

ev'n to the dearest, as his Marble, cold.

Why are Friends ravish'd from us? 'Tis to bind,
by soft *Affection's* Tyes, on human Hearts,
the Thought of Death, which *Reason*, too supine,
or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *There*.

Nor Reason, nor Affection, no, nor both
combin'd, can break the Witchcrafts of the World.

Behold th' inexorable Hour at hand!

Behold th' inexorable Hour forgot!

And to forget it, the chief *Aim* of Life,
tho' well to ponder it, is Life's chief *End*.

Is Death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
that all important, and that only sure,
(come when he will) an unexpected Guest?
Nay, tho' invited by the loudest Calls
of blind *Imprudence*, unexpected still?
tho' num'rous Messengers are sent before,
to warn his great Arrival. What the Cause,
the wond'rous Cause, of this Mysterious Ill?
All Heav'n looks down astonish'd at the Sight.

Is it that Life has sown her *Joys* so thick,
we can't thrust in a single Care between?
Is it, that Life has such a Swarm of *Cares*,
the Thought of Death can't enter for the Throng?

Is it,