

and quite unparadise the Realms of Light.  
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling Spheres;  
the baleful Influence of whose giddy Dance  
sheds sad Vicissitude on all beneath.

*Here* teems with Revolutions ev'ry Hour;  
and rarely for the better; or the best,  
more mortal than the common Births of Fate.  
Each *Moment* has its Sickle, emulous  
of *Time's* enormous Scythe, whose ample Sweep  
strikes *Empires* from the Root; each *Moment* plays  
his little Weapon in the narrower Sphere  
of sweet domestic Comfort, and cuts down  
the fairest Bloom of sublunary Bliss.

Bliss! sublunary Bliss! — Proud Words, and vain!  
Implicit Treason to divine Decree!  
A bold Invasion of the Rights of Heav'n!  
I clasp'd the Phantoms, and I found them Air.  
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond Embrace!  
What Darts of Agony had miss'd my Heart!

Death! Great Proprietor of All! 'tis thine  
to tread out Empire, and to quench the Stars.  
The Sun himself by thy Permission shines;  
and, one Day, thou shalt pluck him from his Sphere,  
Amid such mighty Plunder, why exhaust

thy