

ON A
 YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S RETURN

FROM

JAMAICA.

YE winds, ye waves, ye stormy seas,

To whom such force is giv'n,

Ah! gently, gently, waft on shore

The noblest work of Heav'n.

He comes! the lovely youthful bard,

To grace his native isle,

To bless a mother's longing eyes,

To make his DELIA smile.

Come then, ye maids, a garland weave

To crown his beauteous brow;

To DELIA we'll the garland give,

To her he gave his vow.

THE