

TO DEATH.

Written on board Ship Trident June 17<sup>th</sup> 1847 in lat. 50° 25' N. Long. 150° 50' W.  
By E. F. Norton

CONSPICUOUS and fond and free  
Thou who hast robed the world, since that dread hour,  
When on the earth thy dark and deadly power  
Hath, linked into sin and woe:  
Thou who dost mock the rose,  
Or fing'rst to it pine down the mountain's path,  
Who art the tempest's least in fiery wrath,  
Or exist like twilight's glow,  
A thought is thrilling me,  
Huddling my spirit in its summer prime:  
Oh! in what place, what season, or what time,  
Where shall I meet with thee?  
Shall winds stand weeping by?  
Shall a soft slumber my eyelids close gently o'er,  
And shall my spirit, calm and terror-free,  
Pass in a gentle sigh?  
Or shall the anguish'd sob,  
And thrilling pang, my falling brow convulse?  
Shall pain and weary tortures bid my pulse  
Be struggling weakly thro' that?  
Or sadder fate than this  
Shall I be doom'd in loneliness to die?  
Is anxious friend, no kind and pitying eye,  
To see those agonies?  
Shall mine own land receive  
The wreck of this poor form, and on my death,  
My country's flowers in wild luxuriance bloom,  
And her green sod upbraid?  
Or, shall the cloudless sky  
Of southern climes look down upon my grave?  
Shall the rich orange bloom, or citron wave,  
Where at the last I lie?  
Or wilt thou come, oh death!  
In mantling flames, and in thy wild embrace,  
Crush me to ashes, that shall have no place  
But on the wild wind's breath?

Even the stormy sea,  
Down amidst sounding caverns of the deep,  
Shall the old sea-flowers bloom and watch me,  
Where shall I meet with thee?  
Shall age have stamp'd my brow,  
And cast its gloom upon my sunken eye?  
Viz. shalt thou laugh at me scornfully  
With! at thine own now?  
Of natural fear, that this weak spirit dreads  
To think how soon these senses will be dead,  
An early grave may I find?  
I'll run there when thou may'st  
Thou canst not track me, save by this <sup>track</sup> <sup>mark</sup>  
The heliotrope in the hollow of his hand,  
The wild and tawny'st arrow,  
With neither need I start  
Who light upon thy dark knifed edge, as for  
What art thou now? A vigorous courage  
Thy only was defeat,  
Thou art him who dies for me!  
Fear thou not! I will not dread thy power!  
Thou hast prepared me for the trying hour,  
Where we must meet, I see!

Revised Version  
Line Written on the Ship's Log. March 15, 1847  
Lat. 32° 58' N. Long. 109° 40' W.  
Within the pages of this book,  
Lying by the side of a small  
Sleep is the heart that loves to look  
While he who turns and sees it, dies

Thou not white youth and health are there  
That thou this treasure most well save;  
When beauty's ringlets round thee shew  
And pleasure's charms thy passions move.  
But when misfortunes must shall show  
And youth's and pleasure's charms are gone;  
When age shall show its wintry snow,  
And sorrow's trials shall come on.  
Then if thou here hast found thy love  
Thou wilt its price be paid;  
With it thy hopes immortal prove  
Without it, what would all things be!