

## III.

It strange, dear Author, yet it true is,  
That down from PHARAMOND to LOÜIS,

All covet Life, yet call it Pain:  
All feel the Ill, yet shun the Cure:  
Can Sense this Paradox endure?

Resolve me, CAMBRAY, or FONTAINE.

## IV.

The Man in graver Tragic known  
(Tho' his best Part long since was done)

Still on the Stage desires to tarry:  
And He who play'd the *Harlequin*,  
After the Jest still loads the Scene,  
Unwilling to retire, tho' Weary.

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Written in the

*Nouveaux Interests des PRINCES*  
*de l' EUROPE.*

BLEST be the Princes, who have fought  
For Pompous Names, or wide Dominion;  
Since by Their Error We are taught,  
That Happiness is but Opinion.



ADRI