

# To Her Father with Some Verses

By Anne Bradstreet

Most truly honoured, and as truly dear,  
If worth in me or ought I do appear,  
Who can of right better demand the same  
Than may your worthy self from whom it came?  
The principal might yield a greater sum,  
Yet handled ill, amounts but to this crumb;  
My stock's so small I know not how to pay,  
My bond remains in force unto this day;  
Yet for part payment take this simple mite,  
Where nothing's to be had, kings loose their right.  
Such is my debt I may not say forgive,  
But as I can, I'll pay it while I live;  
Such is my bond, none can discharge but I,  
Yet paying is not paid until I die.