## THE BIRTH OF BLISS.

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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 impersect is thy state,

What is life without a mate?

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

To a more fequefter'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.

Charm'd by Brains to Iweet, to bleft,
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