

Kind nature meets with balm the ills of life—
A tale of childhood o'er his bosom sweeps;
At rest! unconscious, 'mid surrounding strife,
Like nurse-lap'd babe the little sailor sleeps.

He dreams!—his quivering lip, and dimpling cheek,
Pourtray the never-sleeping spirit's power;
He sees, oh! happy sight, his native creek,
The ocean past, the cottage roofs before:

Figures familiar tread the daisied green,
The gilded spire peers up in wonted state,
And, first to hail him to the placid scene,
His own dog Watch bounds through the rustic gate.

But soon he's in a Mother's fervent arms;
Once more her breast is pillow to his head!
A father bends above his stripling's charms,
And tears of joy on that lov'd face are shed.

A sister folds in his her softer hand,
His black-bird conscious whistles from the wall,
About the vine-fringed door his playmates stand,
Forgot awhile, their much-lov'd hoop and ball.

One 'mid the youthful group attracts his eye,
With deeper glance, his sweetheart, "fair hair'd" Jess!
Now throbs his happy bosom doubly high,
He bounds, and folds her in a close caress.

Her guileless lips even meet the boy's half way!
A tear stands trembling 'neath its silken shade,
Lighted by pleasure's soft eccentric ray;
Too blest for quiet, sobs the little maid:

And lowly falters—"Harry go no more,
Across the ocean, from our village green;
They tell me, wild, and boisterous is its roar,
Then stay with us, nor sigh for wider scene."

Sweetly the lov'd tones come,—like mystic strains
From out a fairy dome—his charmed ear,
Deaf to all other claims, intensely leans
To drink these syllables—ah! Sailor, hear!