

South Atlantic May 1864

With happiness around the board
With gold and silver in the hour
With beauty glowing on the beam
With freshness flowing in the stream
And joyful tumult ringing near
O'erneath the blue sky starkly clear
With all that nature can bestow
We reap and revel here below
On stormy pillow wanton care
Dreams what we know shall not share

But when mirth was heard no more
And darkness gathered in the shore
A tender form took her lone way
Down to the waters of the bay
And there upon the rugged lee
Would sit and gaze upon the sea

Within the sadness which was cast
In shadows darkling from the past
Was loneliness which gathering there
Seemed bordering on a wild despair

But musing through those chilly nights
Delusion streaming with new delights
Brings back the absent o'er the wave
With a welcome from the true and brave
There music in the same sweet voice
Echoing from her earliest choice
In visions from young streams of joy
Half as joyful as before

But where was then the chosen one
On whose through years her hope had clung
Perchance that form had found a grave
O'erneath the wild contenting wave
Or in some land without a mate
Had dying blessed me when too late
And gazing thus his wild career
Died call my name and wish no near
Alas Alas I cannot know
I live I hope but all is woe

How oft when twilight's glow has gone
I wander here to be alone
On early watch each fading light
Retreating from the coming night

And there beneath a gathering shade
With fainting hope how I have prayed
Whilst the lonely echo of each word
By heaven I felt was not unheard

It was not madness that a lone
Counted the moments which had flown
In a noble ship on distant sea
A wanderer roaming wild and free
Whose early pride was the white sail
Booming onward through the gale
Though roaming still had learned to bless
His own pleasures fond caress

Where gleaming tide and waters meet
In wilderness o'er that lonely retreat
On west a sail before the blast
No vision wildly sweeping past

So near the lowering clouds are stooping
So high the towering waves are shooting
That the white sail one moment high
Seems rolling onward through the sky
One moment more a downward sweep
Dralls in the valleys of the deep
Which leaves some fiction tales to him
No stories for the infant's mind

A courier upon the deck
Whilst onward she so flies and her feet
And streaming gaily through the gale
The waters flashing on her trail

Behold the sun go down at sea
Unconquered flag horizon free
Not as the ethereal blue
Receives her tints of golden hue
No day gives o'er behold again
Dawn's glow o'er the dusky main
Miracles of stars whose magnitudes
Shine brightest from its solitude

Behold the moonbeam's soothing ray
Over placid waters of the bay
And Zephyrus from the churning tide
In silence eases her onward ride

The Conqueror with admiration
Had loved those beauties of creation