

POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

THE WARRIOR.

He has mounted his courser, and onward he hies,
With the speed of the falcon, athwart the blue skies ;
One sigh to his love, one lowly-breathed prayer,
And the gleam of his sword dances bright through the
air.

The eye of his courser with war's fire is lit,
Proudly dashing the foam in flakes from the bit,
The breath of his nostrils, like the burning siroc,
Or the spray of the cataract ascending in smoke,
He pricks up his ears to the deep voice of war,
And defiant his neigh to the trumpets afar :
Bendulah ! Bendulah ! how eager thy pace,
Like the hound of the hunter when boun' for the chase ;
Then onward my steed, till the high ground we clear,
Then dash at the foe with a bound and a cheer.
Like a rock from the hills dashing down on the plain,
We'll cleave us a path grimly marked with the slain,
'Neath the red eye of battle reap fame and renown,
And pluck off the garlands from Victory's crown !

ZORRA, Nov. 1856.

BALLAD.—KNIGHT AND LADY.

Adieu, adieu ! my lady fair,
The trumpet's brazen call
Invites me to the battle field,
To fight, or bravely fall.
My war horse trembles with delight,
His gleaming eyeballs glare,
And tossing high his flowing mane,
His neighings fill the air.