SENT

WITH SOME POEMS.

To thee, dear partner of my fate,
This poetry I consecrate;
Nor will thy friendly heart refuse
The tribute of an artless Muse,
Whose strains could never condescend
On Vice or Folly to attend,
Could never Vanity inflate,
Or offer incense to the Great;
In which no line did e'er appear
But as thy candid breast sincere.
If they in aught have merit shown,
That merit thou mayst call thy own---
Since thou dost oft my thoughts engage
Attentive o'er the classic page,
While listening to the magic lay
Whole days unheeded pass away;
Since 'twas to please thy partial mind
My pen to poetry inclin'd.
And if the trifle should have power
Thee to amuse one vacant hour,
Let others to loud fame aspire,
Thy praise is all that I desire.

FINIS.