
*SONNET XIII.**From Petrarch.*

OH ! place me where the burning noon
Forbids the wither'd flow'r to blow ;
Or place me in the frigid zone,
On mountains of eternal snow :
Let me pursue the steps of Fame,
Or Poverty's more tranquil road ;
Let youth's warm tide my veins inflame,
Or sixty winters chill my blood :
Tho' my fond soul to Heav'n were flown,
Or tho' on Earth 'tis doom'd to pine,
Prisoner or free—obscure or known,
My heart, oh Laura ! still is thine.
Whate'er my destiny may be,
That faithful heart, still burns for thee !
