

A SONNET has come to my hands, the production, — and nearly the first poetical Production, — of a very young Lady. I have not the Author's consent to publish it: and there is no time to ask it. But I cannot omit adding such a flower to the Wreath of Glory of my Friend. I have therefore ventured to publish it without waiting permission; with one or two slight alterations.

C. L.

25 Aug. 1800.

TO THE AUTHOR OF
THE FARMER'S BOY.

I.

*If wealth, if honour, at command were mine,
And every boast Ambition could desire,
The pompous Gifts, sweet Bard, I would resign
For the soft Music of thy tuneful Lyre,*

II.

*Which speaks the soul awake to every charm
That Nature open'd from thy humble cot:
Speaks powers chill Indigence could not disarm;
Proof to Humanity's severest lot.*