

Where hath Happiness a seat ?
 Answer, Warrior! In the heat
 Of the conflict raging loud,
 When the ranks of foemen fall,
 In the combat's fiery cloud,
 Round the city's hostile wall,
 In the camp, when battle's roar
 Rolls along the plains no more.

Doth excitement's hour possess
 All the charms of Happiness ?
 Can the streams of human gore
 Wash away the stains of grief ?
 Can the voice of battle, pour
 Comfort for the heart's relief ?
Happiness dwells not in strife,
 Whose fierce passions aim at life.

Where may happiness be found ?
 Let ambition answer! Bound
 Captive at the chariot wheel
 Of the noble and the strong ;
 When before him humbly kneel
 Rival chiefs,—a crouching throng ;
 When Ambition gains her ends,
 Happiness his path attends.

Say, can Happiness abide
 In the home of fear and pride ?
 Where the assassin's dagger gleams,
 Where the stains of poison fall,
 Where the rival joyous seems,
 While his treacherous heart is gall ?
 Where, above the couch of ease,
 Hangs the sword of Damocles ?

Where hath Happiness a home ?
 Answer, thou who lov'st to roam,
 O'er the billows, seeking gain ;
 In the barque before the wind,
 Bounding homeward o'er the main,
 Treasure-filled from distant Ind ;
 Where the Merchant may display
 Wealth for age's quiet day.

Hath the barque no storm to fear ?
 Doth no breaker threaten near ?
 Hath thy chart no doubtful rock,
 Traced upon its surface wide ?
 Dreadest thou no sudden shock,
 From the coral reef,—the tide !
 E'en though safe, thy riches may
 Make them wings and flee away.

Where doth Happiness rejoice ?
 Listen to Religion's voice :
 In the Christian's peaceful rest,
 Where the Virtues love to dwell,