TO MR ****

Unus'd to every foothing found,
Inur'd to every forrow;
To day you vainly bind the wound
That bleeds afresh to-morrow.

The world beholds with careless eye,
And much I scorn their pity;
Unseen, to heave the bursting sigh,
I leave the crowded city:

And dost thou ask my falt'ring tongue,

To tell a tale of woe?

The griefs my youthful breast have wrung

Oh! may'st thou never know!

Long have I bore an orphan's name,
And shar'd an orphan's fate;

Few friends I have, or dare to claim,

Such is my helpless state.

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The fimple dictates of my heart

To public view they force;

Not pride, but pain does this impart;

It is my last resource.

ON