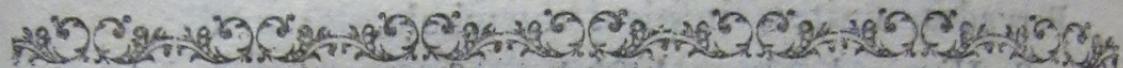


And in the happy social hour  
 Well fav'd from state, and cares, and power,  
 Long may I come a welcome guest  
 To share the treasures of that breast,  
 Where Spleen ne'er rankled at the heart,  
 Nor Malice lodg'd her rusty dart.



## ODE TO THE RIVER EDEN,

BY DR. J. LANGHORNE.

**D**elightful Eden! parent stream, yet shall the maids of Memory say, When, led by Fancy's fairy dream, My young steps trac'd thy winding way, How oft along thy mazy shore, Where slowly wav'd the willows hoar, In pensive thought their poet stray'd; Or, dozing near thy meadow'd side, Beheld thy dimply waters glide, Bright thro' trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again, Where once with infant-joy he play'd, And bending o'er thy liquid plain, The azure worlds below survey'd:

Led

Led by the rosy-handed hours,  
 When Time tript o'er that bank of flowers,  
 Which in thy crystal bosom smil'd :  
 Tho' old the God, yet light and gay,  
 He flung his glaſs, his ſcythe away,  
 And ſeem'd himſelf, a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near  
 Would whisper to thy murmurs free ;  
 Yet ruffling seems to soothe mine ear,  
 And trembles when I ſigh for thee.  
 Yet feated on thy ſhelving brim,  
 Can Fancy ſee the Naiads trim  
 Burniſh their green locks in the fun ;  
 Or at the laſt lone hour of day,  
 To chace the lighty glancing jay,  
 In airy circles run.

But, Fancy, can thy mimic power  
 Again those happy moments bring ?  
 Canſt thou reſtore that golden hour,  
 When young Joy wav'd his laughing wing ?  
 When first in Eden's roſy vale,  
 My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,  
 The vow ſincere, devoid of guile !  
 While Delia in her panting breast,  
 With ſighs, the tender thought ſuppreſt,  
 And look'd as angels smile.

O Goddess of the crystal brow,  
 That dwell'st the golden meads among ;  
 Whose streams still fair in memory flow,  
 Whose murmurs melodize my song !  
 O ! yet those gleams of joy display,  
 Which brightening glow'd in Fancy's ray,  
 When, near thy lucid urn reclin'd,  
 The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her breast,  
 And left, in naked charms impress,  
 Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of Memory fair  
 No more in golden visions play ;  
 No friendship smooths the brow of care,  
 No Delia's smile approves my lay.  
 Yet, love and friendship lost to me,  
 'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,  
 And in thy breast this moral find ;  
 That life, tho' stain'd with sorrow's showers,  
 Shall flow serene, while Virtue pours  
 Her sunshine on the mind.

