

Anonymous, "Sickness. An Ode"

**Description**

ANONYMOUS

•SICKNESS. An ODE•

From the GRUBSTREET JOURNAL.

At midnight when the fever ragâ€™d,  
 By physicâ€™s art still unasswagâ€™d,  
 And toturâ€™d me with pain:  
 When most it scorchâ€™d my acking head,  
 Like sulphâ€™rous fire, or liquid lead, Â 5  
 And hissâ€™d through every vein:

With silent steps approaching nigh,  
 Pale death stood trembling in my eye,  
 And shook thâ€™ up-lifted dart:  
 My mind did various thoughts debate Â 10  
 Of this, and of an after state,  
 Which terrifyâ€™d my heart.

I thought â€™twas hard, in youthful age,  
 To quit this fine delightful stage,  
 No more to view the day; Â 15  
 Nor eâ€™er again the night to spend  
 In social converse with a friend,  
 Ingenious, learnâ€™d, and gay.

No more in curious books to read  
 The wisdom of thâ€™ illustrious dead; Â 20  
 All that is dear to leave,  
 Relations, friends, and MIRA too,  
 Without one kiss, one dear adieu,  
 To moulder in the grave.

