To Lady H——r, who ask’d, Had the Author done writing Verses?

Tell me, my Patroness, and Friend,
Can Age Parnassian Heights ascend?
Sweet Poesy’s light Footsteps trace?
Ah no! I must give up the Chase:
When Time the Head hath silver’d o’er,
The dear Delusion charms no more.

But why hast thou, with Taste endow’d,
At Phoebus’ Altar never bow’d?
Shall Books engross thee all the Day?
When, lo! he waits to grace thy Lay.