

The rich Man, who denies it, proudly feigns;  
 nor knows the Wife are privy to the Lye.  
 Much Learning shews, how little Mortals *know*;  
 Much Wealth, how little Worldlings can *enjoy*;  
 At best, it babies us with endless Toys,  
 and keeps us Children till we drop to Dust.  
 As Monkeys at a Mirror stand amaz'd,  
 they fail to find, what they so plainly see;  
 thus Men, in shining Riches, see the Face  
 of Happiness, nor know it is a Shade;  
 but gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,  
 and wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How Few can rescue Opulence from Want!  
 Who lives to *Nature*, rarely can be poor.  
 Who lives to *Fancy*, never can be rich.  
 Poor is the Man in Debt; the Man of Gold,  
 in Debt to *Fortune*, trembles at her Pow'r.  
 The Man of *Reason* smiles at Her, and Death.  
 O what a Patrimony this! A *Being*  
 of such inherent Strength and Majesty,  
 not Worlds possess can raise it; Worlds destroy'd  
 can't injure; which holds on its glorious Course,  
 when thine, o *Nature*! ends; too blest to mourn  
 Creation's Obsequies. What Treasure, *this*!  
 The *Monarch* is a Beggar to the Man.