
T O

Nathanael Gould Esq;

Lawful Ambition.

1704.

I.

TIS not by Splendor, or by State,
Majestick Mien, or lofty Gate

My Muse takes Measure of a King:
If Wealth or Height or Bulk will do,
She calls each Mountain of *Peru*

A more Exalted thing.

Frown on me, Friend, if e're I boast
O're Fellow Minds, enslav'd in Clay,
Or swell when I shall have ingross't
A larger Heap of Shining Dust,

And wear a bigger Load of Earth than they.

Let

Let the vain World Salute me loud,
My Thoughts look inward, and forget
The Sounding Names of High and Great,
The Flatteries of the Crowd.

II.

When *G O U L D* commands His Ships to run
And Search the Traffick of the Sea,
His Fleet o'retakes the falling Day,
And bears the Western Mines away,
Or Richer Spices from the Rising Sun:
While the glad Tenants of the Shoar
Shout and pronounce him Senator,
Yet still the Man's the same:
For well the Happy Merchant knows
The Soul with Treasure never grows,
Nor swells with airy Fame.

III.

But trust me *G O U L D*, 'tis lawful Pride
To rise above the mean Controul
Of Flesh and Sense to which we're ty'd;
This is Ambition that becomes a Soul.

We steer our Courſe up thro' the Skies,
Farewel this Barren Land :
We ken the Heavenly Shoar with longing Eyes,
There the dear Wealth of Spirits lies,
And beckoning Angels ſtand.

T O

Dr. Thomas Gibſon.

The Life of Souls.

1704.

I.

SWIFT as the Sun rolls round the Day
We haſten to the Dead,
Slaves to the Wind we puff away,
And to the Ground we tread.
'Tis Air that lends us Life, when firſt
The vital Bellows heave ;