



H Y M N

T O

CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting Peace of Mind!
Sweet Delight of human kind !

Heavenly born, and bred on high,

To crown the Fav'rites of the Sky

With more of Happiness below,

Than Victors in a Triumph know !

Whither, O whither art thou fled,

To lay thy meek, contented Head ?

What

What happy Region dost thou please
To make the Seat of Calms and Ease?

Ambition searches all its Sphere
Of Pomp and State, to meet thee there.
Encreasing Avarice would find
Thy Presence in its Gold enshrin'd.
The bold Advent'rer ploughs his way,
Thro' Rocks amidst the foaming Sea,
To gain thy Love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the Rocks and Waves.
The silent Heart which Grief affails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the Vales,
Sees Daisies open, Rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing Thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the Nurse of Woe.

No real Happiness is found
 In trailing Purple o'er the Ground:
 Or in a Soul exalted high,
 To range the Circuit of the Sky,
 Converse with Stars above, and know
 All Nature in its Forms below;
 The Rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
 And Doubts at last for Knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting Peace appear!
 This World it self, if thou art here,
 Is once again with *Eden* blest'd,
 And Man contains it in his Breast.

'Twas thus, as under Shade I stood,
 I sung my Wishes to the Wood,
 And lost in Thought, no more perceiv'd
 The Branches whisper as they wav'd:

It seem'd, as all the quiet Place
 Confess'd the Presence of the Grace:
 When thus she spoke—Go rule thy Will,
 Bid thy wild Passions all be still,
 Know God—and bring thy Heart to know,
 The Joys which from Religion flow:
 Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its Guest,
 And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder Mossy Seat,
 In my Hours of sweet Retreat;
 Might I thus my Soul employ,
 With sense of Gratitude and Joy:
 Rais'd as antient Prophets were,
 In heavenly Vision, Praise, and Pray'r;
 Pleasing all Men, hurting none,
 Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:

Then while the Gardens take my Sight,
With all the Colours of Delight ;
While silver Waters glide along,
To please my Ear, and court my Song :
I'll lift my Voice, and tune my String,
And thee, great *Source of Nature*, sing.

The Sun that walks his airy Way,
To light the World, and give the Day ;
The Moon that shines with borrow'd Light ;
The Stars that gild the gloomy Night ;
The Seas that roll unnumber'd Waves ;
The Wood that spreads its shady Leaves ;
The Field whose Ears conceal the Grain,
The yellow Treasure of the Plain ;
All of these, and all I see,
Shou'd be sung, and sung by me :

They

They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the Tongue of Man.

Go search among your idle Dreams,
Your *busy*, or your *vain* Extreams ;
And find a Life of equal Blifs,
Or own the *next* begun in *This*.

