

1812

(3)

MY native soil is Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air ;
Dulichium, Same, and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around ;
(These to the North and Night's dark regions run,
Those to Aurora and the rising sun !)
Low lies our isle, yet blessed in fruitful stores ;
Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores ;
And none, ah none, so lovely to my sight
Of all the lands that Heaven o'erspreads with light.

—POPE'S ODYSSEY.