

## To a Wounded Tern.

BY JEREMIAH S. CLARKE.

## I.

You beautiful bird, whose tapering wings  
Bore to heaven your lithe, frail form  
When, a messenger of the King of Kings,  
And yourself the king of the storm,  
You skimmed the white surf, where old ocean flings  
With a passionate fiendish glee  
His strength on the beach, that echoing rings  
With a wonderful harmony;  
While your mate's shrill screech to my warm heart brings  
A melody pleasing to me;

## II.

Your joy is no more, for a cruel ball  
By a mischievous sportsman aimed  
Has pierced your bosom, so shapely and small,  
And left you—Oh fairest one—maimed.  
Alone—on a stone—too feeble to call,  
You are waiting for death's cold hand.  
O, have I a heart in my bosom at all  
If I pass you, or pitiless stand,—  
Nor help you to bear, nor throw on the pall?  
Ah! sad ending of life so grand!

## III.

I clasp in my hand your fluttering breast,  
Though I sigh as you struggle there.  
I close—a moment—and you are at rest;  
Then I almost breathe a prayer  
For your mate and brood in the lonely nest  
On the sand-dune over the bay,  
As the wind blows cool, and the glowing west  
Announces the close of the day.  
[Must your feathers rest on a lady's crest  
While your body moulders away?]

Kirklaw, Bay View.