



SONNET XII.

W^{*}, whose dear friendship in the dawning years
 Of undesigning Childhood first began,
 Through Youth's gay morn with even tenor ran,
 My noon conducted, and my evening cheers,

Rightly dost thou, in whom combin'd appears
 Whate'er for Public Life completes the Man,
 With active Zeal strike out a larger plan,
 No useles friend to Senators and Peers :

Me moderate talents and a small estate
 Fit for Retirement's unambitious shade,
 Nor envy I who near approach the throne;
 But joyful see thee mingle with the Great,
 See thy deserts with due distinction paid,
 And praise thy lot, contented with my own.