

16 *Poems on several Occasions.*

*My Soul shall then resume her old abode,  
And cloath'd in flesh, I shall behold my God.*

III.

Altho resolv'd unto my Native dust,  
Its proper part, each Element refine;  
Yet at my awfull Makers breath they must  
The Individual Particles resign:  
*And then my Soul shall take her old abode,  
And cloath'd in Flesh, I shall behold my God.*

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T O

Sir *C H A R E E S S E D L E Y*.

**B** *Ut stay'tis Sedley*——and it were a crime  
For me to grasp a Subject so sublime:  
Since nothing but his own Cœlestial lays  
Are fit the Authour of such flights to praise,  
Nor dare my thoughts make the unequal choice  
My Infant-muse has yet, but try'd her tender  
voice.

To