

South Atlantic Feb 1864

Cheer up thou drooping instinct dear
Proclaim these moments wasting here
Praise up those drooping spirits slow
The dullest soul from down below
So forth where excitement brings
Her fancies high on wildest wings
Where heedlessness may look beyond
All pleasures set apart for men
And in the present seek to find
The fancies of a wandering mind

Judge her to judge thyself and see
If such as mine were jibes to thee

For I have jibes in the past
With jibes such as could not last
And also in the past I've seen
Jibes which haunt my latest dream

The first, when over the coral flood
The great Lanthian poured his blood
The last, with Annie by my side
When all things else forgotten died

Go seek within the desert sand
A draught to quench thy thirst O man

Go seek where Arctic currents roll
The orange tree, and fruit of gold

When you the coral chambers tread
Beneath old ocean's slushy bed
And prove the wonders you have found
By turning heaven upside down

Then I expect to see this heart
A fount of mirth & counterpart
Of what it was in better time
When Annie's care was also mine

Come lend thine ear whilst I portage
Thy peaceful shadows far away
Which once hast scotched my burning brow
Which hope must center eaven now

I glance me back untill I see
The first faint spark of memory
And there I find a struggling will
Which never never has been still
Like a struggle long with misery
Still panting ever to be free

A mother's care lights on the past
And though it nearly dies not last
It mingles with my dreary life
A charm, which oft I rest from strife

Her gentle voice & enchanted smile
Are dear to me as when a child
Though bitter days have come
Since mother thou art dead
The coffin lid that o'er thy face
I felt that none could fill thy place
I saw the grave in silence close
And then a little mound arose
Above the form O mother dear
Which left me bowed in darkest fear

As years roll on in times obscure
Though all things else has passed away
So great that I can't forget
May keep thee still in memory

This world in darkness spread before
How lonely I must travel o'er
From land to land from sea to sea
Whichever I went the same to me
From Asia down Siberia's coast
Abandoned shores I have explored
I sought the great Lanthian there
The polar and the giraffe bear
And congregate all in wild affray
Thus glacially passes the time away

I went among the sunny Isles
The fairest lanes of love and smiles
Where the orange tree in beauty there
Perfumes the sweet effulgent air

But fate ordained a wild decree
And gentleness was not for me
I mused within my own wild thoughts
Till madness in my soul was wrought