

266 THE COMPLAINT, ETC.

as 'tis, in Nature's ample Field, a Point,
 a Point in her Esteem; from whence to start,
 and run the Round of universal Space,
 to visit Being universal there,
 and Being's Source, that utmost Flight of Mind!
 yet, spite of this so vast Circumference,
 well knows, but what is *Moral*, nought is *Great*:
 Sing *Sirens* only? Do not Angels sing?
 There is in *Poesy* a decent Pride,
 which well becomes her when she speaks to *Prose*,
 her younger Sister; haply, not more wise.

Think'st thou, *LORENZO*! to find Pastimes here?
 No guilty Passion blown into a Flame,
 no Foible flatter'd, Dignity disgrac'd,
 no Fairy Field of Fiction, all on Flow'r,
 no Rainbow Colours, *here*, or silken Tale;
 but solemn *Counsels*, Images of Awe,
Truths, which Eternity lets fall on Man
 with double Weight, thro' these revolving Spheres,
 this Death-deep Silence, and incumbent Shade:
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last Hour;
 visit uncall'd, and live when Life expires;
 and thy dark Pencil, *Midnight*! darker still
 in Melancholy dipt, embrowns the Whole.