

TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Thou who when England's martial power was low
Warriors and statesmen ruling prompted them
To snatch from Spain th' imperial diadem
And place it on Britannia's peerless brow,
Genius caught from thy soaring spirit's glow,
Inspired the muse with many a matchless gem
T' enrich a race that dared the tide to stem
Of tyranny bent on freedom's overthrow;
Large heart, broad mind, clear brain and foresight keen
For daring England, who from dauntless queen
Acquired them then, a realm thereafter won
Eclipsing to th' amazement of mankind,
What conquest under the command combined
Of Persia, Greece, Rome, Spain or Macedon.

A REVERIE.

Methinks adjuring spell, enchanting wand
And muttered incantation bring again
Before me those I loved and love in vain
And make me centre of that pleasing band;
Mid a domestic group I seem to stand
Where father, mother, sons and daughter train
The powers of gentle heart and cultured brain,
Girt with the comforts of a pleasant land;
With these a glorious group of girls I greet,
Whom here and there along life's way I met;
Whom now and then I thus together meet;
Of whom some loved and haply love me yet;
Who would what has been bitter have made sweet;
And whom I now remember with regret.