

## 194 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

with Av'rice, and Convulsions grasping hard?  
 grasping at Air! for what has Earth beside?  
 Man wants but Little; nor that Little, long;  
 how soon must he resign his very Dust;  
 which frugal Nature lent him for an Hour!  
 Years *unexperienc'd* rush on num'rous Ills;  
 and soon as Man, *expert* from Time, has found  
 the Key of Life, it opes the Gates of Death.

When in this Vale of Years I backward look,  
 and miss such Numbers, Numbers too of such,  
 firmer in Health, and greener in their Age,  
 and stricter on their Guard, and fitter far  
 to play Life's subtle Game, I scarce believe  
 I still survive: And am I fond of Life,  
 who scarce can think it possible, I live?  
 Alive by Miracle! or, what is next,  
 alive by MEAD! If I am still alive,  
 who long have bury'd what gives Life to live?  
 Firmness of Nerve, and Energy of Thought.  
 Life's Lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*,  
 and *vapid*; *Sense* and *Reason* chew the Door,  
 call for my Bier, and point me to the Dust.

O Thou great Arbiter of Life and Death!  
 Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!

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