

Philosophy's Reverse! and Health's Decay!

Were I as plump, as stall'd Theology,

Wishing would waste me to this Shade again.

Were I as wealthy as a *South-Sea* Dream,

Wishing is an Expedient to be poor.

Wishing, that constant *Hectic* of a Fool;

caught at a Court; purg'd off by purer Air,

and simpler Diet; Gifts of rural Life!

Blest be that Hand divine, which gently laid
my Heart at Rest, beneath this humble Shed.
The World's a stately Bark, on dang'rous Seas,
with Pleasure seen, but boarded at our Peril:
Here, on a single Plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the Tumult of the distant Throng,
as that of Seas remote, or dying Storms;
and meditate on Scenes, more silent still;
pursue my Theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.
Here, like a Shepherd gazing from his Hut,
touching his Reed, or leaning on his Staff,
eager Ambition's fiery Chace I see;
I see the circling Hunt, of noisy Men,
burst Law's Inclosure, leap the Mounds of Right,

pursuing,

¹⁰ Zielt auf den bekannten Actien-Handel der sogenannten Südsee-Compagnie, welche sich ums Jahr 1721 aus Frankreich nach