

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.

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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.



Then if I lack a golden store,  
 A treasure I possess ;  
 For Jenny makes my pleasures more,  
 And all my sorrows less.

But should a brighter fortune come,  
 There Jenny should appear ;  
 For she would share my saddest doom,  
 And try that doom to cheer.

Oh may her comfort still be nigh,  
 To sooth my life and death !  
 Oh may she close my dying eye,  
 And watch my parting breath !