

The Wish.

33

One Pious, Lib'ral, Just and Brave,
And to his Passions not a Slave;
Who full of Honour, void of Pride,
Will freely praise, and freely chide;
But not indulge the smallest Fault,
Nor entertain one slighting Thought:
Who still the same will ever prove,
Will still instruct, and still will love:
In whom I safely may confide,
And with him all my Cares divide:
Who has a large capacious Mind,
Join'd with a Knowledge unconfind:
A Reason bright, a Judgment true,
A Wit both quick, and solid too:
Who can of all things talk with Ease,
And whose Converse will ever please:
Who charm'd with Wit, and inward Graces,
Despises Fools with tempting Faces;
And still a beauteous Mind does prize
Above the most enchanting Eyes:
I would not envy Queens their State,
Nor once desire a happier Fate.

The Elevation.

I.

O How ambitious is my Soul,
How high she now aspires!
There's nothing can on Earth controul,
Or limit her Desires.

D

a. Upon

The Elevation.

2.

Upon the Wings of Thought she flies
 Above the reach of Sight,
 And finds a way thro' pathless Skies
 To everlasting Light:

3.

From whence with blameless Scorn she views
 The Follies of Mankind;
 And smiles to see how each pursues
 Joys fleeting as the Wind.

4.

Yonder's the little Ball of Earth,
 It lessens as I rise;
 That Stage of transitory Mirth,
 Of lasting Miseries:

5.

My Scorn does into Pity turn,
 And I lament the Fate
 Of Souls, that still in Bodies mourn,
 For Faults which they create:

6.

Souls without Spot, till Flesh they wear,
 Which their pure Substance stains:
 While they th' uneasie Burthen bear,
 They're never free from Pains.

F R I E N D

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