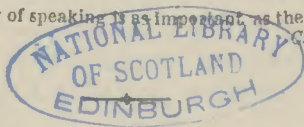


THE
R E C I T E R,
A CHOICE SELECTION
OF THE MOST
POPULAR POEMS,
FOR
RECITATION.

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GLENARA—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE—LORD
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OCEAN.

"The manner of speaking is as important as the matter."
Chesterfield.



GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE
RECITER.

GLENARA.

OH! heard you yon pibroch sound sad in the gair
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire and her people are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They march'd all in silence—they look'd to the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar,
'Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn—
Why speak ye no word?' said Glenara the stern.

'And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?'
So spake the rude chieftain: no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

'I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and
loud;

'And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
 When the shroud was unclosed, and no body was seen.
 Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn---
 'Twas the youth that had lov'd the fair Ellen of
 Lorn.

'I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her grief,
 I dream'd that her lord was a barbarous chief;
 On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:
 Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
 And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
 From the rock of the ocean that beauty is borne;
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

Campbell.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly; at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay---like a warrior taking his rest---
 With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of to-morrow---

We thought---as we hollowed his narrow bed
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow---
 How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
 And we heard by the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was suddenly firing---

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory !
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him---alone with his glory !

Wolfe.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, ' Boatman, do not tarry !
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry.'—

‘ Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water ?’---
 O, I’m the chief of Ulva’s isle,
 And this Lord Ullin’s daughter.

‘ And fast before her father’s men,
 Three days we’ve fled together ;
 For, should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

‘ His horsemen hard behind us ride,
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
 When they have slain her lover ?’

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
 ‘ I’ll go, my chief---I’m ready :---
 It is not for your silver bright ;
 But for your winsome lady :

And, by my word ! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry ;
 So, though the waves are raging white,
 I’ll row you o’er the ferry !’

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking,
 And in the scowl of heaven, each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.---

'Oh! haste thee, haste!' the lady cries
 'Though tempests round us gather,
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing:
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover:
 One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
 'Across this stormy water:
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!---oh! my daughter!

'Twas vain! the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing:
 The waters wild went o'er his child--
 And he was left lamenting.

BILLY DIP.

MILLOE, a maid at fifty-five,
 Was at her toilette dressing;
 Her waiting-maid, with iron hot,
 Each paper'd curl was pressing.

The looking-glass her eyes engross,
 While Betty humm'd a ditty ;
 She gazed so much upon her face,
 She really thought it pretty.
 Her painted cheeks and pencil brows,
 She could not but approve.
 Her thoughts on various subjects turn'd,
 At length they fix'd on love :
 " And shall," said she, " a virgin life
 Await these pleasing charms ?
 And will no sighing blooming youth
 Receive me to his arms ?—
 Forbid it, Love !" She scarce had spoke,
 When Cupid laid a trap ;
 For, at the chamber door was heard
 A soft and gentle rap :
 Cried Betty, " who is at the door ?"
 " Aye tell," quoth Chloe, " true :"
 When straight a tender voice replied,
 " Dear ma'am, I dye for you
 " What's that," she said, " O, Betty, say !
 A man ! and die for me !
 And can I see the youth expire---
 Oh, no ! it must not be !
 Haste, Betty,---open quick the door :"
 ' Tis done ; and, lo ! to view,
 A little man with bundle stood,
 In sleeves and apron blue
 Ye Powers !" cried Chloe, " what is this ?
 What vision do I see ?
 Is this the man, oh, mighty Love !---
 The man that dies for me ?"
 " Yes ma'am ; your ladyship is right,"
 The figure straight replied ;
 " And hard for me it would have been
 If I had never dyed.

La ! ma'am, you must have heard of me,
 Although I'm no highflyer ;
 I live just by at No. 1,
 I'm Billy Dip, the dyer.
 'Twas I, ma'am, Betty there employed
 To dye your lustering gown ;
 And I not only dye for you
 But I dye for the whole town."

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,
 And a clearer one never was seen ;
 There is not a wife in the west country
 But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
 And behind does an ash-tree grow,
 And a willow from the bank above
 Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne ;
 Joyfully he drew nigh,
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
 For thirsty and hot was he,
 And he sat down upon the bank
 Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
 At the well to fill his pail ;
 On the well-side he rested it,
 And he bade the stranger hail.

“ Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ?” quoth he,
 “ For an if thou hast a wife,
 The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

“ Or, has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
 Ever here in Cornwall been ?
 For an if she have, I’ll venture my life
 She has drunk of the well of St. Keyne.”

“ I have left a good woman who never was here,”
 The stranger he made reply,
 “ But that my draught should be better for that,
 I pray you answer me why ?”

“ St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornishman, “ many a
 time
 Drank of this crystal well,
 And before the Angel summon’d her,
 She laid on the water a spell :---

“ If the husband---of this gifted well
 Shall drink before his wife,
 A happy man henceforth is he,
 For he shall be master for life.

“ But if the wife should drink of it first,---
 Oh, pity the husband then !”
 The stranger stoop’d to the well of St. Keyne,
 And drank of the water again.

“ You drank of the well I warrant betimes ?”
 He to the Cornishman said :
 But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
 And sheepishly shook his head.

“I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
 And left my wife in the porch;
 But in truth she'd been wiser than I,
 For she took a bottle to church.”

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery!

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry,

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave;
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!—

Few, few shall part where many meet,—
 The snow shall be their winding sheet;
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

ODE TO ELOQUENCE.

HEARD ye those loud contending waves,
 That shook Cecropia's pillar'd state?
 Saw ye the mighty from their graves
 Look up, and tremble at her fate?

Who shall calm the angry storm?
 Who the mighty task perform
 And bid the raging tumult cease.
 See, the son of Hermes rise,
 With syren tongue, and speaking eyes,
 Hush the noise, and sooth to peace!

See the olive branches waving
 O'er Illissus winding stream,
 Their lovely limbs the Naiads laving,
 The Muses smiling by, supreme!

See the nymphs and swains advancing,
 To harmonious measures dancing:
 Grateful Io Pæns rise
 To thee, O Power! who canst inspire
 Soothing words---or words of fire,
 And shookst thy plumes in Attic skies!

Lo! from the regions of the north,
 The reddening storm of battle pours,
 Rolls along the trembling earth,
 Fastens on the Olynthian towers.

“Where rests the sword?---where sleep the brave?
 Awake! Cecropia’s ally save
 From the fury of the blast:
 Burst the storm on Phocis’ walls!
 Rise! or Greece for ever falls;
 Up! or Freedom breathes her last!”

The jarring states, obsequious now,
 View the Patriot’s hand on high;
 Thunder gathering on his brow,
 Lightning flashing from his eye!

Borne by the tide of words along,
 One mind, one voice, inspire the throng!---
 “To arms! to arms! to arms!” they cry,
 “Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,
 Lead us to Philippi’s lord,
 Let us conquer him, or die!”

Ah, eloquence! thou wast undone;
 Wast from thy native country driven
 When Tyranny eclipsed the sun,
 And blotted out the stars of heaven!

When liberty from Greece withdrew,
 And o’er the Adriatic flew
 To where the Tiber pours his urn---
 She struck the rude Tarpeian rock,
 Sparks were kindled by the stroke---
 Again thy fires began to burn!

Now shining forth, thou mad'st compliant
 The conscript fathers to thy charms,
 Roused the world-bestridding giant,
 Sinking fast in Slavery's arms!

I see thee stand by freedom's fane,
 Pouring the persuasive strain,
 Giving vast conceptions birth:
 Hark! I hear thy thunders sound,
 Shake the Forum round and round
 Shake the pillars of the earth!

First-born of Liberty divine!
 Put on Religion's bright array:
 Speak! and the starless grave shall shine
 The portal of eternal day!

Rise, kindling with the orient beam,
 Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme,
 Unfold the garments roll'd in blood!
 Oh, touch the soul—touch all her chords
 With all thy omnipotence of words,
 And point the way to heaven—to God

TELL'S SPEECH.

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are! how mighty and how free!

Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose
smile

Makes glad---whose frown is terrible---whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty
I'm with you once again!---I call to you
With all my voice!---I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,

I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss:---his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
'That buoy'd him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath,
And round about absorb'd, he heeded not
'The death that threaten'd him.---I could not shoot---
'Twas liberty!---I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away!

Heavens, with what pride I used
To walk these hills and look up to my God
And bless him that it was so. It was free---
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys, without asking leave;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was it then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, Emma, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge

The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
 And think I had no master save his own.
 You know the jutting cliff round which a track
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
 To such another one, with scanty room
 For two a-breast to pass? O'ertaken there
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink
 And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
 Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
 Have wished me there---the thought that mine was
 free
 Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head,
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
 Blow on ! This is the land of liberty !

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshall'd on the mighty plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud---the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd---and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,---
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd---my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star!---The Star of Bethlehem!

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand—
 'Hark ye,' said he ' 'tis an odd story this
 'About the crows!'---'I don't know what it is,'
 Reply'd his friend; 'No! I'm surpris'd at that,
 'Where I come from it is the common chat;
 'But you shall hear:---an odd affair indeed,
 'And that it happen'd they are all agreed.
 'Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 'A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,
 'This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
 'Taking a puke has thrown up three black crows!
 'Impossible!' 'Nay, but 'tis really true;
 'I have it from good hands, and so may you.'
 'From whose, I pray?' so having nam'd the man,
 Straight to enquire, his curious comrade ran.
 'Sir did you tell?'---relating the affair---
 'Yes Sir, I did, and if 'tis worth your care,

' Ask Mr Such-a-one, he told it me,
 ' But by the bye, 'twas two black crows, not three.
 Resolv'd to trace so wondrous an event,
 Quick to the third, the virtuoso went :---
 ' Sir'---and so forth, 'Why yes, the thing is fact,
 ' Though in regard to number, not exact ;
 ' It was not two black crows, 'twas only one,
 ' The truth of that you may depend upon :
 ' The gentleman himself told me the case.'
 ' Where may I find him ?' ' Why in such a place.'
 Away goes he, and having found him out,
 ' Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt ;'
 Then to his last informant he referr'd,
 And begg'd to know if true what he had heard---
 ' Did you Sir, throw up a black crow ?' ' Not I,'
 ' Bless me, how people propagates a lie !
 ' Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
 ' And here I find all comes at last to none !
 ' Did you say nothing of a crow at all ?'
 ' Crow ! crow ! perhaps I might, now I recall
 ' The matter o'er.' ' And pray, Sir, what was't ?'
 ' Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last,
 ' I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
 ' Something that was---as black Sir, as a crow !'

THE ORPHAN BOY.

STAY, Lady—stay, for mercy's sake,
 And hear a helpless Orphan's tale ;
 Ah ! sure my looks must pity wake,
 'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale.

Yet I was once a mother's pride,
 And my brave father's hope and joy ;
 But in the Nile's proud fight he di d,
 And I am now an Orphan Boy !

Poor foolish child---how pleas'd was I
 When news of Nelson's victory came;
 Along the crowded streets to fly,
 To see the lighted windows flame!

To force me home my mother sought,
 She could not bear to see my joy:
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,
 And made me a poor Orphan Boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud,
 My mother shudd'ring, clos'd her ears;
 Rejoice! rejoice! still cry'd the croud,
 My mother answer'd with her tears!

Why are you crying thus, said I,
 While others laugh and shout with joy
 She kiss'd me, and with such a sigh,
 She call'd me her poor Orphan Boy!

What is an Orphan Boy? I cry'd,
 As in her face I look'd and smil'd,
 My mother through her tears reply'd,
 'You'll know to soon, ill-fated child.'

And now they've toll'd my mother's knell,
 And I'm no more a parent's joy:
 Ah! Lady, I have known too well
 What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed,
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
 Trust me—I mean to earn my bread,
 The Sailor's Orphan Boy has pride.

Lady! you weep---ah! this to me:
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ;
 Look down, dear parents! look and see
 Your happy---happy Orphan Boy!

THE PIG IN A POCK.

A FARMER'S lease contain'd a flaw,
 To mend it he appeal'd to law,
 Dear-bought experience told him plain
 That law without a fee was vain;
 And that, to clear his counsel's tone, he
 Must bribe him with meat or money.

One morn he calls his clown-in-chief,
 "Here, take this pig to Lawyer Brief."
 The clown (unlike his wife, they say,
 Could both be silent and obey:
 The pig secured within a sack,
 At ease hang dangling from his back;
 Thus loaded, straight to town he went,
 With many an awkward compliment.

A half-way house convenient stood,
 Where host was kind, and ale was good:
 In steps the clown, and calls to Cecil---
 "A quart of stout, to whet my whistle!"
 Eased of his load he takes a chair,
 And quaffs oblivion to all care.

Three artful wags accost the clown,
 And ask his errand up to town.
 With potent ale his heart grown warm,
 Which, drunk or sober, meant no harm:
 He told them plainly whence he came,---
 His master and the lawyer's name;

And, ere the circling mug was drain'd,
 Show'd what the prostrate sack contain'd.
 Whilst two the witless clown amuse,
 With merry tales and mournful news,
 A third removes the sack unseen,
 And soon sets free the guest within;
 But lest the clown the trick should trace,
 A well fed cur supplies the place.

The point clear'd up of what's to pay,
 Our clown in peace pursued his way:
 Arrived, he makes his awkward bow,
 With many a *wherefore* and *as how*.

“Heaven bliss your honour many a year!
 Look what a pig I've brought you here.”
 The sack untied without demur,
 Forwith out gently crept the cur.
 Both stood aghast with eager eyes,
 And both, no doubt, look'd wondrous wise---
 The clown, who saw the lawyer foam,
 Swore 'twas a pig when brought from home;
 And wond'ring at the queer disaster,
 In haste return'd to tell his master.

Well pleased to see him take the bait,
 The wags his quick return await;
 What peals of noisy mirth prevail,
 To hear him tell the mystic tale!--

From them to Cecil he repairs,
 To her the strange event declares:
 Meantime the wags, to end the joke,
 Replace the pig within its pock.

The rustic soon resumes his load,
 And, whistling, plods along the road.
 The impatient farmer hails the clown,
 And asks, "What news from London town.
 The pig was liked; they made you drink?"
 "Nay, master! master! what d'ye think?
 The pig (or I am a stupid log,
 Is changed into a puppy dog;"
 "A dog!"—"Nay since my word you doubt;
 See here; I'll fairly turn him out."
 No sooner was the sack untied,
 Than a loud grunt his word belied:
 "Death!" cries the farmer, "tell me whence
 Proceeds this daring insolence?
 Make haste, you blunderer, take it back,
 Or from my service you shall pack!"

The clown in patient soul and blood,
 A while in silent wonder stood;
 Then briefly cried, with phiz demure,---
 "Yon lawyer is a *witch*, for sure!
 How hoarse his voice! his face how grim!
 What's pig with us is dog with him:---
 O master save me from derision,
 For as I live I've seen a vision!"

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,

From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean---roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin---his control
 Stops with the shore ;---upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown

His steps are not upon thy paths,---thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,---thou dost arise
 And shake him from ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou doest all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him shivering in thy playful spr
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth :---there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarches tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which ma
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
they?

Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:---not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play---
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow---
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd---in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;---boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity---the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have lov'd thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers---they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror---'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near
And laid my hand upon thy mane---as I do here.

