
ODE to INDOLENCE, 1750.

By the Same.

A H! why for ever on the wing Perfists my weary'd foul to roam? Why, ever cheated, strives to bring Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name From paradife's honour'd groves, Ceafeless 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.

B 2

Lov'ft

Lov'st thou you calm and silent flood,

That never ebbs, that never flows;

Protected by the circling wood

From each tempestuous wind that blows?

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

Ye busy race, ye factious train,

That haunt Ambition's guilty shrine;

No more perplex the world in vain,

But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant Queen! be kind:

If e'er I shar'd thy balmy pow'r;

If e'er I sway'd my active mind,

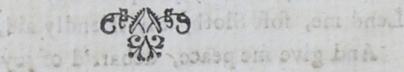
To weave for Thee the rural bow'r;

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;

Each unavailing sigh remove;

And only let me wake to share

The sweets of Friendship and of Love.



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