

Thy partner beside thee to share in thy joy,
No grief to distress, and no care to annoy ;
Thy dear little children reclined on each knee,
Whose sweet lisping prattle endears them to thee ;
Should memory revert to this far distant scene,
Where ocean's broad waves roll their terrors be-
tween,
Should remembrance exciting a soft tender tear,
That, falling, might say would that Goldie were
here ;
Oh ! breathe but a sigh for my welfare and fame,
And cherish the thought that awakens my name ;
That sigh and that thought long will pleasure im-
part,
And, like witchery's spell, fondly cling round my
heart.