

TITANIA TO HER LOVE.



O! fly with me through distant air
To isles that gem the western deep !
For laughing Summer revels there,
And hangs her wreath on every steep.

As through the green transparent sea
Light floating on the waves we go,
The nymphs shall gaily welcome me,
Far in their coral caves below.

For oft upon their margin sands,
When twilight leads the fresh'ning hours,
I come with all my jocund bands
To charm them from their sea-green bow'rs.

And well they love our sports to view,

And on the Ocean's breast to lave;

And oft as we the dance renew,

They call up music from the wave.

Swift hie we to that splendid clime,

Where gay Jamaica spreads her scene,

Lifts the blue mountain—wild—sublime!

And smooths her vales of vivid green.

Where throned high, in pomp of shade,

The *Power of Vegetation* reigns;

Expanding wide, o'er hill and glade,

Shrubs of all growth—fruit of all stains:

She steals the sun-beam's fervid glow;

To paint her flow'rs of mingling hue;

And o'er the grape the purple throw,

Breaking from verdant leaves to view.

There myrtle bow'rs, and citron grove,
O'er canopy our airy dance ;
And there the sea-breeze loves to rove,
When trembles day's departing glance.

And when the false moon steals away,
Or o'er the chasing morn doth rise,
Oft, fearless, we our gambols play
By the fire-worm's radiant eyes.

And suck the honey'd reeds that swell
In tufted plumes of silver white ;
Or pierce the cocoa's milky cell,
To sip the nectar of delight !

And when the shaking thunders roll,
And lightnings strike athwart the gloom,
We shelter in the cedar's bole,
And revel 'mid the rich perfume !

But chief we love beneath the palm,
Or verdant plantain's spreading leaf,
To hear, upon the midnight calm,
Sweet Philomela pour her grief.

To mortal sprite such dulcet sound,
Such blissful hours, were never known!
O fly with me my airy round,
And I will make them all thine own !