

(Fate the loud Signal sounding) headlong rush
 to *timeless* Night, and Chaos! Whence they rose.
 Why spur the Speedy? Why with Levities
 new-wing thy short, short Day's too rapid Flight?
 Know'st thou, or what thou do'st, or what is done?
 Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from Man; too soon
 in sad Divorce this double Flight must end:
 and then, where are we? where, LORENZO! then,
 thy Sports? thy Poms? — I grant thee, in a State
 not Unambitious; in the *ruffled* Shroud,
 thy *Parian* Tomb's *triumphant Arch* beneath.
 Has *Death* his Fopperies? Then well may *Life*
 put on her Plume, and in her Rainbow shine.

Ye *well-array'd*! Ye Lilies of our Land!
 Ye Lilies *Male*! who neither toil, nor spin,
 (as Sister Lilies *might*) if not so wise
 as *Solomon*, more sumptuous to the Sight!
 Ye Delicate! who nothing can support,
 yourselves most insupportable! for whom
 the winter Rose must blow, the Sun put on
 a brighter Beam in *Leo*; silky-soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
 and other Worlds send Odours, Sawce, and Song.
 and Robes, and Notions, fram'd in foreign Looms!
 O ye LORENZOS of our Age! who deem