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SONNET.

WHEN first you sought my rural cot,
And found my friendship there ;
Daphne, contented with your lot,
You shar'd my simple fare.

I chill'd you not with cold reserve,
Nor wore a haughty frown ;
Tho' what your merit might deserve,
Was yet to me unknown.

A cheerful welcome to impart,
I spread my little stores ;
And oft I rais'd your drooping heart,
With hopes of happier hours.

To you my friendship lent its aid,
And call'd its vigour forth ;
For prosp'rous scenes it wish'd display'd,
To unassuming worth.

It was not fed by airy dreams,
 Nor hop'd for high return ;
 Nor could it fear the hard extremes,
 Of hate and haughty scorn.

SONNET.

A TENDER care, that's ever near,
 A friend most true and kind ;
 In faithful Jenny shall endear,
 While human ties can bind.

Her gentle smile improves my joy,
 Her tears can sooth my grief ;
 She reads the language of my eye,
 And brings my heart relief.