

that Span too short, we tax as tedious too;  
 torture Invention, all Expedients tire,  
 to lash the ling'ring Moments into Speed;  
 and whirl us (happy Riddance!) from ourselves.  
*Art*, brainless *Art*! our furious Charioteer  
 (for *Natur's* Voice unstifled would recall)  
 drives headlong tow'rds the Precipice of Death;  
 Death, most our Dread; Death *thus* more dreadful made;  
 O what a Riddle of Absurdity!  
*Leisure* is Pain; takes off our Chariot-wheels.  
 How heavily we drag the Load of Life!  
 Blest Leisure is our Curse; like that of *Cain*;  
 it makes us wander; wander Earth around  
 to fly that Tyrant, Thought. As *Atlas* groan'd  
 the World beneath, we groan beneath an Hour.  
 We cry for Mercy to the next Amusement;  
 the next Amusement mortgages our Fields;  
 flight Inconvenience! Prisons hardly frown,  
 from hateful *Time* if Prisons set us free.  
 Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us Relief,  
 we call him cruel; Years to Moments shrink,  
 Ages to Years. The Telescope is turn'd.  
 To Man's false Optics (from his Folly false)  
*Time*, in Advance, behind him hides his Wings,  
 and seems to creep, decrepit with his Age.  
 Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,  
 but his broad Pinions swifter than the Winds?

And