

18 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

even in the *Zenith* of her dark Domain,
is Sunshine, to the Colour of my Fate.

Night, fable Goddess! from her *Ebon* Throne,
in rayless Majesty, now stretches forth
her leaden Sceptre o'er a slumb'ring World,
Silence, how dead! and Darkness, how profound!
Nor Eye, nor list'ning Ear an Object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the gen'ral Pulse
of Life stood still, and Nature made a Pause;
an awful Pause! prophetic of her End.
And let her Prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the Curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence, and *Darkness!* solemn Sisters! Twins
from antient *Night*, who nurse the tender Thought
to *Reason*, and on *Reason*, build *Resolve*,
(that Column of true Majesty in Man)
assist me: I will thank you in the Grave;
the Grave, your Kingdom: *There* this Frame shall
fall
a Victim sacred to your dreary Shrine.
But what are ye?

THOU, who didst put to Flight
primæval *Silence*, when the Morning-Stars,

exulting,