

ON MR *****.

I'M not so great a child, misjudging youth,
 As be offended at the simple truth.
 But since to you the muses lend an ear,
 Guard your poetic genius by your fear
 Of e'er offending; and, as fate decrees,
 That beauteous form must cross the raging seas,
 Let thy young heart with native goodness glow,
 Nor e'er disgrace the land from whence you go.
 May he who nam'd thee first creation's lord,
 Assist thy courage, and direct thy sword.
 On earth each bliss of fortune may'st thou reap,
 And death approach thee like an infant's sleep.
 If doom'd to fall amidst the fields of fame,
 May deeds of honour still record your name.

ON