

A N
E L E G Y

On the BURNING of
The Church Memorial.

N O! Sacred Pages, never more repine,
Tho' Sacrific'd to Faction and Design.
Thy Votaries by this more strong become,
Gath'ring fresh Vigour from your Martyrdom.
Arabian Spices so, dissolv'd by Heat,
Scatter Perfumes around, Divinely Sweet;
So thy Professors fell in Wicked Days,
Their Glorious Lives concluding with a Blaze.
By such a Death would I obtain a Name,
And make my Zeal outshine my Fun'ral Flame.
So from the World the *Cæsars* did Retire,
Ascending to the Gods from Piles of Fire.
So *Ptolomy's* Fam'd Library did Shine
In Unlearn'd Flames; No loss compar'd to Thine.
But we can you, Immortal Leaves, Restore
To former Life; Nor the hard Fate Deplore.
Sure from your Smoak some Miracle must rise,
As when an Angel mounted to the Skies
And Sanctify'd the Flame in *Manoah's* Sacrifice:
Spight of thy Adverse Chance, thou shalt be Read,
Nor Dye, till Principle and Truth be Dead.
Thou to thy Beauty shalt again return,
Smile, like a Cherub, like a Seraph, Burn.
But Oh! Expect what the *Three Children* bore,
A Fire that's Seven times Hotter than before,
And all *Fanatick Rage* can Practice more.
Yet thou shalt feel no Harm, no Fear disclose,
But like the Furnace, Flash upon thy Foes.

