

86 THE COMPLAINT, ETC.

Time flies, Death urges, Knells call, Heav'n invites,
 Hell threatens; All exerts, in Effort, All;
more than Creation labours! — — Labours *more*!
 And is there in Creation, what, amidst
 this Tumult Universal wing'd Dispatch,
 and ardent Energy, supinely yawns? — —
Man sleeps; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whose Fate,
 Fate irreverfible, intire, extreme,
 endless, hair-hung, breeze-flaken, o'er the Gulph
 a Moment trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
 all elfe is in Alarm; *Man*, the fole Cause
 of this furrounding Storm! and yet he fleeps,
 as the Storm rock'd to Rest — — Throw *Years* away?
 Throw *Empires*, and be blamelefs. Moments feize,
 Heav'n's on their Wing: a Moment we may wifh,
 when Worlds want Wealth to buy. Bid *Day* ftand ftill,
 bid him drive back his Car, recall, retake
 Fate's hafty Prey: Implore him, reimport
 the Period paff, regive the given Hour.