

Confronts the king of terrors. Through the gates
Of that dark prison-house of woe and dread
Hails the infernal monarch on his throne,
Crowned with ambition's diadem of fire.—
Unsatisfied with all that Nature gives
To charm the wandering heart and roving eye,
He would portray Omnipotence.—Rash man !
Reason revolting shudders at the act.—
God is a Spirit without form or parts ;
And canst thou, from a human model, trace
The awful grandeur of Creation's King ?
Nature supplies thee with no perfect draught
Of human beauty in its sinless state.
Man bears upon his brow the curse of guilt,
The shadow of mortality, that marks,
E'en in the sunny season of his youth,
The melancholy sentence of decay.—
Is it from such the painter would depict
The vision of Jehovah ?—and from eyes,
Dimmed with the tears of passion, woe, and pain,