

with soft Conceit of endless Comfort *here*,  
nor yet put forth her Wings to reach the Skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above:)  
our *waking* Dreams are fatal. How I dreamt  
of Things impossible? (Could Sleep do more?)  
of Joys perpetual in perpetual Change?  
of stable Pleasures on the tossing Wave?  
eternal Sunshine in the Stroms of Life?  
How richly were my noon-tide Trances hung  
with gorgeous Tapestries of pictur'd Joys?  
Joy behind Joy, in endless Perspective!  
till at Death's Toll, whose restless Iron Tongue  
calls daily for his Millions at a Meal,  
starting I woke, and found myself undone.  
Where now my Frenzy's pompous Furniture?  
The *cobweb'd* Cottage, with its ragged Wall  
of mould'ring Mud, is *Royalty* to me!  
The *Spider's* most attenuated Thread  
is Cord, is Cable, to Man's tender Tie  
on earthly Blifs; it breaks at ev'ry Breeze.

O ye blest Scenes of *permanent* Delight!  
full, above Measure! lasting, beyond Bound!  
a *Perpetuity* of Blifs, is Blifs.  
Could you, so rich in Rapture, fear an End,  
that ghastly Thought would drink up all your Joy,

and