

114 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

if ever Soul ascended. Had he dropt,
 (that Eagle Genius!) O had he let fall
 one Feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
 what Friends might flatter; prudent Foes forbear;
 Rivals scarce damn; and ZORLUS reprieve.
 Yet what I can, I must: It were profane
 to quench a Glory lighted at the Skies,
 and cast in Shadows his illustrious Close.
 Strange! the Theme most affecting, most sublime.
 momentous most to Man, should sleep unsung!
 And yet it sleeps, by Genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Christian*; to the Blush of Wit.
 Man's highest Triumph! Man's profoundest Fall!
 The *Death-bed* of the Just! is yet undrawn
 by mortal Hand: it merits a Divine:
 Angels should paint it, Angels ever *There*;
 there, on a Post of Honour, and of Joy.

Dare I presume, then? But PHILANDER bids;
 and Glory tempts, and Inclination calls — —
 yet am I struck; as struck the Soul, beneath
 æreal *Groves* impenetrable Gloom;
 or, in some mighty *Ruin's* solemn Shade;
 or, gazing by pale Lamps on *high-born Dust*,
 in Vaults; thin Courts of poor Unflatter'd Kings!

or, at