

whose *Work is done*; who triumphs in the *Past*;  
 whose *Yesterdays* look backwards with a Smile;  
 nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly;  
 that common, but opprobrious Lot! Past Hours,  
 if not by Guilt, yet wound us by their Flight,  
 if Folly bounds our Prospect by the Grave,  
 all Feeling of Futurity benumb'd;  
 all God-like Passion for Eternals quencht;  
 all Relish of Realities expir'd;  
 renounc'd all Correspondence with the Skies;  
 our Freedom chain'd; quite winglefs our Desire,  
 in Sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar,  
 prone to the Centre, crawling in the Dust,  
 dismounted ev'ry great and glorious Aim;  
 embruted ev'ry Faculty divine:  
 heart-bury'd in the Rubbish of the World:  
 the World, that Gulph of Souls, immortal Souls,  
 Souls elevate, Angelic, wing'd with Fire  
 to reach the distant Skies, and triumph there  
 on Thrones, which shall not mourn their Masters chang'd;  
 tho' we from *Earth*; *Ethereal*, They that fell.  
 Such Veneration due, o Man, to Man.

Who venerate themselves, the World despise.  
 For what, gay Friend! is this *escutcheon'd* World,

which