

SONNETS

Ev'n as the sun in dazzling brightness rises,
And morning after morning wages war
In Spring's behalf and Man's, melting still more
The tender snow-flakes that grim Winter prizes,
His softest children; safely now surmises
The thrifty farmer now that every door
May soon be opened, and the cherished store
Of seed be sowed, and from the various sizes
Selects the best, and picks the basket o'er—
E'en so thy sun upon my wintry eye
Arose and stirred my soul as ne'er before
To choose the noblest seeds that in her lie;
If thou, alas! my sun, dost now abhor
To smile upon my suit, those seeds must die.