May leave the Cotesee O He Throne

that has Treatheres of his own

Mr. John Lock

Retired from

The World of Business.

Ī.

Diniligon of guerral and less though

And Light and Love our Souls compose,
Their Bliss within their Bosom springs,
Within their Bosom slows.

But narrow Minds still make pretence
To search the Coasts of Flesh and Sence,
And setch Diviner Pleasures thence.
Men are akin to Ethereal Forms,
But they belye their Nobler Birth,
Debase their Honour down to Earth,
And claim a share with Worms.

II.

Their Bule within their Bolott Holler alter

But marrow Deinds Bill malic pretence

And forch Duvious Fleefures thences

Liney belye their Nobler Birth,

Debaie their Honous down to Harring via

And claim a fhace with Worms.

Monage pkin to il signess Borins.

To fear children Coaffe of Floft and Sence.

He that has Treasures of his own
May leave the Cottage or the Throne,
May Quit the Globe, and dwell alone
Within his spacious Mind.

LOCK hath a Soul wide as the Sea, Calm as the Night, bright as the Day, There may his vast Idea's play, Nor feel a Thought confin'd.