

as the Tide rushing raises what is writ
in yielding Sands, and smooths the letter'd Shore.

LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a *Sigh*?
or study'd the Philosophy of *Tears*?
(A Science, yet, unlectur'd in our Schools!)
Hast thou descended deep into the Breast,
and seen their Source? If not, descend with me;
and trace these briny Riv'lets to their Springs.

Our Fun'ral Tears, from diff'rent Causes, rise.
As if from sep'rate Cisterns in the Soul,
of *various Kinds*, they flow. From tender Hearts,
by soft Contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
and stream obsequious to the leading Eye.
Some ask more Time, by curious *Art* distill'd.
Some Hearts in secret hard, unapt to melt,
struck by the Magic of the Public Eye,
like MOSES' smitten Rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the Fame of the Deceas'd,
so high in Merit, and to them so dear.
They dwell on Praises, which they think they share;
and thus, without a Blush, commend Themselves.
Some mourn in Proof, that something they could love;
they weep not to *relieve* their Grief, but *show*.

Some