

To be thought rich in gold and land,
 They will rob you underhand ;
 Thus many a noble life is lost,
 And with evil passions tost.

Self, the sole object of each thought,
 When their labour comes to nought :
 The things of sight their value lose,
 Too late virtue's paths to choose.

Despair drives on to darker deeds—
 Fruit of all their evil deeds—
 Worries the mind, wears flesh away,
 Clothes with sorrow and decay.

2ND PART.

The love of gold absorbs all else,
 Men seem to live to gather pence ;
 Never content, their constant aim,
 Is gold and silver heaps to gain.

Some make it in an honest way,
 With steady aim from day to day ;
 They gather coin, build mansions great,
 That they may live in grand estate.

Some with sharp tricks and cheating ways,
 Their friends and foes alike betray ;
 Grow very rich, and very proud,
 And drive their horses with the crowd.

Some save and scrape, and live by stealth,
 That men may bow to their great wealth ;
 These ends attained, they pass away,
 Are cut down as the new mown hay.