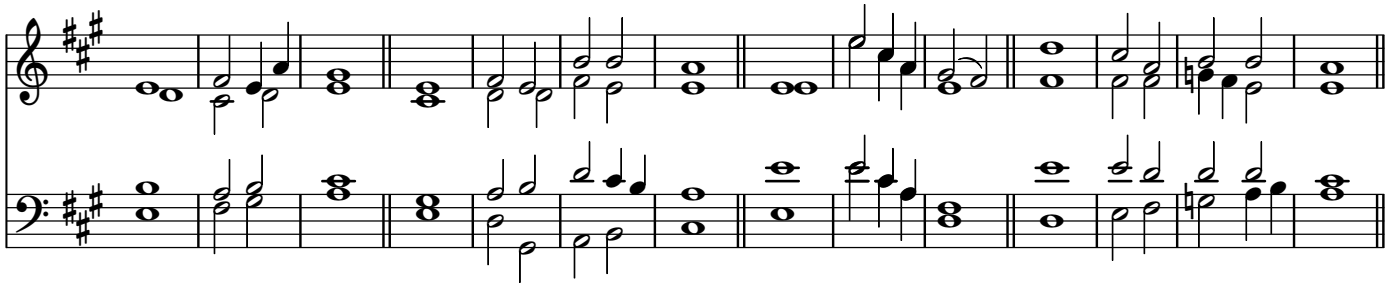


Natalem Felicem



Alexander Pope, 1723

To Mrs M.B. on her Birthday

- 1 Oh be thou blest with all that | Heav'n • can | send,
Long Health, long | Youth, • long | Pleasure, • and a | Friend:
- 2 Not with those Toys the | Western • world ad- | mire,
Riches that vex, and | Va- • ni- | ties • that | tire.
- 3 With added years if | Life • bring nothing | new,
But, like a | Sieve, • let | ev'ry • blessing | thro',
- 4 Some joy still lost, as each | vain year • runs | o'er,
And all we | gain, • some sad | Reflec- • tion | more;
- † 5 Is that a | Birth- • Day? | 't is alas! too clear,
'T is but the | funeral • of the | for- • mer | year.
- 6 Let Joy or Ease, | let Afflu- • ence or | Content,
And the gay | Conscience • of a | life • well | spent,
- 7 Calm ev'ry thought, | inspirit • ev'ry | grace.
Glow in thy heart, and | smile--- | upon • thy | face.
- 8 Let day improve on day, and year on year, *
Without a | Pain, a Trouble, • or a | Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender | frame destroy, *
In • some soft Dream, or | Extas- • y of | joy,
- 9 Peaceful sleep out the | Sabbath • of the | Tomb,
And wake to | Raptures • in a | Life • to | come.