Swift Wings for all the flying Hours
The God of Time prepares,
They reſt lie ſtill yet in their Neſt
And grow for future Years.

TO

Thomas Gunſton Eſq;

1700.

Happy Solitude.

Caſimire Book 4. Ode 12. Imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

I.

THE noiſy World complains of me
That I ſhould ſhun their Sight, and flee
Viſits, and Crowds and Company.

GUNSTON, the Lark dwells in her Neſt
Until ſhe mount the Skies;
And in my Cloſet I could reſt
Till to the Heavens I riſe.

II.

Yet they will urge, " This private Life
" Can never make you Bleſt,
" And twenty Doors are ſtill at Strife
" T' engage you for a Gueſt?
Friend, ſhould you ſee the *Louvre*, or *Whitehall*
Open their Royal Gates, and call,
And wait for *WATTS* to come,
He has no Buſineſs there at all
Who finds ſo much at Home.

III.

When I within my ſelf retreat,
I ſhut my Doors againſt the Great;
My buſy Eyeballs inward roll,
And there with large ſurvey I ſee
All the wide Theatre of Me,
And view the various Scenes of my retiring Soul;
There I walk o're the Mazes I have trod,

While

While Hope and Fear are in a doubtful Strife
Whether this *Opera* of Life
Be acted well to gain the Plaudit of my God.

IV.

There's a Day haſtning, ('tis an Awful Day)
When the great Sovereign ſhall at large review
All that we ſpeak and all we do,
The ſeveral Parts we act on this wide Stage of Clay:
Theſe he approves, and thoſe he blames,
And Crowns perhaps a Porter, and a Prince he Damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous Seat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I ſhall be Happy tho' unknown,
Nor need the gazing Rabble, nor the ſhouting Street.

V.

I hate the *Glory*, Friend, that ſprings
From Vulgar Breath and empty Sound;
Fame mounts her upward with a Flatt'ring Gale
Upon her Airy Wings
Till *Envy* Shoots, and *Fame* receives the Wound;
Then her flagging Pinions fail,

Down *Glory* falls and ſtrikes the Ground
And breaks her batter'd Limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from *Fame* ;
How happy I ſhould lye
In Sweet Obſcurity,
Nor the Loud World pronounce my little Name!

Here I could live and dye alone ;
Or if Society be due
To keep our Taſt of Pleaſure new,
GUNSTON, I'de live and die with you,
For both our Souls are one.

VI.

Here we could ſit and paſs the pleaſing Hour,
And Pity Kingdoms and their Kings,
And ſmile at all their ſhining Things,
Their Toys of State, and Images of Power ;
Vertue ſhould dwell within our Seat,
Vertue alone could make it ſweet,
Nor is her ſelf ſecure but in a cloſe Retreat.
While ſhe withdraws from publick Praiſe
Envy perhaps would ceaſe to rail,

Envy it ſelf may innocently gaze
At Beauty in a Vail.
But if ſhe once advance to Light,
Her Charms are loſt in *Envy's* Sight,
And *Vertue* is the Mark of Univerſal Spight.

TO

John Hartopp Eſq;

THE

Diſdain of Senſual Joys.

1704.

HARTOPP, I love the Soul that dares
Tread the Temptations of his Years
Beneath his Youthful Feet:
FLEETWOOD and all thy Heavenly Line
Look thro' the Stars, and Smile Divine
Upon an Heir ſo Great.

Young