

AN ODE.

Inscribed to the Memory of the

Hon^{ble} Col. George Villiers,

Drowned in the River Piava, in the
Country of Friuli: 1703.

In Imitation of Horace, Ode 28. Lib. 1.

*Te Maris & Terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cobibent, Archyta, &c.*

SAY, dearest VILLIERS, poor departed Friend,
(Since fleeting Life thus suddenly must end)
Say, what did all thy busie Hopes avail,
That anxious Thou from Pole to Pole didst fail;
E'er on thy Chin the springing Beard began
To spread a doubtful Down, and promise Man?
What profited thy Thoughts, and Toils, and Cares,
In Vigour more confirm'd, and riper Years?
To wake e'er Morning-dawn to loud Alarms,
And march 'till close of Night in heavy Arms?
To scorn the Summer Suns and Winter Snows,
And search thro' ev'ry Clime thy Country's Foes?
That Thou might'st Fortune to thy Side engage;
That gentle Peace might quell BELLONA's Rage;
And ANNA's Bounty crown Her Soldier's hoary Age?

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In vain We think that free-will'd Man has Pow'r
 To hasten or protract th'appointed Hour.
 Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
 Before our Birth our Funeral was decreed.
 Nor aw'd by Foresight, nor mis'led by Chance,
 Imperious Death directs His Ebon Lance; [Dance,
 Peoples great HENRY's Tombs, and leads up HOLBEN's

Alike must ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
 Sustain the universal Tyrant's Rage:
 For neither WILLIAM's Pow'r, nor MARY's Charms
 Could or repel, or pacifie his Arms: Young CHURCHILL fell, as Life began to bloom:
 And BRADFORD's trembling Age expects the Tomb.
 Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
 One Moment's Respite for the learned Head:
 Judges of Writings and of Men have dy'd;
 MECÆNAS, SACKVILLE, SOCRATES, and HYDE:
 And in their various Turns the Sons must tread
 Those gloomy Journeys, which their Sires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did so long maintain,
 That Bodies die, but Souls return again,
 With all the Births and Deaths He had in Store,
 Went out PYTHAGORAS, and came no more.
 And modern AS—L, whose capricious Thought
 Is yet with Stores of wilder Notion fraught,
 Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting Breath,
 Which play'd so idly with the Darts of Death.

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Some from the stranded Vessel force their Way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:

Some who escape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and sink into a Grave:

In Journeys or at home, in War or Peace,
By Hardships Many, Many fall by Ease.

Each changing Season does it's Poison bring;

Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blast the Spring:

Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,

All act subservient to the Tyrant's Pow'r:

And when obedient Nature knows His Will,

A Fly, a Grape-stone, or a Hair can kill.

For restless PROSERPINE for ever treads

In Paths unseen, o'er our devoted Heads;

And on the spacious Land, and liquid Main

Spreads flow Disease, or darts afflictive Pain:

Variety of Deaths confirms her endless Reign.

On curst PIAVA'S Banks the Goddess flood,

Show'd her dire Warrant to the rising Flood;

When What I long must love, and long must mourn,

With fatal Speed was urging his Return;

In his dear Country to disperse his Care,

And arm himself by Rest for future War;

To chide his anxious Friends officious Fears,

And promise to their Joys his elder Years.

Oh! destin'd Head; and oh! severe Decree;

Nor native Country Thou, nor Friend shalt see;

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Nor War hast thou to wage, nor Year to come:
Impending Death is thine, and instant Doom.

Hark! the imperious Goddess is obey'd:
Winds murmur; Snows descend; and Waters spread:
Oh! Kinsman, Friend,——Oh! vain are all the Cries
Of human Voice; strong Destiny replies:
Weep You on Earth; for He shall sleep below:
Thence None return; and thither All must go.

Who'er Thou art, whom Choice or Business leads
To this sad River, or the neighb'ring Meads;
If Thou may'st happen on the dreary Shoars
To find the Object which This Verse deplores;
Cleanse the pale Corps with a religious Hand
From the polluting Weed and common Sand;
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a Grave;
(The only Honour He can now receive)
And fragrant Mould upon his Body throw;
And plant the Warrior Lawrel o'er his Brow:
Light lye the Earth; and flourish green the Bough.

So may just Heav'n secure thy future Life
From foreign Dangers, and domestic Strife:
And when th' Infernal Judges dismal Pow'r
From the dark Urn shall throw Thy destin'd Hour;
When yielding to the Sentence, breathless Thou
And pale shalt lye, as what Thou buriest now;
May some kind Friend the piteous Object see,
And equal Rites perform, to That which once was Thee.

P R O.