Liow do's my Marrow melt away, And every lazy Vein larsholder, While gratefally in Memory.

But, Amy Spritt are too Meak nits and in International nits and in

Attempted in ENGLISH. as the bolten winded.

And wheeze like one that's broken-winded.

My fatal Hour is plainly come,
For want of .5 & cisibn! Indicate of .5 & cisibn! Which only you can lave me from,

IND Friend, with whom I Sip, and Smoke, The finest Tea, and best Virginia, as some of Nor part until my Dose Ive took and less bank. Of Hermitage, or Mont Aleino, nov your sevil

In Health, and she be ever loving Poet do

Renew your Vigor work away bett he own support of the Mith the soft Balm of hwol but her too for Balm of hwol and if her too for please way, all the Home way please you only

Old Horace, with a willing Mind, fleatest for stand bank. (Affifting Muse, and Wind, and Weather,) and the lights distance, who have a standard of the standar

To joy his Patron's luscious Hours,
He sung of Wenching, and its Fuel; won to Labour How helpful Venus in Amours,
And her ungracious Rogue, how cruel.

And yet the Bard with richer Wine

No other Girl will now go better wester will now go be the Bard Whistle never wetted to will now go be the Tyrant's fenguing for skyll the Tyrant's fenguin

Nor did his Tuscan Knight e'er bear A na nidiw von ball.
To all the Acts of Friendship truer, shelfer has sheleged!
Nor was more bountiful, or dear to mourn the Rigour Vine and your Odist you are work of the Nor can your Vine.

O thou Top-Wit of all the Town, and only of the Town, and the House of Community, Whom all the Muses hang upon, As thou it a constant Hanger on em!

How