

A SONG OF SOLITUDE.



HERE ocean waves roll grandly on
 Low murmuring though the breeze is gone,
 To sail the sea in a frail canoe,
 The rock-bound shore quite lost to view,
 Or watch the gusts skip o'er its plain,—
 'Tis strange, wild pleasure, thrilling glee,
 Alone in such a scene to be,
 Alone ! alone ! is ecstasy !

Some storm-swept isle, where wild waves moan
 'Mong tempests, there to stand alone ;
 High in the air the foam is cast
 In white wreathes upborne by the blast :
 The sea-gull screams, then whirls close by,
 Or struggles through the troubled sky.
 'Tis strange, wild pleasure, thrilling glee,
 Alone in such a scene to be,
 Alone ! alone ! is ecstasy !

Near some great river, on whose banks
 The marshalled pines display their ranks,
 Where course the wild deer light and free
 And song-birds warble merrily—
 Oh, the voice doth clash like a brass-lipped bell
 In a deep Canadian forest dell !
 'Tis strange, wild pleasure, thrilling glee,—
 Alone in such a scene to be,
 Alone ! alone ! is ecstasy !