

ODE

TO

INDIFFERENCE.

OH nymph, long sought, of placid mien,
With careless step, and brow serene!
I woo thee from the tufted bowers,
Where listless pass thy easy hours——
Or, if a *Naiade* of the silver wave
Thou rather lov'st thy pearly limbs to lave
In some clear lake, whose fascinating face
Lures the soft willow to its pure embrace!
Or, if beneath the gelid rock
Thy smiles all human sorrows mock,
Where'er thou art, in earth or air,
Oh! come, and chase the *fiend* DESPAIR!

Have I not mark'd thee on the green
Roving, by *vulgar* eyes unseen?
Have I not watch'd thy lightsome dance
When Evening's soften'd glows advance?

Dear Goddess, yes! and whilst the Rustic's mirth
 Proclaims the hour which gives wild gambols birth,
 Supine, I've found thee in the elm-row's shade,
 Lull'd by the hum returning bees have made,
 Who, chary of their golden spoils,
 Finish their fragrant, rosy toils,
 With rest-inviting, slumb'rous song,
 As to their waxen couch they throng.

Chaste Nymph! the Temple let me seek
 Where thou resid'st in lustre meek;
 My future life to thee I give——
 Irradiate ev'ry hour I live!

'Tis true, no *glowing bliss* thy vot'ries know,
 From thee no poignant ecstasy can flow,
 But oh! thoushield'st the heart from rankling pain,
 And Mis'ry *strikes*, when bless'd with thee, in vain;
 Wan *Jealousy's* empoisoning tooth,
 And *Love*, which feeds upon our youth,
 And holy *Friendship's* broken tie,
 Ne'er dim the lustre of thy eye.

For thee, it is, all Nature blooms,
 For thee, the Spring new charms assumes,
 Nor *vainly* flings her blossoms round,
 Nor *vainly* bids her groves resound;
 Her music, colours, odours, all are thine,
 To thee her months their richest gifts consign;

To thee the morn is bright, and sweet the ray
 That marks the progress of the sinking day;
 Each change is grateful to thy soul,
 For its *fine taste* no woes control;
 The powers of Nature, and of Art,
 Alike entrance the easy heart.

And oh! beneath thy gentle dome,
 Which the *calm* comforts make their home,
 That cruel imp is never found
 Whose fame such idle songs resound——
 Dread SENSIBILITY!—Oh! let me fly
 Where Greenland darkness drinks the beamy sky,
 Or where the Sun, with downward torrid ray
Kills, with the barb'rous glories of the day!
 I'd dare th' excess of ev'ry clime,
 Grasp ev'ry evil known by Time,
 Ere live beneath that Witch's spells
 With whom no *lasting* pleasure dwells.

Her lovely form deceives the heart,
 The tear, for ever prompt to start,
 The tender look, the ready sigh
 And soft emotion always nigh;
 And yet *Content* th' insidious fiend forbids——
 Oh! she has torn the slumbers from my lids:
 Oft rous'd my torpid sense to living woe,
 And bid chill anguish to my bosom grow.

She seals her prey!—in vain the Spring
Wakes Rapture, thro' her groves to sing;
The roseate Morn's hygean bloom,
Fades down, *unmark'd*, to Evening's gloom.

Oh SENSIBILITY! thy sceptre sad
Points, where the *frantic glance* proclaims THE MAD!
Strain'd to excess, Reason is chain'd thy slave,
Or the poor Victim, shuns thee in the grave;
To thee each crime, each evil owes its birth,
That in gigantic horror treads the earth!

SAVAGE UNTAM'D! she smiles to drink our tears,
And where's no *solid ill*, she wounds with *fears*;
Riots in sighs, is sooth'd when most we smart——
Now, while she guides my pen, her FANG's within my
heart.

ANNA MATILDA.
