

has strok'd my drooping Lids, and *promises*,
 my long-Arrear of Rest; the *downy God*
 (wont to return with our returning *Peace*)
 will *pay*, ere-long, and bless me with Repose.
 Haste, haste, sweet Stranger! from the Peasant's Cot,
 the Ship-boy's Hammock, or the Soldier's Straw,
 whence *Sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring,
 not hideous Visions, as of late; but Draughts
 delicious of well-tasted, cordial, Rest;
 Man's rich Restorative; his balmy Bath,
 that supples, lubricates, and keeps in Play,
 the various Movements of this nice Machine,
 which asks such frequent Periods of Repair.
 When tir'd with vain Rotations of the Day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding Dawn;
 Fresh we spin on, till *Sickness* clogs our Wheels,
 or *Death* quite breaks the Spring, and Motion ends.
 When will it end with Me?

——“THOU only know'st,
 ”THOU, whose broad Eye the *Future*, and the *Past*,
 ”joins to the *Present*; making One of Three
 ”to mortal Thought! THOU know'st, and THOU alone,
 ”All-knowing! — All-unknown! — And yet Well known!
 ”Near, tho' Remote! and, tho' Unfathom'd, Felt!
 ”And, tho' Invisible, for ever Seen!
 ”And Seen in All! The *Great*, and the *Minute*;