O D E.

BY THE SAME.

O Far remov'd from my retreat
Be Avarice and Ambition's feet!
Give me, unconſcious of their power,
To taſte the peaceful, ſocial hour:
Give me, beneath the branching vine,
The woodbine ſweet, or eglantine,
While evening ſheds its balmy dews,
To court the chaſte inſpiring Muſe!
Or, with the partner of my ſoul
To mix the heart-expanding bowl!
Yes, dear Sabina, when with thee
I hail the Goddeſs, Liberty;
When, joyous, thro' the leafy grove,
Or o'er the flowery mead, we rove;
When thy dear, tender boſom ſhares
Thy faithful Delia's joys and cares;
Nor Pomp, nor Wealth my wiſhes move,
Nor the more ſoft deceiver, Love.