

TO LORENZO.

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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.