



O N T H E

IMMENSITY OF THE SUPREME BEING.

B Y T H E S A M E.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the founding string
THE POET OF MY GOD—Awake my glory,
Awake my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.

Lift ye! how nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow subjects of th' eternal King,
I gladly join your Mattins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.

O Thou, who or the Lambkin, or the Dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to Pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of Glory' immense the Orphan's mite exclude.

What

What tho' th' Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
 High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome
 By mortal eye unkenn'd—where East nor West
 Nor South, nor blustering North has breath to blow;
 Albeit He there with Angels, and with Saints
 Hold conference, and to his radiant host
 Ev'n face to face stand visibly confest:
 Yet know that nor in Presence or in Power
 Shines He less perfect here; 'tis Man's dim eye
 That makes th' obscurity. He is the same,
 Alike in all his Universe the same.

Whether the mind along the spangled sky
 Measures her pathless walk, studious to view
 Thy works of vaster fabric, where the Planets
 Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing
 Still faithful, still inconstant to the Sun;
 Or where the Comet thro' space infinite
 (Tho' whirling worlds oppose, and globes of fire)
 Darts, like a javelin, to his destin'd goal.
 Or where in Heaven above the Heaven of Heavens
 Burn brighter Suns, and goodlier Planets roll
 With Satellits more glorious—Thou art there.

Or whether on the Ocean's boisterous back
 Thou ride triumphant, and with out-stretch'd arm
 Curb the wild winds and discipline the billows,
 The suppliant Sailor finds Thee there, his chief,
 His only help—When Thou rebuk'st the storm—

It ceases—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glassy level of the calm.

O! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending; there thy works
Would also speak thy residence; and there
Would I thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! th' unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay,
And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bottom
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.

Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines
Gani or Raolconda she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by Sages old
Of Sovereign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The Agat and the deep-intrenched gem

Of kindred Jasper—Nature in them both
 Delights to play the Mimic on herself;
 And in their veins she oft pourtrays the forms
 Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
 Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
 In desperate cascade with flowers and beasts
 And all the living landskip of the vale:
 In vain thy pencil Claudio, or Pouffin,
 Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
 Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
 Of God himself—for God himself is there.

Hence with the ascending springs let me advance
 Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
 Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
 Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
 That dares to call th' Horizon all her own.
 Behold the forest, and the expansive verdure
 Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod
 No object interrupts, unless the oak
 His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
 Extends—Behold in regal solitude,
 And pastoral magnificence he stands
 So simple! and so great! the under-wood
 Of meaner rank an awful distance keep.
 Yet Thou art there, yet God himself is there
 Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses
 He shone in burning majesty reveal'd)
 Nathless conspicuous in the Linnet's throat

Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chaunts she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where th' unbounded prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring man and clumsy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's nest—on that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd Artift builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see,
With such due poize the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and stedfast ev'n in storms.
Thou ideot that asserts, there is no God,
View and be dumb for ever—
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To blush with just vermillion—hence away—
Hence ye prophane! for God himself is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious to trace

Thro'

Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
 And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star
 Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
 Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird
 Were extant on the surface of this ball,
 Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea
 Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
 Had left no thunder to pronounce its maker;
 Yet man at home, within himself, might find
 The Deity immense, and in that frame
 So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
 See and adore his providence and power—
 I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
 O infinite of Goodness and of Glory!
 The knee, that thou hast shap'd, shall bend to Thee,
 The tongue, which thou hast tun'd, shall chaunt thy praise,
 And, thine own image, the immortal soul,
 Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.

