eople's praise, if always praise anniate ser errifi'd he stood, tho' we that the people but a herd confidentle and con t he now beheld a new Luva ayah s form & stood before cellaneous rabble, who extole world is but the vulgar, and well weigh dand calcage worth the praise and they admire the hands and what he praise and they admire the they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they admire they had a what he is the praise and they are they had a what he is the praise and they are they had a what he is the praise and they are they had a what he is the praise and they are they had a whole they are they had a whole where they had a whole where they had a whole who had a whole where they had a whole who had a whole whole who had a whole whole who had a whole who had a whole who had a ter a Serpent form augmenti battle; & he saw the Lamb mattedark machines; for Or leasedark machines; for Or repent, wondrous among the C now not whom, but as one learn the there ? ve upon thir tongues and ber thieltast, blade Tre rose on his forehead, r om to be disprais'd were nel smalichrafficia to his eyelids, scales of ot who dares be singularly Hogo on tirely marr telligent among them and the windy method th neck; writhing contortive i ew, and glory scarce of felm islathe dwonders mour shot out. Stubborn, de onyk, Sapphire, jasper, be is true glory and renown, Andnthose that take ng on the Earth, with approve the makes deceive rrific emulation which sho just man, and divulges him Enrowent Hanguages Tt Fiend, the fruit of the l his Angels, who with true toppe to child unt his praises; thus he dithat his, like hist inger: Still the pestilentia to extend his fame through Tremon da Elar th ànd his awful limbs. Stretchin ou to thy reproach mayst wellwhomeinbeis as no 'bulk while the dark shadowy sk'd thee, hast thou seen mys ster was thorong and his food morning & evening in as he was in Heaven, on Earth The wearen all f sorrow incessant she labo glory is false glory, attIn mattaing else i he iron hearted sisters, nings not glorious, men not worth ywhat fameni ruit of that mysterious err who count it glorious was suspenie age ever herself thro' all the branch onquest far and wide, to ownless among the Amazo nums self deciet, his warlik t Cities by assault: what do the second with the countries, and in Held great Batters with the countries of hings were finish'd, sudd nd gave the dire signal; w deep rebellow'd with chty rage let loos in affliction issu'd rour nets he form'd, twisti ten'metals cast in holl cwivesi, & ramm'd combu clothes fabricated all r swell with pride, and must Then titty are odupp t Benefactors of mankind, Deltvertey graze nip't with Temple, Priest, and satt force of the Serpent of Orc in da is the Son of Jove, of Mars Tenes breaker, wearing agogue of Satan in dark Conqueror Death discover them seat caiminge world of Los & tear br ing in brutish vices, and deportment can we pre ent or shameful death thir the sawing marriage s, hopeless of future. indless destruction if there be in glory aught couldood, aim no right by means far different beutatical now, parent se swallows the present out ambition, war, or violence; been but young tearth topish'd, Urizen beheld t eeds of peace, by wisdome englant,d it all, d'not: a Shadowy hermar atience, temperance; I ment that stringurs, or named it Satan, but he was c it at length became, hid whom thy wrongs with Saintl so patience obtaine, famous in a Land and times Ands that; security, n a Tabernacle, Abominable, names not now with honour pattientricher and titl Socrates (who next more methortabare Was could mbe the terrors fir'd rag hat he taught and suffer'd Horgeon to the monar co s contemplated, inspir truth's sake suffering deathnday into the comes alls of Golgonooza & th l in fame to proudest Conqueroing weightiest s hammer's beating & th if for fame and glory aught Fore abheth amours of Singing lulling cadences t suffer d; if young Africanutrosummetees of wasted Country freed from Punish stages, t marria n the fierce battle, whe the bestial droves rend deed becomes unprais d, the man age leasempir A of sound; and troop by loses, though but verbal, hisk achieved and deso ion till the battle fair l I seek glory then, as vai Andhenirsee and sword horrible convulsions to the Elements, Lions not deservid? I seek not millen ball hipeir file sent me, and thereby witnessorwhere in amtical wling music inspired t whom the Tempter murmuring Andush replace been nother, laughing term k not so slight of glory; therein minstlooks in mbling thy great Father; hell weeking linguish more a terion of their day comment they return to returning, inanimate strong, drawn out i for his glory all things made alovensingst as

e not proud, though some have called thee
y and dreadfull, for, thou are not soe,
r, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with these dose goes,
Rest of their bones, and smulless dealistemies.

Thou art slave to Fate, Chamme, kings, and designment men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sidimesse dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better than they stroude; why swell'st thou then
One short sleepe past, were wake etampelly,
And death shall be no more; death thou shalt die
Death be not proud, though some have called the
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overt
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill m
From rest and sleepe, which but they pictures

Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must And soonest our best men with thee doe goe, Rest off their bones, and soules deliverie. Thouant strate to Fate, Chance, kings, and des And doost with poryson, warre, and sicknesse dwel And Propper, or charmes can make us sleepe as And wetter then thy stroake; why swell'st the One smortt sleepe past, wee wake eternally, And death shall be no more; death, thou shal Beath be not proud, though some have called Mighity and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe, Mr, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost o Die not, poor death, nor yet const thou kil From rest and sleepe, which but they price Much pleasure, then from thee, much more and soonest our best men with thee doe Rest of their words, and soules delive Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, king

And dost with poyson, were end;

And poppie, or charmes can make

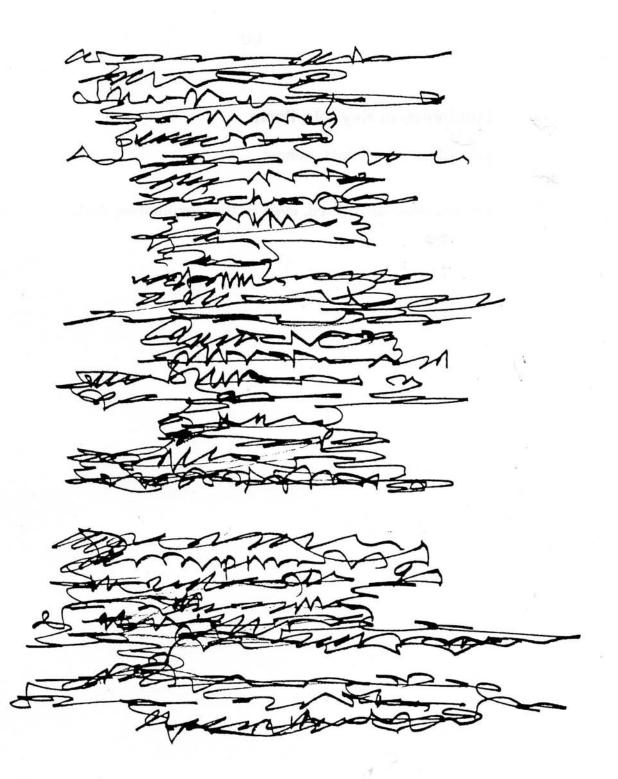
And better than thy stroske;

One short spears Pess, we

And death shell be no Death se not ps

Mighty an

For



So both himself and us to glorify, I'll pay my fancy, only let me sit. Of almost everybody born to die--At any rate 'tis easy, all of it. I see them all, so excellently fair. Or capable of any form at all; Like as the sun in a diameter You find a bundantly detestable. For so to interpose a little ease If on a pillory or near a throne, Rehearsal of forgotten tragedies: All the sad spaces of oblivion, --In the retired quiet of the night Devoted to the memory of me, Ay, in the very temple of delight, Me only--cruel immortality.

In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain, More drenched with gore, more cumbered with the slain, And trust me, but you should, though! How much more, Which wrapped thy smooth limbs, when thou didst implore? Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way, Thou through the woods and through the fields dost stray. There must be gods thrown down and trumpets blown: The worship of that love through thee made known.

As a fond mother, when the day is Leads by the hand her little child to 'b Half willing, half reluctant to be 1 And leave his broken playthings on the flo Still gazing at them through the open d o Nor wholly reassured and comforte By promises of others in their steed Which, though more splendid, may not please him mo So Mature deals with us, and takes aw ; Our playthings one by one, and by the h w Leads us to rest so gently, that we g p Scarce knowing if we wish to go or st Being too full of sleep to underst How far the unknown transcends the what we kn • 3

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes, Smiles awake you when you rise. Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry, And I will sing a lullaby. Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep. pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Heaving up my either hards

Cold as paddocks frough they ke.

Here a little child I stand,

Here I lift them up to Thee.

Heaving up my either hand;

For a benizon to fall

Cold as Paddocks though they be,

On our Mest, and on us sil. Amen.

Here I lift them up to Thee,

For a Benizon to fall

On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

Wae's me, wae's me,
The acorn's not yet
Fallen from the tree
That's to grow the wood,
That's to make the cradle,
That's to rock the bairn,
That's to grow a man,
That's to lay me.

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