

Now upon a sea-girt island, 'neath a drooping willow tree,
Lies he, resting, and his requiem is the chanting of the sea,
While the ocean zephyrs, breathing far across the southern wave,
Love to linger, incense-laden, by an Emperor's lonely grave.

I have spoken, leave me, leave me, to the memories of the past,
Do not break again my slumber, I have earned my rest at last;
I have told you all my story, now for ever fare thee well,
Parceque je dors avec Napoleon au-dessous d'un autre ciel."

To the Sphinx.

Silent, impenetrable witness, speak!
Tell us of days long past, of buried years,
World-shaking triumphs, dire catastrophes;
Of that swart king whose Hebrew captives raised
Yon mighty trinity of Pyramids.
Did thy blank eyes, fixed on the desert East,
Behold a white star hanging in the sky
Above the cradle of an infant King?
Did eighteen centuries seem short, until
A destined monarch peered into thy face,
And all the air vibrated to the sound
Of thousands marching with the tread of one?
Ah, no! no answer comes; thine unmoved orbs
Gaze on, as though they saw the wheel of Time
Touch the great cycle of Eternity!