
The Mid-Night I bought.

NOW that the twinkling stars Essay
A Faint Resemblance of the Day,
Shewn fairer now for being beset
With Night (like *Diamonds in jet*)
Let me Repos'd within this Grove,
The Solemn season There Improve.
Restless alas! from Sun to Sun,
A Round of Business I have run:
Whilst others slept projecting Lay,
Yet since I THOUGHT how many a day!
How long since I did meditate
Of Life, of Death, and Future state:
Approaching Fate his Pace will keep,
Let Mortalls Watch, or let them Sleep.
What Sound is That? — a Passing Bell!
Then to Eternity Farewell!

Poor

Poor *Soul*, Thou'rt at thy *Crisis* now,
 And one short Hour thy Doom shall show,
 Eternall Bliss, or endless Woe!
 If *Virtue's* Lore Thou hast despiz'd,
 How Wou'd That Virtue now be priz'd!
 Or say, Thou didst in our Loose Age,
 On her forsaken Side Engage,
 Wouldst Thou the dear Remembrance now,
 For the Worlds Monarchie Forgoe?
 What other Medicine canst Thou find
 T'aswage the Feavour in thy mind?
 Now Wakened Conscience speaks at Large,
 And envious Fiends inhance the Charge!
 Let the bold Atheist now draw neer,
 Thy chill and drooping spirits to cheer;
 His Briskest *Wine* and *Witt* to Thee
 Will now alike *Inspid* be!
 Where is the Lawless Hedring *Brave*
 That from th' *Arrest* of *Death* can save?
 VVh' Attempt a *Rescue* Here, will fail,
 And this grim Serjeant takes no *Bail*.

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