

Oh ! earth, earth, earth, with garden, green and bower,
Thronged cities, and ten thousand cheerful hearths !
Friends, fellows, love—farewell. This frantic squall,
Bends the weak mast, and sends the quivering skiff—
Like fire flash o'er the brine—more savage still,
Drenches her canvas, thunders o'er her side,
And whelming—sends her down to coral realms !
Another moment—and amid the foam,
Which hisses round like adders, floats the long
Dark raven locks of the intrepid man !
Louder the billow moans ; the ominous bird
Audacious, glideth nearer, and its scream
Seems the triumphing of some vampire fiend ;
The Heavens look blacker—but on one small spot,
Of cool calm azure—like a pitying glance
Of seraph hope—the dying sailor gazed,
Thought a deep prayer, and gazing sternly went,
Slowly, un murmuring down to watery grave.

LINES

Written in an Album at the request of a Lady, on the eve of
departure for Bermuda.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

O BID not my pen to write “farewell !”
'Tis a word of joyless sound,
Not a ray of mirth nor a charm can dwell,
Where'er this word may be found.

A Mother I've seen o'er her dying child,
While the fast tears of sorrow fell,
Breathe o'er its lov'd form in accents wild,
A long heart aching farewell !

At a Father's death-bed by religion cheer'd,
I've seen like a mystic spell,
An only son kneel while the last sound heard
Was the gloomy and sad farewell !