

Which threw supreme delight o'er every scene,
As vivid clouds adorn the blue serene.

VIII.

In such pure joys the happy seasons flow,
Years now roll on,—light labour is assign'd
And Reuben with his Lucy loves to go
Thro' every little task,—one heart, one mind,
Their pleasure with their duty so combin'd,
That Labor e'en their happiness increas'd,
As the brown west sets off the golden east.

IX.

Thrice happy childhood ' still we turn to thee,
In every period of declining life,
To mark thy face of unabated glee,
Thy heart still beating in continual strife,
With present things, thy thoughts thy feelings rife.