

My dear Mr Clay, do you think you could spare
To a lady admirer, a lock of your hair?
Unseen and unknown I would fear to offend
Till my billet not come by a mutual friend;
You must not say "no" - for when Ladies essay
There is nothing more easily persuaded than Clay.
Did you grant, to each fair one who loans you, such
prayer

And your strength was like Sampson's bound up
in your hair,

You would be at your enemies' mercy all the more,
And the ranks of the Whigs would be shattered
and torn.

The Lickenham bard sang with spirit and truth
Of the lock that was rish'd from Beauty and Truth,
But he knew not the perils surrounding the Sage,
Youth and Beauty compare not with virtue & Age.

Should you grant my request, accept thanks
without measure

No miser ever watchful, than I of my treasure;
I will have it imprisoned in a casket of gold,
And from parent to child shall the story be told
Dare I hope as Terminus binding my brow,
It would dignity, wisdom and talent bestow?