

24 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
 What can preserve my Life? or what destroy?
 An Angel's Arm can't snatch me from the Grave;
 Legions of Angels can't confine me There.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in Proof:
 While o'er my Limbs *Sleep's* soft Dominion spread,
 what, tho' my Soul phantastic Measures trod
 o'er Fairy Fields; or mourn'd along the Gloom
 of pathless Woods; or down the craggy Steep
 hurl'd headlong, swam with Pain the mantled Pool;
 or scal'd the Cliff; or danc'd on hollow Winds,
 with antic Shapes, wild Natives of the Brain?
 her ceaseless Flight, tho' devious, speaks her Nature
 of subtler Essence than the trodden Clod;
 active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
 unfetter'd with her gross Companion's Fall.
 Ev'n silent Night proclaims my Soul *immortal*:
 ev'n silent Night proclaims eternal Day.
 For human Weal, Heav'n husbands all Events,
 dull Sleep instructs, nor sport vain Dreams in vain.

Why then *their* Loss deplore, that are not lost?
 Why wanders wretched Thought their Tombs around,
 in infidel Distress? Are *Angels* there?
 Slumbers, rak'd up in Dust, Ethereal Fire?

They