

## 34 THE COMPLAINT. ETC.

Dares rush on Death — because he cannot die.  
 But if Man loses All, when Life is lost,  
 he lives a Coward, or a Fool expires.  
 A *daring* Infidel (and such there are,  
 from Pride, Example, Lucre, Rage, Revenge,  
 or pure *heroical* Defect of Thought,)  
 of all Earth's Madmen, most deserves a Chain.

When to the Grave we follow the Renown'd  
 for Valour, Virtue, Science, all we love;  
 and all we praise; for *Worth*, whose Noon-tide Beam,  
 enabling us to think in higher Style,  
 mends our Ideas of Ethereal Powers;  
 Dream we, that Lustre of the *moral* World  
 goes out in Stench, and Rottennes the Close?  
 Why was he wise to *know*, and warm to *praise*,  
 and strenuous to *transcribe*, in human Life,  
 the Mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that Fate,  
 just when the Lineaments began to shine,  
 and dawn the DEITY, should snatch the Draught,  
 with Night eternal blot it out, and give  
 the Skies Alarm, lest *Angels* too might die?