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My Brothers *E.* and *T.W.*

False Greatness.

1698.

I.

BROTHERS, forbear to call him Blest

That only has a large Estate,
Should all the Treasures of the West
Meet and Conspire to make him Great.
Let a broad Stream with Golden Sands

Thro' all his Meadows roll,
He's but a Wretch with all his Lands
That wears a narrow Soul.

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy Store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,

In his own Scale he fondly lays
Huge Heaps of Shining Oar,
He spreads the Balance wide to hold
His Mannors and his Farms,
And cheats the Beam with Loads of Gold
He hugs between his Arms:
So might the Plough-boy climb a Tree,
When *Crasus* mounts his Throne,
And both stand up and smile to see
How long their Shadow's grown ;
Alas! how vain their Fancies be,
To think that Shape their own.

III.

Thus mingled still with Wealth and State
Crasus himself can never know ;
His true Dimensions, and his Weight
Are far inferiour to their show ;
Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
Or grasp the Ocean with my Span,
I must be measur'd by my Soul.
The Mind's the Standard of the Man.