

From his dark brow his long and glossy hair  
Is softly parted by the gentle air.  
The glow of pride has flush'd his manly cheek,  
And in his eye his kindled feelings speak.  
For, as he casts his proud and fearless glance,  
O'er each fair feature of the wide expanse,  
The blushing flowers—the groves of stately pine—  
The glassy lakes that in the sunbeams shine—  
The swelling sea—the hills that heavenward soar—  
The mountain stream, meandering to the shore—  
Or hears the birds' blythe song, the woods' deep tone—  
He feels, yes proudly feels, 'tis all his own.

Thus, as the am'rous Moor with joy survey'd  
The budding beauties of Venetia's maid,  
Drank in the beamings of her love lit eye,  
Her bosom's swell, the music of her sigh  
He felt, and who can tell that feeling's bliss,  
Moor though he was, her beauties all were his.

With practised skill he soon divides his prey,  
Then to his home pursues his devious way  
Through many an Alder copse, and leafy shade,  
And well known path by former ramble made,  
To where a little cove, that strays between  
Opposing hills, adds beauty to the scene  
Which natures hand has negligently dressed  
With charms well suited to the Indian's breast.

The Camp extends along the pebbly shore,  
A sylvan city, rude as those of yore,  
By Patriarch hands within the desert built,