On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey.

By Beaumont, Frances .

Mortality, behold and fear

What a change of flesh is here!

Think how many royal bones

Sleep within these heaps of stones;

Here they lie, had realms and lands,

Who now want strength to stir their hands,

Where from their pulpits sealed with dust

They preach, "In greatness is no trust."

Here's an acre sown indeed

With the richest royallest seed

That the earth did e'er suck in

Since the first man died for sin:

Here the bones of birth have cried

"Though gods they were, as men they died!"

Here are sands, ignoble things,

Dropped from the ruined sides of kings;

Here's a world of pomp and state

Buried in dust, once dead by fate.