

TO THE WINDS.

VIEWLESS, through heavn's vast vault, your course ye
steer,
Unknown from whence ye come, or whither go !
Mysterious pow'rs ! I hear ye murmur low,
'Till swells your loud gust on my startled ear,
And, awful ! seems to say—some God is near !
I love to list' your midnight voices float
In the dread storm that o'er the ocean rolls,
And, while their charm the angry wave controuls,
Mix with its sullen roar, and sink remote :
Then, rising in the pause, a sweeter note,—
The dirge of spirits, who your deeds bewail,—
A sweeter note, oft swells, while sleeps the gale !

But soon, ye sightless pow'rs! your rest is o'er:
Solemn and slow ye rise upon the air,
Speak in the shrouds, and bid the sea-boy fear;
And the faint-warbled dirge—is heard no more!

Oh! then I deprecate your awful reign!—
The loud lament yet bear not on your breath!
Bear not the crash of bark far on the main;
Bear not the cry of men, who cry in vain,—
The crew's dread chorus sinking into death!
Oh! give not these, ye pow'rs—I ask alone,
As, 'rapt,' I climb these dark romantic steeps—
The elemental war, the billow's moan:
I ask the still, sweet tear, that list'ning Fancy weeps.