

Where the palm its shade is flinging,
 O'er pearls and golden sand?
 And is her low hull laden
 With gems that might have bound
 The brow of Eastern Maiden,
 Flashing their splendour round?

The signal flag is waving
 Above the harbour now;
 The Channel waves are laving
 The wanderer's glittering prow!
 On, on the ship is gliding
 Towards our ice-bound shore;
 Yet we murmur words of chiding—
 Why came she not before!

Her snowy sail hath risen
 On the far horizon's bound;
 Like a sunbeam in a prison,
 Where all was dark around.
 Our hearts have long been mourning
 For that vessel on the main;
 And now she is returning,
 What bringeth she again?

No diamond light is streaming
 Within her hidden hold;
 No ruby bright is beaming,
 No ingot's massive gold.
 Yet the shout of gladness ringeth
 Above the white wave's foam—
 For welcome news she bringeth
 From home—our English home!

She bringeth many a token
 To the weary and the lone;
 Her gallant crew have spoken
 With many an absent one.
 And words of kind reunion
 From those we deemed estranged;
 And glad and free communion
 From those who never changed.

The letter that assureth,
 Of a loved one's stainless truth;