

WRITTEN THE MORNING AFTER

ANNA MATILDA'S

RETURN FROM A FRIEND'S HOUSE,

Close on the verge of

WINDSOR FOREST.

HAVE I then left you, sweet Hygeian bowers—
Oh! have I left you *friendship's holy hours*?
Why are ye vanish'd, dear inviting shades?
Why ceas'd, the cheering music of your glades?

Not *that* which on the surging æther floats,
Or trembles in the linnet's gurgling notes;—
But that which gives you *Harriet's* polish'd mind,
Her sense reflective, and her taste refin'd;
That, which your venerable Dryads love,
When midst their haunts they see her graceful move;
That which adorns the clearest, strongest sense,
And clothes in lightest dress, the thought intense.
