

Clasp'd to each other's bosom they recline,
While, from each heart's unfathomable mine,
The wealth of mutual love, so long concealed,
By Passion's magic power is all revealed ;
And while their hearts with rapturous feelings swell,
Vows are exchanged they long had burned to tell.

And then on Albion's distant shore they stand,
And feel the parting grasp of many a hand,
And see kind eyes bedew'd with many a tear,
While fond farewells fall heavy on the ear,
And scenes they never shall behold again,
And thoughts that burn are thronging on the brain.
"Why do you weep?" exclaims their gentle Boy,
Who knows not what obscures the general joy.
Who understands not how the shadowy past
O'er present bliss a sombre cloud may cast ;
The fond enquiry, and the anxious glance,
Arouse their spirits from their waking trance,
And absent friends, and Albion's polish'd isle,
Are banish'd by their prattling playmate's smile.
Then other thoughts succeed—while Hope displays
The gifts prepared to gild their future days ;
And thus they muse, and plan—now sad, now blest,
Till Nature warns them to their wonted rest.

For them no stately canopy is spread :
Dried fern and withered leaves compose their bed—
Rough couch—but still their waning strength it cheers,
For Labour sweetens it, and Love endears.
How oft Ambition, on his softest down,