

TO THE SAME ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Though I but offer thee a rose,
Whose fragrant tints decay ;
It gaily bloom'd where zephyr blows,
So late as yesterday.
And while so cheer'd, a fairer flow'r,
Ne'er scented air in sylvan bow'r.

'Tis friendship's emblematic gem,
Tho' few its worth may Prize ;
Untimely pluck'd from fost'ring stem,
The beauteous object dies.
Then near thy heart let the poor flower,
Find shelter in its with'ring hour.
