



To the Reverend Mr. SAM. CHANDLER.

On W I S D O M.

FAREWEL a while to mortal Things —
To *Wisdom* now I strike my Strings,

And tune the warbling Lyre.

Oh for thy Influence from above,

Fountain of Light, and God of Love ;

Do thou my Breast inspire !

'Tis not the Politician's Art,

Who makes his injur'd Country smart,

To fill his Chests with Gold ;

Nor all his cunning Craft, to gain

Pleasures and Honours false and vain,

For which his Peace is sold.

No, I would sing a nobler Theme :

His *Wisdom* is an idle Dream,

That flies him when awake.

The guilty Soul with keen Remorse

Finds all his Gains repaid with Loss,

And curses his Mistake.

WISDOM is Truth without Disguise :

Clear as the Sun in cloudless Skies,

The wise Man's Actions shine.

No Scrutiny can hurt his Name,

Or base Discovery give him Shame

Of Fraud, or mean Design.

WISDOM is pure as Gold refin'd ;

No sensual Stain deforms the Mind,

Or damps the rising Joys.

No raging Appetite on Fire,

Or Torment from impure Desire,

Or Health, or Peace destroys.

THE wise Man gives to all their Due;
Just to himself, and Neighbour too.

And takes an honest Care,
To pay his Sov'reign's rightful Claim;
Consults his Fortune and his Fame,
His Family and Heir.

No Terror from the Law he feels;
No threat'ning Want pursues his Heels,
Nor frightful Dun he fears.
Secure he walks where-e'er he goes,
No Want of Friend or Credit knows,
No keen Reproach he hears.

WISDOM's diffusive as the Light;
Fertile with Blessings heav'nly bright,
Kind Source of Peace and Joy.
Relieves the Wretch oppress'd with Pain,
And cheers like the refreshing Rain,
When scorching Grievs annoy.

THIS bore the Name in Ages past,
And will be *Wisdom* at the last,

When Time itself shall cease.

When the curst sensual Fool shall find
Nothing to fill his hungry Mind,
And wish, in vain, for Peace.

THIS from the Source of Glory came,
And gives true Grandeur, endless Fame,

Still blooming young and fair.

Not lost by envious tainted Breath,
But springs yet fresher after Death
In the celestial Air.

MAY all our Lives this *Wisdom* guide!

May Love to GOD and Man divide

The Hours that swiftly fly!

While sweet Reflection on the past,
And chearful Prospect of the last,
Shall ev'ry Grief defy.