



As Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:

Bear his milde yoke, they serve him best, his State

Further man's work or his own gifts, who best

That murther, soon replies, God doth not need

I fondly aske; But patience to prevent

They also serve who only stand and waite.

When I consider how my light is spent,

I' re half my days, in this dark world and wide,

And that one Talent which is death to hide,

Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent

To serve the world my Maker, and present

Doth God exact day labour, light deny'd,

Only the account, least he returning chide,