THE tree of deepest root is found

Leaf willing fell to quit the ground;
Twas therefore said by ancient ages,
That love of life increas'd with years,

So much, that in our latter ages,

When pains grow harp, and flinchers rage,
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,

If old affections can't prevail;

Which all confess, but few perceive,

Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,

Death call'd aside the jocund groom

With him into another room:

And looking grave, "You must, says he,

"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."

"With you, and quit my Sultan's side!

"With you! the hapless husband cry'd:

"Young as I am! 'tis monstrous hard!"

"Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:"

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My thoughts on other matters go,
"This is my wedding night, you know,
What more he urged I have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger:
So Death the poor delinquent spaird,
And left to live a little longer,
Yet calling up a ferocious look.
His hour-glais trembled while he spoke,
And his friends a little longer.
Neighbours, he said, farewell;
No more shall Death disturb your mirthful hour.
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your futureabit,
Three several Warnings you shall have,
Before you’re summoned to the grave.
Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you’ll have no more to lay,
But when I call again this way.
To these conditions both contented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale beheld,
How long he lived, how well,
How roundly he purposed his course,
And smok’d his pipe, and thro’d his horse.
The willing Mute shall tell me."
He chaffed then, he bought, he fold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Not thought of Death as near;
Many his gains, his children few,
His friends not false, his wife no hew,
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along Life's dusty road
Old Time, whole hale no mortal spare,
Uncalled, unheeded, unaware'd,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in muting mood,
As all alone he fate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood;

Half kild with anger and surprize,

"So soon return'd! old Dobson cries,
So soon, my friend, you're but in jest,
Since I was here before,
And you are now forlorn,"

"'Ts fix'd and thirty years at least,
To spare the aged would be kind;
"So much the worse, the Clown rejoind:"

"And your authority — Is't regal?
"Elle you come on a fool's errand,
""With but a secretary's warrant,"

"Beside,"

Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings.

"I know, cries Death, that at the bed,
I seldom am a welcome guest.
But don't be captious, friend, at least.

Little thought you'd still be able
To flump about your farm and stable.
Your years have run to a great length,
I will you joy tho', of your strength.

Hold, says the Farmer, not so fast.
I have been lame these four years past.
And no great wonder, Death replies,
However, you still keep your eyes.

And fire to see one's loves and friends.
"I warrant you hear all the news.
Yet there's some comfort still, says Death.
Each frisves your fadness to amule.

"But latterly I've lost my sight.
For legs and arms would make amends,
Perhaps, says Doblon, to it might.
"This is a flocking floy, faith.

"I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.
There's none, cries he; and if there were,
Nay then, the sceptre item rejoind,
"If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient Warnings.
"So
So come along, no more we'll part."

He said, and touch'd him with his dart,
And now old Dobson turning pale,
Yields to his fate——fo ends my tale,

HAPPY thrice the harmless plain,
Tenant of the peaceful plain,
Far from busines, noile and strife,
Far from all the toil of state.

Blest with every sweet of life,
All oppreassions of the great,
Dancing by the Nymph he leads
O'er the carpet of the meads.

While his neighbour's pipe or horn
Lulls the night or cheers the morn.
Healthy joy from labour springs,
Healthy joy the wish of kings.

Here Providence in bounty flows,
And joys on every side belows;
Here Earth affords her kind increase,
With virtue gain'd, enjoy'd in peace.

Repay the cultivator's care,
Hills where sportive lambskins stray;
Flocks that fleecy tribute pay.