

# SONNET

ADDRESSED

*TO MY MOTHER.*

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OH, thou! whose tender smile most partially  
Hath ever blessed thy child: to thee belong  
The graces which adorn my first wild song,  
If aught of grace it knows: nor thou deny  
Thine ever prompt attention to supply.  
But let me lead thy willing ear along,  
Where virtuous love still bids the strain prolong  
His innocent applause; since from thine eye  
The beams of love first charmed my infant breast,  
And from thy lip Affection's soothing voice  
That eloquence of tenderness expressed,  
Which still my grateful heart confessed divine:  
Oh! ever may its accents sweet rejoice  
The soul which loves to own whate'er it has is thine!