

I will look no more on the heaving deep,
But return to my lowly bed and weep :
He will come to my dreams in the darksome night,
And his bark will be here with the dawn of light !

When the song ceased, she turned her heavy eyes
With such a piteous glance upon my face ;
It pierced my heart, and fast the gathering tears
Blinded my sight. Alas ! poor maniac ;
For thee no hope shall dawn—no tender thought
Wake in thy blighted heart a thrill of joy.
The immortal mind is levelled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious cords of life give way.
Hers was a common tale—she early owned
The ardent love that youthful spirits feel,
And gave her soul in blind idolatry
To one dear object ; and his ship was lost
In sight of port—lost on the very morn
That should have smiled upon their bridal rite.