



SONNET IV.

C**s, I hop'd the little heaven shall spare
 Of my short day, which flits away so fast,
 And sickness threats with clouds to overcast,
 In social converse oft with thee to share.

Ill-luck for me, that wayward fate should tear
 Thee from the haven thou had'st gain'd at last,
 Again to try the toils and dangers past
 In foreign climates, and an hostile air :

Yet duteous to thy country's call attend,
 Which claims a portion of thy useful years,
 And back with speed thy course to Britain bend.
 If, e'er again we meet, perchance should end
 My dark'ning eye, thou'lt pay some friendly tears,
 Grateful to him, who liv'd and dy'd thy friend.