

IX.

He on the Rights of Justice stood,
With their *Exalted Nature*,
That now, through Streams of Sacred Blood
Wafts the Terrestrial Creature;
Wafts Dusty-Man to that Felicity,
Which the *Apostate Son* of Light must never
hope to see.

T H E
Expostulation.

I.

How long, great God, a *wretched captive*
here,

Must I these hated marks of bondage wear?
How long shall these *uneasy chains* controul
The willing flights of my impatient Soul?
How

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How long shall her *most pure intelligence*
Be strain'd through an infectious screen of gross,
corrupted sense?

II.

When shall I leave this *darksome house* of clay;
And to a brighter mansion wing away?
There's nothing here my thoughts to entertain,
But one Tyr'd revolution o're again:
The Sun and Stars observe their wonted round,
The streams their former courses keep: *No Ne-*
velty is found.

III.

The same curst acts of *false fruition* o're,
The same wild hopes and wishes as before;
Do men for this so fondly life carefs,
(*That airy huff of splendid emptiness?*)
Unthinking fots: kind Heaven let me be gone,
I'm tyr'd, I'm sick of this *dull Farce's repetition.*