

Fear shakes the Pencil; *Fancy* loves Excess,
 dark *Ignorance* is lavish of her Shades;
 and *These* the formidable Picture draw.

But grant the Worst; 'tis past; new Prospects rise;
 and drop a Veil eternal o'er her Tomb.
 Far other Views our Contemplation claim,
 Views that o'erpay the Rigours of our Life;
 Views that suspend our Agonies in Death.
 Wrapt in the Thought of *Immortality*,
 wrapt in the single, the triumphant Thought!
 Long Life might lapse, Age unperceiv'd come on;
 and find the Soul unsated with her Theme.
 Its *Nature*, *Proof*, *Importance*, fire my Song.
 O that my Song could emulate my Soul!
 like her, Immortal, No! — the Soul disdains
 a Mark so mean; far nobler Hope inflames;
 If endless Ages can outweigh an Hour,
 let not the *Laurel*; but the *Palm*, inspire.

Thy *Nature*, Immortality! who knows?
 And yet who knows it not? It is but Life
 in stronger Thread of brighter Colour spun,
 and spun for ever; dipt by cruel Fate
 in *Strygian* Dye, how *black*, how *brittle here*!