TO LORENZO.

Go, distant shores and brighter conquests seek,
But my affection will your scorn survive!
For not from radiant eyes or crimson cheek
My fondness I, or you your power derive;—

Nor sprung the passion from your fancied love;
To me, your smiles no dear delusion caused;
I saw you tower my humble hopes above,
And, ere I loved, I shuddered, trembled, paused.

But I was formed to prize superior worth,

And felt 't was virtue you, with love, to see;

I hoped a choice so glorious might call forth

Merit like yours, Lorenzo, e'en in me.—

Then go, assured that mine's no transient flame,

For on your worth it feeds, and lives upon your

fame.

Socia acamiso an error insider more don not

the foodback is not row your property of

the the property of the property of the same will

And one I loved I should over trescabled, percent.

The many women against the death of the collection on the collection of the collecti

Trade tous in a himming you towns above