

# Discontent

John Wilson

I pri- thee turn that face a way, whose splen- dor but be- nighs the day;

5

sad eyes like mine, and wound- ed hearts, shun the bright rays which beau- ty

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darts; Un wel- come is the sun that pries in- to those shades where sor- row lies: Go

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shine on hap- py things; to me, that bless- ing is a mi- ser- ie; whom thy fierce sun

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not warms but burns, like that the soot- y In- dian turns; I'll serve the night,

25

and there con- fin'd; with thee less fair or else more kind.