



To Mr. J. H. at the TEMPLE, occasioned
by a Translation of an Epistle of HORACE.
1730.

By the Rev. Mr. S——, of Magdalen College, OXFORD.

TIME flies—so you and Horace sing,
From whence you many a moral bring,
To teach us how to steer our lives,
T' enjoy our bottles and our wives.

Young man, I will approve your notions,
And wholly am at your devotions.
I hate your four, canting rascals,
That talk of Ember-weeks and Pascals ;
Black villains, who desire to wean us,
From Bacchus' pleasures, and from Venus',
To gain themselves a larger share,
And fob us off with fast and prayer :
And tell us none to Elysium go,
Who do not plague themselves below.
Can mis'ry raise the grateful heart,
Or tuneful songs of praise impart ?

The great Creator's work we view
And trace it out by Wisdow's clue ;
Nothing is *good* but what is *true*.

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With

With cautious and with thankful eye
 We scan the great variety :
 Each *good* within our reach we taste,
 And call our neighbour to the feast.
 Our souls do gen'rously disown
 All pleasure that's confin'd to one ;
 The only rational employment
 Is, to receive and give enjoyment :
 To ev'ry pleasure we attend,
 Not to enjoy is to offend.

But still, amidst the various crowd
 Of *goods*, that call with voices loud,
 Our nat'ral genius, education,
 Parents, companions, or our station,
 Direct us to some *single choice*,
 In which we chiefly must rejoice.

Pleasures are ladies—some we court
 To pass away an hour in sport :
 We like them all for this or that,
 For silence some, and some for chat ;
 For ev'ry one, as Cowley sings,
 Or arrows yields, or bows, or strings.
 But, after all this rambling life,
 Each man must have his proper *wife*.
 You know my meaning—some *one good*,
 Felt, heard, or seen, or understood,
 Will captivate the heart's affection,
 And bring the rest into subjection.

Pray mind the tenor of my song;
It holds together, tho' 'tis long.

You've made an early choice, and wise one;
The best I know within th' horizon,
My lady *Larw* is rich and handsome:
May she be worth you a king's ransom!
But I must tell you, (you'll excuse
My friendly, tho' plain dealing Muse)
In her own hands is all her dower;
There's not a groat within your power;
And yet you're whoring with *the Nine*;
With them you breakfast, sup and dine,
With them you spend your days and nights —
Is't fitting she shou'd bear such flights?
Beggary, ballad-singing carrions,
Can they advance you to the barons?
You've made me too an old Tom Dingle,
And I, forsooth, must try to jingle.

Your lady wou'd not do you wrong;
She owns you're tender yet, and young —
She'd wink at now and then a song:
But still expects to share the time,
Which now is all bestow'd on rhyme.
Read in the morning *Hobbes de Homine*,
At noon, e'en sport with your *Melpomene*.

Youngster, I've something more to say,
To wean you from this itch of play.

In his *Officiis* old Marc Tully,
 'Mongst certain points he handles fully,
 (A book I ever must delight in
 Far beyond all that since is written!)—
 He tells us there, our parents' praise
 Their children's virtue ought to raise:
 Their worth and praise shou'd prick us on
 To labour after like renown.

Who but thy father has been able,
 Since Hercules, to cleanse a stable?
 About his ears how strange a rattle!
 Who ever stood so tough a battle?
 H' has tam'd the most unruly cattle.—
 Just two such jobbs as yet remain
 To be dispatch'd by you and B——.
 Your father with Herculean club
 The tyrants of our souls did drub;
 B—— for our bodies, you our chattels,
 Must undertake the self-same battles.
 The world on you have fix'd their eyes,
 'Tis you must quell these tyrannies:
 So shall some title, now unknown,
Bangorian-like your labours crown.
 Ravish'd, methinks, in thought I see
 The *universal liberty*.

But after all, I know what's in you:
 You'll do't, a thousand to one guinea.

Time flies—the work and pleasure's great;
 Begin, before it grows too late.
 Where the *plays* stand the *statutes* lodge;
 And dance not, 'till you dance a judge;
 Then, tho' you are not half so taper,
My Lord, you'll cut a higher caper.



To the Rev. Mr. J. S. 1731.

By J. H.

S I R,

PROMISES are different cafes
 At various times, in various places,
 In crowded street of Arlington,
 Where slaves of hope to levées run,
 A promise signifies no more,
 Than in the chamber of a whore.
 And when the good deceiv'd Sir *Francis*
 With *madam* up from Yorkshire dances,
 To claim the great man's promise given
 Some six years since, or (some say) seven;
 No one can blame that curious writer,
 That says, they'll both return the lighter.

But can we hence affirm that no mis
 Of all the sex can keep a promise?

Or