

And Genius, warbling sweet, his saddest song,  
 When evening listens to some village knell,—  
 Long banished from the world's insulting throng ;—  
 With thee, and thy unfriended children dwell.

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### DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood  
 Uprear their shadowing heads, and at their feet  
 Hear not the surge that has for ages beat,  
 How many a lonely wanderer has stood !  
 And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,  
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve  
 Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave  
 To-morrow ; of the friends he loved most dear ;  
 Of social scenes, from which he wept to part !  
 Oh ! if, like me, he knew how fruitless all  
 The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,  
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,  
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide—  
 'The World his country, and his GOD his guide.

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### ON LANDING AT OSTEND.

THE orient beam illumines the parting oar ;—  
 From yonder azure track, emerging white,  
 The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,  
 And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore.  
 Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies :  
 Yet 'mid the beauties of the morn, unmoved,  
 Like one for ever torn from all he loved,  
 Back o'er the deep I turn my longing eyes,