

To W I S D O M.

Dona præsentis rape lætus horæ, ac

Linque severa.

HORAT.

O WISDOM! if thy soft controul
Can footh the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace,
WISDOM! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'st with frown austere
To nurse the brood of care and fear;
To bid our sweetest passions die,
And leave us in their room a sigh;

O if thine aspect stern have power
To wither each poor transient flower
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the springs whence hope should flow ;
WISDOM, thine empire I disclaim,
Thou empty boast of pompous name !
In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell.
But never haunt my cheerful cell.
Hail to pleasure's frolic train !
Hail to fancy's golden reign !
Festive mirth, and laughter wild,
Free and sportful as the child !
Hope with eager sparkling eyes,
And easy faith, and fond surprise !
Let these, in fairy colours drest,
Forever share my careless breast :
Then, tho' wise I may not be,
The wise themselves shall envy me.