



ODE TO THE HON. JOHN YORK,

IMITATED FROM HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

BY THE SAME.

FOR quiet, on Newmarket's plain,
The shivering curate prays in vain,
When wintry showers are falling,
And stumbling steed, and whistling wind,
Quite banish from his anxious mind
The duties of his calling.

With thoughts engross'd by routs and plays,
The gallant soph for quiet prays,
Confuted and confuting;
And quiet is alike desir'd
Ev'n by the king's professor, tir'd
With wrangling and disputing.

In crowded senate, on the chair
Of our vice-chancellor fits Care,
Undaunted by the Mace;

Care

Care climbs the yatcht, when adverse gales
Detain or tear our patron's sails,
And ruffles ev'n his Grace.

How blest is he whose annual toil
With well-rang'd trees improves a foil
For ages yet unborn!

Such as at humble s Barley, plann'd
By mitred Herring's youthful hand,
The cultur'd glebe adorn.

From place to place we still pursue
Content, and hope in each to view

The visionary guest;

Vainly we fly intruding care,

Not all, like you, the joys can share

Of Wimple and of Wrest.

Then let us snatch, while in our power,
The present transitory hour,

And leave to Heaven the morrow;

Youth has its griefs; a friend may die,

Or nymph deceive; for none can fly

The giant hand of sorrow.

^s Dr. Herring; late lord archbishop of Canterbury, was some time
rector of Barley, a village near Barkway in Hertfordshire.

His country's hope, and parent's pride,
In bloom of life young Blandford died:

His godlike father's eyes
Were dimm'd with age and helpless tears;
And Heaven to me may grant the years
Which it to you denies.

Your rising virtues soon will claim
A portion of your brother's fame;
And catch congenial fire;
They shine in embassy and war,
They grace the senate and the bar,
And emulate their fire.

Invested with the sacred gown,
You soon, to rival their renown,
The glorious task shall join;
And while they guard Britannia's laws,
You, steady to Religion's cause,
Shall guard the laws divine.

