

Alexander Pope.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

[This imitation of HORACE's Ode, *Beatus integer*, &c., was written in 1700, when young ALEXANDER POPE was not twelve years old. The present is his revised text of 1736.]

HAPPY the man! whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground:

Whose herds, with milk; whose fields, with bread;
Whose flocks supply him with attire:
Whose trees, in Summer yield him shade;
In Winter, fire.

Blest! who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus, let me live, unseen! unknown!
Thus, unlamented, let me die!
Steal from the world; and not a stone
Tell where I lie!