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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

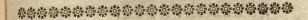
The Song of Simeon paraphrased. By Mr. Merrick.

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[295]

Silence he cannot bear, noise is distraction, Noise kills with bussle, filence with reflection; No want he feels,—what has he to pursue? To him 'tis less to fusier, than to do.

The bufy world's a fool, the learn'd a fot,
And his fole hope to be by all forgot:
Wealth is procur'd with toil, and kept with fear,
Knowledge by labour purchas'd cofts too dear;
Friendship's a clog, and family a jest,
A wife but a bad bargain at the best;
Honour a bubble, subject to a breath,
And all engagements vain since null'd by death;
Thus all the wife esteem, he can despise,
And caring not, 'tis he alone is wise:
Yet, all his wish possessing, finds no rest,
And only lives to know, be never can be blest.



The Song of Simeon paraphrased.

By Mr. MERRICK.

Now within the filent tomb;

Let this mortal frame decay

Mingled with its kindred clay;

Since thy mercies oft of old

By thy chosen seers foretold,

T 4

Faithful