

SOLITUDE: AN ODE

ALEXANDER POPE

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I.

How happy he, who free from care
The rage of courts, and noise of towns;
Contented breaths his native air,

In his own grounds.

II.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In winter fire.

III.

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

Quiet by day,

IV.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,

With meditation.

V.

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Thus let me live, unheard, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me dye;
Steal from the world, and not a stone

Tell where I lye.