

If true, her only, and of delicious taste :  
 Betwixt them lawns and level downs, and flocks  
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,  
 Or palmy hillock ; or the flowery lap  
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn, the rose :  
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
 Lays forth her purple grapes, and gently creeps  
 Luxuriant ; meanwhile murmuring waters fall  
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,  
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned  
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
 The birds their choir apply ; airs, vernal airs,  
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
 Led on the eternal Spring.

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### EVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

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THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed  
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
 Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound  
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved  
 Pure as the expanse of heaven. I thither went  
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
 On the green bank, to look into the clear  
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
 As I bent down to look, just opposite  
 A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,  
 Bending to look on me : I started back.  
 It started back ; but pleased I soon return'd,  
 Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks  
 Of sympathy and love.

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