

THE MORAI.

AN ODE.

BY MISS HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

FAIR Otaheite, fondly bless'd
By him, who long was doom'd to brave
The fury of the polar wave,
That fiercely mounts the frozen rock
Where the harsh sea bird rears her nest,
And learns the raging surge to mock—
There, Night, that loves eternal storm,
Deep and lengthen'd darkness throws,
And untried Danger's doubtful form
Its half seen horror shews!
While Nature, with a look so wild,
Leans on the cliffs in chaos piled;
That here, the awed, astonish'd mind
Forgets, in that o'erwhelming hour,
When her rude hands the storms unbind,
In all the madness of her power;
That she who spreads the savage gloom,
That *she* can dress in melting grace,
In sportive Summer's lavish bloom,
The awful terrors of her face;
And wear the sweet perennial smile
That charms in Otaheite's isle.

Yet, amid her fragrant bowers,
Where Spring, whose dewy fingers strew
O'er other lands some fleeting flowers,
Lives, in blossoms ever new;
Whence arose that shriek of pain?
Whence the tear that flows in vain?—
Death! thy unrelenting hand
Tears some transient human band—