

P O E M S.

ON THE FATE

O F

CAPTAIN G*****.

SAD on the margin of the deep,

I saw a lady fit and weep,

Array'd in robes of white;

Below she mark'd the billows rise,

Above the dark unfettled skies,

Nor shiver'd at the fight.

No terror in her looks I trac'd,

While lightnings gleam wild o'er the waste,

And hideous thunders roar.

A

For

For O! the mind o'ercharg'd with care,
The heart-struck marble, in despair,

Alas! can feel no more.

But, like soft rains 'midst summer sun,
Her tears in mild composure run

From either beaming eye;

And as the gentle gales of spring,
When eve descends with fable wing,

So heav'd her bosom-sigh.

At length, in moving strains, but mild,
Through hollow rocks, in echoes wild,

These words assail'd mine ear:

“Ye raving winds! thou rolling sea!

“Your boist'rous rage is lost on me,

“I have no more to fear.

“Thou treach'rous overswelling main,

“O! couldst thou give my love again

“To my sad widow'd sight;

Although

“ Although his eyes be sunk in death,

“ His icy lips be void of breath,

“ I’d kifs them with delight.

“ What’s this I fee!—my fancy raves!

“ Three lovely forms stretch’d on the waves,

“ And floating to the shore.

“ O my lost children! is it you?”

They answer not—“ Adieu, adieu!”

She figh’d, and said no more.