

Excellest all. Thy shady nook
Be my resort from Fame's rough race.

Sweet memories thy every rock,
And tree, and landmark have for me ;
Whether in tempest when the shock
Of conflict sounds in wind and sea ;
When Nature's forces seem to mock
Man's puny strength—then I loved thee.

Or when the lake's calm peaceful eye
Gazed wondering at the silvery moon—
The islands sleeping tranquilly ;
All breathing rest—Nature's sweet boon ;
'Then thoughts came to me, fond and high ;
I dreamed, but ah, to wake full soon.

It seems as now I hear the song
Of the lone whip-poor-will at night,
Borne gently by the breeze along
To me. And now in my fond sight
The 'Eagle' stands—the stub—a throng
Of places dear from memory's night.

And I have loved thee, Geraldine !
Fond memories thy shores doth bound ;
Thy voice whispers 'It might have been ;'
Happy the scenes thy shades surround,
The Past forever gone, unseen
The Future waits our steps to sound.