

ON WHAT THE WORLD WILL SAY.



OF all the foolish vain pretences,
That mortals use to cheat their senses,
This has the greatest sway—
Not that, which conscience dictates right,
Tho' clearly mark'd as day from night,
But what the World will say.

To this, as to some idol god,
Who rules us with an iron rod,
We sacrifice each day ;
Our time, our judgment, and our ease
Alike bow down this shrine to please
Thro' fear what it might say.

Thus subject to it's base control,
We check each motion of the soul,
Which points to Reason's way,
Left, varying from the giddy throng,
We rudely shew them they are wrong,
What would they then not say?

While motives weak as these prevail,
We turn with every shifting sail
Of Fashion's pow'rful sway,
Down her impetuous tide we're hurl'd,
Lost to each comfort in the world,
Thro' fear what it might say.

Thus like some heedless bark we're tost,
Till foundering on that very coast
Where all our treasure lay,
Deserted and forlorn we lie,
Unpitied by each stander-by,
Nor cheer'd by what they say.

Oh

Oh could the World that peace bestow,
Which, courting it, we all forego,
Our toils it well would pay;
But since the sad reverse we find,
'Tis nought but madness e'er to mind
What such a World can say.

