

as Man's own Choice, (Controuler of the Skies!)

as Man's despotic Will, perhaps *one* Hour,

(o how Omnipotent is Time!) decrees;

Should not each *Warning* give a strong Alarm?

Warning, far less than that of Bosom torn

from Bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred Dead!

Should not each *Dial* strike us as we pass,

portentous, as the *written Wall*, which struck,

o'er midnight Bowls, the proud *Assyrian* pale,

ere-while high-flush'd with Insolence and Wine?

Like *That*, the Dial speaks; and points to thee,

LORENZO! loth to break the Banquet up.

"O Man, thy Kingdom is departing from thee;

"and, while it lasts, is emptier than my Shade,"

Its silent Language such: nor need'st thou call

thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.

Know, like the *Median*, Fate is in thy Walls:

dost ask, *How? Whence? Belfazzar-like*, amaz'd?

Man's Make incloses the sure Seeds of Death;

*Life* feeds the Murderer: Ingrate! he thrives

on her own Meal, and then his Nurse devours.

But, here, LORENZO, the Delusion lies.

That *Solar Shadow*, as it measures Life,

it Life