

296 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

Is it, that *Time* steals on with downy Feet,
 nor wakes *Indulgence* from her golden Dream?
To-day is so like *Yesterday*, it cheats;
 we take the lying Sister for the same.
 Life glides away, *LORENZO!* like a Brook;
 for ever changing, unperceiv'd the Change.
 In the same Brook none ever bath'd him twice:
 to the same Life none ever twice awoke.
 We call the Brook the same; the same we think
 our Life, tho' still more rapid in its Flow;
 nor mark the *Much* irrevocably laps'd,
 and mingled with the Sea. Or shall we say
 (retaining still the Brook to bear us on)
 that Life is like a Vessel on the Stream?
 In Life embark'd, we smoothly down the Tide
 of *Time* descend, but not on *Time* intent;
 amus'd, unconscious of the gliding Wave;
 till on a sudden we perceive a Shock;
 we start, awake, look out; what see we there?
 Our brittle Bark is burst on *Charon's* Shore.

Is this the Cause *Death* flies all human Thought,
 or is it *Judgment* by the *Will* struck blind,
 that domineering Mistress of the Soul!
 Like *him* so strong by *Dalilah* the fair?
 or is it *Fear* turns startled *Reason* back,
 from looking down a Precipice so steep?

'Tis