

## I D L E N E S S.

## O D E VII.

**G**Oddeſs of eaſe, leave Lethe's brink,  
 Obſequious to the Muſe and me ;  
 For once endure the pain to think,  
 Oh ! ſweet inſenſibility !

Siſter of peace and indolence,  
 Bring, Muſe, bring numbers ſoft and flow,  
 Elaborately void of ſenſe,  
 And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them flow.

Near ſome cowſlip-painted mead,  
 There let me doze out the dull hours,  
 And under me let Flora ſpread,  
 A ſofa of her ſofteſt flow'rs.

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe  
 Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,  
 And murmurs of the ſtream beneath  
 Still flow in uniſon with thine.

For thee, O Idleneſs, the woes  
 Of life we patiently endure,  
 Thou art the ſource whence labour flows,  
 We ſhun thee but to make thee ſure.

For who'd sustain war's toil and waste,  
 Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea,  
 But to be idle at the last,  
 And find a pleasing end in thee.

---

To the reverend and learned Dr. WEBSTER,  
 Occasioned by his Dialogues on ANGER and FORGIVENESS.

## O D E V III.

## I.

'T WAS when th' omniscient creative pow'r  
 Display'd his wonders by a mortal's hand,  
 And, delegated at th' appointed hour,  
 Great Moses led away his chosen band ;  
 When Israel's host, with all their stores,  
 Past thro' the ruby-tinctur'd crystal shores,  
 The wilderness of waters and of land :  
 Then persecution rag'd in heav'n's own cause,  
 And right on neighbouring kingdoms to infringe,  
 Strict justice for the breach of nature's laws,  
 Strict justice, who's full-sister to revenge :  
 The legislator held the scythe of fate,  
 Where'er his legions chanc'd to stray,  
 Death and destruction mark'd their bloody way ;  
 Immoderate was their rage, for mortal was their hate.

II.