

PART I.

ALBUM OF THE TABLE ROCK.

Spirit of Homer! Thou whose song has rung
From thine own Greece to this supreme abode
Of nature—this great fane of Nature's God.
Breathe on my heart—oh! touch the fervid tongue
Of a fond votaress kneeling on the sod.

Sublime and beautiful! your shrine is here—
Here 'neath the azure dome of heaven you're wed—
Here, on a rock that trembles o'er your bed,
Your blended sorcery claims both pulse and tear,
Controls life's source, and reigns o'er heart and head.

Terrific, but O beautiful abyss!
If I should trust my fascinated eye,
Or listen to thy maddening melody,
Sense, form, would spring to meet thy white foam's kiss—
Be lapped in thy soft rainbow once, and die.

Colour, depth, height, extensive, all unite
To chain the spirit by a look intense.
The dolphin in his clearest seas, or thence