

Are heap'd the treasures men have died to gain,
 And in sad mockery of the parting groan,
 That bubbled 'mid the wild unpitying main,
 Quick gushing o'er the bones, the restless tides complain.

Gloomy and wide rolls the sepulchral sea,
 Grave of my kindred, of my sire the grave !
 Perchance, where now he sleeps, a space for me
 Is marked by Fate beneath the deep green wave.
 It well may be ! Poor bosom, why dost heave
 Thus wild ! O, many a care, troublous and dark,
 On earth stands thee still ; the Mermaid's cave
 Grief haunts not ; sure 'twere pleasant there to mark
 Serene, at noon-tide hour, the sailor's passing bark.

Sure it were pleasant through the vasty deep,
 When on its bosom plays the golden beam,
 When headlong speed by bower and cave to sweep ;
 When flame the waters round with emerald gleam,—
 When, borne from high by tides and gales, the scream
 Of sea-mew soften'd falls,—when bright and gay
 The crimson weeds, proud ocean's pendants, stream
 From trophied wrecks and rock-towers darkly gray,—
 Through scenes so strangely fair 'twere pleasant, sure, to stray !

Why this strange thought ? If, in that ocean laid,
 The ear would cease to hear, the eye to see,
 Though sights and sounds like these circled my bed,
 Wakeless and heavy would my slumbers be :
 Though the mild softened sun-light beam'd on me
 (If a dull heap of bones retain'd my name,
 That bleach'd or blacken'd 'mid the wasteful sea),
 Its radiance all unseen, its golden beam
 In vain through coral groves or emerald roofs might stream.

Yet dwells a spirit in this earthy frame
 Which oceans cannot quench nor Time destroy ;—
 A deathless, fadeless ray, a heavenly flame,
 That pure shall rise when fails each base alloy
 That earth instils, dark grief, or baseless joy :
 Then shall the ocean's secrets meet its sight ;—
 For I do hold that happy souls enjoy
 A vast all-reaching range of angel flight,
 From the fair source of day, even to the gates of night.

Now night's dark veil is rent ; on yonder land,
 That blue and distant rises o'er the main,
 I see the purple sky of morn expand,
 Scattering the gloom. Then cease my feeble strain :
 When darkness reigned, thy whisperings soothed my pain,—