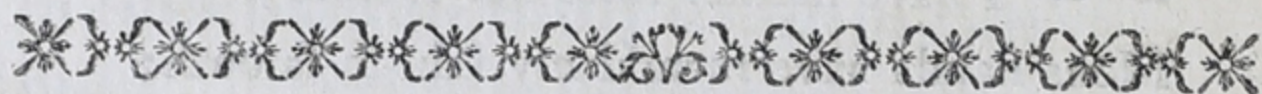


When I'm upon my legs, I lie,
 Yet legs in truth I've none;
 And never am I seen so high
 To rise as when I'm down.

What's oft my belly, is oft my back,
 And what my feet, my head;
 And though I'm up, I have a knack
 Of being still a-bed.



Audivere, Lyce, &c. HOR. Book 4. Ode 13.
 IMITATED.

By the Same.

LYCE, at length my vows are heard,
 My vows so oft to heaven preferr'd;
 Welcome, thy silver'd hairs!
^a In vain thy affectation gay
 To hide the manifest decay,
 In vain thy youthful airs.

——^a *sis anais, et tamen*

Vis formosa videri

Ludisque——

If still thy cheeks preserve a blush,
 With ^b heat of wine, not youth they flush,
 ^c Unamiable stain!
 If still thou warblest, harsh the note
 When ^d trembling age shakes in the throat
 Th' involuntary strain.

Think'st thou can these my love prolong?
 (Ungrateful blush! untuneful song!)
 Or rival Hebe's charms?
 Hebe melodious, Hebe fair,
 For ^e judgment swells her rapt'rous air,
 For ^f youth her blushes warms.

The rosy cheek, the forehead smooth,
 Those native ornaments of youth,
 Once lost, are lost for aye.
 No art can smooth ^g, no paint repair
 The furrow'd face; ^h no diamond's glare
 Give lustre to decay.

————— *et ^b bibis impudens.*

Cantu ^d tremulo ^b pota Cupidinem

^c Lentum sollicitas ———

————— *^f virentis et*

^e Doctæ psallere Chiæ

Pulchris excubat in genis.

Nec ^g Coæ referunt jam tibi purpuræ,

Nec ^h clari lapides, tempora quæ semel

Notis condita fastis

Incluset volucris dies.

What now of all which once was thine,
ⁱ Feature, ^k Complexion, ^l Mien divine,
 Remains the sense to charm?
^m Why now command they not my love?
 Once could they—ⁿ even tho' Cloe strove
 Their empire to disarm.

Cloe!—alas, thou much-lov'd name!
^o Thou, full of beauty, full of fame,
 Found'st an untimely urn!
^p Whilst Lyce, rest of every grace
 'T' enrich th' mind, t' adorn the face,
 Still lives, the public scorn. ^q

*Quo ⁱ Venus fugit, ah! quo ^k color decens,
 Quo ^l motus? quid habes illius
 Quæ spirabat amores?
^m Quæ me surpuerat mihi?
ⁿ Fælix post Cynaram.
 ————^o sed Cynaræ breves
 Annos fata dedere:
 Sevatura diu ^p parem
 Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycen.*

^q The contemptuous satire at the conclusion of the original, is preserved in the English, but a graver turn is given to it, instead of the more ludicrous one of Horace. Whether judiciously or no, may be better determined by any body, than by the author.