

THE
 R E V E R S E ;

ON THE
 View of some of my Friends re-
 maining Comforts.

I.

THUS Nature tun'd her Mournful Tongue,
 Till Grace lift up her Head,
 Revers'd the Sorrow and the Song,
 And smiling thus she said.

II.

Were kindred Spirits born for Cares?
 Must every Grief be mine?
 Is there a Sympathy in Tears,
 And Joys refuse to Joyn?

III.

III.

Forbid it Heav'n, and raise my Love,
And make our Joys the same :
So Blifs and Friendship joyn'd above
Mix an Immortal Flame.

IV.

Sorrows are lost in vast Delight
That Brightens all the Soul,
As Deluges of dawning Light
O'rewhelm the Dusky Pole.

V.

Pleasures in long Succession reign
And all my Powers Imploy :
Friendship but shifts the pleasing Scene,
And fresh repeats the Joy.

VI.

Life has a soft and silver Thread,
Nor is it drawn too long,
Yet when my vaster Hopes perswade
I'me willing to be gone.

VII.

Fast as ye please roll down the Hill,

And hast away, my Years;

Or I can wait my Father's Will,

And dwell beneath the Spheres.

VIII.

Rise glorious every future Sun,

And bright be all my Days,

Till Death that brightest Moment come

With well-distinguish't Rays.