

The minstrel of this strain is he,—
 Hast thou the same young heart,
 Unchanged by time and art,
 That claimed mementos then of me?

From London-tower and Kenilworth
 I brought the gifts, nor yet
 Did I my friend forget,
 But could not meet thee at thy hearth.

Bright is the ringlet, given that day,
 The lines, so dear above,
 Emblems of tender love,
 The theme and glory of my lay.

THE IDES OF MAY

The ides of May shall know our bliss,
 My kind and loving friend,
 When rosy spring the earth shall kiss,
 And birds and beauty blend.

Long have I woo'd thee, fairest, best,
 Light of my weary toils!
 My hours and days are all unblest
 Without thy cheering smiles.

I hear thy name with sweet delight,
 Thy happy eyes I see—
 In many a fairy vision bright,
 Thy image comes to me.

Away with gold and earthly pelf!
 True love shall victor be;
 Thy loving heart and all thyself
 Are wealth enough for me.

Hope smiles and longs to welcome thee,
 My heart's own darling theme;
 Joy beckons thee—O, may it be
 No false, delusive dream.

FREMONT SONG.

[*Published in the Boston Daily Bee, 1856.*]

When fortune gave our chieftain name
 She touched his heart with freedom's flame,
 And formed his gallant soul and hand
 For lofty deeds and high command.

Lo! next, advancing in our van,
 New Jersey's best Republican
 Marshals the friends of God and Right
 Beneath our banner's starry light.

Ye sons of toil! shall Slavery's doom
 Usurp Nebraska's mountain-bloom?
 Shall Kansas' prairie splendors fall
 'Neath ceaseless strife and ruffian thrall?