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1889-1889, n.d. Emily Hollingsworth Correspondence

Miss Emily Hollingsworth

To my Cousin merit dear

Were it not that I fear
To hurt your kind heart by refusing —
I could never be brought
To set value on aught,
With so little good fraught,
As is the advice of your choosing.

But since your good will
Requires a bill,
I yield to your gentle petition
And then on the fee
A bitter dice is to me,
Instead of a chosen addition,
I beg that you will
Gild over the pill —
Often Eagles I have not a fine,
With one half I'm content
And let it be sent
When no mission it has any higher
To offer for you good wishes & true
Shall I ever do. So I bid you A' Dieu

Mosses