



The Tombs In Westminster Abbey

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 seal'd
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,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of
kings
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by
fate.