

nor comprehends the Meaning of the Storm;  
 knows not it speaks to *Her*, and her *alone*.

*Irrationals* all Sorrow are beneath,  
 that noble Gift! that Privilege of Man!  
 From *Sorrow's* Pang, the Birth of endless Joy.  
 But *These* are barren of that Birth divine:  
 they weep impetuous, as the Summer-Storm,  
 and full as short! The cruel *Grief* soon tam'd,  
 they make a Pastime of the stings Tale;  
 far as the deep-refounding Knell, they spread  
 the dreadful News, and hardly feel it more.  
 No Grain of *Wisdom* pays them for their *Woe*.

Half-round the Globe, the Tears pump't up by *Death*  
 are spent in warring Vanities of Life;  
 in making *Folly* flourish still more fair.  
 When the sick Soul, her wonted Stay withdrawn,  
 reclines on Earth, and sorrows in the Dust;  
 instead of learning, *there*, her true Support,  
 tho' there thrown down her true Support to learn,  
 without Heav'n's Aid, impatient to be blest,  
 she crawls to the next Shrub, or Bramble vile,  
 tho' from the stately Cedar's Arms she fell;  
 with stale, forsworn Embraces, elings anew,  
 the Stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,  
 in all the fruitless Fopperies of Life: