

and bow to thy Superiors of the Stall;

thro' ev'ry Scene of *Sense* superior far:

They graze the Turf untill'd; they drink the Stream  
unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd

with Doubts, Fears, fruitless Hopes, Regrets, Despairs;  
Mankind's Peculiar! *Reason's* precious Dower!

No foreign Clime *They* ransack for their Robes;  
nor Brothers cite to the litigious Bar;

*Their* Good is Good intire, unmixt, unmarr'd;  
they find a Paradise in ev'ry Field,  
on Boughs *forbidden* where no Curses hang:

Their *Ill*, no more than strikes the Sense; unstretcht  
by previous Dread, or Murmur in the Rear;

When the *worst* comes, it comes unfeard; one Stroke  
begins, and ends, their Woe: They die but *once*;

Blest, incommunicable Privilege! for which  
Proud Man, who rules the Globe, and reads the Stars,

*Philosopher*, or *Hero*, sighs in vain,

Account for this Prerogative in Brutes.

No Day, no Glimpse of Day, to solve the Knot;  
But what beams on it from *Eternity*.

● Sole and sweet Solution! That unties