

THE BIRTH OF BLISS.

TO THE HONOURABLE GEORGE LESLIE,

SON OF THE EARL OF LEVEN, &c.

WHEN first in Eden's roseate bow'rs
Adam mark'd the lonely hours ;
Though in life no pain he knew,
Yet from life few joys he drew :
Still the social passions slept,
Hope alone her vigil kept ;
Thus in Eden's hallow'd shade,
Sweetly sang the blue-ey'd maid :
" Tenant of this happy plain,
Stranger, blest, to ev'ry pain,
Still imperfect is thy state,
What is life without a mate ?

Rising with the second morn
Lovely woman shall be born;
Blest with her thy breast shall know
Charms divine from love that flow."
Pausing here, the blue-ey'd maid
Ceas'd to sing in Eden's shade.
Charm'd by strains so sweet, so blest,
The common father sunk to rest;
When appear'd the second dawn,
Pleas'd, he trod the verdant lawn.
Seated 'neath a woodbine's shade
Soon he saw the perfect maid;
Each in mutual wonder gaz'd;
Love within each bosom blaz'd.
Rosy blushes tinge the fair;
Smiling cherubs bless the pair:
Each transported with their lot,
Join to bless the nuptial knot

To a more sequester'd shade
 Adam led the blushing maid ;
 Lock'd within each other's arms,
 Gazing on each other's charms ;
 Each exchang'd a balmy kiss,
 Giving thus a birth to bliss.