



SONNET II.

Wifely, O C*, enjoy the present hour,
 The present hour is all the time we have,
 High God the rest has plac'd beyond our pow'r,
 Consign'd, perhaps, to grief—or to the grave,

Wretched the man, who toils ambition's slave ;
 Who pines for wealth, or sighs for empty fame ;
 Who rolls in pleasures which the mind deprave,
 Bought with severe remorse, and guilty shame,

Virtue and knowledge be our better aim ;
 These help us Ill to bear, or teach to shun ;
 Let friendship cheer us with her gen'rous flame,
 Friendship, the sum of all our joys in one :
 So shall we live each moment fate has giv'n ;
 How long, or short, let us resign to heav'n.