

SONNET XXVIII.

To Friendship.

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OH thou ! whose name too often is profan'd !  
Whose charms, celestial ! few have hearts to feel !  
Unknown to Folly—and by Pride disdain'd !  
—To thy soft solace may my sorrows steal !  
Like the fair Moon, thy mild and genuine ray,  
Thro' life's long evening shall unclouded last ;  
While Pleasure's frail attachments fleet away,  
As fades the rainbow from the northern blast !  
Tis thine, oh Nymph ! with 'balmy hands to bind' g  
The wounds inflicted in Misfortune's storm,  
And blunt severe Affliction's sharpest dart !  
—'Tis thy pure spirit warms my Anna's mind,  
Beams thro' the pensive softness of her form,  
And holds its altar—on her spotless heart !

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