

394 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

Of the sure Truths dost Thou demand the Cause?
 The Cause is lodg'd in *Immortality*.
 Hear, and assent. Thy Bosom burns for Pow'r;
 what Station charms thee? I'll install thee there;
 'tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
 Then thou before wast something *less* than Man.
 Has thy new Post betray'd thee into Pride?
 That treach'rous Pride betrays thy Dignity;
 that Pride defames Humanity, and calls
 the Being mean, which *Staffs* or *Strings* can raise.
 That Pride, like hooded Hawks, in Darkness soars,
 from Blindness bold, and tow'ring to the Skies.
 'Tis born of *Ignorance*, which knows not Man:
 an Angel's Second; nor his Second, long.
 A NERO quitting his Imperial Throne,
 and courting Glory from the tinkling String,
 but faintly shadows an immortal Soul,
 with Empire's Self, to Pride, or Rapture, fir'd.
 If nobler Motives minister no Cure,
 ev'n Vanity forbids thee to be vain.