

June 1867

To H. B. M.

As onward o'er the boundless main

I dash along

I hear the voice of thought proclaim

Though right or wrong

The names of heroes meet thro' a far

On memories train

Whome time has proved the truest true

And will again

If I have met best friends aright
Thou knowest bestJudge of the name fore broad and bright
Among the restBut if perchance I'm lost astray,
I will not quailBefore a world scheme as it may
Is doomed to failFor I have waged a hopeless war
Long with mankindWho with both tongue and clamping jaw
I harmless findIt is perchance if e'er again
I see thy faceMy track across the watery plain
I'll not retraceThough thine the lance I long may lose
It shall not beWhat aught on earth can never prove
A home to meDo not condemn this world too soon
Thy vice withholdsLet time sweep on with steady train
And all unfoldSo much I've said, now let me cease
And change my layFor naught to me can purchase peace
By the watery wayI look above me and I see
The same blue skyWhich long has arched our canopy
Unchanged and highI look around me and behold
The waters blueAnd sigh for changes lower old
Or something newNo daisies fair to grace our deck
The other kindNo tender harm is here to wreck
And leave behindThough we may stream of ladies' bowers
In beauty wroughtAnd flora crowning us with flowers
A wasted thoughtAs this is June may I suppose
The corn is inSuffering sorely from the crows
On stubble wingAnd thou art happy couldst I be
Contented thereI seek no more the wide wild sea
Nor life of care