

This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance winds of heaven descend.

All fame is foreign, but of time desert;
Plays round the heart, but cannot reach to the heart;
One self-appearing hour, whose years outshine
Of stupid staves, and of loud banners;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Caesar with a senate at his heels.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noblest temper of their way.

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart's joy,
Is virtue's prize.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to thy door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and heav'n will bless your store.

Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.

When young, life's journey I began,
The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes;
I saw, along th' extended plain,
Joy after joy successive rise.

But soon I found 'twas all a dream,
And learned the fond pursuit to shun;
Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
And thousands daily are undone.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore in heav'n.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.