

In a garden belonging to Mr Tyrie, at Denbig in
Surrey, is a walk, terminated by a beautiful Allée,
called Densgrove. In which are two elegantly carved
Pedestals, on which are placed a Gentleman's and
Lady's Skull; each of which here adresses the Male
and Female Visitants

The Lady's Skull.

Blush not, ye Fair! to own me — but be wise,
Nor turn from Sad Mortality your Eyes:
Fame says and Fame alone can tell how true,
I once was lovely; and beloved like you;
Where are my Volleys, where my Flatterers now?
Filed with the subject of each lovers Vow.
Adieu! the Roses red, and Lillies white,
Adieu! those Eyes, that made the Darkness light:
No more, alas! those Coral Lips are seen,
Nor longer Breaths the fragrant gale between.
Turn from your Mirror, and behold in me,
At once what thousands can't, or dare not see.
Unvarnish'd I the real truth impart
Nor here am plac'd but to direct the Heart.
Survey me well, ye fair ones! and be possest,
The Grave may terrify, but can't deceive.
On Beauties' fraile State no more depends;
Here Youth and Pleasure, Age and Sorrow end.
It drops the Mask, here shuts the final scene?
Nor differs grave Threescore, from gay fifteen.
All press alike to that same goal — the Tomb,
Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Elo's Bloom.
When Coxcombs flatter, and when Fools adore,
Here learn the Lesson to be vain no more,
Yet Virtue still against Decay can arm,
And even lend Mortality a Charm.

The Gentleman's Scull

Why start?— The cause is yours,— or will be soon;
Sum years, perhaps— perhaps another Moon.
Life, at its' utmost length, is still a Breath,
And those who longest Dream, must wake in Death.
Like you I once thought ev'ry Bliss secure,
And goal'd of ev'ry Ill the certain Cure;
Till steep'd in Sorrow, and besieg'd with pain
Too late! I found all Earthly Riches vain.
Disease with Scorn, threw back the sordid fee,
And Death still answer'd— what is goal'd to me?
Fame, Titles, Honours, next I vainly sought;
And Fools obsequious nurs'd the childish thought,
Circled with brib'd applause and purchas'd Praise
I built on Endless grandeur Endless Days.
Till Death overtook me from my Dream of Pride
And laid a prouder Begger by my side.
Pleasure I courted, and obey'd my Taste,
The Banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay Repast.
A loathsome Carcase was my constant Care,
And Worlds were Mansack'd but for me to share.
Go on vain Man! to Luxury be firm,
Yet know I Feasted, but to feast a worm!
O'll redy sure less terrible I dream,
And you like me shall own that Life's a Dream.
Farewell! Remember, ~~and~~ nor my Words Despise—
The only Happy are the Early Wise.

Tho? Hunt His Hand

Tho? Hunt His Hand

July the 23rd 1768

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