

Ode to Hope

Oh ever shilled to wear the form we love  
Bid the shapes of pain and grief depart  
Come gentle Hope, with one gay smile remove  
The cursing sadness of an aching heart.  
Thy voice benign enchants let me hear,  
Say that for me, some pleasures yet may bloom,  
That fancy's radiance friendships precious fear  
Shall soften, or shall chase grief for fumes of gloom,  
But come not glowing in the dawning ray  
Which once, with dead illusions charmed my eye  
Oh strew no more sweet flatterer on my way,  
The flower's fondly thought too bright to die,  
Divious lips fair will soothe my pensive breast  
That wish not happiness, but long for rest.



You counsel well to bid me from my Mind  
woud the receipt were easy as tis kind.  
But hard it is for Grievous to reach  
That fortitude prosperity can teach.  
Coud I forbid what has been so have been  
or lodge a doubt on Truths myself have seen  
Coud I divert remembrance of her Store  
And say Collect these images no more.  
Coud I dislodge Sensation from my breast,  
and charm her Wakeful faculties to rest  
Coud I my Nature & myself subdue,  
I might the method you prescribe pursue  
but if unjoyous afflictions we endure  
If reason's our disease & not our cure.  
Then suming ease is all we can obtain;  
As one who long familiar is to pain  
tho' he's the smart yet ceases to complain.