  
 That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool.  
 Friendship the means, and friendship richly gives 390  
 The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.  
 Nature in zeal for human amity,  
 Denies, or damps an undivided joy:  
 Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;  
 Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pluck'd by one.  
 Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give  
 To social man true relish of himself.  
 Celestial happiness, whene'er she stoops  
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,  
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends 400  
 For absent heaven,—the bosom of a friend;



Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,  
 Each other's pillow to repose divine.  
 Beware the counterfeit; in passion's flame  
 Hearts melt; but melt like ice, soon harder froze.  
 True love strikes root in reason; passion's foe:  
 Virtue alone entenders us for ever.  
 Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair  
 Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,  
 And, emulously, rapid in her race, 410  
 This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,  
 And gives the rivet of eternity.

But for whom blossoms this *elysian* flower?  
 Tho' choice of follies fasten on the great,  
 None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond  
 That sacred friendship is their easy prey;  
 Caught by the wafture of a golden lure;  
 Or fascination of a high-born smile.  
 Can gold gain friendship? impudence of hope!  
 As well meer man an angel might beget. 420  
 Love, and love only, is the loan for love.  
 Delusive pride repress; nor hope to find  
 A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.  
 All like the purchase, few the price will pay;  
 And this makes friends such miracles below.

I shew thee friendship delicate, as dear;  
 Of tender violations apt to die!  
 Reserve will wound it; and distrust destroy.  
 Deliberate on all things with thy friend;  
 But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough, 430

First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself:  
Judge before friendship; then confide till death.  
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee.  
A friend is worth all hazards we can run:  
“Poor is the friendless master of a world:  
“A world in purchase for a friend is gain.”

So sung Philander, O! cordial warmth,  
And elevating spirit, of a friend,  
For twenty summers ripening by my side;  
All feculence of falshood long thrown down; 440  
All social virtues rising in his soul;  
As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!  
On earth how lost! Philander is no more.  
How blessings brighten as they take their flight,  
His flight Philander took; it were profane  
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,  
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.  
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,  
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung;  
Man’s highest triumph! man’s profoundest fall! 450  
The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn  
By mortal hand; it merits a divine:  
Angels should paint it, angels ever there;  
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate  
Is privileg’d beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.  
Fly, ye profane! or else draw near with awe,  
For, here, resistless demonstration dwells;

Here tir'd dissimulation drops her masque, 460  
 Here real, and apparent, are the same.  
 You see the man; you see his hold on heaven:  
 Heaven waits not the last moment, owns its friends  
 On this side death; and points them out to men;  
 A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r,  
 To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace!

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,  
 Virtue alone has majesty in death;  
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.  
 Philander! he severely frown'd on thee, 470  
 "No warning given! unceremonious fate!  
 "A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!  
 "A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque  
 "Beyond conjecture! feeble nature's dread!  
 "Strong reason's shudder at the dark unknown!  
 "A sun extinguish'd! a just opening grave!  
 "And Oh! the last, last; what? (can words express?  
 "Thought reach?) the last, last—silence of a friend!"

Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies, 480  
 Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom,  
 What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!  
 Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?  
 No, not in death, the mortal to be found.  
 His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,  
 With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields  
 His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.  
 How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!  
 Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man?

His God sustains him in his final hour! 490  
His final hour brings glory to his God?  
Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call its own.  
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!  
Christians adore! and infidels believe.  
At that black hour, which general horror sheds  
On the low level of th' inglorious throng,  
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble joy,  
Divinely beam on his exalted soul;  
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies.  
Life, take thy chance; but Oh for such an end! 500

THE END OF THE SECOND NIGHT.

## Notes on Night II.

<u>Line</u>	
3	<i>Clarion</i> —Trumpet
6	<i>Fortitude</i> —Courage
10	<i>Themes</i> —Subjects
17	<i>Temporary</i> —Lasting but for a time
26 <sup>13</sup>	<i>Insidious</i> —Lying in wait
28 <sup>14</sup>	<i>Inexorable</i> —That cannot be moved
39	<i>Reluctant</i> —Unwilling
43	<i>Vernal suns</i> —Sun-shining days in the spring
90	<i>Pregnant</i> —Full of
109	<i>Atlas</i> —Is a chain of mountains in Afric, supposed to bear up the skies
121 <sup>15</sup>	<i>Explore</i> —Search out
171	<i>Orb</i> —Circle
174	<i>Revolving spheres</i> —Stars rolling round
183	<i>Chaos</i> —The deep, without form and void
185	<i>Rapid</i> —Swift
191	<i>Parian</i> —Marble
199	<i>Favonius</i> —The west-wind
211	<i>Minutes</i> —Sets down
212	<i>Diary</i> —An account of every day
218	<i>Delinquent</i> —Sinner
227	<i>Ardent</i> —Earnest, violent
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Energy</i> —Powerful working
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Supinely</i> —Carelessly
229	<i>Irreversible</i> —That cannot be recalled

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<sup>13</sup>Ori., “27”; a misprint.

<sup>14</sup>Ori., “29”; a misprint.

<sup>15</sup>Ori., “110”; a misprint.

Line

249	<i>Clemencies</i> —Mercies
260	<i>The Parthians</i> —Used to shoot backward at their pursuers
266	<i>Embruted</i> —Turned into brutal
269	<i>Elevate</i> —Raised above all things else
275	<i>Escutcheon'd</i> —As it were hung round with scutcheons, tokens of death
289	<i>Disembogues</i> —Throws out again
317	<i>Despotic</i> —Sovereign
322	<i>Portentous</i> —Ominous, foreboding evil
323	<i>The Assyrian</i> —Belshazzar: Dan. v. 5.
331	<i>That solar shadow</i> —That shadow on the sun-dial
337	<i>A gnomon</i> is the hand of a dial
340	<i>Sedentary</i> —Which seems not to move
352	<i>Similar</i> —Like
358	<i>Conflict</i> —Dispute
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Latent</i> —Hidden
359	<i>Recluse</i> —One that lives by himself
367	<i>Mixt nectar</i> —A delicious mixture
370	<i>Criterion</i> —Test, touchstone
380	<i>Defecates</i> —Clears from mud
382	<i>Salutary</i> —Wholesome
384	<i>Lunar</i> —Imaginary
386	<i>Peruvian mines</i> —Gold-mines
392	<i>Amity</i> —Friendship
396	<i>Auxiliars</i> —Helpers
397	<i>The social man</i> —The man joined with others
399	<i>Shrine</i> —Temple
410	<i>Emulously</i> —Vying with each other
413	<i>Elysian</i> —Heavenly
418	<i>Fascination</i> —Witchcraft

Line

421 *The loan*—The thing given in exchange  
436 *In purchase for*—Given to purchase  
440 *Feculence*—Dregs  
472 *Meridian*—Highest  
480 *Vanquish'd*—Conquered

**Night the Fourth.**

**The Christian Triumph.**

How deep implanted in the breast of man  
The dread of death! I sing its sov'reign cure.

Why start at death? where is he? death arriv'd,  
Is past: not come, or gone, he's never here.  
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man  
Receives, not suffers death's tremendous blow.  
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;  
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;  
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,  
The terrors of the living, not the dead. 10  
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,  
Man makes a death, which nature never made;  
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;  
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

But was death frightful, what has age to fear?  
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,  
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.  
I scarce can meet a monument but holds  
My younger; every date cries—"Come away."  
And what recalls me? look the world around, 20



And tell me what: the wisest cannot tell.  
 Should any born of woman give his thought  
 Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field;  
 Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;  
 Flaws in the best; the many, flaw all o'er,  
 As leopards spotted, or as Æthiops, dark;  
 Vivacious ill; good dying immature;  
 And at its death bequeathing endless pain;  
 His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight,  
 And spend itself in sighs, for future scenes.

30

But grant to life some perquisites of joy;  
 A time there is, when like a thrice-told tale,  
 Long rifled life of sweet can yield no more,  
 But from our comment on the comedy,  
 Pleasing reflections on parts well-sustain'd,  
 Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd,  
 Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,  
 When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,  
 And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

With me, that time is come; my world is dead;  
 A new world rises, and new manners reign:  
 What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze,  
 And I at them; my neighbour is unknown.

40

\* Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid  
 My heart at rest beneath this humble shed.  
 The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,  
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;  
 Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,

I hear the tumult of the distant throng,  
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms; 50  
 And meditate on scenes, more silent still;  
 Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.  
 \*\* Here, like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,  
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,  
 Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;  
 I see the circling hunt of noisy men  
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,  
 Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;  
 As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;  
 Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all. 60

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?  
 What, tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?  
 Earth's highest station ends in "here he lies,"  
 And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.  
 If this song lives, posterity shall know  
 One, tho' in Britain born, with courtiers bred,  
 Who thought even gold might come a day too late;  
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plan'd his scheme  
 For future vacancies in church, or state;  
 Some avocation deeming it—to die; 70  
 Unbit by rage canine of dying rich;  
 Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.

\* O my coevals! remnants of yourselves!  
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!  
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,  
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,  
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?

Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,  
 Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?  
 With avarice, and convulsions grasping hard? 80  
 Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?  
 Man wants but little; nor that little, long;  
 How soon must he resign his very dust;  
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour?  
 Years unexperienc'd rush on numerous ills;  
 And soon as man, expert from time, has found  
 The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,  
 And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,  
 Firmer in health, and greener in their age, 90  
 And stricter on their guard, and fitter far  
 To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe  
 I still survive; and am I fond of life,  
 Who scarce can think it possible, I live?  
 Alive by miracle! if still alive,  
 Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,  
 Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.  
 \* Life's lee is not more shallow, than impure,  
 And vapid; sense, and reason, show the door,  
 Call for my bier, and point me to the dust. 100

\*\* O thou great arbiter of life and death!  
 Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!  
 Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth  
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay  
 The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath  
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,

To drink the spirit of the golden day,  
 And triumph in existence; and couldst know  
 No motive, but my bliss; with Abraham's joy,  
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown: 110  
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;  
 Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs,  
 All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

Tho' nature's terrors, thus, may be repress;  
 Still frowns grim death; guilt points the tyrant's spear.  
 Who can appease its anguish? how it burns?  
 What hand the barb'd, envenom'd, thought can draw?  
 What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,  
 And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?

With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I see; 120  
 Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high!  
 On high?—what means my frenzy? I blaspheme;  
 Alas! how low! how far beneath the skies!  
 The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—  
 But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it *bleeds*:  
 Draw the dire steel—ah no!—the dreadful blessing  
 What heart or can sustain? or dares forego?  
 There hangs all human hope: that nail supports  
 Our falling universe: that gone, we drop;  
 Horror receives us, and the dismal wish 130  
 Creation had been smother'd in her birth.  
 \* Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust,  
 When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!  
 In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?  
 O what a groan was there? a groan not his,  
 He seiz'd our dreadful right, the load sustain'd,

And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.  
A thousand worlds so bought, were bought too dear,  
Sensations new in angels bosoms rise!  
Suspend their song; and silence is in heaven. 140

O for their song to reach my lofty theme!  
Inspire me, night, with all thy tuneful spheres!  
Much rather, thou! who dost those spheres inspire;  
Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous, power!  
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!  
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;  
And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night,  
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!  
In love immense, inviolably just! 150

O'er guilt, (how mountainous!) with outstretch'd arms,  
Stern justice, and soft-smiling love, embrace,  
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,  
When seem'd its majesty to need support,  
Or that, or man inevitably lost.  
What, but the fathomless of thought divine  
Could labour such expedient from despair,  
And rescue both? both rescue! both exalt!  
O how are both exalted by the deed!  
A wonder in omnipotence itself! 160  
A mystery, no less to gods than men!

Not, thus, our infidels th' eternal draw,  
A god all o'er, consummate, absolute,  
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays compleat:

They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;  
 And, with one excellence another wound;  
 Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,  
 Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,  
 Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise;  
 A god all mercy, is a god unjust. 170

Ye brainless wits, ye baptiz'd infidels,  
 The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven,  
 Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,  
 All price beyond: tho' curious to compute,  
 Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:  
 Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,  
 For ever hides, and glows in the supreme.

And was the ransom paid? it was: and paid  
 (What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.  
 The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene 180  
 Drove back his chariot; midnight veil'd his face;  
 Not such as this; not such as nature makes;  
 A midnight, nature shudder'd to behold;  
 A midnight new! from her Creator's frown!  
 Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start  
 At that enormous load of human guilt,  
 Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross,  
 Made groan the center; burst earth's marble womb,  
 With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead:  
 Hell howl'd; and heav'n, that hour, let fall a tear; 190  
 Heav'n wept, that man might smile! heaven bled, that man  
 Might never die!—

What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?  
 Such contemplations mount us; and should mount  
 The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,  
 Unraptur'd, uninflam'd—where roll my thoughts  
 To rest from wonders? how my soul is caught!  
 Heav'n's sovereign blessings clust'ring from the cross,  
 Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,  
 The prisoner of amaze!—in his blest life, 200  
 I see the path, and in his death, the price,  
 And in his great ascent the proof supreme  
 Of immortality.—And did he rise?  
 Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!  
 He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.  
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,  
 And give the King of Glory to come in!  
 Who is the King of Glory? he who left  
 His throne of glory, for the pang of death:  
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, 210  
 And give the King of Glory to come in!  
 Who is the King of Glory? he who slew  
 The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!  
 The King of Glory, he, whose glory fill'd  
 Heaven with amazement at his love to man;  
 And with divine complacency beheld  
 Powers most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?  
 Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!  
 Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and heaven! 220

This sum of good to man: whose nature, then,  
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!  
 Then, then, I rose; then first humanity  
 Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,  
 And seiz'd eternal youth. Mortality  
 Was then transfer'd to death; then heaven's duration  
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,  
 This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal! hail;  
 Hail, heaven! all-lavish of strange gifts to man!  
 Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss. 230

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,  
 On Christian joy's exulting wing, above  
 Th' Aonian mount?—alas small cause for joy!  
 What if to pain, immortal? if extent  
 Of being, to preclude a close of woe?  
 Where, then, my boast of immortality?  
 I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt;  
 For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd.  
 'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;  
 Nor that, unless his death can justify 240  
 Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.  
 If sick of folly, I relent; he writes  
 My name in heaven, with that inverted spear  
 (A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,  
 And open'd there a font for all mankind  
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:  
 This, only this subdues the fear of death.

And what is this?—survey the wond'rous cure:  
 And at each step, let higher wonder rise!  
 "Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon 250



“Thro’ means that speak its value infinite!  
“A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!  
“With blood divine of him I made my foe;  
“Persisted to provoke! tho’ woo’d, and aw’d,  
“Blest, and chastiz’d, a flagrant rebel still!  
“A rebel ’midst the thunders of his throne!  
“Nor I alone! a rebel universe!  
“My species up in arms! not one exempt!  
“Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies.”

Bound every heart! and every bosom burn! 260  
Oh what a scale of miracles is here!  
Its lowest round, high-planted on the skies;  
Its tow’ring summit lost beyond the thought  
Of man, or angel: Oh that I could climb  
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!  
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven  
More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific’d;  
And all her spicy mountains, in a flame.

From courts, and thrones return, apostate praise!  
Thou prostitute! to thy first love return, 270  
Thy first, thy greatest, once, unrivall’d theme.  
Back to thy fountain; to that parent power,  
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,  
The soul to be. Men homage pay to men,  
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow,  
In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,  
Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on thee,  
Great Sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing.  
Oh the presumption, of man’s awe for man!  
Man’s Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge! 280

Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of night,  
 With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:  
 What night eternal, but a frown from thee?  
 What, heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile?  
 And shall not praise be thine? not human praise,  
 While heaven's high host on *hallelujahs* live?

Oh may I breathe no longer, than I breathe  
 My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,  
 And all her infinite of prospect fair,  
 Cut thro' the shades of hell, great love! by thee! 290  
 Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should end?  
 Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!  
 How is night's sable mantle labour'd o'er,  
 How richly wrought, with attributes divine!  
 What wisdom shines! what love! this midnight pomp,  
 This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd,  
 Built with divine ambition! nought to thee:  
 For others this profusion: thou apart,  
 Above, beyond! Oh tell me, mighty mind,  
 Where art thou? shall I dive into the deep? 300  
 Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds,  
 For their Creator? shall I question loud  
 The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells?  
 Or holds he furious storms in streighten'd reins,  
 And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid carr?

What mean these questions?—trembling I retract;  
 My prostrate soul adores the present God:  
 Praise I a distant deity? he tunes  
 My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sustains;  
 Wrap'd in his being, I resound his praise: 310

But tho' past all diffus'd, without a shore,  
 His essence; local is his throne, (as meet)  
 To gather the disperst, to fix a point,  
 A central point, collective of his sons,  
 Since finite every nature, but his own.

The nameless HE, whose nod is nature's birth;  
 And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand;  
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile;  
 The great First Last! pavilion'd high he sits  
 In darkness, from excessive splendor born. 320  
 His glory, to created glory, bright  
 As that, to central horrors; he looks down  
 On all that soars; and spans immensity.

Down to the center should I send my thought,  
 Thro' beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,  
 Their beggar'd blaze, wants lustre for my lay;  
 Goes out in darkness: if, on tow'ring wing,  
 I send it thro' the boundless vault of stars;  
 The stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to *thee*,  
 Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King? 330  
 If of those conscious stars thy throne around,  
 Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss,  
 I ask their strain; they want it, more they want;  
 Languid their energy, their ardour cold,  
 Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;  
 Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.

Still more—this theme is man's, and man's alone;  
 Their vast appointments reach it not; they see  
 On earth a bounty, not indulg'd on high;

And downward look for heaven's superior praise 340  
 First-born of æther! high in fields of light!  
 View man, to see the glory of your God!  
 You sung creation, (for in that you shar'd)  
 How rose in melody, the child of love!  
*Creation's* great superior, man! is thine;  
 Thine is redemption; eternize the song!  
 Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;  
 Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;  
 Far more than labour—it was death in heaven. 349

Here pause, and ponder: was there death in heaven?  
 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 pigmy tow'rs!  
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust!  
 How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!  
 How voided his vast distance from the skies!  
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing!  
 How this demonstrates, thro' the thickest cloud  
 Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heaven!  
 The double son; the made, and the re-made! 360  
 And shall heaven's double property be lost?  
 Man's double madness only can destroy him,  
 To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all;  
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace:  
 Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?  
 O ye! who from this Rock of Ages, leap  
 Disdainful, plunging headlong in the abyss!  
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong,  
 Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,

Our interest in the Master of the storm! 370  
Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins smile;  
While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

Man! know thyself; all wisdom centers there.  
To none man seems ignoble, but to man;  
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:  
How long shall human nature be their book,  
Degenerate mortal! and unread by thee?  
The beam dim reason sheds shows wonders there;  
What high contents! illustrious faculties!  
But the grand comment which displays at full 380  
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,  
By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the cross!

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself  
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?  
A glorious partner with the deity  
In that high attribute, immortal life!  
I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting soul  
Catches strange fire, eternity! at thee.

He, the great Father! kindled at one flame  
The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd 390  
From spirits awful fountain; pour'd himself  
Thro' all their souls; but not in equal stream:  
Profuse, or frugal of th' inspiring God,  
As his wise plan demanded; and when past  
Their various trials, in their various spheres,  
If they continue rational, as made,  
Resorbs them all into himself again;  
His throne their center, and his smile their crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing?  
 \* Angels are men of a superior kind; 400  
 Angels are men in lighter habit clad,  
 High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;  
 And men are angels, loaded for an hour,  
 Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,  
 And slippery step, the bottom of the steep:  
 Yet summon'd to the glorious standard soon,  
 Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies.

Religion's all. Descending from its sire  
 To wretched man, the goddess in her left  
 Holds out this world, and in her right, the next: 410  
 Religion! the sole voucher man is man;  
 Supporter sole of man above himself.  
 \* Religion! providence; an after-state!  
 Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;  
 This can support us; all is sea besides;  
 Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.  
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,  
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;  
 And groaning Calvary of thee! there shine 420  
 The noblest truths; there strongest motives sting!  
 Can love allure us? or can terror awe?  
 He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;  
 He sighs!—the sigh, earth's deep foundation shakes.  
 If, in his love, so terrible, what then  
 His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?  
 \* Can prayer, can praise avert it?—thou, my all!

My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!  
 My strength in age! my rise in low estate!  
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world! 430  
 My light in darkness! and my life in death!  
 My boast thro' time! bliss thro' eternity!  
 Eternity too short to speak thy praise,  
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man!

\* O how omnipotence is lost in love!  
 Father of angels! but the friend of man!  
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand  
 From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!  
 How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress!  
 To make us groan beneath our gratitude, 440  
 To challenge, and to distance, all return!  
 Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,  
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale!  
 But since the naked will obtains thy smile,  
 Beneath this monument of praise unpaid,  
 For ever lie intomb'd my fear of death,  
 And dread of every evil, but thy frown.

\* Oh for an humbler heart, and loftier song!  
 Thou, my much injur'd-theme! with that soft eye  
 Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look 450  
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast;  
 And pardon to the winter in my strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists!  
 On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;  
 Shall heaven which gave us ardor, and has shewn  
 Its own for man so strongly, not disdain

What smooth emollients in theology,  
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,  
 That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?  
 Rise odours sweet from incense uninflam'd? 460  
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout.

Oh when will death, (now stingless) like a friend,  
 Admit me of that choir? Oh when will death,  
 This mould'ring, old, partition-wall thrown down,  
 Give beings, one in nature, one abode?  
 Oh death divine! that gives us to the skies.  
 Great future! glorious patron of the past,  
 And present, when shall I thy shrine adore?  
 From nature's continent, immensely wide,  
 Immensely blest, this little isle of life 470  
 Divides us. Happy day, that breaks our chain;  
 And re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand  
 Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne;  
 Who hears our Advocate, and thro' his wounds  
 Beholding man, allows that tender name.  
 'Tis this makes Christian triumph, a command:  
 'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?  
 Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds  
 On gazing nations, from his fiery train 480  
 Of length enormous; takes his ample round  
 Thro' depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,  
 Of more than solar glory; doubles wide  
 Heaven's mighty cape, and then revisits earth,  
 From the long travel of a thousand years.



Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return  
 He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze;  
 And with him all our triumph o'er the tomb.

\* Nature is dumb on this important point:  
 Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes: 490  
 Faith speaks aloud, distinct; even adders hear,  
 But turn, and dart into the dark again.  
 Faith builds a bridge across the gulph of death,  
 To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,<sup>16</sup>  
 And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.  
 Death's terror is the mountain faith removes;  
 That mountain-barrier between man and peace:  
 'Tis faith disarms destruction; and absolves  
 From every clamorous charge, the guiltless tomb.

Why shouldst thou disbelieve?—"Tis reason bids,  
 "All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still; 500  
 Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame.  
 Reason! my heart is thine: deep in its folds,  
 Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.  
 My reason rebaptiz'd me, when adult;  
 Weighed true and false in her impartial scale;  
 And made that choice, which once was but my fate.  
 Reason pursued is faith: and unpursu'd  
 Where proof invites, 'tis reason then no more;  
 And such our proof, that, or our faith is right, 510  
 Or reason lies, and heaven design'd it wrong:  
 Absolve we this? what then is blasphemy?

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<sup>16</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.

Fond as we are, and justly fond of faith,  
 Reason, we grant, demands our first regard,  
 The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear:  
 Reason the root, fair faith is but the flow'r;  
 The fading flower shall die; but reason lives  
 Immortal, as her Father in the skies.

Wrong not the Christian, think not reason yours:

'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear;

520

'Tis reason's injur'd rights his wrath resents.

\* Believe, and show the reason of a man;

Believe, and taste the pleasure of a god;

Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:

Thro' reason's wounds alone, thy faith can die;

Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,

And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

\* Learn hence what honours due, to those, who push  
 Our antidote aside; those friends to reason,

Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves,

530

Death's terror heighten'd gnawing on his heart.

Those pompous sons of reason idoliz'd,

And vilify'd at once; of reason dead,

Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old.

While love of truth thro' all their camp resounds,

They draw pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,

Spike up their inch of reason, on the point

Of philosophic wit, call'd argument,

And then exulting in their taper, cry,

"Behold the sun:" and Indian-like, adore.

540

\*\* Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding love!  
Thou Maker of new morals to mankind!  
The grand morality is love of thee.]  
A Christian is the highest stile of man.  
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off  
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?  
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:  
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,  
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?

Ye sold to sense, ye citizens of earth, 550  
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)  
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain?  
\* Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:  
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,  
"And says, he call'd another; that arrives,  
"Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;  
"Till one calls him, who varies not his call,  
"But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,  
"Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free;  
"A freedom, far less welcome than his chain." 560

But grant man happy; grant him happy long;  
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;  
That hour so late, comes on in full career;  
\*\* How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud!  
Where is the fable of thy former years?  
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from thee  
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,  
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;

Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly tis gone;  
 And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd 570  
 By strides as swift: eternity is all;  
 And whose eternity? who triumphs there?  
 Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!  
 For ever basking in the deity!

\* Conscience reply, O give it leave to speak;  
 For it will speak ere long. O hear it now,  
 While useful its advice, its accent mild.  
 Truth is deposited with man's last hour;  
 An honest hour, and faithful to her trust.  
 Truth, eldest daughter of the deity; 580  
 Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds,  
 Nor less when he shall judge the worlds he made,  
 Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,  
 Than from her cavern in the soul's abyss,  
 The goddess bursts in thunder and in flame.  
 "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

THE END OF THE FOURTH NIGHT.

## Notes on Night IV.

Line

27	<i>Vivacious</i> —Living long
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Immature</i> —Untimely
37	<i>Plaudits</i> —Commendations
38	<i>Exit</i> —Going out of the body
57	<i>Mounds</i> —Fences
70	<i>Avocation</i> —Respite from business
71	<i>Rage canine</i> —Mad, furious
73	<i>Coevals</i> —Equal in age
97	<i>Energy</i> —Strength
99	<i>Vapid</i> —Dead, insipid
101	<i>Arbiter</i> —Disposer
102	<i>Immaterial</i> —Spiritual
103	<i>All-prolific</i> —Producing all things
108	<i>Existence</i> —Being
117	<i>A barbed arrow</i> is one made like a fish-hook, so that it cannot be drawn out
121	<i>Conspicuous</i> —Easy to be seen
163	<i>Consummate</i> —Perfect
169	<i>Opprobrious</i> —Reproachful
213	<i>Gorged</i> —Devoured
224	<i>Ports</i> —Gates
233	<i>Aonian-mount</i> —The mount of the muses
261 <sup>17</sup>	<i>A scale of miracles</i> —Miracles rising one above another

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<sup>17</sup>Ori., “262”; a misprint.

Line

298 <sup>18</sup>	<i>Profusion</i> —Vast plenty
309	<i>The nerve</i> —The hand
311	<i>Diffused</i> —Spread abroad
312	<i>Local</i> —Fixt in one place
319	<i>Pavilion'd</i> —As in a pavilion or tent
320	<i>Splendor</i> —Brightness
331	<i>Conscious stars</i> —Angels
332	<i>Imbibing</i> —Drinking in
341	<i>First-born</i> —Ye angels
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Æther</i> —Heaven
353	<i>A medium</i> is any thing thro' which something is seen
379	<i>Illustrious faculties</i> —Glorious powers
390	<i>Rationals</i> —Reasonable creatures
397	<i>Resorbs</i> —Receives again
427	<i>Avert</i> —Turn away
434	<i>Profound</i> —Depth
442	<i>Stupendous</i> —Amazing
450	<i>Salem</i> —Jerusalem
457	<i>Emollients in theology</i> —Softners in divinity
458	<i>Recumbent</i> —Lolling on the cushion
469	<i>Continent</i> —Main-land
490	<i>Precarious</i> —Uncertain
504	<i>Adult</i> —Grown up
529	<i>Antidote</i> <sup>19</sup> —Counterpoison
534	<i>Deified</i> —Worshipt as a god
578	<i>Deposited</i> —Laid up

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<sup>18</sup>Ori., “276”; a misprint.

<sup>19</sup>Ori., “Antitode”; a misprint.

**Night the Fifth.**

**The Relapse.**

No guilty passion blown into a flame,  
No rainbow colours, here, or silken tale;  
But solemn counsels, images of awe,  
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man  
With double weight, through these revolving spheres,  
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade.  
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;  
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires:  
And thy dark pencil, midnight! darker still  
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

10

O thou! blest Spirit! whether, the supreme,  
Great antemundane Father! in whose breast  
Embryo-creation, unborn being dwelt,  
Whose breath can blow it into nought again;  
Or, from his throne some delegated pow'r,

Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought  
 From vain, and vile, to solid, and sublime!  
 Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts  
 Of inspiration; nor is yet allay'd  
 My sacred thirst; though long my soul has rang'd 20  
 Through pleasing paths of moral, and divine,  
 By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.

Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond  
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:  
 Darkness has more divinity for me:  
 It strikes thought inward, it drives back the soul  
 To settle on herself, our point supreme!  
 There lies our theatre; there sits our judge.  
 \* Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;  
 'Tis the kind hand of providence stretcht out 30  
 'Twixt man, and vanity; 'tis reason's reign,  
 And virtue's too; these tutelary shades  
 Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.

\* Virtue for ever frail, as fair below,  
 Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,  
 Nor touches on the world, without a stain:  
 The world's infectious; few bring back at eve  
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.  
 Something we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,  
 Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns again. 40  
 Each salutation may slide in a sin  
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.  
 Nor is it strange, light, motion, concourse, noise,  
 All, scatter us abroad; thought outward bound,



Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off  
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,  
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,  
And acts with double force, by few repell'd. 50  
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain  
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;  
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;  
And inhumanity is caught from man;  
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,  
And shot at random, often has brought home  
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,  
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.

\* We see, we hear with peril; safety dwells  
Remote from multitude; the world's a school 60  
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!  
We must or imitate, or disapprove;  
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;  
That stains our innocence; this wounds our peace.  
From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been smit  
With sweet recess, and languisht for the shade.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?  
'Tis the felt presence of the deity.  
Few are the faults we flatter when alone:  
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,  
And looks, like other objects, black by night. 70  
By night an athiest half-believes a god.

\* Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;  
The conscious moon, through every distant age,  
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall  
On contemplation's eye, her purging ray.  
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste  
Of murder'd time: auspicious midnight, hail!  
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,  
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n,  
Here the soul sits in council, ponders past, 80  
Predestines future action; sees, not feels,  
Tumultuous life; and reasons with the storm;  
All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.

What are we? how unequal? now we soar,  
And now we sink: how dearly pays the soul  
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay!  
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds  
The blush of weakness, to the bane of woe.  
\* The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,  
In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms, 90  
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly.

\* Tis vain to seek in men, for more than man:]  
Tho' proud in promise, big in previous thought,  
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,  
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,  
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,  
And call'd mankind to glory, down I rush,  
In sorrow drown'd.—But not, in sorrow, lost.  
\* How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd!  
I dive for precious pearl, in sorrow's stream: 100

Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves;  
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,  
(Inestimable gain!) and gives heaven leave  
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else  
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)  
Grief, more proficient in thy school are made,  
Than genius, or proud learning, e'er could boast.  
Voracious learning, often over-fed,  
Digests not into sense her motley meal. 110  
This forager on others wisdom, leaves  
Her native-farm, her reason quite untill'd:  
With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,  
Dung'd, but not drest; and rich to beggary:  
A pomp untameable of weed prevails:  
Her servant's wealth encumber'd wisdom mourns.

And what says genius? "Let the dull be wise."  
It pleads exemption from the laws of sense;  
Considers reason as a leveller,  
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd. 120  
That wise it could be, thinks an ample claim  
To glory, and to pleasure gives the rest.  
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals weep.  
When sorrow wounds the breast, as plows the glebe,  
And hearts obdurate feel her softning shower:  
Her seed celestial, then, glad wisdom sows,  
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.

If so, I'll gain by my calamity,  
 And reap rich compensation from my pain. 130  
 I'll range the plenteous, intellectual field;  
 And gather every thought of sovereign power,  
 To chase the moral maladies of man;  
 Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,  
 Tho' natives of this coarse penurious soil,  
 Nor wholly wither there, where seraphs sing;  
 Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in heaven.

Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice descend?  
 "Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;  
 "Why men decline it; suicide's foul birth; 140  
 "The various kinds of grief; the faults of age;  
 "And death's dread character—invite my song.<sup>[1]</sup>

And first, th' importance of our end survey'd.  
 Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief;  
 Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal too soon.  
 Are they more kind than he who struck the blow?  
 Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,  
 And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,  
 And bring it back, a true, and endless peace?  
 Calamities are friends: as glaring day 150  
 Of these unnumbered lustres robs<sup>20</sup> our sight;  
 Prosperity puts out unnumbered thoughts  
 Of import high, and light divine to man.

\* The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,  
 (Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)  
 Is led by choice to take his favourite walk,

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<sup>20</sup>Ori., "robes"; likely a misprint.

Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,  
 Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray;  
 To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,  
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!] 160  
 Lorenzo! read with me Narcissa's stone;  
 Few orators so tenderly can touch  
 The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the date!  
 Apt words can strike, and yet in them we see  
 Faint images of what we here enjoy.  
 What cause have we to build on length of life?  
 Temptations seize, when fear is laid asleep;  
 And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, truth sallies on my soul,  
 And puts delusion's dusky train to flight; 170  
 Dispels the mists our sultry passions raise,  
 And shews the real estimate of things,  
 Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;  
 Pulls off the veil from virtue's rising charms;  
 Detects temptation in a thousand lies,  
 \*\* Truth bids me look on men, as autumn's leaves,  
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,  
 Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,  
 I widen my horizon, gain new powers,  
 See things invisible, feel things remote, 180  
 Am present with futurities; think nought  
 To man so foreign, as the joys possess,  
 Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.

No folly keeps its colour in her sight:  
 Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms,

How differ worldly wisdom, and divine?  
 Just as the waning, and the waxing moon.  
 More empty worldly wisdom every day;  
 And every day more fair her rival shines.  
 But soon our term for wisdom is expir'd, 190  
 And everlasting fool is writ in fire,  
 Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.

\* What grave prescribes the best?—a friend's; and yet  
 From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage,  
 Even to the dearest, as his marble, cold!  
 Why are friends ravisht from us? 'tis to bind,  
 By soft affection's tyes, on human hearts,  
 The thought of death, which reason too supine,  
 Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.  
 Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both 200  
 Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts<sup>21</sup> of the world.  
 Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!  
 Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!  
 And to forget it, the chief aim of life;  
 Tho' well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

Is death, that ever threatning, ne'er remote,  
 That all important, and that only sure,  
 (Come when he will) an unexpected guest?  
 Nay, tho' invited by the loudest calls  
 Of blind imprudence, unexpected still? 210  
 Tho' num'rous messengers are sent before  
 To warn his great arrival. What the cause,

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<sup>21</sup>Ori., "withcrafts"; a misprint.

The wond'rous cause, of this mysterious ill?  
All heaven looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it, that life has sown her joys so thick,  
We can't thrust in a single care between?  
Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,  
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?  
Is it, that time steals on with downy feet,  
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream? 220  
To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;  
We take the lying sister for the same.  
Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook;  
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.  
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:  
To the same life none ever twice awoke.  
We call the brook the same; the same we think  
Our life, tho' still more rapid in its flow;  
Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,  
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say 230  
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)<sup>22</sup>  
That life is like a vessel on the stream?  
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide  
Of time descend, but not on time intent;  
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;  
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;  
We start, awake, look out; our bark is burst.

Is this the cause death flies all human thought?  
Or is it, judgment by the will struck blind,  
That domineering mistress of the soul! 240  
Or is it fear turns startled reason back,  
From looking down a precipice so steep?

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<sup>22</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.

'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,  
 By nature conscious of the make of man.  
 A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,  
 A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.  
 By that unaw'd, man, on each pique of pride,  
 Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,  
 Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,  
 And marr the schemes of providence below. 250

What groan was that! there took her gloomy flight,  
 On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,  
 Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.  
 Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,  
 So call'd, so thought—and then he fled the field.  
 Less base the fear of death, than<sup>23</sup> fear of life.  
 O Britain! infamous for suicide;  
 An island in thy manners! far disjoin'd  
 From the whole world of rationals beside,  
 In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head, 260  
 Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause  
 Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,  
 And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.  
 Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;  
 Immoral climes kind nature never made.  
 The cause I sing, in Eden might prevail,  
 And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.

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<sup>23</sup>Ori., "then"; a misprint.



The soul of man (let man in homage bow  
 Who names his soul) a native of the skies! 270  
 High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,  
 Unsold, unmortgag'd 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 some reject this sustenance divine; 280  
 To beggarly vile appetites descend;  
 Ask alms of earth, for guests that came from heaven;  
 Sink into slaves; and sell, for present hire,  
 Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)  
 Their native freedom, to the prince who sways  
 This nether world. And when his payments fail,  
 When his foul<sup>24</sup> basket gorges them no more;  
 Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full,  
 Are, instantly, with wild demoniac rage,  
 For breaking all the chains of providence, 290  
 And bursting their confinement; tho' fast barr'd  
 By laws divine and human; guarded strong  
 With horrors doubled to defend the pass,  
 The blackest nature, or dire guilt can raise;  
 And moated round with fathomless destruction,  
 Sure to receive, and overwhelm them in their fall.

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<sup>24</sup>Ori., "full"; likely a misprint; restored to Young's original.

Such, Britons! is the cause, to you unknown,  
 Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,  
 Thus, criminals themselves. I grant the deed  
 Is madness; but the madness of the heart. 300  
 And what is that? our utmost bound of guilt.  
 A sensual, unreflecting life is big  
 With monstrous births, and suicide, to crown  
 The black infernal brood. The bold to break  
 Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush  
 Thro' sacred nature's murder, on their own,  
 Because they never think of death, they die.  
 \* When by the bed of languishment we sit,  
 Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,  
 Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head, 310  
 Number their moments, and in ev'ry clock,  
 Start at the voice of an eternity;  
 See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift  
 An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,  
 Then sink again, and quiver into death.  
 (That most pathetic herald of our own;)<sup>25</sup>  
 How read we such sad scenes? as sent to man  
 In perfect vengeance? no; in pity sent,  
 To melt him down, like wax, and then impress  
 Indelible, death's image on his heart; 320  
 Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.  
 We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile:  
 The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.  
 Our quick returning folly cancels all:  
 As the tide rushing rases what is writ  
 In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

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<sup>25</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.

Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?  
Or studied the philosophy of tears?  
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,  
And seen their source? if not, descend with me, 330  
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

Our funeral tears, from different causes, rise:  
Of various kinds, they flow. From tender hearts,  
By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,  
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.  
Some, ask more time, by curious art distill'd.  
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,  
Struck by the public eye, gush out amain.  
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,  
So high in merit, and to them so dear: 340  
They dwell on praises, which they think they share.  
Some mourn in proof that something they could love.  
They weep not to relieve their grief, but show.  
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,  
As conscious all their love is in arrear.  
Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,  
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.  
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,  
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek.  
By kind construction some are deem'd to weep, 350  
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earnest; and yet weep in vain;  
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.  
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours  
Tears, that deserve more tears; while reason sleeps

Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd;  
 Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm.  
 They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,  
 And full as short! the cruel grief soon tam'd,  
 They make a pastime of the stingless tale; 360  
 Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread  
 The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.  
 No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.  
 When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,  
 Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;  
 Instead of learning there her true support,  
 She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,  
 The stranger weds, and blossoms as before,  
 In all the fruitless fopperies of life.

So wept Aurelia, till the destin'd youth 370  
 Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,  
 And blanching sables into bridal bloom.  
 Not such, Narcissa! my distress for thee.  
 I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb  
 To sacrifice to wisdom.—What wast thou?  
 “Young, gay and fortunate!” each yields a theme.

And, first, thy youth. What says it to grey hairs?  
 Narcissa, I'm become thy pupil now—  
 Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew  
 She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n. 380  
 Time on this head has snow'd, yet still 'tis borne  
 Aloft; nor thinks but on another's grave.  
 As if, like objects pressing on the sight,  
 Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:

Or, that life's loan time ripen'd into right;  
 And men might plead prescription from the grave;  
 Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.  
 Deathless? far from it! such are dead already;  
 Their hearts are buried, and the world their grave.

\*\* What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants 390  
 The phantom of an age, 'twixt us and death,  
 Already at the door? he knocks, we hear him,  
 And yet we will not hear. What mail defends  
 Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off  
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers  
 Is daily darted, and is daily shun'd?  
 We stand as in a battle, throngs on throngs  
 Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;  
 Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!  
 We see time's furrows on another's brow, 400  
 And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;  
 How few themselves, in that just mirror, see!

Absurd longevity! more, more, it cries:  
 More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind.  
 And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?  
 Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow,  
 While nature is relaxing ev'ry string?  
 Ask thought for joy; grow rich and hoard within.  
 Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease;  
 Has nothing of more manly to succeed? 410  
 Contract the taste immortal; learn even now  
 To relish what alone subsists hereafter:  
 Divine or none, henceforth your joys for ever.

Of age, the glory is to wish to die.  
 That wish is praise and promise; it applauds  
 Past life, and promises our future bliss.  
 What weakness see not children in their sires?  
 Grand-climacterical absurdities!  
 Grey-hair'd authority to faults of youth,  
 How shocking! it makes folly thrice a fool; 420  
 And our first childhood might our last despise.

What folly can be ranker? like our shadows,  
 Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.  
 No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.  
 Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell  
 Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil.  
 Enough to live in tempest; die in port.  
 Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat  
 Defects of judgment; and the will's subdue;  
 Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore 430  
 Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;  
 And put good works on board; and wait the wind  
 That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;  
 If unconsider'd too, a dreadful scene!

All should be prophets to themselves, foresee  
 Their future fate; their future fate foretaste;  
 This art would waste the bitterness of death.  
 The thought of death alone, destroys the fear.  
 A disaffection to that precious thought  
 Is more than midnight darkness on the soul, 440  
 Which sleeps beneath it, on a precipice,  
 Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

But why so warmly hammer'd on thine ear,  
The thought of death? that thought is the machine,  
The grand machine! that heaves us from the dust,  
And rears us into men. That thought ply'd home  
Will gently slope our passage to the grave;  
How warmly to be wisht! what heart of flesh,  
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?  
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? what hand, 450  
Would at a moment give its all to chance,  
And stamp the die for an eternity?  
All accident apart, by nature sign'd,  
My warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet;  
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then forward only look for death?  
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.  
Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year:  
Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.  
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey. 460  
My youth, my noon-tide, his; my yesterday;  
The bold invader shares the present hour.  
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.  
While man is growing, life is in decrease;  
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.  
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;  
As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,  
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?  
If fear we must, let that death turn us pale 470  
Which murders strength, and ardor: what remains

Should rather call on death than dread his call.  
 Ye partners of my fault, and my decline,  
 Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's knell  
 (Rude visitant!) knocks hard at your dull sense,  
 And with its thunder, scarce obtains your ear!  
 Be death your theme, in every place and hour,  
 No longer want, ye monumental sires,  
 A brother tomb to tell you you shall die.  
 That death you dread (so great is nature's skill!) 480  
 Know, you shall court, before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd; in volumes deep you sit;  
 In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance!  
 Learn well to know how much need not be known,  
 And what that knowledge, which impairs your sense.  
 Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,  
 Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;  
 And bids all welcome to the vital feast.  
 You scorn what lies before you in the page  
 Of nature and experience, moral truth; 490  
 And dive in science for distinguisht names,  
 Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.  
 Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords  
 Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout.  
 If you would learn death's character, attend.  
 All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,  
 All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,  
 Together shook in his impartial urn,  
 Come forth at random. Or if choice is made,  
 The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults 500  
 All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.



Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,  
 What smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,  
 And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,  
 To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;  
 The feeble, wrap th' athletic in his shroud;  
 And weeping fathers build their children's tomb;  
 Me thine, Narcissa!—what tho' short thy date?  
 \* Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.  
 That life is long, which answers life's great end. 510  
 The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name:  
 The man of wisdom is the man of years.  
 In hoary youth Methusalems<sup>26</sup> may die,  
 O how misdated on their flattering tombs!

All more than common menaces an end:  
 A blaze betokens brevity of life.  
 To plant the soul on her eternal guard,  
 In awful expectation of our end,  
 Thus runs death's dread commission; "Strike, but so  
 "As most alarms the living by the dead." 520  
 Hence stratagem delights him, and surprize,  
 And cruel sport with man's securities.  
 Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim,  
 And where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.

What are his arts to lay our fears asleep!  
 Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up  
 In deep dissimulation's darkest night.  
 Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,  
 Who travel under cover, death assumes  
 The name, and look of life, and dwells among us. 530

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<sup>26</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he changes to "Methusalas."

Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,  
Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive  
In dimple's deep; love's eddies, which draw in  
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.

Most happy they whom least his arts deceive.  
One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven,  
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

Where is not death? sure as night follows day,  
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,  
When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns, 540  
When, against reason, riot shuts the door,  
And gayety supplies the place of sense.  
Then foremost at the banquet, and the ball,  
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;  
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.  
Gayly carousing to his gay compeers,  
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,  
As absent far: and when the revel burns,  
When fear is banish'd, and triumphant thought  
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon, 550  
Against him turns the key; and bids him sup  
With their progenitors,—he drops his mask,  
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire!

\* Scarce with more sudden terror and surprize,  
From his black masque of nitre, touch'd by fire  
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.]  
And is not this triumphant treachery,  
And more than simple conquest in the fiend?

And now, gay trifler, dost thou wrap thy soul  
 In soft security, because unknown 560  
 Which moment is commission'd to destroy?  
 In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.  
 Is death uncertain? therefore thou be fixt;  
 Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,  
 All expectation of the coming foe.  
 Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,  
 Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,  
 And fate surprize thee nodding. Watch, be strong;  
 Thus give each day the merit, and renown,  
 Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die. 570  
 Nor let life's period hidden (as from most)  
 Hide too from thee, the precious use of life.

Does wealth, with youth, and gaiety conspire  
 To weave a triple wreath of happiness?  
 That shining mark invites the tyrant's spear.  
 As if to damp our elevated aims,  
 And strongly preach humility to man,  
 O how portentous is prosperity!  
 How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!  
 Few years but yield us proof of death's ambition 580  
 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,  
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.  
 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er  
 With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss;  
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,  
 The gaudy center of the public eye;  
 When fortune, thus, has toss'd her child in air,  
 Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,

How often have I seen him dropt at once,  
 Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh! 590  
 As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,  
 The flow'ry wreath, to mark the sacrifice,  
 And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey.

High-fortune seems in cruel league with fate.  
 Ask you for what? to give his war on man  
 The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;  
 Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.

And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?  
 And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin?  
 Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow; 600  
 A blow, which while it executes, alarms;  
 And startles thousands, with a single fall.  
 As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,  
 Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,  
 The sun's defiance! and the flocks defence!  
 By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdued,  
 Loud groans her last, and rushing from her height  
 In cumb'rous ruin, thunders to the ground;  
 The conscious forest trembles at the shock,  
 And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound. 610

THE END OF THE FIFTH NIGHT.

**Notes on Night V.**Line

6	<i>Incumbent</i> —Lying on us
12	<i>Antemundane</i> —Before the world
13	<i>Embryo-creation</i> —Creation yet unborn
15	<i>Delegated</i> —Commissioned by God
32	<i>Tutelary</i> —Guardian
33	<i>Asylum</i> —Refuge
46	<i>Fume</i> —Smoke
60	<i>Proficients</i> —That have well learned the lesson
72	<i>Immemorial</i> —Time out of mind
73	<i>Conscious</i> —Privy to all our actions
77	<i>Auspicious</i> —Favourable
81	<i>Predestines</i> —Determines before-hand
93	<i>Previous</i> —Preceding the action
125	<i>Glebe</i> —Ground
130	<i>Compensation</i> —Amends
140	<i>Suicide</i> —Self-murder
163	<i>Pathos</i> —Power to move the passions
179	The <i>horizon</i> is that part of the sky which can be seen at one view
198	<i>Supine</i> —Negligent
202	<i>Inexorable</i> —Not to be altered by intreaties
206	<i>Remote</i> —Far off
220	<i>Indulgence</i> —A life of ease and pleasure
229	<i>Lapsed</i> —Slipt away
252	<i>Impetuous</i> —Violent
260	<i>Ambient</i> —Surrounding
262	<i>Detect</i> —Discover

Line

275	<i>Ardent</i> —Desirous
289	<i>Demoniac</i> —Devilish
304	<i>Infernal</i> —Hellish
316	<i>Pathetic</i> —Affecting <sup>27</sup>
320	<i>Indelible</i> —Not to be blotted out
335	<i>Obsequious</i> —Obedient
365	<i>Reclines</i> —Bends down
372	<i>Blanching</i> —Whitening
390	<i>Infatuates</i> —Takes away our reason
391	<i>Phantom</i> —Apparition
403	<i>Longevity</i> —Long life
418	The sixty-third year is called the <i>grand climacteric</i>
454	<i>Dormant</i> —Not put in execution
460	<i>Quotidian</i> —Daily
471	<i>Ardor</i> —Liveliness
496	<i>Casts</i> —Sorts
498	An <i>urn</i> is a kind of vessel in which they shook the lots
500	<i>Sarcasm</i> is a bitter kind of mockery
504	<i>Arbitrary</i> —Uncontrolable
506	<i>Athletic</i> —Healthy and strong
509	<i>Matures</i> —Ripens
526	<i>Tiberian</i> , like those of Tiberius the Roman Emperor, a great dissembler <sup>28</sup>
552	<i>Progenitors</i> —Forefathers
578	<i>Portentous</i> —Betokening evil to come
584	<i>Recent</i> —Fresh, new
599	<i>Rapacious</i> —Greedy

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<sup>27</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he deletes this line.

<sup>28</sup>Ori., "dissembler"; a misprint.

**Night the Sixth.**

**The Infidel Reclaim'd.**

She\* (for I know not yet her name in heaven)  
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;  
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?  
This seeming mitigation but inflames;  
This fancy'd medicine heightens the disease.  
The longer known, the closer still she grew;  
And gradual parting is a gradual death.

O the long dark approach thro' years of pain,  
Death's gallery with sable terror hung;  
Sick hope's pale lamp its only glimmering ray!  
There fate my melancholy walk ordain'd.  
How oft I gaz'd prophetically sad!  
How oft I saw her dead while yet in smiles!  
In smiles she sunk her grief, to lessen mine:  
She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.

10

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\* Referring to Night the Fifth.

Like powerful armies trenching at a town,  
By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,  
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,  
Death urg'd his deadly siege: in spite of art,  
Of all the balmy blessings nature lends 20  
To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!  
And thou, O moon! bear witness; many a night  
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,  
Ty'd down my sore attention to the shock,  
By ceaseless depredations on a life,  
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post  
Of observation! darker every hour!  
Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,  
And pointed at eternity below.  
When my soul shudder'd at futurity, 30  
When, on a moment's point, th' important die  
Of life and death, spun doubtful, ere it fell,  
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.

But why more woe? more comfort let it be.  
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to dye;  
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain:  
Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,  
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.  
Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wise?  
Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars 40  
Too low to reach it; death, great death alone,  
O'er stars and sun triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our transition; tho' the mind,  
An artist at creating self-alarms,



Rich in expedients for inquietude,  
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take  
 Death's portrait true? the tyrant never sat.<sup>29</sup>  
 Our sketch, all random strokes, conjecture all;  
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.  
 Death, and his image rising in the brain, 50  
 Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;  
 Fear shakes the pencil, fancy loves excess,  
 Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades;  
 And these the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects rise;  
 And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.  
 Far other views our contemplation claim,  
 Views that o'erpay the rigors of our life;  
 Views that suspend our agonies in death.  
 Wrapt in the thought of immortality, 60  
 Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;  
 And find the soul unsated with her theme.  
 Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song.

Thy nature, immortality, who knows?  
 And yet who knows it not? it is but life  
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,  
 And spun for ever; black and brittle here!  
 How short our correspondence with the sun!  
 And while it lasts, inglorious! our best deeds,  
 How wanting in their weight! our highest joys, 70  
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,  
 \*\* And give us strength to suffer. But how great  
 To mingle interests, converse, amities,

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<sup>29</sup>Ori., "sate"; a misprint; restored to Young's original.

With all the sons of reason, scatter'd wide  
 Through habitable space, wherever born,  
 Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens  
 Of universal nature! to lay hold  
 By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!  
 To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines  
 Our own! to rise in science, as in bliss, 80  
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies!  
 To read creation; read its mighty plan  
 In the bare bosom of the deity!  
 The plan and execution to collate!  
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,  
 All cloud, all shadow blown remote; and leave  
 No mystery—but that of love divine,  
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,  
 From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,  
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill, 90  
 From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene!  
 Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!  
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair.

These are the thoughts that aggrandize the great.  
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,  
 And every moment fear to sink beneath  
 The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons).  
 \* How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits,  
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage;  
 Through the long vista<sup>30</sup> of a thousand years, 100  
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,  
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,  
 Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!

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<sup>30</sup>Ori., "visto"; an archaic spelling.

To prophesy our own futurities!  
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!  
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys;  
 As far beyond conception, as desert,  
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers and the tale!  
 When mount we? when these shackles<sup>31</sup> cast? when quit  
 This cell of the creation? this small nest, 110  
 Stuck<sup>32</sup> in a corner of the universe,  
 Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?  
 Fine-spun to sense; but gross and feculent  
 To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe  
 Ambrosial gales; and drink a purer sky;  
 Greatly triumphant on time's farther shore.<sup>33</sup>

In an eternity what scenes shall strike!  
 What webs of wonder shall unravel there!  
 What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,  
 And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep! 120  
 How shall the blessed day of our discharge  
 Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,  
 And straiten its inextricable maze!

If inextinguishable thirst in man  
 To know; how rich, how full our banquet here!  
 Here, not the moral world alone unfolds;  
 The world material lately seen in shades,  
 And in those shades, by fragments only seen,  
 And seen those fragments by the labouring eye,  
 Unbroken, now, illustrious, and entire, 130  
 Its ample sphere, its universal frame,  
 In full dimensions, swells to the survey;

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<sup>31</sup>Ori., "shacles"; a misprint.

<sup>32</sup>Ori., "Struck"; likely a misprint; restored to Young's original.

<sup>33</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.

And enters, at one glance, the ravisht sight.  
 How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,  
 In the vast ocean of unbounded space,  
 Behold an infinite of floating worlds  
 Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,  
 In endless voyage, without port! the least  
 Of these disseminated orbs, how great!  
 Yet what are these to the stupendous whole?  
 As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd.

110<sup>34</sup>

If admiration is a source of joy,  
 What transport hence! yet this the least in heaven.  
 What this to that illustrious robe he wears,  
 Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand,  
 A specimen, an earnest of his power!  
 'Tis, to that glory, whence all glory flows,  
 As the mead's meanest flowret to the sun,  
 Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of heaven!  
 This bliss supreme of the supremely blest!  
 Death, only death, the question can resolve.  
 By death cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;  
 The bare ideas! solid happiness  
 So distant from its shadow chac'd below!

120

\* And chase we still the phantom thro' the fire,  
 O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, 'till death?  
 And toil we still for sublunary pay?  
 Defy the dangers of the field, and flood,  
 Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,  
 Our more than vitals spin in curious webs  
 Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;

130

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<sup>34</sup>The line numbers shown on p. 97 are duplicates of the line numbers shown on p. 96; corrected in Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House).

(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly?  
The momentary buz of vain renown!  
A name, a mortal immortality.

Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air,  
For sordid lucre plunge we in the mire?  
Drudge, sweat, thro' every shame, for gain throw up  
Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man,  
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold? 140  
Ambition, avarice! the two demons these  
Which goad thro' every slough our human herd,  
Hard-travel'd from the cradle to the grave:  
How low the wretches stoop! how steep they climb!

Is it in time to hide eternity?  
And why not in an atom on the shore,  
To cover ocean? or, a mote, the sun?  
Glory, and wealth! have they this blinding power?  
But what is true ambition? the pursuit 150  
Of glory, nothing less than man can share.  
Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,  
Their arts, and conquests, animals might boast,  
And claim their laurel crowns, as well as we:  
But not celestial. Here we stand alone,  
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent:  
If prone in thought, our stature is our shame,  
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.  
The visible and present are for brutes,  
A slender portion! and a narrow bound!  
These, reason with an energy divine, 160  
O'erleaps; and claims the future, and unseen;  
The vast unseen! the future fathomless!

When the great soul buoys up to this high point,  
Leaving gross nature's sediment below,  
Then, and then only Adam's offspring quits  
The sage, and hero, of the fields and woods,  
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.

Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,  
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!  
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high, 170  
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.  
When I behold a genius bright and base,  
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;  
Methinks, I see, as thrown from her high sphere,  
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,  
With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.

Hearts are proprietors of all applause.  
Right ends, and means, make wisdom: worldly-wise  
Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

Let genius then despair to make thee great. 180  
Nor flatter station: what is station high?  
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;  
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,  
And oft the throng denies its charity.  
Monarchs, and ministers, are awful names;  
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.  
Religion, public order, both exact  
External homage, and a supple knee,  
To beings pompously set up, to serve  
The meanest slave; all more is merit's due; 190

Her sacred and inviolable right,  
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.  
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;  
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.  
Fools indeed drop the man in their account,  
And vote the mantle into majesty.

\* Let the small savage boast his silver fur;  
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,  
His own, descending fairly from his sires.  
Shall man be proud to wear his livery, 200  
And souls in ermin scorn a soul without?  
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?  
Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch'd on Alps,  
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.  
\* Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:  
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids;  
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?  
The cause is lodg'd in immortality.  
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r; 210  
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?  
Then thou before wast something less than man.  
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?  
That pride defames humanity, and calls  
The being mean, which staffs, or strings can raise.

Souls truly great dart forward on the wing  
Of just ambition, to the grand result,  
The curtain's fall; there see the buskin'd chief  
Unshod behind this momentary scene,

Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high, 220  
As vice, or virtue sinks him, or sublimes;  
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,  
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray  
A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,  
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice  
To Christian pride! which had with horror shockt  
The darkest pagans, offer'd to their gods.

That prince, and that alone, is truly great,  
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheaths;  
On empire builds what empire far outweighs, 230  
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why this so rare? because forgot of all  
The day of death; that venerable day,  
Which sits as judge; that day which shall pronounce  
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.  
Lorenzo! never shut thy thought against it;  
Be levees ne'er so full, afford it room,  
And give it audience in the cabinet,  
That friend consulted, flatteries apart,  
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean. 240

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,  
Is that ambition? then let flames descend,  
Point to the center their inverted spires:  
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,  
And downward pores, for that which shines above,  
Substantial happiness, and true renown;  
Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,



We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;  
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition! powerful source of good and ill! 250  
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,  
When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease  
And swifter flight, transports us to the skies.  
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,  
It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,  
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,  
Close-grated by the sordid bars of sense;  
All prospect of eternity shut out;  
And but for execution ne'er set free.

With error in ambition, justly charg'd, 260  
Find we Lorenzo wiser in his wealth?  
\* Where, thy true treasure? gold says, "not in me,"  
And, "not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;  
India's insolvent: seek it in thyself;  
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there:  
In being so descended, form'd, endow'd;  
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!  
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!  
In senses, which inherit earth, and heavens;  
Enjoy the various riches nature yields; 270  
Far nobler! give the riches they enjoy;  
Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;  
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright sire;  
Take-in at once the landscape of the world,  
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,  
And half create the wondrous world they see.

Our senses, as our reason, are divine.  
 But for the magic organ's powerful charm,  
 Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.  
 Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint, 280  
 Which beautifies creation's ample dome.  
 Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,  
 Superior wonders in himself forgot,  
 His admiration waste on objects round,  
 When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?  
 Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.

\* What wealth in senses such as these! what wealth  
 In fancy, fir'd to form a fairer scene  
 Than sense surveys! in memory's firm record,  
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall, 290  
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!  
 In colours fresh, originally bright  
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!  
 What wealth in intellect, that sovereign power!  
 Which sense, and fancy, summons to the bar;  
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends:  
 And from the mass those underlings import,  
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,  
 Forms art, and science, government, and law.

\* What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around, 300  
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time,  
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear  
 Th' almighty fiat, and the trumpet's sound?  
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view

What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;  
 Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,  
 Creations new, in fancy's field to rise!  
 Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,  
 And wander wild through things impossible!  
 What wealth, in faculties of endless growth, 310  
 In liberty to chuse, in power to reach,  
 And in duration (how thy riches rise!)  
 Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss!

Ask you, what power resides in feeble man  
 That bliss to gain? is virtue's, then unknown?  
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize:  
 Man's unprecarious, natural estate,  
 Improveable at will, in virtue, lies;  
 Its tenure sure; its income is divine. 320

\* High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?  
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;  
 Then make a richer scramble for the throng!  
 Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long  
 Almost by miracles is tir'd with play,  
 Like rubbish, from disploding engines thrown,  
 Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;  
 Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;  
 New masters court, and call the former fool,  
 (How justly?) for dependence on their stay.  
 Wide scatter first, our play-things, then, our dust. 330

\* Much learning shows how little mortals know;  
 Much wealth, how little worldings can enjoy:

At best it babys us with endless toys,  
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust.  
 As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,  
 They fail to find what they so plainly see;  
 Thus men, in shining riches, see the face  
 Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;  
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,  
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still. 340

\* How few can rescue opulence from want?  
 Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;  
 Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.  
 Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,  
 In debt to fortune, trembles at her pow'r.  
 The man of reason smiles at her, and death.  
 O what a patrimony, this! a being  
 Of such inherent strength and majesty,  
 Not worlds possest can raise it; worlds destroy'd  
 Can't injure; which holds on its glorious course, 350  
 When thine, O nature, ends; too blest to mourn  
 Creation's obsequies. What treasure, this!  
 The monarch is a beggar to the man.

Immortal! ages past, yet nothing gone!  
 Morn without eve! a race without a goal!  
 Unshortned by progression infinite!  
 Futurity for ever future! life  
 Beginning still, where computation ends!  
 'Tis the description of a deity!  
 'Tis the description of the meanest slave. 360

Immortal! what can strike the sense so strong,  
 As this the soul? it thunders to the thought;

Reason amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms;  
 No more we slumber on the brink of fate;  
 Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,  
 And breaths her native air; an air that feeds  
 Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires;  
 Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;  
 Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.

Immortal! was but one immortal, how 370  
 Would others envy! how would thrones adore!  
 Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?  
 How this ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!  
 O vain, vain, vain! all else: eternity!  
 A glorious, and a needful refuge, that  
 From vile imprisonment in abject views.  
 'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,  
 Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,  
 The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.  
 Eternity depending covers all; 380  
 Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;  
 Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;  
 The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,  
 Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,  
 Make one promiscuous, and neglected heap,  
 The man beneath; if I may call him man,  
 Whom immortality's full force inspires.  
 Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;  
 Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,  
 By minds quite conscious of their high-descent, 390  
 Their present province, and their future prize;  
 Divinely darting upward every wish,  
 Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.

Doubt you this truth? why labours your belief?  
 If earth's whole orb, by some due-distanc'd eye  
 Was seen at once, her tow'ring Alps would sink,  
 And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.  
 Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,  
 Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.  
 To that stupendous view when souls awake, 400  
 So large of late, so mountainous to man,  
 Time's toys subside; and equal all below.

In spite of all the truths the Muse has sung,  
 Are there who wrap the world so close about them,  
 They see no farther than the clouds; and dance  
 On heedless vanity's phantastic toe,  
 Till stumbling at a straw, in their career,  
 Headlong they plunge, where end both dance, and song?  
 Are there on earth (let me not call them men)  
 Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts; 410  
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,  
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem?  
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, these  
 Shall know their treasure; treasure, then, no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist  
 The rising thought? who smother, in its birth,  
 The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?  
 Who thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way,  
 And, with reverst ambition, strive to sink?  
 Who labour downwards thro' th' opposing pow'rs, 420  
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,  
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock

Of endless night? night darker than the grave's?  
Who fight the proofs of immortality?

To contradict them see all nature rise!  
What object, what event, the moon beneath,  
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?  
To reason proves, or weds it to desire?  
All things proclaim it needful; some advance  
One precious step beyond, and prove it sure. 430  
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,  
From heaven, and earth, and man. Indulge a few,  
By nature, as her common habit worn.

Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,  
Whose hand directs, whose Spirit fills, and warms  
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!  
Eternity's inhabitant august!  
Of two eternities amazing Lord!  
One past, ere man's, or angel's, had begun;  
Aid, while I rescue from the foe's assault 440  
Thy glorious immortality in man.

\*\* Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth  
Of thee the great immutable, to man,  
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;  
And he who most consults her, is most wise.  
Look nature through, 'tis revolution all.  
All change, no death. Day follows night; and night,  
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;  
Earth takes th' example. See, the summer gay,

With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs, 450  
 Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,  
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,  
 Blows autumn, and his golden fruits away,  
 Then melts into the spring; soft spring, with breath  
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,  
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades:  
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend:  
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

\*\* With this minute distinction, emblems just,  
 Nature revolves, but man advances; both 460  
 Eternal, that a circle, this a line.  
 That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul  
 Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends;  
 Zeal, and humility, her wings to heaven.  
 The world of matter, with its various forms,  
 All dies into new life. Life born from death  
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.  
 No single atom, once in being, lost,  
 With change of counsel, charges the Most High.

\* Matter, immortal? and shall spirit die? 470  
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?  
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,  
 No resurrection know? shall man alone,  
 Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,  
 Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?  
 Is man, in whom alone is power to prize  
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain  
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate  
 Severely doom'd death's single unredeem'd?



If nature's revolution speaks aloud, 480  
 In her gradation, hear her louder still.  
 Look nature thro', 'tis neat gradation all.  
 By what minute degrees her scale ascends!  
 Each middle nature join'd, at each extreme,  
 To that above it join'd, to that beneath:  
 Parts into parts reciprocally shot,  
 Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!  
 Here, dormant matter, waits a call to life;  
 Half-life, half-death join there; here, life and sense;  
 There, sense from reason steals a glimmering ray; 490  
 Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd  
 The chain unbroken upward to the realms  
 Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss,  
 Where death hath no dominion? grant a make  
 Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthly part,  
 And part ethereal; grant the soul of man  
 Eternal; or in man the series ends.  
 Wide yawns the gap, connexion is no more.

Of man immortal! hear the lofty style,  
 "If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done: 500  
 "Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,  
 "And grind us into dust: the soul is safe;  
 "The man emerges; mounts above the wreck,  
 "As tow'ring flame from nature's funeral pyre;  
 "O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;  
 "His charter, his inviolable rights,  
 "Well-pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,  
 "Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms.<sup>[b]</sup>

THE END OF THE SIXTH NIGHT.

## Notes on Night VI.

Line

4	<i>Mitigation</i> —Easing, softening
25	<i>Depredation</i> —Preying on
43	<i>Transition</i> —Passage
54	<i>Formidable</i> —Dreadful
61	<i>Lapse</i> —Slip away
84	<i>Collate</i> —Compare together
93	<i>A contrast</i> is, very different things placed in one view
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Deplored</i> —Lamented
99	<i>Presage</i> —Foresight
100	<i>A visto</i> is a view thro' a wood
113 <sup>35</sup>	<i>Feculent</i> —Foul
122	<i>Labyrinths</i> —Mazes
132	<i>Dimensions</i> —Size
105	<i>Illumined</i> —Enlightened
108	<i>Ether</i> —A substance much finer than air, supposed to fill all space
110	<i>Disseminated</i> —Scattered up and down
126	<i>Phantom</i> —Shadow, empty appearance
155	<i>Pre-eminent</i> —Raised above them
156	<i>Prone</i> —Looking downward
163	<i>Buoys up</i> —Rises up
164	<i>Sediment</i> —What settled to the bottom
166	Then only man is wiser and braver than the fox and lion
168	<i>Genius</i> —Great parts

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<sup>35</sup>The line numbers shown on p. 97 are duplicates of the line numbers shown on p. 96. Thus, line numbers 113, 122, and 132 above refer to the line numbers on p. 96; and line numbers 105, 108, 110, and 126 above refer to the line numbers on p. 97.

Line

215	<i>Staffs or strings</i> —Offices or titles
218	<i>Buskins</i> —Were anciently worn by actors in tragedy
222	<i>Mummary</i> —Masquerading
264	<i>Insolvent</i> —Unable to pay
273	<i>Gold's sire</i> —The sun
278	<i>The organ</i> —The eye
279	<i>Chaos</i> —Heap of confusion
281	<i>Dome</i> —Building
293	<i>Portrait</i> —Living representation
294	<i>Intellect</i> —The understanding
296	<i>Interrogates</i> —Examines
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Reprehends</i> —Reproves
303	<i>Fiat</i> —The word whereby God made all things
325 <sup>36</sup>	<i>Disploding engines</i> —Cannon
327 <sup>37</sup>	<i>Fly diverse</i> —Fly different ways
341	<i>Opulence</i> —Riches
347	<i>A patrimony</i> —An estate
348	<i>Inherent</i> —Fixt within
352	<i>Obsequies</i> —Funeral
356	<i>Progression</i> —Going Forward
382	<i>Abrogates</i> —Abolishes
385	<i>Promiscuous</i> —Carelesly mingled together
391	<i>Province</i> —Business
393	<i>Absence</i> —Inattention
397	<i>Alps, Atlas</i> —High mountains
402	<i>Subside</i> —Sink down
411	<i>Ore</i> —Metals not dug out
437	<i>August</i> —Grand, reverend
446	<i>Revolution</i> —Change after change
450	<i>Chaplet</i> —Garland

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<sup>36</sup>Ori., “326”; this misprint occurred because on p. 104 the line number 320 is actually on line number 319.

<sup>37</sup>Ori., “328”; this misprint occurred because on p. 104 the line number 320 is actually on line number 319.

Line

455	<i>Favonian</i> —Soft
462	<i>Gravitates</i> —Sinks downward
463	<i>Ardent and tremulous</i> —Warm and trembling
468	<i>Atom</i> —Smallest particle
481	<i>Gradation</i> —Rising step above step
486	<i>Reciprocally</i> —Into each other
488	<i>Dormant</i> —Lying as dead
493	<i>Incorporeal</i> —Spiritual, without a body
497	<i>Series</i> —The regular course, succession
501	<i>Ponderous</i> —Weighty
504	<i>A funeral pyre</i> was the fire which consumed the dead body of a great man. The world on fire will be <i>nature's funeral pyre</i>
505	<i>Devastation</i> —Ruin, destruction

**Night the Seventh.**

**The Infidel Reclaim'd.**

Heav'n gives the needful, but neglected, call.  
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,  
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?  
The grave, our subterranean road to bliss:  
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so:  
Thro' various parts our glorious story runs;  
Time gives the preface, endless age unrolls  
The volume, (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.

This, earth, and skies already have proclaim'd.  
The world's a prophecy of worlds to come;  
And who, what God foretels, (who speak in things,  
Still louder than in words) shall dare deny?  
If nature's arguments appear too weak,  
Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in man.  
If man sleeps on, untaught by what he sees,  
Can he prove infidel to what he feels?  
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;  
Or, nature, there, imposing on her sons,  
Has written fables; man was made a lye.

Why discontent for ever harbour'd there? 20  
 Incurable consumption of our peace!  
 Resolve me, why, the cottager, and king,  
 He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he  
 Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,  
 Repelling winter's blast, with mud and straw,  
 Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,  
 In fate so distant, in complaint so near.

\* Is it, that things terrestrial can't content?  
 Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?  
 Not so; but to their master is deny'd 30  
 To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease,  
 In this, not his own place, this foreign field,  
 Where nature foddors him with other food,  
 Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,  
 Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,  
 Sighs on for something more, when most enjoy'd.  
 Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks, than thee?  
 Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote;  
 In part, remote; for that remoter part 40  
 Man bleats from instinct, tho', perhaps, debauch'd  
 By sense, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause.  
 The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes?  
 His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;  
 And discontent is immortality.

Shall sons of æther, shall the blood of heav'n,  
 Set up their hopes on earth, and stable here,  
 With brutal acquiescence in the mire?  
 No, no, my friend: they shall be nobly pain'd;

The glorious foreigners distrest, shall sigh  
 On thrones; and thou congratulate the sigh:  
 Man's misery declares him born for bliss;  
 His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing. 50

Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our pow'rs,  
 Speak the same language; call us to the skies.  
 Unripen'd these in this inclement clime,  
 Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake;  
 And for this land of trifles, those too strong,  
 Tumultuous rise and tempest human life;  
 What prize on earth can pay us for the storm? 60  
 Meet objects for our passions heav'n ordain'd,  
 Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave  
 No fault, but in defect: blest heav'n! avert  
 A bounded ardor for unbounded<sup>38</sup> bliss;  
 O for a bliss unbounded! far beneath  
 A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.  
 Nor are our powers to perish immature;  
 But, after feeble effort here beneath,  
 A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,  
 Transplanted from this sublunary bed, 70  
 Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

\* Reason progressive, instinct is complete;  
 Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.  
 Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all  
 Flows in at once; in ages they no more  
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.  
 Was man to live co-eval with the sun,  
 The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;

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<sup>38</sup>Ori., "undounded"; a misprint; corrected in Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House).

Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearnt.  
 Men perish in advance, as if the sun 80  
 Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd.  
 To man, why, stepdame nature, so severe?  
 Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,  
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?  
 \* Or, if abortively poor man must die,  
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread?  
 Why curst with foresight? wise to misery?  
 Why of his proud prerogative the prey?  
 Why less pre-eminent in rank than pain?—  
 His immortality alone can tell, 90  
 Full ample fund to ballance all amiss,  
 And turn the scale in favour of the just.

\* His immortality alone can solve  
 That darkest of ænigmas, human hope;  
 Of all the darkest if at death we die.  
 Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,  
 All present blessings treading under foot,  
 Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.  
 With no past toils content, still planning new,  
 Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease. 100  
 Possession, why, more tasteless than pursuit?  
 Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?  
 That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss?  
 Because in the great future bury'd deep,  
 Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,  
 Lies all that man with ardor should pursue;  
 And he who made him, bent him to the right.



Man's heart th' Almighty to the future sets  
By secret, and inviolable springs;  
And makes his hope his sublunary joy. 110  
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;  
"More, more" the glutton cries: for something new  
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,  
He will descend. He starves on the possess.  
Hence the world's master, from ambition's spire,  
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.  
In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son  
Supreme? because he could no higher fly;  
His riot was ambition in despair.

See restless hope, for ever on the wing! 120  
\*\* High perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,  
To fly at all that rises in her sight;  
And never stooping, but to mount again!  
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,  
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

There should it fail us, (it must fail us there,  
If being fails) more mournful riddles rise,  
And virtue vies with hope in mystery.  
Why virtue? where its praise, its being, fled? 130  
Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd;  
What, true self-int'rest of quite-mortal man?  
To close with all that makes him happy here.  
If vice, (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,  
Then vice is virtue, 'tis our sov'reign good.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,

So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,  
 Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.  
 Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams  
 Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death?  
 Die for thy country?—thou romantic fool! 140  
 Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink!  
 Thy country! what to thee? (I speak with awe)  
 The God-head, what? tho' he should bid thee bleed?  
 If, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt,  
 Nor can omnipotence reward the blow,  
 Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

Since virtue's recompence is doubtful, here,  
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,  
 Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain?  
 Why to be good in vain, is man injoin'd? 150  
 Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd?  
 Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,  
 By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?  
 Why whispers nature lyes on virtue's part?  
 Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name  
 Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,  
 Why reason made accomplice in the cheat?  
 Why are the wisest, loudest in her praise?  
 Can man by reason's beam be led astray?  
 Or, at his peril, imitate his God? 160  
 Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,  
 Or, both are true; or, man survives the grave.

Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo  
 Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.

Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.  
 Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.  
 The man immortal, rationally brave,  
 Dares rush on death,—because he cannot die.  
 But if man loses all, when life is lost,  
 He lives a coward, or a fool expires. 170  
 \* A daring infidel, (and such there are,  
 From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,  
 Or pure heroical defect of thought)  
 Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When, to the grave, we follow the renown'd  
 For valour, virtue, science, all we love,  
 And all we praise; for worth, whose noon-tide beam  
 Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs;  
 Dream we, that lustre of the moral world  
 Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close? 180  
 Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,  
 And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,  
 The mind Almighty? could it be, that fate,  
 Just when the lineaments began to shine,  
 Should snatch the draught, and blot it out for ever?  
 Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man?  
 The next, lose man for ever in the dust?  
 From dust we disengage, or man mistakes;  
 And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw. 190  
 Wisdom, and worth, how boldly he commends?  
 Wisdom, and worth, are sacred names; rever'd;  
 Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!  
 Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,  
 Both are calamities, inflicted both,

To make us but more wretched; wisdom's eye  
 Acute, for what? to spy more miseries;  
 And worth, so recompens'd, new-points their stings:  
 Or man the grave surmounts, or gain is loss,  
 And worth exalted humbles us the more.  
 Were then capacities divine conferr'd, 200  
 As a mock-diadem, in savage<sup>39</sup> sport,  
 Rank insult of our pompous poverty,  
 Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair?  
 In future age lies no redress? and shuts  
 Eternity the door on our complaint?  
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made?  
 The worst to wallow, and the best to weep.  
 Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,  
 What the worst perpetrate, or best endure!

This cannot be. To love, and know, in man 210  
 Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r;  
 And these demonstrate boundless objects too.  
 Objects, pow'rs, appetites, heaven suits in all;  
 Nor, nature thro', e'er violates this sweet,  
 Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.  
 Is man the sole exception from her laws?  
 Eternity struck off from human hope,  
 Man is a monster, the reproach of heav'n,  
 A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud  
 On nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms, 220  
 (Amazing blot!) deforms her with her Lord.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert  
 All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!

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<sup>39</sup>Ori., "salvage"; a misprint corrected in Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House).

And bow to thy superiors of the stall;  
 Thro' ev'ry scene of sense superior far:  
 They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream  
 Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd  
 With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs,  
 Mankind's peculiar! reason's precious dow'r!  
 No foreign clime they ransack for their robes, 230  
 Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;  
 Their good is good entire, unmixt, unmarr'd,  
 They find a paradise in ev'ry field,  
 On boughs forbidden, where no curses hang;<sup>40</sup>  
 Their ill, no more than strikes the sense; unstretcht  
 By previous dread, or murmur in the rear;  
 When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke  
 Begins and ends their woe: they die but once;  
 Blest, incommunicable privilege?  
 For which who rules the globe, and reads the stars, 240  
 Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes:  
 No day, no glimpse of day to solve the knot,  
 But what beams on it from eternity.  
 O sole, and sweet solution! that unties<sup>41</sup>  
 The difficult, and softens the severe;  
 The cloud on nature's beauteous face dispels;  
 Restores bright order; casts the brute beneath;  
 And re-inthrones us in supremacy  
 Of joy, ev'n here: admit immortal life, 250  
 And virtue is knight-errantry no more:  
 Each virtue brings in hand a golden dow'r,  
 Far richer in reversion: hope exults;

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<sup>40</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.

<sup>41</sup>Ori., "unites"; likely a misprint; restored to Young's original.

And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,  
Predominates, and gives the taste of heav'n.  
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?  
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn heart? for there  
The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing:  
Reason is guiltless; will alone rebels. 260  
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find  
New, unexpected witnesses against thee?  
Ambition, and the sateless love of gain!  
Can'st thou suspect that these, which make the soul  
The slave of earth, should own her heir of heav'n?  
Can'st thou suspect, what makes us disbelieve  
Our immortality, should prove it sure?

First, then, ambition summon to the bar:  
Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,  
And inextinguishable nature, speak: 270  
Each much deposes; hear them in their turn.

Thy soul how passionately fond of fame?  
How anxious, that fond passion to conceal?  
We blush detected in designs on praise,  
Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men;  
And why? because immortal. Art divine  
Has made the body tutor to the soul:  
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow;  
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there  
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim, 280  
Which stoops to court a character from man;

While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit  
Far more than man, with endless praise, and blame.

\* Ambition's boundless appetite out-speaks  
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire  
At high presumptions of their own desert,  
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,  
The thunder by the living few begun,  
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound:  
We wish our names eternally to live: 290  
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,  
Had not our natures been eternal too.  
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;  
But our blind reason sees not where it lies;  
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

\* Fame is the shade of immortality,  
And in itself a shadow: soon as caught,  
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.  
Consult the ambitious; 'tis ambition's cure. 300  
"And is this all?" cry'd Cæsar at his height,  
Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings  
Of immortality. The first in fame,  
Observe him near, your envy will abate:  
Sham'd at the disproportion vast between  
The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh  
At such success, and blush at his renown:  
And why? because far richer prize invites  
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls.

And can ambition a fourth proof supply?  
It can, and stronger than the former three. 310

Tho' disappointments in ambition pain,  
 And tho' success disgusts, yet still we strive  
 In vain to pluck it from us: man must soar;  
 An obstinate activity within,  
 An insuppressive spring will toss him up,  
 In spite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,  
 Each villager has his ambition too:  
 No Sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave:  
 Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,  
 Echo the proud Assyrian, in their hearts, 320  
 And cry,—“Behold the wonders of my might.”  
 And why? because immortal as their lord;  
 And souls immortal must for ever heave  
 At something great; the glitter, or the gold;  
 The praise of mortals, or the praise of heav'n.

Thus far ambition. What says avarice?  
 This her chief maxim, which has long been thine,  
 “The wise and wealthy are the same.” I grant it.  
 To store up treasure, with incessant toil,  
 This is man's province, this is highest praise. 330  
 To this great end keen instinct stings him on;  
 To guide that instinct, reason! is thy charge;  
 'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies:  
 But reason failing to discharge her trust,  
 A blunder follows, and blind industry,  
 O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,  
 The jaded spirits of the present hour,  
 Providing for eternity below.

Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?  
 From inextinguishable life in man: 340



Man, if not meant by worth to reach the skies,  
Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt.  
Sour grapes I grant ambition, avarice;  
Yet still their root is immortality.  
These its wild growths religion can reclaim,  
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,  
And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

The witnesses are heard, the cause is o'er;  
Let conscience file the sentence in her court:  
Thus, seal'd by truth, th' authentic record runs.

350

“Know all; know infidels,—unapt to know,  
“’Tis immortality your nature solves;  
“’Tis immortality decyphers man,  
“And opens all the mysteries of his make.  
“Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;  
“Without it, all his virtues are a dream:  
“His very crimes attest his dignity;  
“His sateless appetite of gold, and fame,  
“Declares him born for blessings infinite.  
“What, less than infinite, makes unabsurd  
“Passions, which all on earth but more inflames?  
“Fierce passions so mismeasur’d to this scene,  
“Stretch’d out, like eagles wings, beyond our nest,  
“Far, far beyond the worth of all below,  
“For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,  
“And evidence our title to the skies.”

360

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!  
Whose constitution dictates to your pen,  
Who, cold yourselves, think ardor comes from hell!

Think not our passions from corruption sprung, 370  
 Tho' to corruption, now, they lend their wings;  
 That is their mistress, not their mother. All  
 (And justly) reason deem divine: I see,  
 I feel a grandeur in the passions too,  
 Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end;  
 Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.  
 In paradise itself they burnt as strong,  
 Ere Adam fell; tho' wiser in their aim.  
 What tho' our passions are run mad, and stoop  
 With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze 380  
 On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire;  
 Yet still, thro' their disgrace, no feeble ray  
 Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:  
 But these, when reason moderates the rein,  
 Shall reascend, remount their former sphere.

But grant their frenzy lasts; their frenzy fails  
 To disappoint one providential end;  
 Was reason silent, boundless passion speaks  
 A future scene of boundless objects too,  
 And brings glad tidings of eternal day. 390  
 Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens all;  
 And all by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.  
 Consider man as an immortal being,  
 Intelligible, all; and all is great;  
 Consider man as mortal, all is dark,  
 And wretched; reason weeps at the survey.

Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?  
 Call; and with endless questions be distrest,  
 All unresolveable, if earth is all.

“Why life, a moment; infinite, desire? 400  
 “Our wish eternity; our home, the grave?  
 “Heaven’s promise dormant lies in human hope,  
 “Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.  
 “Why happiness pursu’d, tho’ never found?  
 “Man’s thirst of happiness declares it is,  
 “(For nature never gravitates to nought;)  
 “That thirst unquencht declares it is not here.  
 “Why cordial friendship rivetted so deep,  
 “As, hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,  
 “If friend, and friendship vanish in an hour? 410  
 “Is not this torment in the mask of joy?  
 “Why by reflection marr’d the joys of sense?  
 “Why past and future, preying on our hearts,  
 “And putting all our present joys to death?  
 “Why labours reason? instinct were as well;  
 “Instinct far better; what can chuse, can err;  
 “O how infallible the thoughtless brute!  
 “Reason with inclination, why at war?  
 “Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in arms?”

\* Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain, 420  
 And bosom-counsel to decline the blow.  
 Reason with inclination ne’er had jarr’d,  
 If nothing future paid forbearance here.  
 Thus on—these,<sup>42</sup> and a thousand pleas uncall’d,  
 All promise, some insure, a second scene;  
 Which was it doubtful, would be dearer far  
 Than all things else most certain; was it false,  
 What truth on earth so precious as the lye?  
 This world it gives us, let what will ensue;

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<sup>42</sup>In Wesley’s personal copy (London, Wesley’s House), he changes to “Thus of these.”

This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope; 430  
 The future of the present is the soul:  
 How this life groans, when sever'd from the next!  
 Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!  
 By dark distrust his being cut in two,  
 In both parts perishes; life void of joy,  
 Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life would fail  
 Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out  
 My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!  
 Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my despair, 440  
 Abhor'd ANNIHILATION blasts the soul,  
 And wide extends the bounds of human woe!  
 In this black channel would my ravings run:

"Grief, from the future borrow'd peace, ere-while.  
 "The future vanisht! and the present pain'd!  
 "Fall, how profound! hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once  
 "To night! to nothing! darker still than night.  
 "If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe? 450  
 "O for delusion! O for error still!  
 "Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant  
 "A thinking being in a world like this,  
 "Not over rich before, now beggar'd quite;  
 "More curst than at the fall? the sun goes out!  
 "The thorns shoot up! what thorns in ev'ry thought!  
 "Why sense of better? it imbitters worse:  
 "Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink  
 "To what I was? twice nothing! and much woe!  
 "Woe, from heav'n's bounties! woe, from what was wont 460  
 "To flatter most, high intellectual pow'rs.

“Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by thy scheme,  
“All poison’d into pains. First, knowledge, once  
“My soul’s ambition, now her greatest dread.  
“To know myself, true wisdom?—no, to shun  
“That shocking science, parent of despair!  
“Avert thy mirror; if I see, I die.

“Know my Creator? climb his blest abode  
“By painful speculation, pierce the veil,  
“Dive in his nature, read his attributes, 470  
“And gaze in admiration—on a foe,  
“Obtruding life, with-holding happiness?  
“From the full rivers that surround his throne,  
“Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;  
“Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease  
“To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!  
“Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!  
“Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,  
“Once all my comfort; source and soul of joy!

“Know his achievements! study his renown! 480  
“Contemplate this amazing universe,  
“Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!—  
“For what! ’mid miracles of nobler name,  
“To find one miracle of misery!  
“To find the being, which alone can know,  
“And praise his works, a blemish on his praise?  
“Thro’ nature’s ample range, in thought, to stray  
“And start at man, the single mourner there,  
“Breathing high hope! chain’d down to pangs, and death!

“Knowing is suff’ring: and shall virtue share 490  
 “The sigh of knowledge? virtue shares the sigh.  
 “By straining up the steep of excellent,  
 “By battles fought, and from temptation, won,  
 “What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,  
 “Angelic worth, soon, shuffled in the dark  
 “With ev’ry vice, and swept to brutal dust?

“Duty; religion! these, our duty done,  
 “Imply reward. Religion is mistake:  
 “Duty?—there’s none, but to repel the cheat.  
 “Ye cheats! away; ye daughters of my pride! 500  
 “Who feign yourselves the fav’rites of the skies:  
 “Ye tow’ring hopes! abortive energies!  
 “That toss and struggle in my lying breast,<sup>43</sup>  
 “To scale the skies, and build presumption there,  
 “As I were heir of an eternity;  
 “Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.  
 “As bounded as my being, be my wish.  
 “All is inverted, wisdom is a fool:  
 “Sense! take the rein; blind passion! drive us on;  
 “And, ignorance! befriend us on our way; 510  
 “Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,  
 “Since, as the brute, we die: the sum of man,  
 “Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot.

\* “But not on equal terms with other brutes:  
 “Their revels a more poignant relish yield,  
 “And safer too; they never poisons chuse,  
 “Instinct, than reason, makes more wholesome meals,  
 “And sends all-marring murmur far away.

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<sup>43</sup>In Wesley’s personal copy (London, Wesley’s House), Wesley condenses the previous two lines to read:  
 “Ye tow’ring hopes that struggle in my breast.”

“For sensual life they best philosophize;  
 “Theirs, that serene, the sages sought in vain: 520  
 “’Tis man alone expostulates with heav’n,  
 “His, all the pow’r, and all the cause, to mourn.  
 “Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?  
 “And, bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts?  
 “The wide-stretcht realm of intellectual woe,  
 “Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.  
 “In life so fatally distinguisht, why  
 “Cast in one lot, confounded, lumpt, in death?

“And why then have we thought? to toil and eat,  
 “Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought. 530  
 “What superfluities are reas’ning souls!  
 “Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.—  
 “But without thought our curse were half unfelt!  
 “Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;  
 “And therefore ’tis bestow’d. I thank thee, reason,  
 “For aiding life’s too small calamities,  
 “And giving being to the dread of death.  
 “Such are thy bounties!—was it then too much  
 “For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?  
 “Too much for heav’n to make one emmet more? 540  
 “Too much for chaos to permit my mass  
 “A longer stay with essences unwrought,  
 “Unfashion’d, untormented into man?  
 “Wretched preferment to this round of pains!  
 “Wretched capacity of frenzy, thought!  
 “Wretched capacity of dying, life!  
 “Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (Oh foul revolt!)  
 “Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

“Death, then, has chang’d its nature too: O death!  
 “Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heav’n!  
 “Best friend of man! since man is man no more. 550  
 “Why in this thorny wilderness so long,  
 “Since there’s no promis’d land’s ambrosial bow’r?  
 “But why this sumptuous insult o’er our heads?  
 “Why this illustrious canopy display’d?  
 “Why so magnificently lodg’d despair?  
 “At stated periods, sure-returning, roll  
 “These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute  
 “Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose  
 “Their misery’s full measure?—smiles with flow’rs,  
 “And fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming earth, 560  
 “That man may languish in luxurious scenes,  
 “And in an Eden mourn his with’ring joys?  
 “Claim earth and skies man’s admiration, due  
 “For such delights! blest animals! too wise  
 “To wonder; and too happy to complain!

\*\* “Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene;  
 “Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn’d?  
 “Why not the dragon’s subterranean den,  
 “For man to howl in? why not his abode 570  
 “Of the same dismal colour with his fate?  
 “A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence  
 “Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,  
 “As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,  
 “Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire,  
 “If from her humble chamber in the dust,  
 “While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,  
 “The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;



“And round us death’s inexorable hand  
 “Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.

“Undrawn no more? behind the cloud of death,  
 “Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt 580  
 “That sable cloud, and turn’d it all to gold:  
 “How the grave’s alter’d! fathomless as hell!  
 “Annihilation! how it yawns before me!  
 “Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,  
 “The privilege of angels, and of worms,  
 “An outcast from existence! and this spirit,  
 “This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,  
 “This particle of energy divine,  
 “Which travels nature, flies from star to star, 590  
 “And visits gods, and emulates their pow’rs,  
 “For ever is extinguisht. Horror! death!  
 “Death of that death I fearless once survey’d.<sup>44</sup>  
 “When horror universal shall descend,  
 “And heav’n’s dark concave urn all human race,  
 “On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,  
 “How just this verse? this monumental sigh!

*Beneath the lumber of demolisht worlds,  
 Of matter, never dignify’d with life,  
 Here lie proud rationals; the sons of heav’n! 600  
 The lords of earth! the property of worms!  
 Beings of yesterday, and no to morrow!  
 Who liv’d in terror, and in pangs expir’d.*

And art thou then a shadow? less than shadow?  
 A nothing, less than nothing? to have been,  
 And not to be, is lower than unborn.

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<sup>44</sup>In Wesley’s personal copy (London, Wesley’s House), he marks this line for deletion.

Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm  
 Thine equal? runs thy taste of pleasure high?  
 Why patronize sure death of every joy?  
 Charm riches? why chuse begg'ry in the grave, 610  
 Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?  
 Dar'st thou persist? and is there nought on earth,  
 But a long train of transitory forms,  
 Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?  
 Bubbles of a fantastic lord, blown up  
 In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?  
 Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo,  
 Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?  
 Kind is fell Lucifer compar'd to thee:  
 Oh! spare this waste of being half divine; 620  
 And vindicate th' oeconomy of heav'n.

Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy;  
 It never had created, but to bless:  
 And shall it then strike off the list of life,  
 A being blest, or worthy so to be?  
 Heav'n starts at an annihilating God.

Is that, all nature starts at, thy desire?  
 Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay?  
 What is that dreadful wish?—the dying groan  
 Of nature murder'd by the blackest guilt: 630  
 What deadly poison has thy nature drank?  
 To nature undebaucht no shock so great;  
 Nature's first wish is endless happiness;  
 Annihilation is an after-thought,  
 A monstrous wish, unborn, till virtue dies.

And Oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd?  
 For non-existence no man ever wisht,  
 But first he wisht the Deity destroy'd.

\* There's nought, thou sayst, but an eternal flux  
 Of feeble essences, tumultuous driv'n 640  
 Thro' time's rough billows into night's abyss.  
 Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,  
 Is there no rock, on which man's tossing thought  
 Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,  
 And boldly think it something to be born?  
 Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,  
 Is there no central, all-sustaining base,  
 All-realizing, all-connecting pow'r,  
 Which, as it call'd-forth all things, can recall,  
 And force destruction to refund her spoil? 650  
 Command the grave restore her taken prey?  
 Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,  
 And earth, and ocean, pay their debt of man,  
 True to the grand deposit trusted there?  
 Is there no potentate, whose out-stretcht arm  
 (When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour)  
 Pluckt from foul devastation's famisht maw,  
 Binds present, past, and future, to his throne?  
 His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,  
 By germinating beings clust'ring round, 660  
 A garland worthy the divinity!  
 A throne, by heav'n's omnipotence in smiles,  
 Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves)  
 Amidst immense effusions of his love,  
 An ocean of communicated bliss.

Think'st thou omnipotence a naked root,  
Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?  
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul  
That ever animated human clay,  
Now wakes; is on the wing: and when the call  
Of that loud trump collects us, round heav'n's throne  
Conglob'd we bask in everlasting day. 670

\* How bright this prospect shines? how gloomy, thine?  
A trembling world! and a devouring God!  
Earth, but the shambles of omnipotence!  
Heaven's face all stain'd with causeless massacres  
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang  
Of being lost. Lorenzo, can it be?  
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.  
Who would be born to such a phantom world, 680  
Where nought substantial, but our misery?  
A world, where dark, mysterious vanity  
Of good and ill the distant colours blends,  
Confounds all reason, and all hope destroys;  
A world so far from great (and yet how great  
It shines to thee?) there's nothing real in it;  
Being, a shadow! consciousness, a dream!  
A dream how dreadful! universal blank  
Before it, and behind! poor man a spark  
From non-existence struck by wrath divine, 690  
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,  
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,  
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb.

Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle this,  
Of endless arguments above, below,

Without us, and within, the short result,  
“If man’s immortal, there’s a god in heav’n.”

But wherefore such redundancy? such waste  
Of argument? one sets my soul at rest;  
So just the skies, Philander’s life so pain’d, 700  
His heart so pure; that, or succeeding scenes  
Have palms to give, or he had ne’er been born.

I grant this argument is old; but truth  
No years impair; and had not this been true,  
Thou never hadst despis’d it for its age.  
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and fable  
As fleeting as thy joys: be wise, nor make  
Heav’n’s highest blessing, vengeance: O be wise!  
Nor make a curse of immortality.

Say, know’st thou what it is? or, what thou art?  
Know’st thou th’ importance of a soul immortal? 710  
\* Behold this midnight glory; worlds, on worlds!  
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;  
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;  
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all;  
And calls th’ astonishing magnificence  
Of unintelligent creation, poor.

For this, believe not me; no man believe;  
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less 720  
Than those of the Supreme: nor his a few;  
Consult them all; consulted, all proclaim  
Thy soul’s importance: tremble at thyself;

For whom *omnipotence* has wak'd so long;  
 Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth  
 Of nature, to this unbelieving hour.

In this small province of his vast domain  
 What has God done, and not for<sup>45</sup> this sole end,  
 To rescue souls from death? the soul's high price  
 Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.  
 The soul's high price is the creation's key, 730  
 Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays  
 The genuine cause of ev'ry deed divine:  
 That, is the chain of ages, which maintains  
 Their obvious correspondence, and unites  
 Most distant periods in one blest design:  
 That, is the mighty hinge, on which have turn'd  
 All revolutions, whether we regard  
 The nat'ral, civil, or religious, world;  
 The former two, but servants to the third:  
 To that their duty done, they both expire. 740

To lift us from this abject, to sublime;  
 This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;  
 This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;  
 This mean, to mighty!—for this glorious end  
 Th' Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke;  
 The world was made; was ruin'd; was restor'd;  
 Laws from the skies were publish'd; were repeal'd;  
 On earth kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms, fell;  
 Fam'd sages lighted up the pagan world;  
 Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance 750  
 Thro' distant age; saints travell'd; martyrs bled;

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<sup>45</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he changes to "and all for."

By wonders sacred nature stood controul'd;  
 The living were translated; dead were rais'd;  
 Angels, and more than angels, came from heav'n;  
 That hallow'd page, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,  
 Of all these truths thrice-venerable code!  
 Deists perform your quarentine; and then,  
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent infernal pow'rs  
 To mar, than those of light, this end to gain. 760  
 O what a scene is here!—expand my soul,  
 To take the vast idea: warring worlds,  
 Of more than mortal! mounted on the wing!  
 High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife!  
 This sublunary ball.—But strife, for what?  
 In their own cause conflicting? no; in thine,  
 In man's. His single int'rest blows the flame;  
 His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,  
 Which kindles war immortal. How it burns?  
 Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms! 770

Think not this fiction. “There was war in heaven.”  
 \* From heav'n's high crystal mountain where it hung,  
 Th' Almighty's out-stretcht arm took down his bow;  
 And shot his indignation at the deep:  
 Rethunder'd hell, and darted all its fires.  
 And slumbers man, who singly caus'd the storm?

Why this exertion? why this strange regard  
 From heav'n's omnipotent indulg'd to man?  
 Because in man the glorious, dreadful pow'r,

Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for ever. 780  
 Duration gives importance; swells the price.  
 An angel, if a creature of a day,  
 What would he be? a trifle of no weight;  
 Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.  
 Because immortal, therefore is indulg'd  
 This strange regard of deity to dust.  
 Hence, heav'n looks down on earth with all its eyes:  
 Hence, the soul's mighty moment in its sight:  
 Hence, clay, vile clay, has angels for its guard:  
 Hence from all age the cabinet divine 790  
 Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid:  
 Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,  
 And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet mankind:  
 In various modes of emphasis, and awe  
 He spoke his will, and trembling nature heard;  
 He spoke it loud, in thunder, and in storm.  
 Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,  
 And shaken basis, own'd the present God:  
 Witness, ye billows! whose returning tide, 800  
 Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,  
 Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to hell:  
 Witness, ye flames! th' Assyrian tyrant blew  
 To sev'nfold rage, as impotent, as strong:  
 And thou, earth! witness, whose expanding jaws  
 Clos'd o'er presumption's sacrilegious sons.  
 Has not each element in turn subscrib'd,  
 The soul's high price, and sworn it to the wise?  
 Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, strove



To strike this truth, thro' adamantine man? 810  
 And shall each toy be still a match for heav'n?  
 And full equivalent for groans below?  
 Who would not give a trifle to prevent,  
 What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?

The skies above proclaim immortal man,  
 And man immortal all below resounds.  
 The world's a system of theology,  
 Read by the greatest strangers to the schools:  
 If honest, learn'd; and sages o'er a plough.  
 What then is unbelief? 'tis an exploit: 820  
 A strenuous enterprize: to gain it, man  
 Must burst thro' ev'ry bar of common sense,  
 Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;  
 And what rewards the sturdy combatant?  
 His prize, repentance; infamy, his crown.

But wherefore, infamy?—for want of worth.  
 Down the steep precipice of wrong he slides,  
 There's nothing to support him in the right.  
 Faith in the future wanting, is, at least  
 In embryo, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt; 830  
 And strong temptation ripens it to birth.  
 If this life's gain invites him to the deed,  
 Why not his country sold, his father slain?  
 'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme;  
 And his supreme, his only good is here.  
 Ambition, av'rice, by the wise disdain'd,  
 Is wisdom, if a touchstone covers all:  
 These find employment, and provide for sense

A richer pasture, and a larger range;  
 And sense by right divine ascends the throne, 840  
 When reason's prize, and prospect is no more.

The virtues grow on immortality,  
 That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.  
 A Deity believ'd will nought avail;  
 Rewards and punishments make God ador'd;  
 And hopes and fears give conscience all her pow'r.  
 As in the dying parent dies the child,  
 Virtue with immortality expires.  
 Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,  
 Whate'er his boast, has told me, he's a knave. 850  
 His duty 'tis, to love himself alone,  
 Nor care tho' mankind perish, if he smiles.

And are there such—such candidates there are  
 For more than death; for utter loss of being;  
 Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!  
 Fall'n from the wings of reason, and of hope!  
 Erect in stature, prone in appetite!  
 Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!  
 Boasters of liberty, fast-bound in chains!  
 More senseless than th' irrationals you scorn! 860  
 Far more undone! O ye most infamous  
 Of beings, from superior dignity!  
 And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off  
 In exhalation soft, and die in air,  
 From the full flood of evidence against you?  
 In the coarse drudgeries, and sinks of sense,

Your souls have quite worn out the make of heav'n  
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own.

This is free-thinking, unconfin'd to parts,  
To send the soul, on curious travel bent, 870  
Thro' all the provinces of human thought,  
To dart her flight, thro' the whole sphere of man;  
To look on truth unbroken, and entire;  
Truth in the system, the full orb; where truths  
By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford  
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support  
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete  
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand  
More firm; who most examine, most believe.  
Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the whole 880  
Conveys the sense, and God is understood;  
Who not in fragments writes to human race;  
Read his whole volume, sceptic! then, reply.

This, this is thinking-free, a thought that grasps  
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.  
Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene;  
What are earth's kingdoms to yon boundless orbs,  
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?  
And what yon boundless orbs to godlike man!  
Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament, 890  
And ask more space in heav'n, can rowl at large  
In man's capacious thought, and still leave room  
For ampler orbs; for new creations, there.  
Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe  
A point of no dimension, of no weight?

It can; it does: the world is such a point,  
And of that point how small a part enslaves?

How small a part—of nothing, shall I say?  
Why not?—friends, our chief treasure? how they drop!  
\*How the world falls to pieces round about us, 900  
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!  
What says this transportation of my friends?  
It bids me love the place where now they dwell,  
And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.  
Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;  
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,  
That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord,  
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;  
Eye thy great pole-star: make the land of life.

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man, 910  
\* And two of death; the last far most severe.  
Life animal is nurtur'd by the sun;  
Thrives on its bounties, triumphs in its beams.  
Life rational subsists on higher food,  
Triumphant in his beams, who made the day.  
When we leave that sun, and are left by this,  
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)  
'Tis utter darkness; strictly, double death.  
We sink by no judicial stroke of heav'n,<sup>46</sup>  
But<sup>47</sup> nature's course; as sure as plummets fall. 920

\*\* If then that double-death should prove thy lot,  
Blame not the bowels of the Deity:

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<sup>46</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he condenses the preceding two lines to read:  
"Tis utter darkness, double death, we sink."

<sup>47</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he changes "But" to "By."

Man shall be blest, as far as man permits.  
 Not man alone, all rationals heav'n arms  
 With an illustrious, but tremendous, pow'r,  
 To counter-act its own most gracious ends:  
 And this, of strict necessity, not choice.  
 That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, were no more  
 But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.  
 A nature rational implies the pow'r 930  
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;  
 Else idle reason would have nought to do;  
 And he that would be barr'd capacity  
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.  
 Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom;  
 Invites us ardently, but not compels;  
 Man falls by man, if finally he falls;  
 And fall he must, who learns from death alone  
 The dreadful secret,—that he lives for ever.

Why this to thee? thee yet perhaps in doubt 940  
 Of second life: but wherefore doubtful still?  
 Eternal life is nature's ardent wish;  
 What ardently we wish, we soon believe:  
 Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd:  
 What has destroy'd it?—shall I tell thee, what?  
 When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wisht,  
 And when unwisht, we strive to disbelieve.

Instead of racking fancy, to refute,  
 Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy,—  
 From purer manners, to sublimer faith, 950  
 Is nature's unavoidable ascent;  
 An honest deist, where the gospel shines,

Matur'd to nobler, in the Christian ends.  
 When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside  
 This song superfluous; life immortal strikes  
 Conviction, in a flood of light divine.  
 A Christian dwells, like Uriel in the sun;  
 Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight;  
 And ardent hope anticipates the skies.  
 Read, and revere the sacred page; a page 960  
 Where triumphs immortality; a page  
 Which not the whole creation could produce;  
 Which not the conflagration shall destroy;  
 In nature's ruins not one letter lost:  
 'Tis printed in the minds of gods for ever.

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever?  
 Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?  
 This is a miracle; and that no more.  
 Who gave beginning, can exclude an end;  
 Deny thou art, then, doubt if thou shalt be. 970  
 A miracle, with miracles inclos'd,  
 Is man! and starts his faith at what is strange?  
 What less than wonders from the wonderful?  
 What less than miracles from God can flow?  
 Admit a GOD,—that mystery supreme!  
 That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;  
 Nothing is marvellous for him to do:  
 Deny him—all is mystery besides.  
 We nothing know, but what is marvellous;  
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe. 980  
 So weak our reason, and so great our God,  
 What most surprizes in the sacred page,

Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.  
Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.

To faith, and virtue, why so backward man?  
From hence;—the present strongly strikes us all;  
The future, faintly: can we, then, be men?  
Reason is man's peculiar; sense, the brute's.  
The present is the scanty realm of sense;  
The future, reason's empire unconfined; 990  
On that expending all her godlike pow'r,  
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, there;  
Reason is upright stature in the soul,  
Oh! be a man;—and strive to be a god!

“For what? (thou sayst) to damp the joys of life?”  
No; to give heart and substance to thy joys.  
That tyrant, hope! mark, how she domineers;  
She bids us quit realities for dreams,  
And plunge in toils, and dangers—for repose.  
If hope precarious, and of things, when gain'd, 1000  
Of little moment, and as little stay,  
Can sweeten toils, and dangers into joys;  
What then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,  
Our leave unask'd? rich hope of boundless bliss!

This hope is earth's most estimable prize;  
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;  
Joy has her tears; and transport has her death;  
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,  
Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenes;  
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys; 1010

'Tis all our present state can safely bear,  
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!  
And to the modest eye chastis'd delight!  
Like the fair summer-evening, mild, and sweet!  
'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

THE END OF THE SEVENTH NIGHT.



## Notes on Night VII.

Line

28	<i>Terrestrial</i> —Earthly
56	<i>Inclement</i> —Unfavourable
67	<i>Immature</i> —Unripened
68	<i>Effort</i> —Endeavour
72	<i>Progressive</i> —Gradually improving
74	<i>Zenith</i> —Highest point of improvement
77	<i>Co-eval</i> —Of the same age
78	<i>Patriarch</i> —As old as one that lived before the flood
84	<i>Efforts</i> —Effects of thy power
85	<i>Abortively</i> —Like an abortion, or miscarriage
94	<i>Ænigma</i> —A riddle
96	<i>Assassin</i> —Murderer
116	<i>Caprea</i> —An island to which the Emperor Tiberius retired, and abandoned himself to all manner of vice
137	<i>Knight-errantry</i> —Heroic madness
182	<i>Strenuous</i> —Diligent
231	<i>Litigious</i> —Quarrelsome
255	<i>Predominates</i> —Is still uppermost
320	<i>The Assyrian</i> —Nebuchadnezzar, Dan. iv.
367	<i>Theologues</i> —Divines
384	<i>Moderates</i> —Governs
406	<i>Gravitates</i> —Is attracted by
433	<i>Mutilated</i> —Maimed
461	<i>Intellectual</i> —Depending on reason
560	<i>Promiscuous</i> —Mingled together
568	<i>Subterranean</i> —Under-ground

Line

573	<i>Congruous</i> —Fit, suitable
577	<i>Inmates</i> —Companions in her lodging
587	<i>All-pervading</i> —Passing thro' all things
595	<i>Urn</i> —Bury
596	<i>Unrefunding</i> —Which gives not back
621	<i>Oeconomy</i> —Government
637 <sup>48</sup>	<i>Non-existence</i> —Not to be
654	<i>Deposit</i> —A thing intrusted
660	<i>Germinating</i> —Springing out
663	<i>A Pharos</i> —An high watch-tower
664	<i>Effusions</i> —Effects
702	<i>Palms</i> —Rewards
716	<i>Unintelligent</i> —Not indued with reason
734	<i>Obvious</i> —Plain
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Correspondence</i> —Agreement with each other
788	<i>Moment</i> —Importance
797	In various strong and awful ways
802	<i>Menaces</i> —Threatnings
803	<i>The Assyrian</i> —Nebuchadnezzar, Dan. iii.
809	<i>Ether</i> —Air
810	<i>Adamantine</i> —Hard-hearted
817	<i>Theology</i> —Divinity
821	<i>Strenuous</i> —Laborious
823	<i>Magnanimously</i> —Courageously
830	Is the seed which contains every weakness
874	The whole of truth, as the various parts of it are connected together
877	<i>Incumbent</i> —Lying upon them
912	<i>Nurtured</i> —Nourished, sustained
925	<i>Illustrious</i> —Glorious
992 <sup>49</sup>	<i>Expatriates</i> —Enlarges herself, ranges
1009	<i>Serenes</i> —Calms, quiets
1013	<i>Chastised</i> —Well-regulated

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<sup>48</sup>Ori., “631”; a misprint.

<sup>49</sup>Ori., “991”; a misprint.

**Night the Eighth.**

**Virtue's Apology.**

And is thy soul immortal?—what remains?  
All, all, Lorenzo!—make immortal, bless'd.  
Unbless'd immortals!—what can shock us more?  
And yet Lorenzo still affects the world.

Thy fond attachments dictate to my song.  
To thee, the world how fair! how strongly strikes  
Ambition, and gay pleasure stronger still!  
Thy triple bane! be these my triple theme!  
Nor shall thy wit, or wisdom, be forgot.

\* Lorenzo! since eternal is at hand,  
To swallow<sup>50</sup> time's ambitions; as the vast  
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride  
High on the foaming billow; what avail  
High titles, high descent, attainments high?—  
What grand surveys of destiny divine,  
Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,

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<sup>50</sup>Ori., "smallow"; a misprint.

Bound for eternity! in bosoms read  
By him, who foibles in archangels sees!  
On human hearts he bends a jealous eye,  
And marks, and in heav'n's register inrolls 20  
The rise and progress of each option there;  
Sacred to doomsday! that the page unfolds,  
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine!  
This world! and this unrivall'd by the skies!  
A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,  
Three demons that divide its realms between them,  
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro,  
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball;  
Till, with the giddy circle, sick, and tir'd, 30  
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.  
Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom woos,  
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;  
A pillow, which, like opiates ill prepar'd,  
Intoxicates, but not composes; fills  
The visionary mind with gay chimeras,  
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest:  
What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy!

How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!  
Fantastic chace, of shadows hunting shadows! 40  
The gay! the busy! equal, tho' unlike;  
Thro' flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary wastes,  
One bustling, and one dancing, into death.  
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,  
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach

On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.  
Amid disgust eternal, dwells delight?  
'Tis approbation strikes the string of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,  
Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the dust, 50  
\* On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?  
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes:  
The sensual, in pursuit of something worse;  
The grave, of gold; the politic, of pow'r;  
And all, of other butterflies, as vain.  
As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,  
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in;  
On the swift circle of returning toys,  
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd,  
Where gay delusion darkens to despair! 60

Turn the world's history; what find we there,  
But fortune's sports, or nature's cruel claims,  
Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,  
And endless inhumanities on man?  
Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but like the knell,  
It brings bad tidings. How it hourly blows  
Man's misadventures round the list'ning world!  
Man is the tale of narrative old time;  
Sad tale! which high as paradise begins; 70  
As if the toil of travel to delude,  
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,  
The days, his daughters, as they spin our hours,  
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,

With now and then a wretched farce between;<sup>51</sup>  
 And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true, as those of men, deceive us;  
 Not one but puts some cheat on all mankind;  
 While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,  
 They flatter our fond hopes, and promise much  
 Of amiable; but hold him not o'erwise, 80  
 Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,  
 At still confiding, still confounded man:  
 Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,  
 Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,  
 And ever looking for the never-seen.  
 Life, to the last, like harden'd felons, lies:  
 Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires;  
 Its little joys go out by one, and one;  
 And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night.

Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom; 90  
 As mortal, tho' less transient than her sons:  
 Yet they doat on her, as the world, and they,  
 Were both eternal, solid; God, a dream.

\* They doat, on what? immortal views apart,  
 A region of outsides! a land of shadows!  
 A fruitful field of flow'ry promises!  
 A wilderness for joys! perplex'd with doubts,  
 And sharp with thorns! a troubled ocean spread  
 With bold adventurers, their all on board;  
 No second hope, if here their fortune frowns; 100  
 Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,

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<sup>51</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.

Of ensigns various; all alike in this,  
 All restless, anxious; toss'd with hopes and fears.  
 In calmest skies; obnoxious all to storm;  
 And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life:  
 All bound for happiness: yet few provide  
 The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies;  
 Or virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd:  
 All, more or less, capricious fate lament,  
 Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd, 110  
 And farther from their wishes, than before;  
 All, more or less, against each other dash,  
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driv'n.

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home  
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man!  
 Death's capital! where most he domineers,  
 With all his chosen terrors frowning round,  
 Tho' lately feasted high at Albion's cost,  
 Wide op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more!  
 Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect 120  
 The melancholy face of human life!  
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:  
 And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck  
 By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,  
 Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,  
 When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,  
 We cut our cable, launch into the world,  
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;  
 All in some darling enterprize imbark'd: 130

But where is he can fathom its event?  
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,  
 Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!  
 Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,  
 And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof  
 Full against wind, and tide, some win their way;  
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,  
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!  
 They strike; and,<sup>52</sup> while they triumph, they expire.  
 In stress of weather, most: some sink outright; 140  
 \* O'er them and o'er their names the billows close;  
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born:  
 Others a short memorial leave behind;  
 Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd,  
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more:  
 One Cesar lives, a thousand are forgot.  
 How few beneath auspicious planets born,  
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,  
 With all their wishes freighted? yet<sup>53</sup> even these,  
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain: 150  
 They still are men; and when is man secure?  
 As fatal time as storm! the rush of years  
 Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes  
 In ruin end: and now their proud success  
 But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:  
 What pain to quit the world just made their own,  
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!  
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Woe then apart (if woe apart can be  
 From mortal man) the gay, rich, great, august, 160  
 What are they? smiling wretches of to-morrow!

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<sup>52</sup>Ori., "and, and"; a misprint.

<sup>53</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he changes "yet" to "and."



More wretched, then, than e'er their slaves can be;  
 Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,  
 Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:  
 Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!  
 What aggravated impotence in pow'r!  
 High titles, then, what insult of their pain!  
 If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,  
 Immortal hope, defies not the rude storm,  
 Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage, 170  
 And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

This is a sketch of what thy soul admires,  
 "But, here (thou say'st) the miseries of life  
 "Are huddled in a group."—A more distinct  
 Survey perhaps might bring thee better news.  
 Look on life's stages; they speak plainer still:  
 Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold  
 The best that can befall the best on earth;  
 The boy has virtue by his mother's side:  
 Yes, on Florello look; a father's heart 180  
 Is tender, tho' the man's is made of stone;  
 The truth, thro' such a medium seen, may make  
 Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

Florello lately cast on this rude coast,  
 A helpless infant; now a heedless child;  
 To poor Clarissa's throes thy care succeeds;  
 Care full of love, and yet severe as hate.  
 O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!  
 Needful austerities his will restrain;  
 As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm. 190  
 As yet his reason cannot go alone,

But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on:  
 His little heart is often terrify'd;  
 The blush of morning, in his cheek turns pale;  
 Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye,  
 His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there.  
 Ah! what avails his innocence? the task  
 Injoin'd must discipline his early pow'rs:  
 He learns to sigh, ere he has known to sin;  
 Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall! 200  
 How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.  
 Our nature such, with necessary pains,  
 We purchase prospects of precarious peace.  
 Tho' not a father, this might steal a sigh.

Suppose he now is disciplin'd aright:  
 Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,  
 He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world;  
 Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;  
 Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,  
 Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd. 210

For who receives him into public life?  
 Men of the world! welcome the modest stranger,  
 And in their hospitable arms inclose:  
 Men who think nought so strong of the romance,  
 So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:  
 Men that act up to reason's golden rule,  
 All weakness of affection quite subdu'd:  
 Men that would blush at being thought sincere,  
 And feign, for glory, the few faults they want.  
 See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans 220  
 Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falshood bright;

All soft sensation in the throng rubb'd off;  
 All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd;  
 At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own;  
 As wise as Lucifer: and half as good;  
 Naked, thro' these (so common fate ordains)  
 Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,  
 Stung out of all most amiable in life;  
 Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd;  
 Affection as his species wide diffus'd; 230  
 Ingenuous<sup>54</sup> trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy will cost him many a sigh;  
 Till time and pains, and pausing, pale distrust,  
 Purchase a dear-bought clue, to lead his youth  
 Through serpentine obliquities of life,  
 And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.  
 And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap:  
 For while we learn to fence with public guilt,  
 Full oft we feel its foul<sup>55</sup> contagion too,  
 If less than heav'nly virtue is our guard. 240  
 Thus a strange kind of curs'd necessity  
 Bring down the sterling temper of his soul,  
 By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,  
 Below call'd wisdom: sinks him into safety;  
 \* And brands him into credit with the world;  
 Where specious titles dignify disgrace,  
 And nature's injuries are arts of life;  
 Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes,  
 And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts. 250

You say, the world well known, will make a man.—  
 The world well known, will give our hearts to heav'n,

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<sup>54</sup>Ori., "Ingenious"; a misprint.

<sup>55</sup>Ori., "full"; likely a misprint; restored to Young's original.

Or make us demons, long before we die.  
 To shew how fair the world, thy mistress, shines,  
 Take either part, sure ill attends the choice.  
 Not virtue self is deify'd on earth:  
 Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;  
 Foes that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate;  
 Virtue has her peculiar set of pains:  
 True;<sup>56</sup> friends to virtue, last, and least, complain: 260  
 But,<sup>57</sup> if they sigh, can others hope to smile?

Ambition! pleasure! let us talk of these:  
 Dost grasp at greatness? first, know what it is:  
 Thinkst thou thy greatness in distinction lies?  
 Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,  
 Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;  
 In that which joins, in that which equals all,  
 The monarch, and his slave;—"A deathless soul,  
 [“Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,  
 [“A Father God, and brothers in the skies;”

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy; 270  
 Judge we, in their caparisons, of men?  
 It nought avails thee, where, but what thou art;  
 All the distinctions of this little life  
 Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man:  
 When, thro' death's streights earth's subtil serpents creep,  
 Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,  
 They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,  
 All that now glitters, while they rear aloft  
 Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.

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<sup>56</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he changes "True" to "But."

<sup>57</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he changes "But" to "And."

How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights, 280  
 And death puts out? dost thou demand a test,  
 A test at once infallible and short,  
 Of real greatness? that man greatly lives,  
 Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies:  
 High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.

\* Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys  
 Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart;  
 An humble heart, his residence! pronounc'd,  
 His second seat; and rival to the skies.  
 The private path, the secret acts of men, 290  
 If noble, far the noblest of our lives!  
 How far above Lorenzo's glory sits  
 Th' illustrious master of a name unknown:  
 Whose worth unrival'd, and unwitness'd, loves  
 Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;  
 And peace, beyond the world's conception, smiles!

Tho' somewhat disconcerted, steady still  
 To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,  
 Lorenzo cries, "Be, then, ambition cast;  
 Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd, 300  
 Gay pleasure! proud ambition is her slave:  
 Who can resist her charms?"—or, should? Lorenzo!  
 What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?  
 Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal pow'rs;  
 Pleasure's the mistress of the world below:  
 How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray?  
 What is the pulse of this so busy world?

The love of pleasure: that, thro' ev'ry vein,  
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from life.

Tho' various are the tempers of mankind, 310  
Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains.  
Some most affect the black; and some the fair;  
Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:  
For her, the black assassin draws his sword;  
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight-lamp,  
To which no single sacrifice may fall;  
The stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;  
For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,  
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears:  
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy, 320  
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death:  
Thus universal her despotic pow'r.

Patron of pleasure! I thy rival am;  
Pleasure, the purpose of my gloomy song.  
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name—  
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low:  
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r.

The love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,  
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb:  
Wisdom, her younger sister, tho' more grave, 330  
Was meant to minister, and not to mar  
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

Canst thou plead pleasure's cause as well as I?  
Know'st thou her nature, purpose, parentage?

Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;  
 And know thyself; and know thyself to be  
 (Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.  
 Absurd presumption! thou, who never knew'st  
 A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?  
 No man e'er found a happy life by chance, 340  
 Or yawn'd it into being, with a wish;  
 Or, with the snout of grov'ling appetite  
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.  
 An art it is, and must be learn'd; and learn'd  
 With unremitting effort, or be lost;  
 And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.  
 The clouds may drop down titles, and estates;  
 Wealth may seek us: but wisdom must be sought;  
 Sought before all: but never sought in vain.

First, pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and grandeur see,  
 Brought forth by wisdom, nurs'd by discipline, 350  
 By patience taught, by perseverance crown'd,  
 She rears her head majestic; round her throne,  
 Erected in the bosom of the just,  
 Each virtue, listed, forms her manly guard:  
 For what are virtues? (formidable name!)  
 What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?  
 Great legislator! scarce so great as kind!  
 If men are rational, and love delight,  
 Thy gracious law but flatters human choice:  
 In the transgression lies the penalty; 360  
 And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of pleasure, next, the final cause explore;  
 Its mighty purpose, its important end.

Not to turn human brutal, but to build  
 Divine on human, pleasure came from heav'n:  
 In aid to reason was the goddess sent,  
 To call up all its strength by such a charm.  
 Pleasure first succours virtue; in return,  
 Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.  
 What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith, 370  
 Supports life natural, civil, and divine?  
 It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;  
 Glide then for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!  
 Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,  
 And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life;  
 Makes a new Eden where it flows:—but such  
 As must be lost, Lorenzo! by thy fall.

“What mean I by thy fall?”—thou'lt shortly see,  
 While pleasure's nature is at large display'd;  
 Already sung her origin, and ends. 380  
 Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,  
 When pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,  
 And vengeance too; it hastens into pain.  
 From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy;  
 From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death:  
 Heav'n's justice this proclaims, and that its love.  
 What greater evil can I wish my foe,  
 Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask  
 Unbroach'd by just authority, ungaug'd  
 By temperance, by reason unrefin'd? 390  
 A thousand demons lurk within the lee.  
 Heav'n, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd these,  
 Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine:



Angels are angels from indulgence there;  
'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys?  
A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.  
The wrong must mourn: can heav'n's appointments fail?  
Can man outwit omnipotence? strike out  
A self-wrought happiness, unmeant by him 400  
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?  
Heav'n bade the soul this mortal frame inspire;  
Bade virtue's ray divine inspire the soul,  
With unprecarious flows of vital joy:  
And, without breathing, man as well might hope  
For life, as, without piety, for peace.

“Is virtue, then, and piety the same?”  
No: piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;  
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.  
With piety begins all good on earth; 410  
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;  
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good,  
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power:  
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's sake;  
\* A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;]  
On piety, humanity is built;  
And, on humanity much happiness;  
And yet still more on piety itself.  
A deity believ'd, is joy begun;  
A deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd; 420  
A deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.  
Each branch of piety delight inspires;

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,  
 O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;  
 Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,  
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;  
 Pray'r ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream  
 Of glory, on the consecrated hour  
 Of man, in audience with the deity.  
 Who worships the great God, that instant joins 430  
 The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'er-cast?  
 Thy gloom to chase, go, fix some weighty truth;  
 Chain down some passion; do some gen'rous good;  
 Teach ignorance to see; or grief to smile;  
 Correct thy friend; befriend the greatest foe;  
 Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,  
 Spring up, and lay strong hold on him who made thee.  
 Thy gloom is scattered, sprightly spirits flow;  
 Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung. 440

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,  
 Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters!  
 Physicians! more than half of thy disease.  
 Laughter, tho' never censur'd yet as sin,  
 Is half-immoral. Is it much indulg'd?  
 By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,  
 It shews a scorner, or it makes a fool;  
 And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.  
 The house of laughter makes a house of woe: 450  
 What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?  
 What for dejection, where presides a pow'r,  
 Who call'd us into being to be bless'd?

So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy;  
So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall:  
Most true, a wise man never will be sad;  
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,  
A shallow stream of happiness betray;  
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Retire, and read thy bible, to be gay. 460  
There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace:  
Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd;  
If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,  
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!

But these, thou thinkst, are gloomy paths to joy.  
True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first:  
They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please,  
And travel only gives us sound repose.  
Heaven sells all pleasure; effort is the price;  
The joys of conquest, are the joys of man; 470  
And glory the victorious laurel spreads  
O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.

\* There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,  
Or joy, by mistim'd fondness, is undone.  
A man of pleasure is a man of pains.  
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bless'd.  
False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;  
From thought's full bent, and energy, the true;  
And that demands a mind in equal poize,  
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy. 480  
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,  
But happiness that shortly must expire:

Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?  
And in a tempest can reflection live?  
Can joy like thine secure itself an hour?  
Can joy like thine meet accident unshock'd,  
Or ope the door to honest poverty?  
Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale?  
In such a world, and such a nature, these  
Are needful fundamentals of delight: 490  
These fundamentals give delight indeed;  
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;  
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;  
A constant, and a sound, but serious joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity?  
It is: yet far my doctrine from severe:  
"Rejoice for ever"; it becomes a man;  
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods;  
"Rejoice for ever," nature cries, "Rejoice"; 500  
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,  
Mix'd up of delicates for ev'ry sense;  
To the great founder of the bounteous feast  
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;  
And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.  
Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,  
Is the whole science of felicity.  
Yet sparing pledge: her bowl is not the best  
Mankind can boast: a rational repast;  
Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,  
A military discipline of thought, 510  
To foil temptation in the doubtful field;  
An ever-waking ardor for the right,

'Tis these first give, then guard a chearful heart.  
 Nought that is right, think little; well aware,  
 What reason bids, God bids: by his command,  
 How aggrandiz'd the smallest thing we do!  
 Thus nothing is insipid to the wise;  
 To thee insipid all, but what is mad;  
 Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.

Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man? 520  
 The man is dead, who for the body lives,  
 Lur'd by the beating of his pulse, to list  
 With ev'ry lust, that wars against his peace,  
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.  
 Thyself first know, then love. A self there is  
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms:  
 A self there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,  
 While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;  
 Humility degrades it, justice robs, 530  
 Blest bounty beggars it, fair truth betrays,  
 And godlike magnanimity destroys.  
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.  
 And why? 'tis love of pleasure bids thee bleed;  
 Comply, or own self-love extinct or blind.

For what is vice? self-love in a mistake;  
 A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.  
 And virtue, what? 'tis self-love in her wits,  
 Quite skilful in the market of delight.  
 Self-love's good sense is love of that dread pow'r,  
 From whom herself, and all she can enjoy: 540

Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;  
More mortal than the malice of our foes.

And this self-love Lorenzo makes his choice;  
Yet is his want of happiness betray'd  
By disaffection to the present hour.  
Imagination wanders far afield;  
The future pleases: why? the present pains.  
But that's a secret—yes, which all men know;  
And know from thee, discover'd unawares:  
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll 550  
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause,  
What is it?—'tis the cradle of the soul,  
From instinct sent, to rock her in disease,  
A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while  
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.

Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;  
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.  
Sick of herself is folly's character;  
As wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.  
A change of evils is thy good supreme; 560  
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.  
Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still:  
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,  
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.  
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;  
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd the true:  
The true is fix'd, and solid, as a rock;  
Slipp'ry the false, and tossing, as the wave:  
'Tis love o'erflowing makes an angel here;

Such angels all, intitled to repose 570  
 On him who governs fate. Tho' tempest frowns,  
 Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on heav'n!  
 To lean on him on whom archangels lean!  
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,  
 They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,  
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;  
 For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old  
 In Israel's dream, come from and go to heav'n:  
 Hence are they studious of sequestred scenes,  
 While noise and dissipation comfort thee. 580

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,  
 That opiate for inquietude within.  
 Lorenzo! never man was truly bless'd,  
 But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,  
 As folly might mistake for want of joy;  
 A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;  
 A modest aspect, and a smile at heart;  
 A spring perennial, rising in the breast,  
 And permanent as pure! no turbid stream  
 Of rapt'rous exultation swelling high; 590  
 Which, like land-floods, pour on, then sink at once.  
 What does the man, who transient joy prefers?  
 What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;  
 Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.  
 Joy's a fix'd state; a tenor, not a start:  
 Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss:  
 That is the gem; sell all, and purchase that.

Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,  
 And makes it as immortal, as herself: 600  
 To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys  
 Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;  
 Not the least promise of internal peace!  
 No bosom comfort, or unborrow'd bliss!  
 Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward bound,  
 Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruize for pleasure;  
 If gain'd, dear bought; and better miss'd than gain'd;  
 Much pain must expiate, what much pain procur'd.  
 Fancy, and sense, from an infected shore, 610  
 Thy cargo brings; and pestilence, the prize.

Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are  
 On angel wing, descending from above,  
 Which these, with art divine, would counterwork,  
 And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In this is seen imagination's guilt;  
 But who can count her follies? she betrays thee,  
 To think in grandeur there is something great.  
 For works of curious art, and antient fame,  
 Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd; 620  
 And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.  
 Hence what disaster?—tho' the price was paid,  
 That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,  
 Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;  
 And poor magnificence is starv'd to death.  
 Hence, just resentment, indignation, ire!—



\* Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;  
 Our only contest, what deserves the name?  
 Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has pass'd  
 Th' authentic seal of reason, which defies 630  
 The tooth of time; when pass'd a pleasure still;  
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,  
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes  
 Our future, while it forms our present joy.  
 Some joys the future overcast; and some  
 Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.  
 Some joys endear eternity: some give  
 Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.  
 Are rival joys contending for thy choice?  
 Consult thy whole existence, and be safe; 640  
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight:  
 Be good,—and let heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,  
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,  
 The good man has his clouds that intervene:  
 Clouds, that obscure his sublunary day,  
 But never conquer. Ev'n the best must own,  
 Patience, and resignation, are the pillars  
 Of human peace on earth: remote from thee,  
 Till this heroick lesson thou hast learn'd; 650  
 To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain,  
 Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss.  
 Heav'n in reversion, like the sun as yet  
 Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;  
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,  
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

Now see the man immortal: him, I mean,  
 Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on heav'n,  
 Leans all that way his bias to the stars.  
 The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise 660  
 His lustre more; tho' bright, without a foil.  
 Observe his awful portrait, and admire:  
 Nor stop at wonder; imitate and live.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,  
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,  
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;  
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,  
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet;  
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,  
 A mingled mob! a wandring herd! he sees 670  
 Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!  
 His full reverse in all! what higher praise?  
 What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future, his:  
 When public welfare calls, or private want,  
 They give to fame; his bounty he conceals:  
 Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt:  
 Theirs, the wild chace of false felicities;  
 His, the compos'd possession of the true;  
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace, 680  
 All of one colour, and an even thread;  
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,  
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them  
 A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows  
 The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes, than theirs; where they  
 Behold a sun, he spies a deity;  
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore;  
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;  
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain: 690  
 They things terrestrial worship, as divine;  
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,  
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,  
 Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound:  
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)  
 He lays aside, to find his dignity:  
 They triumph in externals (which conceal  
 Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse;  
 He nothing thinks so great in man, as man;  
 Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect 700  
 Another's welfare, or his right invade;  
 Their int'rest, like a lion's, lives on prey:  
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;  
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,  
 Nor stoops to think his injurer, his foe;  
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace;  
 A cover'd heart their character defends;  
 A cover'd heart denies him half his praise:  
 With nakedness his innocence agrees;  
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall: 710  
 Their no joys end, where his full feast begins;  
 His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss:  
 To triumph in existence, his alone;  
 And his alone, triumphantly to think  
 His true existence is not yet begun:

His glorious course was, yesterday, compleat;  
Death, then, was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

\* But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,  
Undaunted breast:—and whose is that high praise?  
They yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave, 720  
And shew no fortitude, but in the field;  
If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shown;  
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts:  
A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail:  
By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,  
He shares in that omnipotence he trusts:  
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls,  
And, when he falls, writes *VICI* on his shield;  
From magnanimity, all fear above;  
From nobler recompence, above applause. 730

His appetite wears reason's golden chain,  
And finds in due restraint its luxury;  
His passion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,  
Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite;  
Patient his hope, unanxious is his care.  
Those secondary goods that smile on earth,  
He, loving in proportion, loves in peace;  
They most the world enjoy, who least admire:  
His understanding 'scapes the common cloud  
Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast; 740  
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,  
Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.  
Thus in a double sense the good are wise.

Each act, each thought, he questions, “What its weight;  
 Its colour, what a thousand ages hence?”—  
 And what it there appears, he deems it now:

And, now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!  
 Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heav’n!  
 What art thou?—while thy glare, and worldly worth  
 Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most; 750  
 And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand:  
 His merit, like a mountain, on approach  
 Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,  
 By promise now, and by possession soon  
 (Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own.

Canst thou be silent? no, for wit is thine;  
 And wit talks most, when least she has to say,  
 And reason interrupts not her career.  
 She’ll say,—that mists above the mountains rise;  
 And with a thousand pleasantries amuse; 760  
 She’ll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,  
 And fly conviction, in the dust she rais’d.

Wit, how delicious to man’s dainty taste?—  
 ’Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;  
 But, as its substitute, a dire disease:  
 Pernicious talent! flatter’d by mankind,  
 Yet hated too; they think the talent rare.  
 Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;  
 Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires  
 The lucky flash; and madness rarely fails. 770

Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,  
 Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown;  
 Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,  
 See dulness, blund'ring on vivacities.  
 But wisdom, awful wisdom! which inspects,  
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,  
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;  
 How rare! in senates, synods, sought in vain;  
 Or, if there found, 'tis sacred to the few.  
 While a lewd<sup>58</sup> prostitute to multitudes, 780  
 Frequent as fatal, wit. In civil life,  
 Wit makes an enterprizer; sense, a man:  
 Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;  
 The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves:  
 Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;  
 When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;  
 Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still:  
 Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than nought;  
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun, 790  
 Where syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!  
 Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;  
 Which of her lovers ever found her true?  
 Happy! of this bad world who little know;—  
 She gives but little; nor that little, long.  
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;  
 A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,  
 That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,  
 Leaving the soul more vapid than before;  
 An animal ovation! such as holds 800

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<sup>58</sup>Ori., "loud"; likely a misprint; restored to Young's original.

No commerce with our reason, but subsists  
On juices thro' the well-ton'd tubes, well-strain'd;  
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;  
But when it jars, thy syrens sing no more,  
The demi-god is thrown beneath the man;  
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

Art thou yet dull enough despair to dread,  
And startle at destruction? if thou art,  
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;  
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart; 810  
A single sentence proof against the world;  
Soul, body, fortune! ev'ry good pertains  
To one of these; but prize not all alike;  
The goods of fortune, to thy body's health,  
Body to soul, and soul submit to God:  
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? do this:  
Th' inverted pyramid can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful? it outshines the sun;  
Nay, the sun shines not, but to shew us this,  
The single lesson of mankind on earth. 820  
And yet—such numbers list against the right,  
They talk themselves to something like belief,  
That all earth's joys are theirs: as Athens' fool  
Grinn'd from the port, on ev'ry sail his own.

They grin; but wherefore? and how long they laugh?  
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lie:  
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.

Hard either task! the most abandon'd own,  
 That others, if abandon'd, are undone:  
 Then, for themselves, the moment reason wakes, 830  
 O how laborious is their gaiety!  
 They scarce can muster patience for the farce;  
 And pump sad laughter, till the curtain falls:  
 Scarce, did I say? some cannot sit it out;  
 Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,  
 And shew us what their joy, by their despair.

The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!  
 Its impious fury still alive in death!  
 Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heav'n denies 840  
 A cover to such guilt; and so should man.  
 Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade;  
 Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;  
 The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;  
 The loathsome rottenness and foul decays  
 From raging riot (slower suicides!)  
 And pride in these, more execrable still!—  
 How horrid all to thought!—but horrors, these,  
 That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble song.

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be bless'd;  
 Bliss is too great to lodge within an hour; 850  
 When an immortal being aims at bliss,  
 Duration is essential to the name.  
 O for a joy from reason! joy from that  
 Which makes man, man; and, exercis'd aright,  
 Will make him more: a bounteous joy! that gives  
 And promises; that weaves, with art divine,



The richest prospect into present peace;  
 A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!  
 A joy which death shall double! judgment, crown!  
 Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage, 860  
 Thro' bless'd eternity's long day; yet still,  
 Not more remote from sorrow, than from him,  
 Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours  
 So much of deity on guilty dust.

Affects not this the sages of the world?  
 Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?  
 Eternity, depending on an hour,  
 Makes serious thought man's wisdom, joy, and praise.  
 Are you not wise?—you know you are: yet hear  
 One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid; 870  
 Our schemes to plan by this world, or the next,  
 Is the sole diff'rence between wise, and fool.  
 All worthy men will weigh you in this scale:  
 What wonder then if they pronounce you light?  
 Is their esteem alone not worth your care?  
 Accept my simple scheme of common sense:  
 Thus save your fame, and make two worlds your own.

The world replies not;—but the world persists;  
 And puts the cause off to the longest day,  
 Planning evasions for the day of doom; 880  
 So far, at that re-hearing from redress,  
 They then turn witnesses against themselves.  
 Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wise to-morrow:  
 Haste, haste! a man by nature is in haste;  
 For who shall answer for another hour?

“Are all, then, fools?” Lorenzo cries: yes, all,  
But such as hold this doctrine (new to thee)  
“The mother of true wisdom is the will”;  
The noblest intellect, a fool without it:  
World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,  
In arts and sciences, in wars and peace;  
But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,  
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.

890

THE END OF THE EIGHTH NIGHT.

## Notes on Night VIII.

Line

8	<i>Bane</i> —Poison
21	<i>Option</i> —Choice
26	<i>Lust</i> —Desire
28	<i>Alternate</i> —By turns
35	<i>Intoxicates</i> —Makes drunk
36	<i>Chimeras</i> —Whims, fancies
107	<i>Chart</i> —Sea-map
109	<i>Capricious</i> —Fickle
127	<i>Sanguine</i> —Joyful, full of hope
147	<i>Auspicious</i> —Lucky, favourable
165	<i>Indigence</i> —Poverty
174	<i>A group</i> —An heap
198	<i>Discipline</i> —Exercise
215	<i>Knight-errant</i> —A madman
220	<i>Veterans</i> —Old soldiers
229	<i>Prompt</i> —Ready at the tongues end
231	<i>Ingenuous</i> —Frank, undisguised
235	<i>Serpentine obliquities</i> —Crooked windings
239	<i>Contagion</i> —Infection
242	<i>Sterling</i> gold, is pure, unmixt
243	<i>Alloy</i> —A mixture of base metal
253	<i>Demons</i> —Devils
256	<i>Deified</i> —Wholly free from sin and pain

Line

271 <sup>59</sup>	<i>Caparisons</i> —Coverings, trappings
274	<i>Cutaneous</i> —Skin deep
306	<i>Stagnate</i> —Be unactive and motionless
317	The <i>stoics</i> of old taught, that pleasure was no good, and pain no evil
322	<i>Despotic</i> —Sovereign, uncontrolled
331	<i>Minister</i> —Serve
332	<i>Imperial</i> —Reigning as an empress
337	<i>Most abstemious</i> —Practising the greatest self-denial
345	<i>Unremitting</i> —Unceasing
350	<i>Discipline</i> —Exact rules
357	<i>Legislator</i> —Law-giver
362	<i>The final cause</i> —The end or design
371 <sup>60</sup>	<i>Civil life</i> —The life of society
375	<i>Fosters</i> —Nourishes
446	<i>Dissipating</i> —Scattering our thoughts
454	<i>Conscious</i> —The grief or joy which we feel
457	<i>Sonorous</i> —Noisy
463 <sup>61</sup>	<i>Pregnant</i> —Big with sense
469	<i>Effort</i> —Labour, struggle
472	<i>Placid</i> —Calm, smooth
498	<i>The gods</i> —The angels
500	<i>Nectareous</i> —Delicious
509 <sup>62</sup>	<i>Exertion</i> —Putting forth all our strength
512 <sup>63</sup>	<i>Ardor</i> —Earnestness
516	<i>Aggrandized</i> —Greatened
550	<i>Agitation</i> —Hurrying to and fro
555	<i>Mitigates</i> —Lessens, softens
579	<i>Sequestred</i> —Retired, private
580	<i>Dissipation</i> —Whatever hurries us
588 <sup>64</sup>	<i>Perennial</i> —Perpetual

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<sup>59</sup>Ori., “270”; a misprint.

<sup>60</sup>Ori., “370”; a misprint.

<sup>61</sup>Ori., “462”; a misprint.

<sup>62</sup>Ori., “309”; a misprint.

<sup>63</sup>Ori., “511”; a misprint.

<sup>64</sup>Ori., “581”; a misprint.

Line

589	<i>Turbid</i> —Thick, muddy
596	<i>A tenor</i> —Something that hold on evenly
624	<i>Latian</i> —Italian
638	<i>Annihilation</i> —Sinking into nothing
646	<i>Sublunary</i> —Which passes on the earth
655	<i>Susceptible</i> —Capable of receiving it
660	<i>In contrast</i> —A term in painting, when the dark part sets off the bright
664	<i>Elevated</i> —Lifted up
710	<i>Foliage</i> —A covering of leaves
728	<i>Vici</i> —I have conquered
749	<i>Glare</i> —Glitter, dazzling light
764	<i>The vehicle of sense</i> —Conveying sense
772	<i>The bays</i> —The garland, the reward of wit
778	<i>Synods</i> —Councils
800	<i>An animal ovation</i> —A flow of spirits
817	<i>A pyramid</i> is a square building, ending in a point at top. <i>Inverted</i> —Turn'd upside down
845	<i>Suicide</i> —Self-murder
863	<i>Stupendous</i> —Wonderful
865	<i>Sages</i> —Wise men
889	<i>Intellect</i> —Understanding

**Night the Ninth.**

**The Consolation.**

As when a traveller, a long day past  
In painful search of what he cannot find,  
At night's approach, content with the next cot,  
There ruminates awhile his labour lost;  
Then chaunts his sonnet to deceive the time,  
Till the due season calls him to repose:  
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,  
Warn'd by the languor of life's ev'ning ray,  
At length, have hous'd me in an humble shed;  
Where, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,  
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest;  
I chase the moments with a serious song:  
Song soothes our pains; and age has pains to sooth.

10

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,  
Torn from my bleeding breast, and death's dark shade,  
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;  
Canst thou, O night, indulge one labour more?

One labour more indulge: then sleep, my strain!  
 Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,  
 Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow cease,  
 To bear a part in everlasting lays; 20  
 Tho' far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,<sup>65</sup>  
 Symphonious to this humble prelude here.

Has not the muse asserted pleasures pure,  
 Like those above; exploding other joys?  
 Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;  
 And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still?

Grant joy and glory, quite unsully'd, shone:  
 Yet still it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart:  
 No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight, 30  
 But thro' the thin partition of an hour,  
 I see its sables wove by destiny,  
 And that in sorrow bury'd; this, in shame;  
 While howling furies ring the doleful knell;  
 And conscience, now so soft, thou scarce canst hear  
 Her whisper, echoes their eternal peal.

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene;  
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?  
 How many sleep, who kept the world awake  
 With lustre, and with noise? has death proclaim'd 40  
 A truce, and hung his sated lance on high?  
 'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year  
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,  
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

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<sup>65</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.

But needless monuments to wake the thought;  
 Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,  
 Tho' in a style more florid, full as plain,  
 As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.  
 What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths  
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble, 50  
 The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?  
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene;  
 Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"Profest diversions! cannot these escape?"—  
 Far from it: these present us with a shroud,  
 And talk of death, like garlands o'er the grave.  
 As some bold plunderers, for bury'd wealth,  
 We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust  
 Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread  
 The scene for our amusement: how like gods 60  
 We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,  
 Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;  
 Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

\*\* What is the world itself? thy world?—a grave?  
 Where is the dust that has not been alive?  
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;  
 From human mould we reap our daily bread:  
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,  
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons:  
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep; 70  
 Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel:  
 The moist of human frame the sun exhales;  
 Winds scatter, thro' the mighty void, the dry;



Earth re-possesses part of what she gave,  
 And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;  
 Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;  
 As nature wide, our ruins spread: man's death  
 Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

    \*\* Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires;  
 His tomb is mortal; empires die: where now                     80  
 The Roman? Greek? they stalk, an empty name!  
 Yet few regard them in this useful light;  
 Tho' half our learning is their epitaph.  
 When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,  
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,  
 O death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!  
 What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!  
 In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight!  
 What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high  
 With human agitation, roll along                                 90  
 In unsubstantial images of air?  
 The melancholly ghosts of dead renown,  
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,  
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,  
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride.

    \* But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,  
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,  
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,  
 And shakes my frame: of one departed world  
 I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath                             100  
 And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn  
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,

And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophecies  
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.

Deluge and conflagration, dreadful pow'rs!  
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves  
Distinct, apart the giant-furies roar;  
Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,  
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage  
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd: 110  
But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage;  
When heav'n inferior instruments of wrath,  
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak  
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes:  
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,  
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,  
With irresistible commission arm'd,  
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,  
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man? 120  
The fate of nature; as, for man, her birth:  
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,  
And make creation groan with human guilt:  
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd;  
But not of waters? at the destin'd hour,  
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,  
See, all the formidable sons of fire,  
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play  
Their various engines; all at once disgorge  
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm 130  
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height  
 Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour  
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;  
 Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives  
 Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft  
 More than astonishment! if more can be!  
 Far other firmament than e'er was seen,  
 Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!  
 Stars animate, that govern these of fire; 140  
 Far other sun!—a sun, O how unlike  
 The babe at Bethlehem! how unlike the man  
 That groan'd on Calvary!—yet he it is;  
 That Man of Sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!  
 In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!  
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,  
 As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace  
 The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside:  
 And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,  
 Full on the confines of our ether, flames. 150  
 While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!  
 Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,  
 And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws  
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,  
 And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,  
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!  
 The day is broke, which never more shall close!  
 Above, around, beneath amazement all!  
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes! 160  
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!

All nature struggling in the pangs of death!  
Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore  
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?  
Where are we now? ah me! the ground is gone  
On which we stood, Lorenzo! while thou mayst,  
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!  
\* Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it is too late!  
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,  
When consternation turns the good man pale?

170

Great day! for which all other days were made;  
For which earth rose from chaos; man from earth;  
And an eternity, the date of gods,  
Descended on poor earth-created man!  
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!  
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish  
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;  
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.  
Already is begun the grand assize,  
In us, in all: deputed conscience scales  
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;  
Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it sure.  
Why on himself should man void judgment pass?  
Is idle nature laughing at her sons?  
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,  
And God above assert that God in man.

180

Thrice happy they, that enter now the court  
Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but, how rare!  
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!

What hero, like the man who stands himself? 190  
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?  
Who bears intrepid, the full charge it brings,  
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?  
The coward flies; and flying, is undone.

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,  
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?  
O day of consummation! mark supreme  
(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,  
Or in the sight of angels, or their King!  
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height, 200  
As in a theatre, surround this scene,  
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.  
Angels look out for thee: for thee, their Lord,  
To vindicate his glory, and for thee,  
Creation universal calls aloud,  
To dis-involve the moral world, and give  
To nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,  
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?  
I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it! 210  
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!  
I see the judge inthron'd! the flaming guard!  
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!  
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!  
No patron! intercessor none! now past  
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!  
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!  
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,  
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain, 220  
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;  
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll  
 His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads;  
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis present to my thought!—and, yet, where is it?  
 Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!  
 Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!  
 Great end! and great beginning! say, where art thou?  
 Art thou in time, or in eternity?  
 Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee: 230  
 These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet  
 (Monarchs of all elaps'd, or un-arriv'd!)  
 As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd,  
 May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,  
 Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd  
 With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head;  
 His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd; calls his sons  
 From their long slumber; from earth's heaving womb  
 To second birth; upstarting from one bed; 240  
 He turns them o'er, eternity! to thee:  
 Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)  
 He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone:  
 His greatest foe falls with him; time, and he  
 Who murder'd all time's offspring, death, expire.

Time was! eternity now reigns alone!  
 And lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,  
 With banners, streaming as the comet's blaze,  
 And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,  
 Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs, 250  
 Of light, of darkness; in a middle field,  
 Wide, as creation! there to mark th' event  
 Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes  
 Detain'd them close spectators, thro' a length  
 Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result;  
 Ages, as yet un-number'd, but by God;  
 Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates  
 The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various sentence past,  
 Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes 260  
 Sulphureous, or ambrosial: what ensues?  
 The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns  
 Her adamantine key's enormous size  
 Thro' destiny's inextricable wards,  
 Deep-driving ev'ry bolt; on both their fates:  
 Then from the crystal battlements of heav'n,  
 Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark profound,  
 Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,  
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.  
 The deep resounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms, 270  
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies  
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake  
 The whole ethereal! how the concave rings!

No fancy'd god, a god indeed, descends  
 To throw full day on darkest scenes of time;  
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole:  
 Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,  
 The charm'd spectators thunder their applause,  
 And the vast void beyond, applause, resounds. 280

WHAT THEN AM I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,  
 And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,  
 A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,  
 Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?  
 \* All, all is right, by God ordain'd, or done;  
 And who, but God, resum'd the friends he gave?  
 And have I been complaining, then, so long?—  
 Complaining of his favours; pain, and death?  
 Who, without pain's advice, would e'er be good? 290  
 Who, without death, but would be good in vain?  
 Pain is to save from pain! all punishment,  
 To make for peace! and death to save from death;]  
 And second death, to guard immortal life;  
 To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,  
 And turn the tide of souls another way;  
 By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,  
 That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,  
 A fairer Eden, endless in the skies.

Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd, 300  
 But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim:  
 Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,  
 Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe:  
 Joy, amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;



'Tis joy and conquest; joy, and virtue too.  
 A noble fortitude in ills, delights  
 Heav'n, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.  
 Affliction is the good man's shining scene;  
 Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;  
 As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man: 310  
 Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,  
 And virtue in calamities, admire.  
 The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;  
 An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,  
 And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

Unfathomably deep our treasure runs  
 In golden veins, thro' all eternity!  
 Ages, and ages, and succeeding still  
 New ages, where this phantom of an hour,  
 Which courts each night, dull slumber for repair, 320  
 Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,  
 And fly thro' infinite, and all unlock:  
 Where thou, not master of a moment here,  
 Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,  
 May'st boast a whole eternity, enrich'd  
 With all a kind omnipotence can pour:  
 Since Adam fell, no mortal, un-inspir'd,  
 Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,  
 How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.  
 No man too largely from his love can hope, 330  
 If what is hop'd he labours to secure.

Ills!—there are none: all-gracious! none from thee;  
 From man full many! num'rous is the race  
 Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,

Begot by madness on fair liberty;  
 Heav'n's daughter, hell debauch'd! her hand alone  
 Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,  
 Fast barr'd by thine; high wall'd with adamant,  
 Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,  
 And cover'd with the thunders of thy law. 340

\* Great God of wonders! (if, thy love survey'd,  
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains)  
 What rocks are these, on which to build our trust?  
 Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;  
 Not one, to palliate peevish grief's complaint,  
 Who dares to judgment call her judge.—Supreme!  
 For all I bless thee; most, for the severe;  
 Her death—my own at hand—the fiery gulph,  
 That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!  
 It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve; 350  
 It strengthens what it strikes; its wholesome dread  
 Averts the dreaded pain! its hideous groans  
 Join heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise;  
 Great source of good alone! how kind in all!  
 In vengeance, kind! pain, death, gehenna, save.

Thus, in thy world material, mighty mind!  
 Not that alone which solaces, and shines,  
 The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise;  
 The winter is as needful as the spring;  
 The thunder, as the sun; a stagnate mass 360  
 Of vapours breeds a pestilential air;  
 Nor more propitious the favonian breeze  
 To nature's health, than purifying storms.

Man is responsible for ills receiv'd;  
 Those we call wretched are a chosen band,  
 Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.  
 Amid my list of blessings infinite,  
 Stand this the foremost, "That my heart has bled:"  
 'Tis heav'n's last effort of good-will to man;  
 When pain can't bless, heav'n quits us in despair. 370  
 May heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,  
 Till it has taught him how to bear it well,  
 By previous pain; and made it safe to smile:  
 Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain;  
 Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.  
 My change of heart a change of style demands;  
 The consolation cancels the complaint,  
 And makes a convert of my guilty song.

What then remains?—much, much! a mighty debt  
 To be discharg'd: these thoughts, O night! are thine;  
 From thee they came,—and art thou still unsung, 380  
 Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?  
 Immortal silence!—O majestic night!  
 Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born!  
 And fated to survive the transient sun!  
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,  
 An azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's loom  
 Wrought thro' varieties of shape and shade,  
 In ample folds of drapery divine,  
 Thy flowing mantle form, and, heav'n throughout, 390  
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train:  
 Thy gloomy grandeurs claim a grateful verse;

And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,  
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

The soul of man, his face design'd to see,  
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,  
Has here a previous scene of objects great,  
To give her whole capacities that strength,  
Which best may qualify for final joy:  
The more our spirits are enlarg'd on earth, 400  
The deeper draught shall they receive of heav'n.

Heav'n's King! whose face unveil'd consummates bliss;  
(Redundant bliss!) which fills that mighty void,  
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!  
Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,  
Wrapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,  
And set his harp in concert with the spheres!  
While of thy works material the supreme  
I dare attempt, assist my daring song;  
Loose me from earth's inclosure, from the sun's 410  
Contracted circle set my heart at large;  
Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,  
Creation's golden steps, to climb to thee:  
Teach me with art great nature to controul,  
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of night.

Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou, whose heart,  
Whose little heart, is moor'd within a nook  
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh:  
Another ocean calls; a nobler port;

Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main; 420  
 Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;  
 And whence thou may'st import eternal wealth;  
 And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.  
 Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?  
 Thou stranger to the world! thy tour begin;  
 Thy tour through nature's universal orb:  
 Nature delineates her whole chart at large,  
 On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;  
 And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars, 430  
 Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail,  
 Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,  
 The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge  
 That forms the crooked light'ning; 'bove the caves  
 Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,  
 And tune their tender voices to that roar,  
 Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;  
 Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,  
 Far-travell'd comets' calculated blaze,  
 Elance thy thought, and think of more than man: 440  
 Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,  
 Blighted by blasts of earth's unwholesome air,  
 Will blossom here; spread all her faculties  
 To these bright ardors; ev'ry pow'r unfold,  
 And rise into sublimities of thought.

This prospect vast, what is it?—weigh'd aright,  
 'Tis nature's system of divinity,  
 And ev'ry student of the night inspires;

'Tis elder scripture, writ by God's own hand;  
 Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man. 450

What read we here?—th' existence of a god?—  
 Yes; and of other beings, man above;  
 Natives of ether! sons of higher climes!  
 Immortal lights! that govern these of fire!  
 And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,  
 Eternity is written in the skies:  
 And whose eternity? Lorenzo! thine;  
 Mankind's eternity: nor faith alone,  
 Virtue grows here; here springs the sov'reign cure  
 Of pride, ambition, and impure desire. 460  
 Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,  
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day,  
 In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,  
 And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,  
 If bold to meet the face of injur'd heav'n)  
 To yonder stars: for other ends they shine,  
 Than to light revellers from shame to shame.

\*\* Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,  
 With infinite of lucid orbs replete,  
 Which set the living firmament on fire, 470  
 At the first glance, in such an overwhelm  
 Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,  
 Rushes omnipotence?—to curb our pride;  
 Our reason rouze, and lead it to that pow'r,  
 Whose love lets down these silver chains of light,  
 To draw up man's ambition to himself,  
 And bind our chast affection to his throne:

Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,  
 And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,  
 An humble, pure, and heav'nly-minded heart, 480  
 Are here inspir'd:—and canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,  
 Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir:  
 The planets of each system represent  
 Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;  
 Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;  
 Attracting, and attracted! patriot-like,  
 None sins against the welfare of the whole;  
 But, their reciprocal, unselfish aid,  
 Affords an emblem of millennial love. 490  
 Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,  
 Was e'er created solely for itself:  
 Thus man his sov'reign duty learns in this  
 Material picture of benevolence.

Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,  
 And seize thy brother's throat?—for what?—a clod,  
 An inch of earth? the planets cry, "Forbear."  
 They chase our double darkness; nature's gloom,  
 And, kinder still! our intellectual night.

\* And see, day's amiable sister sends 500  
 Her invitation, in the softest rays  
 Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,  
 Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze:  
 Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,  
 Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;

Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,  
 Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,  
 And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;  
 While light peeps thro' the darkness, like a spy;  
 And darkness shews its grandeur by the light: 510  
 Nor is the profit greater than the joy,  
 If human hearts at glorious objects glow,  
 And admiration can inspire delight.

This theatre!—what eye can take it in?  
 By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,  
 For minds of the first magnitude to launch  
 In endless speculation, and adore!  
 One sun by day; by night ten thousand shine;  
 And light us deep into the deity,  
 How boundless in magnificence and might! 520  
 O what a confluence of ethereal fires,  
 From urns un-number'd, down the steep of heaven,  
 Streams to a point, and centers in my sight!  
 Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart;  
 My heart at once, it humbles, and exalts;  
 Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.  
 Who sees it, unexalted, or unaw'd?  
 Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?  
 Material off-spring of omnipotence!  
 Inanimate, all-animating birth! 530  
 Work worthy him who made it! worthy praise!  
 \* All praise! praise more than human!—but tho' man,  
 With-holds his homage, not alone I wake;  
 Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard  
 By mortal ear, the glorious architect,



In this his universal temple, hung  
 With lustres, with innumerable lights.  
 \* True; all things speak a god; but, in the small,  
 Men trace out him; in great, he seizes man:  
 Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills 540  
 With new inquiries, 'mid associates new:  
 Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! say, proud arch!  
 Built with divine ambition! in disdain  
 Of limit built! built in the taste of heav'n!  
 Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd  
 A meet apartment for the deity?  
 Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,  
 Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound.

And are there, then, Lorenzo! those, to whom  
 Unseen, and unexistent, are the same? 550  
 And if incomprehensible is join'd,  
 Who dare pronounce it madness, to believe?  
 \*\* Why has the mighty builder thrown aside  
 All measure in his work; stretch'd out his line  
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?  
 Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)  
 Deep in the bosom of his universe,  
 Dropt down that reasoning mite, that insect, man,  
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—  
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement 560  
 For disbelief of wonders in himself.  
 Shall God be less miraculous, than what  
 His hand has form'd? shall mysteries descend  
 From un-mysterious? things more elevate,  
 Be more familiar? uncreated lie

More obvious than created, to the grasp  
 Of human thought? the more of wonderful  
 Is heard in him, the more we should assent:  
 Could we conceive him, God he could not be;  
 Or he not God, or we could not be men: 570  
 A god alone can comprehend a god;  
 Man's distance how immense! on such a theme,  
 Nothing, but what astonishes, is true.  
 The scene thou seest attests the truth I sing:  
 These stars, this furniture, this cost of heav'n,  
 If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;  
 But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true:  
 The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,  
 In reason's court, to silence unbelief.

How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes 580  
 The moral emanations of the skies!  
 Has the great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds  
 To tell us, he resides above them all,  
 In glory's unapproachable recess?  
 And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny  
 The sumptuous embassy, a moment's audience?  
 Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,  
 And glance from east to west, from pole to pole;  
 Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd,  
 Renounces reason, or a god adores! 590  
 Mankind was sent into the world to see:  
 Sight gives the science needful to their peace;  
 That obvious science asks small learning's aid:  
 Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?

Or travel history's enormous round?  
 Nature no such hard task enjoins: she gave  
 A make to man directive of his thought;  
 A make set upright, pointing to the stars,  
 As who should say, "Read thy chief lesson there."  
 Too late to read this manuscript of heav'n, 600  
 When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,  
 It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight.

Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,  
 The promontory's height, the depth profound  
 Of subterranean, excavated grotts  
 Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide  
 From nature's structure, or the scoop of time;  
 If ample of dimension, vast of size,  
 Even these an aggrandizing impulse give;  
 A solemn thought—but what of vast in these? 610  
 Nothing;—(or we must own the skies forgot:)  
 Much less in art.—Vain art! thou pigmy-pow'r!  
 How dost thou swell, and strut, with human pride,  
 To shew thy littleness? what childish toys,  
 Thy watry columns squirted to the clouds!  
 Thy basin'd<sup>66</sup> rivers, and imprison'd seas!  
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!  
 Thy hundred-gated capitals! or those  
 Where three days' travel left us much to ride,  
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought, 620  
 Arches triumphal, theaters immense,  
 Or nodding gardens pendent in mid-air!  
 Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way!

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<sup>66</sup>Ori., "bason'd."

Yet these affect us in no common kind;  
 What then the force of such superior scenes!  
 Enter a temple, it will strike an awe;  
 What awe from this the deity has built!  
 A good man seen, tho' silent, counsel gives;  
 The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise:  
 In a bright mirror his own hands have made, 630  
 Here we see something like the face of God!

And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design,  
 By daring man, he makes the trembling stars  
 See crimes gigantic, stalking thro' the gloom  
 With front erect, that hide their head by day:  
 Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,  
 Rapine, and murder, link'd, now prowl for prey:  
 Now plots, and foul conspiracies, awake;  
 And muffling up their horrors from the moon, 640  
 Havock, and devastation they prepare,  
 And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood:  
 Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage:  
 Why sleeps the thunder? now Lorenzo! now,  
 His best friend's couch the rank adulterer  
 Ascends secure; and laughs at gods, and men:  
 Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,  
 Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heav'n!  
 Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.  
 Were moon and stars, for villains only made?  
 No: they were made to fashion the sublime 650  
 Of human hearts, and wiser make the wise.

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals liv'd  
 Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent;  
 Those ancient sages, human stars! they met  
 Their brothers of the skies at midnight hour;  
 They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths  
 By seraphs trod; instructed chiefly thus  
 To tread in their bright footsteps here below;  
 Thro' various virtues they with ardor ran.  
 In Christian hearts O for a pagan zeal! 660  
 A needful, but opprobrious pray'r! as much  
 Our ardor less, as greater is our light;  
 How monstrous this in morals! scarce more strange  
 Would this phænomenon in nature strike,  
 A sun that froze us, or a star that warm'd.

What taught these heroes of the moral world?  
 That narrow views betray to misery;  
 That wise it is to comprehend the whole;  
 That nature is the glass reflecting God,  
 As by the sea reflected is the sun, 670  
 Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere;  
 That mind immortal loves immortal aims;  
 That boundless mind affects a boundless space;  
 That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,  
 The soul assimilate, and make her great;  
 That therefore heav'n her glories, as a fund  
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.

And what more true? what truth of greater weight?  
 \* The soul of man was made to walk the skies;  
 Delightful outlet of her prison here! 680

There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties,  
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;  
 There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,  
 In full proportion let loose all her pow'rs;  
 And, undeluded, grasp at something great:  
 Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there;  
 But, wonderful herself, thro' wonders strays;  
 Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;  
 Hence conscious of her birth celestial; breathes  
 More life, more vigour, in her native air.

690

Lorenzo! much of moral hast thou seen:  
 Of curious arts art thou more fond? then mark  
 The mathematic glories of the skies:  
 In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.  
 Lorenzo's boasted builders, chance, and fate,  
 Are left to finish his aerial tow'rs;  
 Wisdom, and choice, their well-known characters  
 Here deep-impress; and claim it for their own:  
 Tho' splendid all, no splendor void of use;  
 Use rivals beauty; art contends with pow'r;  
 No wanton waste, amid effuse expence;  
 The great Oeconomist adjusting all  
 To prudent pomp, magnificently wise:  
 How rich the prospect! and for ever new!  
 And newest to the man that views it most;  
 For newer still in infinite succeeds:  
 Then, these aerial racers, O how swift?  
 How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!  
 Spirit alone can distance the career.  
 Orb above orb ascending without end!

700

710

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here;  
 Thro' this illustrious chaos, to the sight,  
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.  
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,  
 Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind:  
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;  
 They rove for ever, without error rove:  
 Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire  
 This tumult untumultuous: all on wing,  
 \* In motion, all! yet what profound repose! 720  
 What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd  
 To silence by the presence of their Lord;  
 Or hush'd, by his command, in love to man,  
 And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,  
 Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,  
 In exultation to their God, and thine,  
 They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,  
 Eternal celebration of his praise:  
 But, since their song arrives not at our ear,  
 Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight 730  
 Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless power:  
 Mark, how, the labyrinthian turns they take,  
 The circles intricate, and mystic maze,  
 Weave the grand cypher of omnipotence;  
 To gods, how great! how legible to man!

\* Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?  
 Where are the pillars that support the skies?  
 What more than Atlantean shoulder props  
 Th' incumbent load? what magic, what strange art,  
 In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains? 740

Who would not think them hung in golden chains?  
And so they are; in the high will of heav'n,  
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,  
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,  
Or nought of all; if such the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn  
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad  
And tow'ring Alps, all tost into the sea;  
And, light as down, or volatile as air,  
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves, 750  
In time and measure, exquisite; while all  
The winds in emulation of the spheres,  
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft;  
The concert swell, and animate the ball:  
Would this appear amazing? what, then, worlds,  
In a far thinner element sustain'd,  
And acting the same part, with greater skill,  
More rapid movement, and for noblest ends?

\* The boundless space, thro' which these rovers take  
Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought 760  
Of boundless time. Thus, by kind nature's skill,  
To man unlabour'd, that important guest  
Eternity, finds entrance at the sight:  
And an eternity, for man ordain'd,  
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,  
The stars, had never whisper'd it to man.

Can yonder moon turn ocean in his bed,  
From side to side, in constant ebb, and flow,



And purify from stench his watry realms?  
 And fails her moral influence? wants she power 770  
 To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought  
 From stagnating on earth's infected shore?  
 Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven:

Of higher scenes be then the call obey'd:  
 O let me gaze!—of gazing there's no end:  
 O let me think!—thought too is wilder'd here;  
 How distant some of these nocturnal suns!  
 So distant (says the sage) 'twere not absurd  
 To doubt, if beams, set out at nature's birth,  
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world; 780  
 Tho' nothing half so rapid as their flight:  
 To count the glories in this field of fire,  
 Perhaps a seraph's computation fails.  
 Now, go, ambition! boast thy boundless might  
 In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,  
 To give his tott'ring faith a solid base:  
 Why call for less than is already thine?  
 \*\* Say, which imports more plenitude of power, 790  
 Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?  
 To make a sun, or stop his mid-career?  
 To countermand his orders, and send back  
 The flaming courier to the frightened east,  
 Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,  
 In Ajalon's soft, flow'ry, vale repose?  
 Great things are these; still greater, to create.

From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole train  
 Of miracles;—resistless is their pow'r?  
 They do not, can not, more amaze the mind,  
 Than this, call'd un-miraculous survey. 800  
 Say'st thou, "The course of nature governs all?"  
 The course of nature is the art of God:  
 The miracles thou call'st for, this attest;  
 For, say, could nature nature's course controul?

\*\* But, miracles apart, who sees him not,  
 Nature's controuler, author, guide, and end?  
 Who turns his eye on nature's midnight face,  
 But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,  
 "What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes  
 "In motion, and wound up the vast machine? 810  
 "Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?  
 "Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,  
 "Num'rous as glittering gems of morning-dew,  
 "Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,<sup>67</sup>  
 "And set the bosom of old night on fire,  
 "Peopled her desart, and<sup>68</sup> made horror smile?<sup>[?]</sup>  
 O let us join this army! joining these,  
 Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,  
 When brighter flames shall cut a darker night;  
 When these strong demonstrations of a God 820  
 Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres;  
 And one eternal curtain cover all!

O ye dividers of my time! ye bright  
 Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,  
 In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!

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<sup>67</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.

<sup>68</sup>Ori., "and and"; a misprint.

Since that authentic, radiant register,  
 Tho' man inspects it not, stands good against him;  
 Since you and years, roll on, tho' man stands still;  
 \* Teach me my days to number, and apply  
 My trembling heart to wisdom; now beyond 830  
 All shadows of excuse for fooling on:  
 Age smooths our path to prudence: sweeps aside  
 The snares, keen appetite, and passion, spread  
 To catch stray souls; and woe to that grey head,  
 Whose folly would undo, what age has done!  
 Great Artist! thou, whose finger set aright  
 This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,  
 Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out  
 Life's rapid, and irrevocable, flight,  
 With such an index fair, as none can miss, 840  
 Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd:  
 Open mine eye, dread deity! to read  
 The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see  
 Things as they are, un-alter'd thro' the glass  
 Of worldly wishes: time! eternity!  
 Set them before me; let me lay them both  
 In equal scale, and learn their various weight:  
 Let time appear a moment, as it is;  
 And let eternity's full orb, at once,  
 Turn on my soul, and strike it into heaven. 850

Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,  
 And let in manhood; let in happiness;  
 Admit the boundless theatre of thought  
 From nothing up to God; which makes a man:  
 Take God from nature, nothing great is left;

Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;  
 Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;  
 See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd!  
 Besieg'd by nature, the proud sceptic's foe!  
 Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds, 860  
 Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,  
 As in a golden net of providence,  
 How art thou caught! sure captive of belief!  
 From this thy blest captivity, what art,  
 What blasphemy to reason sets thee free?  
 This scene is heaven's indulgent violence:  
 Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?  
 What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,  
 But, faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?  
 God is a spirit; spirit cannot strike 870  
 These gross, material, organs; God by man  
 As much is seen, as man a God can see,  
 In these astonishing exploits of power:  
 What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!  
 Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!—  
 Each attribute of these material gods,  
 A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;  
 And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

Retire;—the world shut out; thy thoughts call home;—  
 Imagination's airy wing repress; 880  
 Wake all to reason; let her reign alone;  
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth  
 Of nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire.

“What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,  
 “But that I am; and, since I am, conclude  
 “Something eternal: had there e’er been nought,  
 “Nought still had been: eternal there must be:  
 “But what eternal?—why not human race;  
 “And Adam’s ancestors without an end?—  
 “That’s hard to be conceiv’d: since every link 890  
 “Of that long-chain’d succession is so frail;  
 “Can every part depend, and not the whole?  
 “Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;  
 “Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?  
 “Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs  
 “Would want some other father:—much design  
 “Is seen in all their motions, all their makes:  
 “Design implies intelligence, and art;  
 “That can’t be from themselves—or man: that art  
 “Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow? 900  
 “And nothing greater, yet allow’d, than man.—  
 “Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,  
 “Shot thro’ vast masses of enormous weight?  
 “Who bid brute matter’s restive lump assume  
 “Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?  
 “Has matter innate motion? then each atom,  
 “Asserting its indisputable right  
 “To dance, would form an universe of dust:  
 “Has matter none? then whence these glorious forms,  
 “And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos’d?  
 “Has matter more than motion? has it thought, 910  
 “Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn’d  
 “In mathematics? has it fram’d such laws,  
 “Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?

“If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,  
 “Who think a clod inferior to a man?  
 “If art, to form; and council, to conduct;  
 “And that with greater far, than human skill;  
 “Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns.—  
 “Grant then, invisible, eternal, mind; 920  
 “That granted, all is solv’d.—But, granting that,  
 “Draw I not o’er me still a darker cloud?  
 “Grant I not that which I can ne’er conceive?  
 “A being without origin, or end!  
 “Hail, human liberty! there is no God.  
 “Yet why? on either scheme the knot subsists:  
 “Subsist it must, in God, or human race;  
 “If in the last, how many knots beside,  
 “Indissoluble all?—why chuse it there,  
 “Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more? 930  
 “Reject it; where that chosen, all the rest  
 “Dispers’d, leave reason’s whole horizon clear?  
 “What vast preponderance is here? can reason  
 “With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?  
 “What things impossible must man think true,  
 “On any other system? and how strange  
 “To disbelieve, through mere credulity?”

If in this chain Lorenzo finds no flaw,  
 Let it for ever bind him to belief:  
 And, if a God there is, that God how great! 940  
 How great that power, whose providential care  
 Thro’ these bright orbs’ dark centres darts a ray!  
 Of nature universal threads the whole!

And hangs creation, like a precious gem,  
Tho' little, on the footstool of his throne!

That little gem, how large! say, then, Lorenzo!  
Where, ends this mighty building? where, begin  
The suburbs of creation? where the wall  
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale  
Of non-existence, nothing's strange abode! 950  
Dread, bottomless, amazement! how it yawns!  
How shuddering fancy sickens, and recoils!  
And is it there Lorenzo hopes to dwell?  
Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd  
His slacken'd line, and laid his ballance by;  
Weigh'd worlds and measur'd infinite no more?  
Where, rears his terminating pillar high  
Its extra-mundane head? and says, to gods,  
In characters illustrious as the sun,  
"I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce 960  
"The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd:  
"Shout, all ye gods! nor shout, ye gods alone;  
"Of all that lives, or if devoid of life,  
"That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths, resound!"

Hard are those questions?—answer, harder still.  
Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,  
The solitary son, of power divine?  
Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,  
Impregnated the womb of distant space?  
Has he not bid, in various provinces, 970  
Brother creations the dark bowels burst  
Of night primeval; barren, now, no more?  
And he the central sun, transpiercing all

Those giant generations, which disport,  
 And dance, as motes, in his meridian ray;  
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,  
 In that abyss of horror, whence they sprung,  
 While chaos triumphs, repossesst of all  
 Rival creation ravish'd from his throne?  
 Chaos! of nature both the womb, and grave! 980

Can man conceive beyond what God can do?  
 Nothing, but quite-impossible, is hard;  
 He summons into being, with like ease,  
 A whole creation, and a single grain.  
 Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!—  
 A thousand worlds? there's space for millions more;  
 And in what space can his great fiat fail?

Still seems my thought enormous? think again;—  
 Experience' self shall aid thy lame belief:  
 Glasses (that revelation to the sight!) 990  
 Have they not led us deep in the disclose  
 Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small;  
 And, tho' demonstrated, still ill-conceiv'd?  
 If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount  
 In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,  
 To keep the ballance, and creation poize?  
 Stupendous Architect! thou, thou art all!  
 My soul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,  
 And finds herself but at the centre still!  
 I Am, thy name! existence, all thine own! 1000  
 Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd  
 "The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God."



Tell me Lorenzo! (for now fancy glows!)  
 Is not this home creation, in the map  
 Of universal nature, as a speck,  
 Like fair Britannia in our little ball,  
 Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,  
 But elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone?  
 Canst thou not figure it, an isle, almost  
 Too small for notice, in the vast of being; 1010  
 Sever'd by mighty seas of unbuilt space,  
 From other realms; from ample continents  
 Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell.

Yet why drown fancy in such depths as these?  
 Return, presumptuous rover! and confess  
 The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too small:  
 Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen?  
 Pull ample the dominions of the sun!  
 Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,  
 The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne, 1020  
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,  
 Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,  
 And feeds his planets with eternal fires?  
 Beyond this city, why strays human thought?  
 One wonderful, enough for man to know!  
 One firmament, enough for man to read!  
 Nor is instruction, here, our only gain;  
 There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,  
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts:  
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole! 1030  
 With what authority it gives its charge,  
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,

Tho' silent, loud! heard earth around; above  
 The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;  
 Hell has its wonder, tho' too proud to praise.

\* Divine Instructor! thy first volume, this,  
 For man's perusal; all in capitals!  
 In moon, and stars (heaven's golden alphabet!)  
 Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who runs, may read;  
 Who reads, can understand: 'tis unconfi'd 1040  
 To Christian land, or Jewry; fairly writ  
 In language universal, to mankind:  
 A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain,  
 To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,  
 Or from its husk strike out the bounding grain!<sup>69</sup>  
 A language, worthy the great mind, that speaks!  
 Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!  
 Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!  
 Stupendous book! and open'd, night! by thee. 1050

By thee much open'd, I confess, O night!  
 Yet more I wish; say, gentle night! whose beams  
 Give us a new creation, and present  
 The world's great picture, soften'd to the sight;  
 Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key  
 \* Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view  
 Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day  
 Behind the proud, and envious, star of noon!  
 Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and shew  
 The mighty potentate, to whom belong 1060  
 These rich regalia, pompously display'd?  
 O for a glimpse of him my soul adores!

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<sup>69</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.

As the chas'd hart,<sup>70</sup> amid the desert waste,  
 Pants for the living stream; for him who made her,  
 So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank  
 Of sublunary joys: say, goddess! where?  
 Where blazes his bright court? where, burns his throne?  
 Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee, round,  
 His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports  
 The sable curtains drawn: if not, can none  
 Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,  
 Who travel far, discover where he dwells?]  
 A star his dwelling pointed out below:  
 Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves  
 On which hand must I bend my course to find him?  
 These courtiers keep the secret of their king;  
 I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

In ardent contemplation's rapid car,  
 From earth, as from my barrier, I set out:  
 How swift I mount! diminish'd earth recedes;  
 I pass the moon; and, from her further side,  
 Pierce heaven's blue curtain; pause at every planet,  
 And ask for him, who gives their orbs to roll.  
 From Saturn's ring, I take my bolder flight,  
 Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,  
 Of independent, native lustre, proud,  
 The souls of systems!—what behold I now?  
 A wilderness of wonders burning round;  
 Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;  
 Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;  
 'Tis but the threshold of the deity;  
 Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still.

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<sup>70</sup>Ori., "heart"; a misprint.

Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire,  
 If human thought can keep its station here:  
 Where now is earth?—on nature's Alps I stand,  
 And see a thousand firmaments beneath!  
 A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!—  
 So much a stranger, and so late arriv'd  
 How can man's curious spirit not inquire,  
 What are the natives of this world sublime, 1100  
 Of this so foreign, unterrestrial sphere,  
 Where mortal, untranslated, never stray'd?

“O ye, as distant from my little home,  
 “As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly;  
 “Far from my native element I roam,  
 “In quest of new, and wonderful, to man:  
 “What province this, of his immense domain,  
 “Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?  
 “Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss! what are you?  
 “A colony from heaven? or, only rais'd, 1110  
 “By frequent visits from heaven's neighbouring realms,  
 “To secondary gods, and half-divine?—  
 “Far other life you live, far other tongue  
 “You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,  
 “Than man: how various are the works of God!  
 “But say, what thought? is reason here inthron'd,  
 “And absolute? or sense in arms against her?  
 “Have you two lights? or need you no reveal'd?  
 “Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?  
 “And had your Eden an abstemious Eve? 1120  
 “Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd?  
 “And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer scorn'd?

“Is this your final residence? if not,  
 “Change you your scene, translated? or by death?  
 “And if by death; what death?—know you disease?  
 “Or horrid war?—in our world, death deposes  
 “Intemperance to do the work of age,  
 “And hanging up the quiver nature gave him,  
 “As slow of execution, for dispatch  
 “Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them slay 1130  
 “Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec’d before)  
 “And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.  
 “Sit all your executioners on thrones?  
 “With you, can rage for plunder make a god?  
 “And bloodshed wash out every other stain?—  
 “But you, perhaps, can’t bleed; from matter gross  
 “Your spirits clean, are delicately clad  
 “In fine-spun ether; privileg’d to soar,  
 “Unloaded, uninfected: how unlike  
 “The lot of man! how few of human race 1140  
 “By their own mud unmurder’d! how we wage  
 “Self-war eternal!—is your painful day  
 “Of hardy conflict o’er? or, are you still  
 “Raw candidates at school? and have you those  
 “Who disaffect reversions, as with us?—  
 \*\* “But what are we? you never heard of man,  
 “Or earth; the bedlam of the universe!  
 “Where reason, undiseas’d with you, runs mad,  
 “And nurses folly’s children as her own;  
 “Fond of the foulest: in the sacred mount 1150  
 “Of holiness, where reason is pronounc’d  
 “Infallible; and thunders, like a god.]  
 “But this how strange to you, who know not man?

\* “Has the least rumour of our race arriv’d?  
 “Call’d here Elijah, in his flaming car?  
 “Past by you the good Enoch, on his road  
 “To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl’d?  
 “O! that the fiend had lodg’d on some broad orb  
 “Athwart his way; nor reach’d his present home;  
 “Then blacken’d earth with footsteps foul’d in hell.”

\* But where is he, that o’er heaven’s battlement  
 The felon hurl’d to darkness? where is he, 1162  
 Who sees creation’s summit in a vale?  
 Tell me, ye learn’d on earth! or blest above!  
 Where, your great Master’s orb? his planets, where?  
 First-born of deity! from central love,  
 By veneration most profound, thrown off;  
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;  
 Aw’d, and yet raptur’d; raptur’d, yet serene;  
 Past thought, illustrious; but with borrow’d beams;<sup>71</sup>  
 In still approaching circles, still remote, 1170  
 Revolving round the sun’s eternal Sire?  
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies  
 To nations—in what latitude?—beyond  
 Terrestrial thought’s horizon!—and on what  
 High errands sent?—here human effort ends;  
 And leaves me still a stranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road,  
 Born in an age more curious, than devout;  
 ’Tis not the curious, but the pious path,  
 That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know, 1180  
 Without or star, or angel, for their guide,

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<sup>71</sup>In Wesley’s personal copy (London, Wesley’s House), he marks this line for deletion.

Who worship God, shall find him: humble love,  
 And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;  
 Love finds admission, where proud science fails.  
 Man's science is the culture of his heart;  
 And not to lose his plummet in the depths  
 Of nature, or the more profound of God:  
 To fathom nature; (ill-attempted here!)  
 Past doubt, is deep philosophy above;  
 Higher degrees in bliss archangels take, 1190  
 As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still:  
 For, what a thunder of omnipotence  
 Is seen in all? in man! in earth! in skies!  
 Teaching this lesson, pride is loath to learn—  
 "Not deeply to discern, not much to know,  
 "Mankind was born to wonder and adore."

"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, 1200  
 "Great vine! on thee: on thee the cluster hangs;  
 "The filial cluster! infinitely spread  
 "In glowing globes, with various being fraught;  
 "Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)  
 "A constellation of ten thousand gems,  
 "Set in one signet, flames on the right-hand  
 "Of majesty divine! the blazing seal,  
 "That deeply stamps, on all created mind,  
 "Indelible, his sovereign attributes  
 "Omnipotence and love: nor stop we here, 1210  
 "For want of power in God, but thought in man.

“If greater aught, that greater all is thine,  
 “Dread Sire!—accept this miniature of thee;  
 “And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,  
 “In which archangels might have fail’d, unblam’d.”

O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!  
 Rank coward to the fashionable world!  
 Art thou asham’d to bend thy knee to heaven?  
 Not all these luminaries, quench’d at once,  
 Were half so sad, as one benighted mind, 1220  
 Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.  
 How, like a widow in her weeds, the night,  
 Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!  
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps  
 Perpetual dews, and saddens nature’s scene!  
 A scene more sad sin makes the darken’d soul;  
 All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Tho’ blind of heart, still open is thine eye;  
 Why such magnificence in all thou seest?  
 Of matter’s grandeur, know, one end is this, 1230  
 To tell the rational, who gazes on it—  
 \* Tho’ that immensely great, still greater he,  
 Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,  
 Unburthen’d, nature’s universal scheme;  
 Can grasp creation with a single thought;  
 Creation grasp; and not exclude its Sire.—  
 To tell him farther—it behoves him much  
 To guard the important, yet-depending, fate  
 Of being, brighter than a thousand suns;  
 One single ray of thought outshines them all.— 1240



And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar  
 Superior heights, and on his purple wing,  
 Rising, where thought is now deny'd to rise,  
 Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

But think not thou hast heard all this from me;  
 My song but echoes what great nature speaks;  
 Thus speaks for ever:—place, at nature's head,  
 A sovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,  
 Extends his wing, diffuses endless good;  
 To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly; 1250  
 The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;  
 By whom, the various tenants of those spheres,  
 Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and pow'rs,  
 Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,  
 Arrive at length, at that blest fountain-head,  
 Where conflict past redoubles present joy;  
 And present joy looks forward on increase;  
 And that, on more; no period! every step  
 A double boon! a promise, and a bliss.  
 How easy sits this scheme on human hearts! 1260  
 It suits their make; it soothes their vast desires;  
 Passion is pleas'd; and reason asks no more;  
 'Tis rational! 'tis great!—but what is thine?  
 It darkens! shocks! excruciates! and confounds!  
 Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,  
 Sinking from bad to worse; few years, the sport  
 Of fortune; then, the morsel of despair.

\* O thou most awful being! and most vain!  
 Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy power!

Tho' dread eternity has sown her seeds 1270  
 Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast;  
 Tho' heaven, and hell, depend upon thy thought,  
 A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.]  
 My solemn night-born adjuration hear;  
 Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust.

\* By silence, death's peculiar attribute:  
 By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom:  
 By darkness, and by silence, sisters dread!  
 That draw the curtain round night's ebon throne,  
 And raise ideas, solemn as the scene: 1280  
 By night, and all of awful, night presents  
 To thought, or sense, by these her trembling fires,  
 By these bright orators, that prove and praise,  
 And press thee to revere, the deity.  
 Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,  
 To reach his throne; as stages of the soul,  
 Thro' which, at different periods, she shall pass,  
 Refining gradual, for her final height;  
 And purging off some dross at every sphere:<sup>72</sup>  
 By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world: 1290  
 By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,<sup>73</sup>  
 From short ambition's zenith set for ever;  
 By the long list of swift mortality,  
 From Adam downward to this evening's knell,  
 Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye;  
 And shocks her with a hundred centuries  
 Round death's black banner throng'd, in human thought:  
 By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,

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<sup>72</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.

<sup>73</sup>Ori., "renonw'd"; a misprint.

And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear:  
 By tombs o'er tombs arising, human earth 1300  
 Ejected, to make room for—human earth;  
 By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,  
 The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,  
 Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!  
 By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;  
 And the pale lamp, that shews the ghastly dead,  
 More ghastly thro' the thick-incumbent gloom:  
 By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,  
 The gliding spectre! and the groaning grove!  
 By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan 1310  
 For the grave's shelter: by desponding men,  
 Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt:  
 By guilt's last audit: by yon moon in blood,  
 The rocking firmament, the falling stars,  
 And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell!  
 By second chaos; and eternal night—  
 Be wise—nor let Philander blame my charm;  
 But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,  
 Love to the living; duty to the dead.

But oh!—my spirits fail!—sleep's dewy wand 1320  
 Has strok'd my drooping lids to soft repose:  
 Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot;  
 The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,  
 Whence sorrow never chas'd thee: with thee bring  
 Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts  
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;  
 Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,  
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play,

The various movements of this nice machine.  
 Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn; 1330  
 Fresh we spin on, 'till sickness clogs our wheels,  
 Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.  
 When will it end with me?—

Thou only know'st,  
 Thou, whose broad eye the future and the past  
 Joins to the present; thou, and thou alone,  
 All-knowing!—all unknown! and yet well known!  
 Thee, tho' invisible, for-ever seen!  
 And seen in all! the great, and the minute,  
 Each globe above, with its gigantic race, 1340  
 Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd,  
 To the first thought, that asks, from whence? declare  
 Their common source, thou fountain running o'er  
 In rivers of communicated joy!  
 Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!  
 Say, by what name shall I presume to call  
 Him I see burning in these countless suns,  
 As Moses, in the bush? illustrious mind!  
 How shall I name thee?—how my labouring soul  
 Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth! 1350

Great system of perfections! mighty cause  
 Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God,  
 Father of this immeasurable mass  
 Of matter multiform: mov'd, or at rest:  
 Father of these bright millions of the night!  
 Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,  
 Father of matter's temporary lords!

Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks  
 Of high paternal glory; rich-endow'd  
 With various measures, and with various modes 1360  
 Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams  
 More pale, or bright from day divine, that rise  
 Each over other in superior light,  
 Till the last ripens into lustre strong  
 Of next approach to Godhead: Father fond<sup>74</sup>  
 Of intellectual beings! beings blest  
 With powers to please thee: not of passive ply  
 To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats  
 Of well-adapted joys; in different domes  
 Of this imperial palace for thy sons. 1370  
 Or, oh! indulge, immortal King! indulge  
 A title, less august indeed, but more  
 Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears!  
 Father of immortality to man!  
 And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom  
 That blessing was convey'd; far more! was bought;  
 Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds  
 Were made; and one redeem'd! illustrious light  
 From light illustrious! thou, whose regal power,  
 On more than adamant basis fix'd 1380  
 O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones  
 Inviolably reigns; beneath whose foot,  
 And by the mandate of whose awful nod,  
 All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,  
 Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll  
 Thro' the short channels of expiring time,  
 Or shoreless ocean of eternity,  
 In absolute subjection!—and, O thou

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<sup>74</sup>Ori., "kind"; likely a misprint; changed to match Young's original.

The glorious Third! distinct, not separate!  
 Beaming from both! incorporate with dust! 1390  
 By condescension, as thy glory, great;  
 Inshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,  
 Divine inhabitant! the tie divine  
 Of heaven with distant earth!—mysterious power!  
 Reveal'd,—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light!  
 Number in unity! our joy! our dread!  
 Tri-une, unutterable, unconceiv'd,  
 Absconding, yet demonstrable, great God!  
 Greater than greatest! with soft pity's eye,  
 From thy bright home, from that high firmament, 1400  
 Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;  
 Beyond archangels' unassisted ken;  
 Thro' radiant ranks of essences unknown;  
 Thro' hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd,  
 Round various banners of omnipotence,  
 With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd;  
 Thro' wondrous being's interposing swarms:  
 All clustring at the call, to dwell in thee;  
 Thro' this wide waste of worlds;—look down—down—down,  
 On a poor breathing particle in dust, 1410  
 Or, lower,—an immortal in his crimes:  
 His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!  
 Those smaller faults; half-converts to the right:  
 Nor let me close these eyes, which never more  
 May see the sun (tho' night's descending scale  
 Now weighs up morn) unpity'd, and unblest!  
 In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;  
 \*\* And, since all pain is terrible to man,  
 Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,

My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near! 1420  
 And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)  
 My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose;  
 O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,  
 Man's sickly soul, tho' turn'd, and toss'd for-ever,  
 From side to side, can rest on nought but thee,  
 Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy.  
 \*\* Thou God, and mortal! thence more God to man!  
 Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise.  
 Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape, 1430  
 Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows  
 The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth!  
 Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!  
 Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks!  
 Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!  
 Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,  
 Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!  
 Injoins it, as our duty, to rejoice!  
 And (to close all) omnipotently kind,  
 Takes his delights among the sons of men.

What words are these?—and did they come from heav'n? 1440  
 And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?  
 What are all mysteries to love like this?  
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy!

Then, farewell night! of darkness, now, no more:  
 Joy breaks, shines, triumphs; 'tis eternal day.  
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain,  
 Of a few evils, pay'd with endless joys?

My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join  
 The two supports of human happiness,  
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet; 1450  
 True taste of life, and constant thought of death:  
 Thy patron, he, whose diadem has drop'd  
 Yon gems of heaven; eternity thy prize.  
 How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,  
 The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,  
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,  
 Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!  
 And when our present privilege is past,  
 The same astonishment will seize us all.  
 What then must pain us, would preserve us now: 1460  
 Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;  
 That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee:  
 For, what, is hell? full knowledge of the truth,  
 When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe;  
 And calls eternity to do her right.

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,  
 And sacred silence whispering truths divine,  
 And truths divine converting pain to peace,  
 My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,  
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes, 1470  
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,  
 Her gloomy flight. But what avails<sup>75</sup> the flight  
 Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?  
 Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes;<sup>76</sup>  
 Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;  
 An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man;

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<sup>75</sup>Ori., "avils"; a misprint.

<sup>76</sup>In Wesley's personal copy (London, Wesley's House), he marks this line for deletion.



When, like a falling star, the ray divine  
Glides swift into the bosom of the just;  
And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;  
Which sets that title high, within thy reach.  
Awake, then; thy Philander calls, awake!  
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;  
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;  
When time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath,  
Plucking the pillars that support the world,  
In nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;  
And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

1480

THE END OF THE NINTH NIGHT.

## Notes on Night IX.

Line

4 <sup>77</sup>	<i>Ruminates</i> —Looks back upon
8	<i>Languor</i> —Weakness, faintness
22	<i>Symphonious</i> —Harmoniously agreeing
38 <sup>78</sup>	<i>Buskin</i> —Worn by kings and great men on the stage
43 <sup>79</sup>	<i>Tenacious</i> —Holding fast
47	<i>Florid</i> —Flowery, adorned
48	<i>Mausoleums</i> —Stately monuments
79	<i>Bust</i> —A statue
153	<i>Voracious</i> —Devouring
192	<i>Intrepid</i> —Unterrified
216	<i>Clement</i> —Merciful
232	<i>Elapsed</i> —Past
253	<i>A drama</i> is, any thing acted on a stage
284	<i>Dissonant</i> —Jarring, unharmonious
304	<i>Corroborates</i> —Strengthens
345	<i>Palliate</i> —Excuse
357	<i>Solaces</i> —Comforts, pleases
362	<i>Favonian</i> —Soft, mild
391	<i>Voluminously</i> —Immensely
418	<i>Terrestrial</i> —The earth
425	<i>Tour</i> —Journey
427	<i>Delineates</i> —Draws out
430	<i>Atmosphere</i> —The mass of air and vapours that surrounds the earth
463	<i>Nocturnal</i> —Nightly
469	<i>Lucid</i> —Bright

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<sup>77</sup>Ori., “3”; a misprint.

<sup>78</sup>Ori., “37”; a misprint.

<sup>79</sup>Ori., “42”; a misprint.

Line

489	<i>Reciprocal</i> —Mutual
490	<i>Millennial love</i> —Such as will be in the thousand years of Christ's reign on earth
499	<i>Our intellectual right</i> —The darkness of our understanding
521	<i>A confluence</i> —A flowing together
581	<i>Emanations</i> —Influences
594	<i>Metaphysics</i> are an obstruse branch of philosophy
605	<i>Excavated</i> —Hollow
618	<i>Capitals</i> —Chief cities
622	<i>Pendent</i> —Hanging
653	<i>Of aquiline ascent</i> —Mounting like eagles
664	<i>A phænomenon</i> —An appearance
675	<i>Assimilate</i> —Make it like themselves
683	<i>Respire</i> —Breathe
701	<i>Effuse</i> —Vast
702	<i>Oeconomist</i> —Manager
725	<i>Cerulean</i> —Blue
731	<i>Hieroglyphics</i> were a kind of mystical character, used before letters were known
838	<i>Intervolved</i> —Moving one within another
840	<i>An index</i> —An hand pointing the way
843	<i>Tacit</i> —Silent
859	<i>Sceptic</i> —An infidel
906	<i>Innate</i> —Natural to it
958	<i>Extra-mundane</i> —Beyond the world
969	<i>Impregnated</i> —Filled, made fruitful
987	<i>Fiat</i> —His creating word
997 <sup>80</sup>	<i>Stupendous</i> —Amazing
1028	<i>A pathos</i> —A power of mounting the passions
1056	<i>Our hemisphere</i> —That part of the sky which is over us
1061	<i>Regalia</i> —Ensigns of royal power

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<sup>80</sup>Ori., “996”; a misprint.

Line

1084	<i>Saturn</i> is the highest of the planets. It is encompassed with a bright circle, called his <i>ring</i>
1087	<i>Souls of systems</i> —Animating so many sets of planets. I doubt that.
1095	<i>Alps</i> —Highest point
1102	<i>Untranslated</i> —Not yet taken out of this world
1185	<i>Culture</i> —Improvement
1200	<i>Agglomerated</i> —United together
1209	<i>Indelible</i> —Never to be erased
1213	<i>Miniature</i> —Small picture
1233	<i>Capacious</i> —Large
1264	<i>Excruciates</i> —Torments
1271	<i>Despotic</i> —Sovereign over itself
1279	<i>Ebon</i> —Black as ebony
1302	<i>Obsequies</i> —Funeral rites
1313	<i>Audit</i> —Examination at the last day
1328	<i>Lubricates</i> —Oils
1352	<i>Luxuriant</i> —Abundant
1354	<i>Multiform</i> —Of many shapes
1361	<i>Intuition</i> —Seeing things immediately and directly as we see, two and two make four
1377	<i>Ineffable</i> —Unspeakable
1383	<i>Mandate</i> —Command
1390	<i>Incorporate</i> —Dwelling in our embodied spirits
1398	<i>Absconding</i> —Hiding thyself
1404	<i>Hierarchies</i> —Holy princes
1484	<i>Him of Gaza</i> —Samson, Judges xvi. 3