

TO

John Hartopp Esq;

July 1700.

Youth and Pleasure tar-
ry not.

*Casimire, Book 1. Ode 4. Imitated.**Vive jucunda metuens juventæ, &c.*

I.

LIVE, my Dear *HARTOPP*, live to Day,
Nor let the Sun look down and say,

“Inglorious here he lies.

Shake off your Ease, and send your Name
To Immortality and Fame

By ev'ry Hour that flies.

II.

Youth's a soft Scene, but trust her not,
Her Airy Minutes swift as Thought
Slide off the Slipp'ry Sphere ;
Moons with their Months make hasty Rounds,
The Sun has pass'd his Vernal Bounds
And whirls about the Year.

III.

Let Folly dress in Green and Red,
And Gird her Waist with flowing Gold,
Knit blushing Roses round her Head,
Alas! the gaudy Colours fade,
The Garment waxes old.

HARTOPP, mark the withering Rose,
And the pale Gold how dim it shows!

IV.

Bright and lasting Bliss below
Is all Romance and Dream,
Only the Joys Cœlestial flow
In an Eternal Stream.

The Pleasures that the Smiling Day
With large Right hand bestows,

Falsly her Left conveys away

And shuffles in our Woes.

So have I seen a Mother play

And Cheat her Silly Child,

She gave and took a Toy away,

The Infant cry'd, and smil'd.

V.

Airy Chance and Iron Fate

Hurry and Vex our Mortal State,

And all the Race of Ills create ;

Now fiery Joy, now sullen Grief

Commands the Reins of Human Life,

The Wheels impetuous roll ;

The harneſt Hours and Minutes ſtrive,

And Days with ſtretching Pinions drive

down fiercely on the Goal.

VI.

Not half ſo faſt the Gally flies

O're the *Venetian* Sea,

When Sails and Oars and laboring Skies

Contend to make her Way.

Swift Wings for all the flying Hours

The God of Time prepares,

They rest lie still yet in their Nest

And grow for future Years.

TO

Thomas Gunston Esq;

1700.

Happy Solitude.

Casimire Book 4. Ode 12. Imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

I.

THE noisy World complains of me

That I should shun their Sight, and flee
Visits, and Crowds and Company.