



ODE to INDOLENCE, 1750.

By the Same.

AH! why for ever on the wing
 Persists my weary'd soul to roam?
 Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
 Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
 From paradise's honour'd groves,
 Ceaseless fatigues his little frame;
 Nor finds the resting place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
 My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
 Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
 The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should lingering thought invade,
 Yet every worldly prospect cloy?
 Lend me, soft Sloth, thy friendly aid,
 And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and filent flood,
 That never ebbs, that never flows;
 Protected by the circling wood
 From each tempeftuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank fhall rife,
 Where oft thy votary fhall be found;
 What time pale Autumn lulls the fkies,
 And fickening verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train,
 That haunt Ambition's guilty fhrine;
 No more perplex the world in vain,
 But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puiffant Queen! be kind:
 If e'er I fhould thy balmy pow'r;
 If e'er I fway'd my active mind,
 To weave for Thee the rural bow'r;

Diffolve in fleep each anxious care;
 Each unavailing figh remove;
 And only let me wake to fhare
 The fweets of Friendfhip and of Love.

