

which hangs out DEATH in one eternal Night *?
 A Night, that glooms us in the Noon-tide Ray,
 and wraps our Thought, at Banquets, in the Shroud.
 Life's little Stage is a small Eminence,
 Inch-high the Grave above; that Home of Man,
 where dwells the Multitude: We gaze around;
 we read their Monuments; we sigh, and while
 we sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
 lamenting, or Lamented, all our Lot!

Is Death at Distance? No: He has been on thee:
 and giv'n sure Earnest of his final Blow.
 Those Hours, which lately smil'd, where are they now?
 Pallid to Thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
 in that great Deep, which nothing disembogues!
 and, dying, they bequeath'd thee small Renown.
 The Rest are on the Wing; how fleet their Flight!
 Already has the fatal Train took Fire;
 a Moment, and the World's blown up *to thee*;
 the Sun is Darkness, and the Stars are Dust.

** *Time* passes like a Post: we nothing send
 but poor *Bellerophon's* Express; our Doom.
 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past Hours;
 and ask them, what Report they bore to Heaven;

and

* Man hat in England bey dem Absterben vornehmer Personen die Gewohnheit, das Wapen der Familie in ein schwarzes Schild gefasset außen an den Häusern auf einige Wochen anzuhängen.