

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light, [array'd;  
 That with long beams the shamefaced night  
 The belated Cherubim,  
 And swooled Seraphim, [play'd,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dis-  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire, [their  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born  
 Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sang,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep, [keep  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel  
 Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so ;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time ;  
 And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow ;  
 And with your timfold harmony  
 Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.  
 For, if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back and fetch the age of gold ;  
 And speckled vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;  
 And hell itself will pass away, [day,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering  
 Yea, truth and justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orld in a rainbow ; and like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Throned in celestial sheen, [steering ;  
 With radiant feet the tissue clouds down  
 And Heaven as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.  
 But wisest Fate says No,  
 This must not yet be so,  
 The Babe that lies in smiling infancy,  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss ;  
 So both himself and us to glorify ;  
 Yet first, to those enchain'd in sleep, [the deep ;  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro'  
 With such a horrid clang  
 As on Mount Sinai rang, [outbreak ;  
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds  
 The aged earth aghest,  
 With terror of that blast,  
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;  
 When, at the world's last session, [his throne.  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is ;  
 But now begins ; for from this happy day,  
 The old Dragon, under ground,  
 In scathed limbs bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;  
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fall,  
 Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.  
 The oracles are dumb,  
 No voice or hideous hum [ing,  
 Runs through the arch'd roof in words deceiv-  
 Apollo from his shrine,  
 Can no more divine, [ing,  
 With hollow sigick the step of Delphos leav-  
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell, [cell,  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic  
 The lonely mountain's o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
 From haunted spring and dale,  
 Edged with poplar pale.  
 The parting genius is with sighing sent ;  
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn, [ets mourn.  
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thick-  
 In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth, [plaint ;  
 The Lays, and Lemnias, moan with midnight  
 In mus, and ahars round,  
 A Great and dying sound  
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;  
 And the shud marble seems to sweat, [seat.  
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wanted  
 Peer and Baalim  
 Forsake their temples dim,  
 With that twice battered god of Palestine ;  
 And moaned Ashtaroth,  
 Heaven's queen and mother both,  
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;  
 The lively Hamanon shrinks his horn,  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Tham-  
 muz mourn.  
 And sullen Moloch, fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
 His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
 In vain with symbols ring  
 They call the grisly King,  
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.  
 Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphis grove or green, [ings loud ;  
 Trampling the unshowered grass with flow-  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest ;  
 Though but profoundest hell can be his throne  
 In vain with umbrell'd aethers dark  
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipark.