

EVE TO ADAM.

With thee conversing I forget all time ;
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the Sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistering with dew : fragrant the fertile Earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train.
 But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers,
 Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by Moon
 Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet.

“ ADAM, WHERE ART THOU ? ”

ADAM, where art thou ? monarch, where ?
 It is thy Maker calls :
 What means that look of wild despair,
 What anguish now entralls ?
 Why in the wood's embowering shade,
 Dost thou attempt to hide,
 From Him Whose hand thy kingdom made,
 And all thy wants supplied ?
 Go hide again, thou fallen one,
 The crown has left thy brow ;
 The robe of purity is gone,
 And thou art naked now.

Adam, where art thou ? monarch, where ?
 Assert thy high command ?
 Call forth the tiger from his lair,
 To lick thy kingly hand ;
 Control the air, control the earth,
 Control the foaming sea ;
 They own no more thy heavenly birth,