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Original Poems And Translations, By John Dryden, Esq; Now First Collected and Publish'd together, In Two Volumes

Containing Translations, Epistles, Prologues, Epilogues, Elegies, Epitaphs, And Songs

Dryden, John

London, 1743

From the Fifth Book of Lucretius.

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But Wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaſte,
And clean, will hold their wand'ring Husbands faſt;
Such are the Links of Love, and ſuch a Love will laſt.
For what remains, long habitude, and uſe,
Will kindneſs in domeſtick Bands produce:
For Cuſtom will a ſtrong Impreſſion leave.
Hard Bodies, which the lighteſt ſtroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And Stones with drops of Rain are waſh'd away.

From the Fifth Book of LUCRETIUS.

Tum porrò puer, &c.

THUS, like a Sailor by a Tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the Babe is ſhipwreck'd on the World:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable Earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs Birth.
Straight with foreboding Cries he fills the Room;
Too true preſages of his future Doom.
But Flocks and Herds, and every ſavage Beaſt,
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
They want no Rattles for their froward mood,
Nor Nurſe to reconcile them to their Food,
With broken words; nor Winter blaſts they fear,
Nor change their Habits with the changing Year:
Nor, for their Safety, Citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked Inſtruments of War:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treaſure grants,
And Nature's laviſh Hand ſupplies their common Wants.

The