

SONNET XIX.

To Mr. Hayley.

On receiving some elegant Lines from him.

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FOR me the Muse a simple band design'd  
Of 'idle' flow'rs, that bloom the woods among,  
Which with the cypress and the willow join'd,  
A garland form'd, as artless as my song :  
And little dar'd I hope its transient hours  
So long would last ; compos'd of buds so brief ;  
'Till Hayley's hand among the vagrant flow'rs,  
Threw from his verdant crown, a deathless leaf.  
For high in Fame's bright fane has Judgment plac'd  
The laurel wreath Serena's poet won ;  
Which, wov'n with myrtles by the hands of Taste,  
The Muse decreed, for this her favourite son.  
And those immortal leaves his temples shade,  
Whose fair eternal verdure—shall not fade !

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