

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, brearhing 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!