

Poems on several Occasions. 33

All the Ill Fate that threatens him oppose ;
Confound the Forces of his Foreign Foes,
And Treacherous Friends less generous than those ;
May Heaven success to all his Actions give,
And long, and long, and long, let WILLIAM live.

*The Vanity of the World,
In a Poem to the Athenians.*

What if serenely blest with Calms I swam
Pactolus ! in thy golden Sanded stream?
Not all the wealth that lavish Chance cou'd give
My soul from Death cou'd one short Hour reprieve.
When from my Heart the wandring Life must move
No Cordial all my useles Gold cou'd prove.
What tho' I plung'd in Joys so deep and wide,
'Twou'd tire my Thoughts to reach the distant side,
Fancy it self 'twou'd tire to plumb the Abyss ;
If I for an uncertain Lease of this
Sold the fair hopes of an eternal bliss?

C

What

34 Poems on several Occasions.

*What if invested with the Royal State
Of dazzling Queens, ador'd by Kings I sat?
Yet when my trembling Soul's dislodg'd wou'd be
No Room of State within the Grave for me.
What if my Youth, in Wits and Beautys bloom
Shou'd promise many a flatt'ring Year to come:
Tho' Death shou'd pass the beauteous Flourisher,
Advancing Time wou'd all its Glory marr.
What if the Muses loudly sang my Fame,
The barren Mountains echoing with my Name?
An envious puff might blast the rising Pride.
And all its bright conspicuous Lustre hide.
If o're my Relicks Monuments they raise
And fill the World with Flattery, or with Praise,
What wou'd they all avail, if sink I must,
My Soul to endless shades, my Body to the dust?*

The