

Silent and chaste she steals along  
 Far from the world's gay busy throng,  
 With gentle yet prevailing force  
 Intent upon her destin'd course,  
 Graceful and useful all she does,  
 Blessing and blest where're she goes,  
 Pure—bosom'd as that wat'ry glass,  
 And heav'n reflected in her face.

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*V E R S E S, supposed to be written by ALEXANDER  
 SELKIRK, during his solitary Abode in the Island  
 of JUAN FERNANDEZ.*

I.

I A M monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute,  
 From the center all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 Oh solitude ! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

2.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain,  
My form with indifference see,  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

3.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
Oh had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon wou'd I taste you again !  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the follies of youth.

4.

Religion! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heav'nly word!  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the found of the church going bell  
These vallies and rocks never heard,  
Ne'er sigh'd at the found of a knell,  
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

5.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore,  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.  
My friends do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see,

6.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!

Compar'd with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,

And the swift winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,

In a moment I seem to be there;

But alas! recollection at hand

Soon hurries me back to despair.

7.

But the sea fowl is gone to her nest,

The beast is laid down in his lair,

Ev'n here is a season of rest,

And I to my cabin repair.

There is mercy in ev'ry place,

And mercy, encouraging thought!

Gives even affliction a grace,

And reconciles man to his lot.

On