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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

An Imitation of the Eleventh Ode of the First Book of Horace. By the
Same.

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An Imitation of the Eleventh Ode of the
First Book of HORACE.

By the Same.

FOrbear, my dear Stephen, with a fruitless desire
Into truths which are better conceal'd to enquire ;
Perhaps many years are allow'd us by Fate,
Or next winter perhaps is the last of their date :
Let the credulous fools whom astrologers cheat,
Exult or despond, as they vary deceit ;
Who anticipate care, their own pleasure destroy,
And invite disappointment who build upon joy ;
All ills unforeseen we the easiest endure,
What avails to foresee, unless foresight could cure ?
And from ills by their art how can wretches be freed,
When that art must be false, or those ills be decreed ?
From reflection and hope little comfort we find,
To possession alone let thy thoughts be confin'd ;
To-day's all the treasure poor mortals can boast,
For to-morrow's not gained, and yesterday's lost ;
Even now whilst I write, time steals on our youth,
And a moment's cut off from thy friendship and truth :
Then seize the swift blessing, enjoy the dear now,
And taste, not expect, what hereafter'll bestow.

A LOVE

