

And sweet Contentment, smiling on a rock, 185  
 Like a fair shepherdess beside her flock ;  
 And tender Love, that hastes with myrtle-braid  
 To bind the tresses of the favoured maid ;  
 And Piety, with unclasped holy book,  
 Lifting to heaven her mildly-beaming look : 190  
 These village virtues on the plain shall throng,  
 And Albion's hills resound a cheerful song ;  
 Whilst Charity, with dewy eyelids bland,  
 Leading a lisping infant in her hand,  
 Shall bend at pure Religion's holy shrine,  
 And say, These children, GOD OF LOVE, are thine !

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### THE DYING SLAVE.

FAINT-gazing on the burning orb of day,  
 When Afric's injured son expiring lay,  
 His forehead cold, his labouring bosom bare,  
 His dewy temples, and his sable hair,  
 His poor companions kissed, and cried aloud,  
 Rejoicing, whilst his head in peace he bowed :—  
     Now thy long, long task is done,  
     Swiftly, brother, wilt thou run,  
     Ere to-morrow's golden beam  
     Glitter on thy parent stream, 10  
     Swiftly the delights to share,  
     The feast of joy that waits thee there.  
     Swiftly, brother, wilt thou ride  
     O'er the long and stormy tide,  
     Fleeter than the hurricane,  
     Till thou see'st those scenes again,  
     Where thy father's hut was reared,  
     Where thy mother's voice was heard ;

Where thy infant brothers played  
 Beneath the fragrant citron shade ;  
 Where through green savannahs wide  
 Cooling rivers silent glide,  
 Or the shrill cicadas sing  
 Ceaseless to their murmuring ;  
 Where the dance, the festive song,  
 Of many a friend divided long,  
 Doomed through stranger lands to roam,  
 Shall bid thy spirit welcome home !

19

Fearless o'er the foaming tide  
 Again thy light canoe shall ride ;  
 Fearless on the embattled plain  
 Thou shalt lift thy lance again ;  
 Or, starting at the call of morn,  
 Wake the wild woods with thy horn ;  
 Or, rushing down the mountain-slope,  
 O'ertake the nimble antelope ;  
 Or lead the dance, 'mid blissful bands,  
 On cool Andracte's yellow sands ;  
 Or, in the embowering orange-grove,  
 Tell to thy long-forsaken love  
 The wounds, the agony severe,  
 Thy patient spirit suffered here !

30

Fear not now the tyrant's power,  
 Past is his insulting hour ;  
 Mark no more the sullen trait  
 On slavery's brow of scorn and hate ;  
 Hear no more the long sigh borne  
 Murmuring on the gales of morn !

40

Go in peace ; yet we remain  
 Far distant toiling on in pain ;  
 Ere the great Sun fire the skies  
 To our work of woe we rise ;

50

And see each night, without a friend, 53  
 The world's great comforter descend !  
 Tell our brethren, where ye meet,  
 Thus we toil with weary feet ;  
 Yet tell them that Love's generous flame,  
 In joy, in wretchedness the same,  
 In distant worlds was ne'er forgot ;  
 And tell them that we murmur not ; 60  
 Tell them, though the pang will start,  
 And drain the life-blood from the heart,—  
 Tell them, generous shame forbids  
 The tear to stain our burning lids !  
 Tell them, in weariness and want,  
 For our native hills we pant,  
 Where soon, from shame and sorrow free,  
 We hope in death to follow thee !

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### SONG OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

STRANGER, stay, nor wish to climb  
 The heights of yonder hills sublime ;  
 For there strange shapes and spirits dwell,<sup>1</sup>  
 That oft the murmuring thunders swell,  
 Of power from the impending steep  
 To hurl thee headlong to the deep ;  
 But secure with us abide,  
 By the winding river's side ;  
 Our gladsome toil, our pleasures share,  
 And think not of a world of care. 10  
 The lonely cayman,<sup>2</sup> where he feeds  
 Among the green high-bending reeds,

<sup>1</sup> The Indians believe some of their high mountains to be inhabited by supernatural beings. — <sup>2</sup> The alligator.