

NO specious splendour of this stone,  
Endears it to my memory ever,  
With lustre *only once* it shone,  
But blushes modest as the giver.

2.

Some who can sneer at friendship's ties,  
Have for my weakness oft reprov'd me,  
Yet still the simple gift I prize,  
For I am sure, the giver lov'd me.

3.

He offered it with downcast look,  
As *fearful* that I might refuse it,  
I told him when the gift I took,  
My *only fear* should be to lose it.

4.

This pledge attentively I view'd,  
And *sparkling* as I held it near,  
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,  
And ever since *I've lov'd a tear*.

5.

Still to adorn his humble youth,  
Nor wealth nor birth their treasures yield,  
But he who seeks the flowers of truth,  
Must quit the garden for the field.