

My fancy thrives. In sinless leisure
By lone waste lakes, I take my pleasure,
"Sans souci" for my motto taken;
Where every morning I awaken
To sweet indulgence, idle ease,
I read but little, much I sleep,
Nor strive the winds of fame to reap,
Yet was it not by means like these
That I came nighest happiness?

LVI.

Flowers, love, a village holiday,
The widespread fields are my delight.
Things Eugène lothed. I'm bound to say
I wish you'd keep this point in sight,
Lest fancying that you recognized
My features, he should be despised,
And deeming poets such poor creatures
That they can only paint the features
Of their own faces, should repeat
With ready malice that old stricture
Passed upon Bryon, that the picture
Which I have daubed in my conceit
Was my own portrait, and discredit
This tale I've taken such pains to edit.

LVII.

I note, in passing, poets seem
All friends to love's illusive passion;
I, like the rest, have dreamed my dream
Of figures of so fair a fashion
That they have tenanted my brain