

## Ode VI. Book II. Imitated.

**B**EVIL, that with your friend would roam,  
 Far from your England's happier home,  
 Should e'er the Fates that friend detain  
 In gayer France, or graver Spain;

Know, all my wish is to retreat,  
 When age shall quench my youthful heat,  
 In Kentish shades sweet peace to find,  
 And leave the sons of care behind.

But should this pleasing hope be vain,  
 May I fair Windsor's seat attain,  
 Where Leddon's gentle waters glide,  
 And flocks adorn its flowery side.

Sweet groves, I love your silent shades :  
 Your ruffet lawns, and op'ning glades,  
 With fam'd Italia's plains may vie  
 Your fertile fields, and healthful sky.

Here, let our eve of life be spent ;  
 Here, friend shall live with friend content :  
 Here, in cold earth my limbs be laid ;  
 And here thy generous tear be paid.