

“Ode [With restless agitations tost]” by Elizabeth Carter

Text: taken from *Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with a New Edition of Her Poems*, by the Rev. Montagu Pennington, 4th edition, 2nd vol., London: James Cawthorn, 1825. 35-37.

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WITH restless agitations tost,
And low immers'd in woes,
When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts
Regain their lost repose?

Beneath the deep oppressive gloom 5
My languid Spirits fade:
And all the drooping pow'rs of life
Decline to Death's cold shade.

O thou! the wretched's sure retreat,
These tort'ring cares controul, 10
And with the cheerful smile of peace,
Revive my fainting soul!

Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh, 15
And supplicate in vain?

Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears. 20

New life, from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentle, best-lov'd attribute
To pity and forgive.

From that blest source propitious Hope 25
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft diff'usive beam
O'er Sorrow's dismal night.

Dispers'd by her superior force,

The sullen shades retire, 30
And op'ning gleams of new-born joy
The conscious soul inspire.

My griefs confess her vital pow'r,
And bless the friendly ray;
Fair Phosphor to the smiling morn 35
Of everlasting day.

(1739)

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