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

The *busy* world's a fool, the *learn'd* a sot,
 And his sole hope to be by all forgot:
 Wealth is procur'd with toil, and kept with fear,
 Knowledge by labour purchas'd costs 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 wise 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, *he never can be blest*.



The SONG of SIMEON paraphrased.

By Mr. MERRICK.

TIS enough — the hour is come
 Now within the silent 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

