

But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

- 5 Thou,—as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods that show
- 10 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar";
- 15 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed,—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
- 20 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
- 25 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell,—Time unrevoked has run
- 30 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;