

XX

Mid scenes like these, dear Poet-friend of mine  
My heart first opened to thee, as a rose,  
The sun of which was that kind heart of thine,  
Which warmly beamed, and warmer daily grows ;  
And as the storied flower ever turns  
Its beauty to the day-star's glorious light,  
So turns my soul to love that strongly burns,  
To bask beneath thy genius, glowing bright !

XXI

I met thee in the early morn of life,  
And joined with gladness Freedom's Spartan band ;  
And, eager, mingled in the sacred strife  
To sentinel from foes this treasured land !  
For, though immortal beauties ever shower  
O'er river, vale and mountain tall, their lights,  
Yet, sacreligious men would hail the hour  
Of Freedom's spasmic death in slavish blights !