

*Prosperity* puts out unnumber'd Thoughts  
of Import high, and Light divine, to Man.

The Man how blest, who, sick of gaudy Scenes,  
(Scenes apt to thrust between Us and Ourselves!)  
is let by Choice to take his fav'rite Walk,  
beneath *Death's* gloomy, silent, Cypress Shades,  
unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic Ray;  
to read his Monuments, to weigh his Dust,  
visit his Vaults, and dwell among the Tombs!  
LORENZO! read with me NARCISSA'S Stone;  
(NARCISSA was thy Fav'rite) let us read  
her moral Stone; few Doctors preach so well;  
few Orators so tenderly can touch  
the feeling Heart. What *Pathos* in the *Date*!  
Apt Words can strike; and yet in them we see  
faint Images of what we, *here*, enjoy.  
What Cause have we to build on Length of Life?  
*Temptations* seize, when *Fear* is laid asleep;  
and Ill foreboded is our strongest Guard.

See from her Tomb, as from an humble Shrine,  
*Truth*, radiant Goddess! fallies on my Soul,  
and puts *Delusion's* dusky Train to Flight;  
dispels the Mist our sultry *Passions* raise,  
from Objects low, terrestrial, and obscene;

and