



An O D E
T O S L E E P

I.

COME, gentle God of soft Repose,
And charm my Soul to Rest ;
In thy Embraces let me lose
The Cares that rack my Breast.

II.

Arise, ye dear Deceits, arise,
And drest in *Damon's* Form,
My long-expecting, wishing Eyes
With his Resemblance charm.

H

III.

III.

Those melting Sounds still let me hear,
 Which did his Flame impart ;
 Which blest with Love my list'ning Ear,
 And pierc'd my yielding Heart.

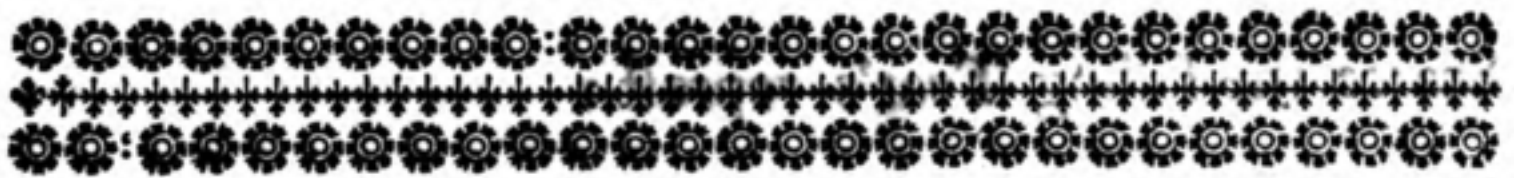
IV.

Why rove my Thoughts on fancied Bliss
 Which only Dreams bestow ;
 For oh whene'er the Morn appears,
 I wake to real Woe.

V.

The envious Light from my sad Eyes,
 Drives all my Bliss away ;
 With Night the lovely Phantom flies,
 And leaves me lost in Day.

Since waking then I am distress,
 And Pleasure's fled with him ;
 If sleeping I can still be blest,
 Let Life be all a Dream.



An O D E,

I N

IMITATION *of* S A P H O.

ME the loveliest truest Swain,
 Often woo's, but woo's in vain ;
 Tender, soft, beseeching Eyes,
 Pleading Tears, and melting Sighs :