



*An Imitation of some FRENCH  
Verses.*

**R**elentless *Time!* destroying Pow'r  
 Whom Stone and Brass obey,  
 Who giv'ft to ev'ry flying Hour  
 To work some new Decay;  
 Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,  
 Thy secret Saps prevail,  
 And ruin Man, a nice Machine  
 By Nature form'd to fail.  
 My Change arrives; the Change I meet,  
 Before I thought it nigh.  
 My *Spring*, my Years of Pleasure fleet,  
 And all their Beauties dye.

In *Age* I search, and only find

A poor unfruitful Gain,

Grave *Wisdom* stalking slow behind,

Oppress'd with loads of Pain.

My Ignorance cou'd once beguile,

And fancy'd Joys inspire;

My Errors cherish'd *Hope* to smile

On newly-born *Desire*.

But now Experience shews, the Bliss

For which I fondly sought,

Not worth the long impatient Wish,

And Ardour of the Thought.

My Youth met *Fortune* fair array'd,

(In all her Pomp she shone)

And might, perhaps, have well essay'd

To make her Gifts my own:

But when I saw the Blessings show'r

On some unworthy Mind,

I left the Chace, and own'd the *Pow'r*

Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the Glories which adorn

The splendid Courts of Kings,

And while the Persons mov'd my Scorn,

I rose to scorn the Things.

My Manhood felt a vig'rous Fire

By Love encreas'd the more;

But Years with coming Years conspire

To break the Chains I wore,

In Weakness safe, the *Sex* I see

With idle Lustre shine;

For what are all their Joys to me,

Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—— I feel my *Gout* decrease,

My Troubles laid to rest,

And Truths which wou'd disturb my Peace

Are painful Truths at best.

Vainly the Time I have to roll

In sad Reflection flies ;

Ye fondling Passions of my Soul !

Ye sweet Deceits ! arise.

I wisely change the Scene within,

To Things that us'd to please ;

In *Pain*, *Philosophy* is *Spleen*,

In *Health*, 'tis only *Ease*.

