

But now on fortune's swelling tide
 High-borne, in all the pomp of pride;
 Of grandeur vain and fond of self,
 'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

EPIGRAM XIII.

Lovely shines thy wedded fair,
 Gentle as the yielding air;
 Cheering as the solar beam,
 Soothing as the fountain-stream.

Why then, jealous husband, rail?
 All may breathe the ambient gale,
 Bask in heaven's diffusive ray,
 Drink the streams that pass away.
 All may share unles'ning joy,
 Why then jealous, peevish boy?
 Water, air, and light confine,
 Ere thou think'st her only thine.

EPIGRAM XIV.

TOM thought a wild profusion great:
 And therefore spent his whole estate:
 Will thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
 And gleans what misers blush to hoard.
 Their passion, merit, fate the same,
 They thirst and starve alike for fame.