riot fell,
he sung so well!
she was nigh,
arting sigh!
to beguile,
'ral pile!
umbia's shore
return no more;
Atlantic wave,
t grave.

TO

THE BARON DE HUMBOLDT,

ON

HIS BRINGING ME SOME FLOWERS IN MARCH.

Sooth'd I receive the flowers you bring,
Whose charm anticipates the Spring;
Whose tints in vernal freshness vie
With plants beneath an austral sky,—
Those glowing plants that, long unknown,
Your travell'd science made our own:—
Bright gift! in lavish grace array'd,
Thy flowers have only bloom'd to fade,—
Their transient being soon forgot:
How far unlike the giver's lot!