

pursuing, and pursu'd, each other's Prey;
 as Wolves, for Rapine; as the Fox, for Wiles;
 till *Death*, that mighty Hunter, earths them all.

Why all this Toil for Triumphs of an Hour?
 What, tho' we wade in Wealth, or soar in Fame?
 Earth's highest Station ends in, "Here he lies:,"
 and "Dust to Dust," concludes her noblest Song.
 If this Song lives, Posterity shall know
 one, tho' in *Britain* born, with Courtiers bred,
 who thought ev'n Gold might come a Day too late;
 nor on his subtle Death-bed plann'd his Scheme
 for future Vacancies in Church or State;
 some Avocation deeming it — to die;
 unbit by Rage canine of dying Rich;
 Guilt's Blunder! and the loudest Laugh of Hell.

O my Coëvals! Remnants of yourselves!
 Poor human Ruins, tott'ring o'er the Grave!
 Shall we, shall aged Men, like aged Trees,
 strike deeper their vile Root, and closer cling,
 still more enamour'd of this wretched Soil?
 Shall our pale, wither'd Hands be still stretch'd out
 trembling, at once, with Eagerness and Age?

with