
Transported at the new decree,
 Each godhead started from his bed ;
 Swiftly the joyful tidings spread,
 And heav'n's high concave rang with praise and jubilee.

II.

In purple robes, that swept the ground,
 With wreaths of laurel crown'd,
 Amid the Muses' quire,
 Apollo tun'd his golden lyre ;
 The feats of Jove they sung,
 The wond'rous feats of Jove while young ;
 When his fiery bolts he hurl'd,
 When his thunder shook the world,
 Till blood of Titans slain,
 With filthy forms disfigur'd all the plain.
 The heav'nly host, who heard the song,
 Shouting loud, and shouting long,
 Exclaimed : " Let mighty Jove for ever reign !"
 Thro' heav'n a pleasing murmur ran ;
 " Jove has elevated man ;
 " That peevish being, half-refin'd,
 " Who feels the God within the mind,
 " Yet, slave to self, is barb'rous to his kind."

Z

Now