

For all in vain comes counfel to his ear.

*Gaunt.* O, but, they fay, the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony :  
Where words are fcarce, they're feldom fpent in vain ;  
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.<sup>a</sup>

*York.* His ear is ftop'd with other flatt'ring charms,  
As praifes of his ftate ; there are befide  
Lafcivious meeters, to whose venom'd found  
The open ear of youth doth always liften :  
Report of fashions in proud *Italy*,  
Whose manners ftill our tardy apifh nation  
Limps after, in bafe aukward imitation.  
Where doth the world thruft forth a vanity,  
(So it be new, there's no refpect how vile,)  
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?  
Then all too late comes counfel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.<sup>b</sup>

*Gaunt.* Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd ;  
And thus, expiring, do foretel of him :  
His rafh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laft ;  
For violent fires foon burn out themfelves.  
Small fhew'rs laft long, but fudden ftorms are fhort ;  
He tires betimes, that fpuers too faft betimes ;  
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder ;  
Light vanity, infatiate cormorant,  
Confuming means, foon preys upon itfelf.

<sup>a</sup> ----- their words in pain.

He that no more muft fay, is liften'd more

Than they whom youth and eafe have taught to gloze ;  
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before :

The fetting fun, and mufick in the clofe.

As the laft tafte of fweets is sweeteft laft,

Writ in remembrance, more than things long paft ;

Though *Richard* my life's counfel would not hear,

My death's fad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

*York.* His ear -----

<sup>b</sup> ----- with wit's regard.

Direct not him, whose way himfelf will choofe ;

'Tis breath thou lack'ft, and that breath wilt thou lofe.

*Gaunt.* Methinks, I am -----