

The Slaves their wearied limbs at ease recline ;
 The task perform'd their wayward Lords enjoin.
 All rest but one, who with unwearied toil
 Protracts the day, and works the stubborn soil :
 Two tasks at once his pious hands engage,
 To spare his pregnant wife, and father's age.
 Untutor'd Slaves confess Paternal Right,
 Soft Love their fierceness tames, and makes their bondage light.
 Now from the cottage see my *Delia* come ;
 Lo ! to our simple meal she warns us home :
 The ev'ning streaks of light in darkness end ;
 Then let us hence, e'er noxious dews descend.

F I N I S.