Cease, cease then, fond nature!
O cease thy vain strife,
And let me now languish and die into life;
Blest powers receive me; I mount on your wing:
O grave, where's thy victory? O death, where's thy sting?

{Tis done! Lo, they come! bright celestials descend!
Spheres are all vocal, the raptures draw near,
The immortals sound in my ear!}