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To the Reverend

*Mr. John Howe.*

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THE  
Vanity of Human Cares.

1704.

I.

**G**REAT Man, permit the Muse to climb  
And seat her at thy Feet,

Bid her attempt a Thought sublime,

And consecrate her Wit.

I feel, I feel th' attractive Force

Of thy superiour Soul,

My Chariot flies her upward Course,

The Wheels Divinely roll.

Now let me chide the mean Affairs

And mighty Toyl of Men:

How



How they grow grey in trifling Cares,  
 Or waſt the Motions of the Spheres  
 Upon Delights as vain !

## II.

A Puff of Honour fills the Mind,  
 And Yellow Duſt is ſolid Good ;  
 Thus like the Aſs of Savage Kind  
 We ſnuff the Breezes of the Wind,  
 Or ſteal the Serpents Food.

Could all the Choirs  
 That charm the Poles

But ſtrike one doleful Sound,  
 'Twould be employ'd to mourn our Souls,  
 Souls that were fram'd of Sprightly Fires  
 In Floods of Folly drown'd.

Souls made of Glory ſeek a Brutal Joy,

How they diſclaim their Heavenly Birth,  
 Melt their Bright Subſtance down with droſſy Earth,  
 And hate to be refin'd from that impure Alloy.

## III.

Oft has thy Genius rous'd us hence  
 With Elevated Song,



Bid us renounce this World of Sence,  
Bid us divide th' Immortal Prize

With the Seraphick Throng :

“ Knowledge and Love make Spirits blest,  
“ Knowledge their Food and Love their Rest ;  
But Flesh, the unmanageable Beast,  
Resists the Pity of thine Eyes

And Musick of thy Tongue.

Then let the Worms of groveling Mind  
Round the short Joys of Earthy Kind

In restless Windings Roam ;  
*HOW* E hath an ample Orb of Soul,  
Where shining Worlds of Knowledge roll,  
Where Love the Center and the Pole  
Compleats the Heaven at Home.

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