

Paraphrase on Revel. chap. 1. from v. 13. to v. 18.

I.

WHo could, and yet out-live the Amazing sight!
Oh, who could stand the strefs of so much
Light!

Amidst the Golden Lamps the Vision stood,
Form'd like a Man, with all the awe and lustre of a
God.

II.

A Kingly Vestre cloath'd him to the ground,
And Radiant Gold his sacred breasts furround;
But all too thin the Deity to shrow'd; (Cloud-
For heavenly Rays expressly shone through the unable

III.

His head, his awful head was grac'd with hair,
As soft as snow, as melted silver fair;
And from his eys such active Glories flow.
The conscious Seraphs well may veil their dimmer
faces too.

IV.

His Feet were strong and dreadful, as his Port
 Worthy the Godlike Form they did support ;
 His Voice resembled the Majestick Fall
 Of mighty Waves : 'Twas awful, great, divine, and
 solemn all.

V.

His powerful hand a Starry Scepter held,
 His mouth a threatening two-edg'd sword did
 wield,
 His face so wondrous, so divinely fair,
 As all the glorious Lights above had been contracted
 there.

VI.

And now my fainting spirits strove in vain
 The uncorrected splendor to sustain,
 Unable longer such bright Rays to meet,
 I dy'd beneath the Ponderous Load, at the great
 Vision's Feet.

VII. Till

VII.

Till he that doth the springs of Life contain,
Breath'd back my soul, and bid me live again;
And thus began (but Oh with such an Air,
That nothing but a power divine had made me live
to hear.)

VIII.

From an unviewable Eternity
I was, I am, and must For ever be:
I have been dead, but live for ever now.
Amen — And have in Triumph led the Kings of
(Darkness too.
