

## SONNET XVIII.

To the Earl of Egremont.

WYNDHAM! 'tis not thy blood, tho' pure it runs  
 Thro' a long line of glorious ancestry,  
 Percys and Seymours, Britain's boasted sons,  
 Who trust the honors of their race to thee :

'Tis not thy splendid domes, where science loves  
 To touch the canvas, and the bust to raise ;  
 Thy rich domains, fair fields and spreading groves ;  
 'Tis not all these the Muse delights to praise !

In birth, and wealth and honors, great thou art !  
 But nobler, in thy independent mind ;  
 And in that liberal hand and feeling heart  
 Giv'n thee by Heav'n—a blessing to mankind !  
 Unworthy oft may titled fortune be ;  
 A soul like thine—is true Nobility !