

199

SONG.

**NO** constancy here dwells,  
Upon our earthly ground :  
But like the merry bells,  
All have their changes round.

To the poor infants cries,  
Succeeds gay youthful bloom ;  
Then strength and wisdom rise,  
Till second childhood come.

*No constancy, &c.*

And riches make them wings,  
And take themselves away ;  
Then friendship from you flings,  
Nor will a moment stay.

*No constancy, &c.*

And health that gilds our days,  
May pallid sickness shade :

And while our frame decays,  
 Our pleasures too must fade.  
*No constancy, &c.*

Then should the young sustain,  
 And lend their strength to age;  
 That they may comfort gain,  
 In life's concluding stage.  
*No constancy, &c.*

Tho' fickle Fortune frown,  
 Let friends be true and kind;  
 Lest wealth from them be flown,  
 And they no friendship find.

*For constancy here never dwells,  
 Upon our earthly ground:  
 But like the merry bells,  
 All have their changes round.*