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 soothe my grief;
She reads the language of my eye,
    And brings my heart relief.