

(1)

A Modern

Latin O D E

Attempted in ENGLISH.

O qui recisæ Fimibus Indicis, &c.

KIND Friend, with whom I Sip, and Smoke,
The finest Tea, and best *Virginia*,
Nor part until my Dose Iv'e took
Of Hermitage, or *Mont' Alcino*,

What shall an empty Poet do
To pay the mighty Debt he owes you?
I'll Tap my Muse, and if but low
She runs, I'll Tilt her too to please you.

Old *Horace*, with a willing Mind,
(Assisting Muse, and Wind, and Weather,)
All but uncommon Flights disdain'd,
And dipt his fancy'd Wings in *Ether*,

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

And yet the Bard with richer Wine
His jolly Whistle never wettèd;
Than from some empty'd Flasks of *Thine*
I still am plentifully treated.

Nor did his *Tuscan* Knight e'er bear
To all the Acts of Friendship truer,
Nor was more bountiful, or dear
To him, than to your *Odise* you are.

O thou Top-Wit of all the Town,
The Court, and eke the *House of Commons*,
Whom all the Muses hang upon,
As thou'rt a constant Hanger-on 'em!



How