[?1846-1849]

Acrostics

Mistress of green in flowers arrayed
Alluring all my heart away
Replete with glory not to fade
Yet flourish in eternal May —
Eternalized by distant Fame —
Void of a shade in bloom divine —
Pleasures await thy sacred name
Or bid thee still proceed(s) to shine
Who has surpassed thy heavenly mien
Expression will forbear to tell
Like thee not one I yet have seen
Let all adore thee lovely belle

So let our names together blend
In floods of union to the end
Or flow together soul in soul
Nor distance break the soft control —
How pleasing is the thought to one
A thought of such a nymph as thee
Reverts my language into song
That flows delightful soft along —
Return to me a soft reply
One which I must with joy rely
Give me thy hand and then thy heart
Entirely mingled not to part

An accroste
Written by a
Negro, at Chapel
Hill

Returne the taper near expired
Seeking a Friend solong desired