

The mountain storms rise high
 In the snowy Pyrenees,
 And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
 Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on !
 Let the forest leaves be sped !
 For the Roncevalles field is won,
 There slumber England's Dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,
 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
 When round the ship the ice-fields close,
 To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on !
 Let the cold blue desert spread !
 Their course with mast and flag is done,
 There slumber England's Dead.

The warlike of the Isles,
 The men of field and wave ;
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles ?
 The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
 Free, free, the white sail spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's Dead.

STANZAS.

O woman ! woman ! where art thou,
 When pain, and want, and misery rest
 On man's devoted heart, and brow ?
 Art with the gay, with song and jest ?

O woman ! woman ! where art sped,
 When doom'd, disgraced, in prison's cell,
 When foes are up—and friends are fled ?
 Art in the hall with " Beau and Belle ?"

O woman ! woman ! where thy heart,
 When he who pledged his love and hand,
 Is on the field, in death—apart
 From home and sire ?—Art with the grand ?

Gay, changeful—fashion's self !—
 Yet oft her soul is with the sad ;
 Tho' laughing,—lively—"fancy's elf"—
 Her smile oft makes the weary glad.

O where ? O where ?—a meteor light,—
 She rests where gloom and death is found.
 And like the " Cereus"—flower of night—
 She blooms where darkness shadows round.