



A

P A R O D Y

O N A N

O D E of *H O R A C E*,

AS TRANSLATED by

Mr. *F A R Q U H A R*.

IN Love, where Cares distract the Mind,
 Where Fear to smiling Hope is join'd ;
 Where Grief the long-sought Joy precedes,
 And late Remorse that Joy invades :
 Show me among the happiest there,
 Who would not wish for Freedom here.

In Freedom, Friend, the Wife delights,

For this the Curtain-tutor'd Nights :

For this she storms the peaceful Man,

And curses nuptial Ties in vain.

Since Love then is too weak to cure

That female Vice, the Thirst of Power ;

Happy the Maid who guards her Heart

Against the sweetly-painful Dart :

Who charm'd by Liberty alone,

Will no intruding Passion own.

In Love what can we hope to find,

But Pleasures that leave Stings behind ?

Delusive Hopes of Happiness,

Airy Dreams of fancy'd Blifs ?

Which shadow-like will disappear,

When the approaching Form comes near.

Cease then to court a certain Ill,

If free at present, keep so still.

Forbear that meaning Glance to throw ;
 The Dart which meditates the Foe
 May back upon thyself recoil,
 And catch thee in the artful Toil.
 Love o'er the abject Breast may reign,
 With all its light fantastic Train
 Of Wishes, Cares, and fond Desires,
 Fears and Hopes, and jealous Fires ;
 Be mine from the soft Folly free,
 Freedom alone has Charms for me.



The D R E A M.

AH stay, fair fleeting Form, I charge thee stay ;
 Whither, ah whither wouldst thou glide
 away ?

Ardelia calls thee, lovely cruel Shade !

Ardelia bids thee stay, thy once lov'd Maid !