

To a Rich Miser

Mortal away!
Place not in earth thy bliss,
Thou wert not formed to stay
In a sad world like this,
Thou art an heir of heaven,
Of joys beyond this sphere
Then why is thy affection given
To aught which binds thee here?

The life you may not keep
Is fading hour by hour;
The glow upon the cheek
The bloom upon the flower;
The dross you vainly prize;
The gold thy care has won;
Are fading from thy weary eyes
Like mists before the sun.

What can this vain world give
With charm to satisfy
The spirit made to live
Throughout eternity?
Oh! impotent and vain
Is all she can bestow
To smooth the pallid brow of pain
Or soothe our dying woe.

Then mortal, hence away!
Place not in earth thy bliss,
Thou wert not formed to stay
In a sad world like this;
Nay, seek beyond the skies
Those treasures bright and pure,
Unfading wealth of Paradise,
From rust and moth secure.