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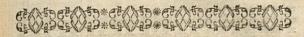
A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

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

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1993

[105]



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

By the Same.

Orbear, my dear Stephen, with a fruitless defire 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 aftrologers 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 poffession 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 whilft I write, time fleals on our youth, And a moment's cut off from thy friendship and truth: Then feize the swift bleffing, enjoy the dear now, And tafte, not expect, what hereafter'll bestow.

A LOVE

