

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN 1799.

HAIL to thy pencil ! well its glowing art
Has traced those features painted on my heart ;
Now, though in distant scenes she soon will rove,
Still shall I here behold the friend I love—
Still see that smile, “ endearing, artless, kind,”
The eye’s mild beam that speaks the candid mind,
Which, sportive oft, yet fearful to offend,
By humour charms, but never wounds a friend.

But in my breast contending feelings rise,
While this loved semblance fascinates my eyes ;

Now, pleased I mark the painter's skilful line,

And now, rejoice the skill I mark is *thine*:

And while I prize the gift by thee bestow'd,

My heart proclaims, I'm of the giver proud.

Thus pride and friendship war with equal strife,

And now the friend exults, and now the wife.