

Some fair ; some bronz'd by other weather,
 By Ind's too well remember'd heat,
 Or old Atlantic's blinding sleet,
 Who e'en might of the Crimea tell,
 Or what in later times befell,
 Talk too of scenes that they did know,
 The siege of Delhi—or Lucknow,
 Such there were there, yet now they stand,
 In this far distant western land ;
 Whilst others have their sails unfurl'd,
 To try their advent in the world ;
 God grant their voyages may be
 But happy ones to memory.
 The supper o'er we lay us down,
 Upon the nearest softest ground,
 And sleep as tired mortals can,
 When Morpheus steeps the soul of man,
 When tired frame o'ercomes the mind,
 Leaving the lagging thoughts behind ;
 So night retreats 'fore day again,
 That breaks with wind and heavy rain,
 But, as the sun rose higher through
 The vault of God's ethereal blue,
 The gleams bath'd all, while lake and tree,
 Hung, as if in imagery,
 Some fairy legend did unfold,
 The scenes oft in our childhood told,
 So Sol once more asserts his sway,
 And rules supremely through the day.
 We leave the bay, what beauty there—
 Pellucid water—balmy air,
 Green waving trees—dark rocks—whose gloom,
 Were worthy of a hermit's tomb—
 Diversified by islands green,
 That shine beneath the glorious sheen,
 Of that 'great light' that wondrous orb
 Where speculation may absorb