

An O D E.

To my much honored Friend Sir THOMAS
GARRARD, Baronet, upon his Clima-
terical YEAR.

I.

THE famous old Prophet that twenty years
toil'd,

To write us the *Psalms* that duncce Hopkins has
spoil'd,

In giving account of the Ages of Men;

Has strangely confin'd us to Threescore and Ten,

He tells us, to scare us, his last hour is near,

That enters the sad Climacterical Year.

II.

Then welfare the Man that inspir'd by good Wine,

Cares neither for Seventy nor seventimes Nine;

Whose jolly brisk Humor adds sands to his Glass,

And standing upright can look Fate in the face;

That makes much of Life, but when Nature is due

Declines like a Flower, as sweet as he grew.

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III. To

To his fair Example and Grandeur of Soul,
 Let each in his order Carouse a full Bowl;
 Whatever dull Gown-men or Sages may think,
 There's no Man grows old till he ceases to drink
 Then Health to Sir *Thomas*, and that he may be
 As well at fixscore as at fixty and three.

The KING'S Health

A C A T C H Sung in Parts.

I.

NOW Second *Hannibal* is come,
 O'er frozen Lakes and mounts of *Snow*
 To found our Faith on conquer'd *Rome*,
 And give Proud *France* a fatal Blow.

II.

Well may our *Phæbus* disappear,
 And set his Glory in the Sea;
 If Planets of a lower Sphere,
 Can give us greater light than he.