



Welcome sweet hope, and genial love,

Welcome each pleasure from above,

AN ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

And bid welcome to my placid breast,

Such joys alone as I can give thee best.

CELESTIAL maid, bid on my way, I bid thee

Propitious thou wilt deign to smile,

Let virtue guide each youthful day,

From malice, envy, care, and guile, I bid thee

With fond desire be not divide

II.

Howb' e'er thou wilt be still to me

Protect my unexperienc'd youth,

From ev'ry ill, from grief and pain,

Inspire my heart with love and truth,

Without ambition's idle claim.

III. Banish'd

III.

Banish'd from thee, what's ev'ry joy,

What's beauty, wealth, delight, or ease,

Without thee all our pleasures cloy,

Which nature first ordain'd to please.

IV.

In search of thee, long time I stray'd,

Amid the throng of busy life,

But found, alas! I was betray'd,

For vanity's the source of strife.

V.

I've fought thee in the myrtle shade,

The silent wood, and poplar grove,

I've fought thee in the lonely glade,

The paths of friendship, and of love.

VI. Some

VI.

Some hope to find thee in a court,

In stately pomp, and vain parade,

But that is not thy calm resort,

Such scenes of art you ne'er invade.

VII.

Tis not in palaces you dwell,

Among the gay, and giddy croud,

Nor in the hermit's lonely cell,

Far distant from the great, and proud.

VIII.

The fordid miser hopes t' explore,

Thy wondrous charms in idle toys,

In hoarding heaps of yellow ore,

In transitory, short-liv'd joys.

I

IX. Mistaken

IX.

Mistaken youth, too often try,
 With luxury, deceit and art,
 To find thee in the wanton's eyes,
 Which only shine t' ensnare th' heart,

X.

Others by fickle fortune blind,
 To flatt'ry's mean device a prey,
 Vainly expect, content to find,
 Among the great, the rich, and gay.

XI.

Alas! ye blinded, thoughtless race,
 Contentment ye will never find,
 Till ye abhor deceit, and vice,
 And pay attention to the mind.

XII. In

XII. In

XII.

In your own pow'r, alone it lies,
 To blend this life with joy, or care,
 Ambition's idle claim despise,
 Think yourself happy; — and you are.

Others byickle fortune blind,

For hardy's mean device a prey

Amidst expect



Alas! ye blinded, thoughtless race,

Contentment ye will never find,

Till ye apportion vice,

And pay attention to the mind.

A SONG.