

Cease, then, ah cease, fond mortal, to repine  
 At laws, which nature wisely did ordain ;  
 Pleasure, what is it? rightly to define,  
 'Tis but a short liv'd interval from pain :  
 Or rather each alternately renew'd,  
 Give to our lives a sweet vicissitude.



HORACE, Ode 14. Book I. imitated in 1746.

By the Same.

O Ship! shall new waves again bear thee to sea?  
 Where, alas! art thou driving? keep steady to shore.  
 Thy sides are left without an oar,  
 And thy shaken mast groans, to rude tempests a prey.  
 Thy tackle all torn, can no longer endure  
 The assaults of the surge that now triumphs and reigns,  
 None of thy sails entire remains,  
 Nor a GOD to protect in another sad hour.  
 Tho' thy outside bespeaks thee of noble descent,  
 The forest's chief pride, yet thy race and thy name,  
 What are they but an empty name?  
 Wise mariners trust not to gilding and paint.  
 Beware then lest Thou float, uncertain again,  
 The sport of wild winds; late my sorrowful care,  
 And now my fondest wish, beware  
 Of the changeable shoals where the Rhine meets the Main.