

Anonymous, "Sickness. An Ode"

Description

ANONYMOUS

•œSICKNESS. 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.

