
ON
H A P P I N E S S.

O HAPPINESS! where art thou to be
found?

What bow'r is blest with thy perpetual gleam?
From court, from cot, ev'n while they seek
thy stay,

On thy soft pinions, rapid is thy flight.

Thy name, not substance, is to mortals
known.

Repulse from thee makes drunkards stand
aghast,

Who nightly revel o'er the flowing bowl.

In vain they seek thy progress to retard,

A guest too noble to be thus detain'd.

Thy quick elopement shews their sad mis-
take ;
Baulks hope, and certain disappointment
brings.

Misers for thee grope 'midst their bags
of wealth,
Nor find thy residence in golden ore:
Fear, anxious care, bleak av'rice, and distrust,
Forbid thy access to the grov'ling foul.

Not riches, though in gorgeous pomp ar-
ray'd,
With all the dazzling splendour of the east,
Secure thee 'mongst the gay, fantastic train.
Pride and Ambition, vulture-like, appear,
Gain access to the op'lent master's heart,
And bid defiance to thy sacred charms,
Now swiftly banish'd from his sumpt'ous
feat.

Nor even the voice of honour can recal
Thy hasty steps: thee Pleasure sues in vain ;
A stranger to the gay, licentious crowd,

The giddy flutt'ring sons of dance and song.
Thou to the libertine dost ever prove
An airy phantom; mock'st his eager grasp;
Leaves him to cruel disappointment's rage,
Remorse, despair, the inmates of his soul.

In hopes to meet thee in some distant
clime,
The ardent warrior quits his native shore,
Inur'd to martial toil; at danger smiles,
And unconcern'd treads o'er the heaps of
flain:
His en'mies fly before him; at his feet
Millions fall prostrate, and for mercy call:
Yet still in vain he makes his court to thee;
Thou scarce vouchsafes him one auspicious
smile.

See lovers too, in yon sequester'd grove,
Seek lonely walks, and spend their sighs in
vain,
For thee! For what? for some bewitching
fair,

Whose smiles they deem can boundless blifs
secure :

Their views contracted would thee thus con-
fine.

Nor art thou found in Hymen's sacred
rites,

Though filken cords of sweet affection bind.
A thousand ills encompass the fond pair,
And mix their sweets with bitternefs and wo.
Bent in purfuit, through many a devious
track,

All feem to fay, " Succeslefs is the fearch ;
To nobler objects henceforth bend your view."

All hail, Religion ! thou celestial power !
Thy force alone can soothe the anxious breast,
And quite difpel the folitary gloom,
Thefe fullen fhades that steal upon the foul.
O let me hear thy falutary voice !
Thy sacred dictates let me ftill revere ;
And ever prone in virtue's fteps to tread,
My hopes, my wifhes center'd all in Him,
Whofe hand omnipotent the world did frame.

O Thou, great Source of all supreme de-
light!

Without reluctance may I ever prove
Submissive to thy providential sway,
To know and to observe thy laws divine,
My sole solicitude.

How mean soe'er my humble station be,
Content, and calm serenity of mind,
Shall pave my paths along the rugged vale;
And when the vain delusive vision's past,
Then happiness, in all its vast extent
Unmeasurable, ignorant of bounds,
Shall through eternal ages be my lot;
The lot of all whose hope is fix'd on thee.