

Our dear delights are often such,
 Expos'd to view but not to touch;
 The sight our foolish heart inflames,
 We long for pine apples in frames,
 With hopeles with one looks and lingers,
 One breaks the glafs and cuts his fingers,
 But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
 Can gather honey from a weed.

H O R A C E. Book *the* 2d. O D E *the* 10th

I.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse fortunes pow'r;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treach'rous shore.

He

2.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.

3.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blasts, the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground,
The bolts that spare the mountains side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide
And spread the ruin round.

4.

The well inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with an wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

5.

What if thine heav'n be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last,
Expect a brighter sky ;
The God that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

6.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen,
But oh ! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

A REFLECTION on the foregoing ODE.

AND is this all ? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep and dread the
shore ?

Sweet