

**THE MARINER.**

**Soft came the breath of spring; smooth flow'd the tide;  
And blue the heaven in its mirror smil'd;  
The white sail trembled, swell'd, expanded wide,  
The busy sailors at the anchor toil'd.**

**With anxious friends, that shed the parting tear,  
The deck is throng'd—how swift the moments fly;  
The vessel heaves, the farewel signs appear;  
Mute is each tongue, and eloquent each eye!**

**The last dread moment comes!—The sailor-youth  
Hides the big drop, and smiles amid his pain,  
Sooths his sad bride, and vows eternal truth,  
“ Farewell, my love—we shall—shall meet again!”**

Long on the stern, with waving hand, he stood ;  
The crowded shore sinks, lessening, from his view,  
As gradual glides the bark along the flood ;  
His bride is seen no more—" Adieu!—adieu!"

The breeze of Eve moans low, her smile is o'er,  
Dim steals her twilight down the crimson'd west,  
He climbs the top-most mast, to seek once more  
The far-seen coast, where all his wishes rest.

He views its dark line on the distant sky,  
And Fancy leads him to his little home,  
He sees his weeping love, he hears her sigh,  
He soothes her griefs, and tells of joys to come.

Eve yields to night, the breeze to wintry gales,  
In one vast shade the seas and shores repose ;  
He turns his aching eyes,—his spirit fails,  
The chill tear falls ;—sad to the deck he goes!

The storm of midnight swells, the sails are furl'd,  
Deep sounds the lead, but finds no friendly shore;  
Fast o'er the waves the wretched bark is hurl'd,  
"O Ellen, Ellen! we must meet no more!"

Lightnings, that shew the vast and foamy deep,  
The rending thunders, as they onward roll,  
The loud, loud winds, that o'er the billows sweep—  
Shake the firm nerve, appal the bravest soul!

Ah! what avails the seamen's toiling care!  
The straining cordage bursts, the mast is riv'n;  
The sounds of terror groan along the air,  
Then sink afar;—the bark on rocks is driv'n;  
Fierce o'er the wreck the whelming waters pass'd,  
The helpless crew sunk in the roaring main!  
Henry's faint accents trembled in the blast—  
Farewell my love!—we ne'er shall meet again!"

Oft, at the calm and silent ev'ning hour,  
When summer-breezes linger on the wave,  
A melancholy voice is heard to pour  
Its lonely sweetness o'er poor Henry's grave!

And oft, at midnight, airy strains are heard  
Around the grove, where Ellen's form is laid;  
Nor is the dirge by village-maidens fear'd,  
For lovers' spirits guard the holy shade!