

## TO W. P. Esq. AVONDALE.

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WE wish for thee, dear friend ! for summer eve  
Upon thy loveliest landscape never cast  
Looks of more lingering sweetness than the last.  
The slanting sun, reluctant to bereave  
Thy woods of beauty, fondly seemed to leave  
Smiles of the softest light, that slowly past  
In bright succession o'er each charm thou hast  
Thyself so oft admired. And we might grieve  
Thine eye of taste should ever wander hence  
O'er scenes less lovely than thine own ; but here  
Thou wilt return, and feel thy home more dear ;  
More dear the Muses' gentler influence,  
When on the busy world, with wisdom's smile,  
And heart uninjured, thou hast gazed awhile.