

When Stretched on One's Bed



WHEN STRETCHED ON ONE'S BED

When stretched on one's bed

With a fierce-throbbing head

Which precludes alike thought or repose,

How little one cares

For the grandest affairs

That might busy the world as it goes.

How little one feels

For the waltzes and reels

Of our dance-loving friends at the Ball

How slight one's concern

To conjecture or learn

What their flounces or hearts might befall.



How little one minds

If a company dines

On the best that the season affords !

How short is one's muse

O'er the Sauces and Stews

Or the Guests, be they Beggars or Lords.

How little the Bells

Ring they Peels, toll they Knells,

Can attract out attention or Ears !

The Bride may be married,

The Corpse may be carried,

And touch nor our hopes nor our fears.



Our own bodily pains

Ev'ry faculty chains ;

We can feel on no subject beside.

Tis in health and in ease

We the power must seize,

For our friends and our souls to provide.

JANE AUSTEN (1775 - 1817)

Jane Austen