

I see yon powerful Albatross that is aye upon the wing,
Skimming o'er the waters with their silver-crested spray,
I hear the music of the waters, also the dirge they sing,
As I watch with weary eyes, for the break of day.

I hear the Curfew Bell that tolls the knell of parting day,
And bids the weary ones to seek repose in sleep ;
I hear the voices that assemble in the frugal home to pray,
As they invoke the aid of Him who can them safely keep.

Then far away upon the shores of India's coral strand,
I view majestic peaks that tower above the clouds ;
Then ponder o'er the beauty of that far distant land
With its large and lofty peaks arrayed in snow-white shrouds.

Then in my glee I climb the cliffs of St. Helena's Isle,
Where the Hero of the French did spend his latter days.
Where brave "Cronje" and his men enjoyed vacations for a while
To listen to the music of the Ocean's ever changing lays.

From there once more, I stand on Albion's shore,
And with delight I view the Isle where I was born ;
Not dreaming then that I had bade adieu! forever more
Or that the rose to me would prove to be a thorn.

I see the old baronial castle, surrounded by its moat,
And the fatal bridge where many a bloody strife was fought,
Where many a missive had in human blood been wrote,
And had in course of time a safe deliverance brought.

Oftimes I ponder deeply, will my mission be fulfilled,
Have I trod in the path my kindred trod for me ?
Has the seed they sowed become the grain well filled,
Or has it been a failure like foam upon the sea ?

Oftimes I stand upon the pinnacle of earthly fame,
And view the bubble that I wish was mine ;
When a voice upbraiding whispers art thou seeking for a name
If so take up thy cross, and let thy virtues shine.

Then as a thief at night I ramble in the lane,
And rob the songsters of the brood they held so dear ;
Then trample under foot the blades that would produce the grain
With my depraved and youthful heart devoid of fear.

Oftimes I'm rambling where the violets and the primrose grow,
Where the minnows gambol in the crystal stream,
Where I see the lambs with their fleeces white as snow,
When, alas ! for me, I awake to find it but a dream

Oftimes I view the spire of my native village church,
Where once my parents sought to plant fair virtue's seed,
And often in my dreams, I view the grand and stately birch,
Like a sentinel on guard in every hour of need

Then in my glee I stand beneath the Andes lofty range ;
And view the snow-clad peaks that tower above the clouds ;
I ponder o'er those works so grand, and yet so strange,
Those lofty peaks clad in their snow-white shrouds.