

From East to West, from Albis¹ to the Po,
 Of dark contention hurtles), may'st thou rest,
 As calm and beautiful this sylvan scene
 Looks on the refluent wave that steals below.

45

THE LAST SONG OF CAMOENS.²

THE morning shone on Tagus' rocky side,
 And airs of summer swelled the yellow tide,
 When, rising from his melancholy bed,
 And faint, and feebly by Antonio³ led,
 Poor Camoens, subdued by want and woe,
 Along the winding margin wandered slow.
 His harp, that once could each warm feeling move
 Of patriot glory or of tenderest love,
 His sole and sable friend⁴ (while a faint tone
 Rose from the wires) placed by a mossy stone.

10

How beautiful the sun ascending shines
 From ridge to ridge, along the purple vines!
 How pure the azure of the opening skies!
 How resonant the nearer rock replies
 To call of early mariners! and, hark!
 The distant whistle from yon parting bark,
 That down the channel as serene she strays,
 Her gray sail mingles with the morning haze,
 Bound to explore, o'er ocean's stormy reign,
 New lands that lurk amid the lonely main!

20

A transient fervour touched the old man's breast;
 He raised his eyes, so long by care depressed,

¹ The Elbe. — ² Inscribed to Lord Strangford. — ³ The faithful Indian who attended him in all his sorrows, a native of Java. — ⁴ Antonio, "who begged alms through Lisbon, and at night shared the produce with his broken-hearted master."—*Strangford's Preface.*

And while they shone with momentary fire, 23
 Ardent he struck the long-forgotten lyre.

From Tagus' yellow-sanded shore,
 O'er the billows, as they roar,
 O'er the blue sea, waste and wide,
 Our bark threw back the burning tide,
 By northern breezes cheer'ly borne,
 On to the kingdoms of the morn. 30

Blanco, whose cold shadow vast
 Chills the western wave, is past !
 Huge Bojador, frowning high,
 Thy dismal terrors we defy !
 But who may violate the sleep
 And silence of the sultry deep ;
 Where, beneath the intenser sun,¹
 Hot showers descend, red lightnings run ;
 Whilst all the pale expanse beneath
 Lies burning wide, without a breath ; 40
 And at mid-day from the mast,
 No shadow on the deck is cast !

Night by night, still seen the same,
 Strange lights along the cordage flame,
 Perhaps, the spirits of the good,²
 That wander this forsaken flood
 Sing to the seas, as slow we float,
 A solemn and a holy note !

Spectre³ of the southern main,
 Thou barr'st our onward way in vain, 50
 Wrapping the terrors of thy form,
 In the thunder's rolling storm !

¹ Crossing the Line.—² Lights called by the Portuguese *Corpo Sancto's*, supposed to be the spirits of saints, hovering on the shrouds.—³ The terrific Phantom of the Cape, described by Camoens.

Fearless o'er the indignant tide, 53
 On to the east our galleys ride.

Triumph! for the toil is o'er—
 We kiss the far-sought Indian shore!
 Glittering to the orient ray,
 The banners of the Cross display!

Does my heart exulting bound?
 Alas, forlorn, I gaze around: 60
 Feeble, poor, and old, I stand,
 A stranger in my native land!

My sable slave (ah, no! my only friend,
 Whose steps upon my rugged path attend)
 Sees, but with tenderness that fears to speak,
 The tear that trickles down my aged cheek!
 My harp is silent,—famine shrinks mine eye,—
 “Give me a little food for charity!”¹

THE SYLPH OF SUMMER.²

GOD said, Let there be light, and there was light!
 At once the glorious sun, at his command,
 From space illimitable, void and dark,
 Sprang jubilant, and angel hierarchies,
 Whose long hosannahs pealed from orb to orb,
 Sang, Glory be to Thee, God of all worlds!

Then beautiful the ball of this terrene
 Rolled in the beam of first-created day,

¹ Camoens, the great poet of Portugal, is supposed to have gone to the East Indies in the same ship with the first Discoverer, round the Cape of Good Hope, Vasco de Gama. This is not the case, though he wrote the noble poem descriptive of the voyage. He went to India some years afterwards, but the general idea is sufficient for poetical purposes. His subsequent sorrows and poverty, in his native land, are well known.—² Inscribed to William Sotheby, Esq.