

Ophelia does Mankind engage;

Each valiant Sword, each noble Muse,

Frantick with Spite, let crazy Time

Take pleasure to ingender strife,

Whilst blooming Beauty in her Prime,

Takes with a Gust the Joys of Life.

I I.

Each shameful word that Malice speaks,

Adds, dearest Charmer, to your Fame;

Each hallow'd Grove loud Echo makes,

Refounding fair *Ophelia's* Name,

Old age does Beauty still prophane,

Age ever did good Nature want;

By Scandal you more Glory gain,

'Tis Persecution makes the Saint.

An O D E,

From the Greek of A N A C R E O N

I.

IF Gold could lengthen Life, I swear,

It then should be my chiefest Care,

To get a
When Dea
Thou Slav

But sinc
Why shoul
Or foolishly
With vain
For if the
Have all de
What good

Give me
The Joys and
Freedom and
Let me not
Then shall I
This Consola
That once I

To get a heap, that I may say,
When Death came to demand his pay,
Thou Slave, take this and go thy way.

II.

But since Life is not to be bought,
Why should I plague my self for nought,
Or foolishly disturb the Skies,
With vain Complaints, or fruitless Cries,
For if the fatal Destinies
Have all decreed it shall be so,
What good will Gold or Crying do,

III.

Give me to ease my thirsty Soul,
The Joys and Comforts of the Bowl;
Freedom and Health, and whilst I live
Let me not want what Love can give:
Then shall I die in peace, and have
This Consolation in the Grave,
That once I had the World my slave.

M

To