
T O

Mr. C. and S. *Fleetwood.*

The World Vain.

A N D

The Soul Immortal.

1701.

I.

FLEETWOODS, Young Generous Pair,
Despise the Joys that Fools pursue ;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the Water and the Air.
Try'd by a Standard Bold and Just
Honour and Gold are Paint and Dust ;
How vile the last is, and as vain the first :

Things

Things that the Crowd calls Great and Brave,
With me how low their Value's brought !
Titles, and Names, and Life, and Breath,
Slaves to the Wind and born for Death ;
The Soul's the only Thing We have
Worth an Important Thought.

II.

The Soul ! 'tis of th' Immortal Kind,
Not form'd of Fire, or Earth, or Wind,
Outlives the mouldring Corps, and leaves the Globe
behind.

In Limbs of Clay tho' She appears,
Drest up in Ears and Eyes,
The Flesh is but the Souls Disguise,
There's nothing in her Frame kin to the Rags she
Wears.

From all the Laws of Matter free,
From all we feel, and all we see
She stands Eternally distinct, and must for ever Be.

III.

Rise then, my Thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to Dye ;

Lo !

Lo! on an Awful Throne
Sits the Creatour and the Judge of Souls,
Whirling the Planets round the Poles,
Winds off our Threads of Life, and brings our Pe-
riods on.

Swift the Approach, and Solemn is the Day,
When this Immortal Mind
Strip't of the Body's coarse Array
To Endless Pain, or Endless Joy
Must be at once consign'd.

IV.

Think of the Sands run down to waste,
We possess none of all the Past,
None but the Present is our own;
Grace is not plac'd within our Power,
'Tis but one short, one shining Hour,
Bright and declining as a Setting Sun.
See the white Minutes wing'd with hast;
The NOW that flies may be the last,
Seize the Salvation e're 'tis past,
Nor mourn the Blessing gone:

Nor

A Thoughts Delay is Ruine here,
 A Closing Eye, a Gasping Breath
 Shuts up the Golden Scene in Death,
 And drowns you in Despair.

T O

Mr. William Blackbourn.

Life flies too fast to be
 Wasted.

1703.

Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles

Sole vicinos jaculante montes

Deteget rursum——— Casimir. Lib. 2. Od. 2.

I.

MARK, how it Snows ! how fast the Vally fills ?
 And the *sweet Groves* the hoary Garment wear;
 Yet the Warm Sun-Beams bounding from the Hills
 Shall melt the Vail away, and the young Green appear.

But