

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still  
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,  
Reserve their character with golden quill  
And precious phrase by all the muses filed.  
I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,  
And like unlettered clerk still cry amen  
To every hymn that able spirit affords  
In polished form of well-refinèd pen.  
Hearing you praised, I say "'Tis so, 'tis true,"  
And to the most of praise add something more;  
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.