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DEDICATORY SONNET

TO

W. R. MURRAY, ESQUIRE.

Years have I parted from thee and since then
The passing months have placed long leagues between;
Thou the vast southern continent hast seen,
All savage nature lies beneath thy ken:
For me thy letters oft have sped, and when
They've reached me in Columbia's wilds I ween,
Full of quiet joy my inmost heart has been,
And lengthened sheets have come to thee again.
And now—this little book—the firstling fruit,
Of a boy's heart, (poor soil for lofty song);
And which like spring-tide's earliest tend'est shoot
Has grown though fearful of the sharp frost's wrong,
I lay beneath thy feet, and though it fall,
Uncared for, pleasing thee, it pleases all.