

Yes Emma Dear those spreading trees
 That shadow o'er your mansion high
 Are near the spot where first I tenses
 To be employed. And she drew nigh
 And bade me rest my little form
 Within her cottage neat and warm
 And when my clasp'd arms to the very day
 She told me that should be my home
 To wander forth no more alone.

Here mem'ry ^{paints} glowing scenes
 And here I learn to read and spell
 Here in my wildest romantic dreams
 I still aspire as none shall tell
 How o'er the ocean through the gale
 I rush beneath the snowy sail
 How oft my patience would be fell
 When time rolled on with aging face
 And left me waiting for the race.

And here I learn the welcome news
 That I should cross the briny deep
 Here, fancy painted glowing scenes
 Which I a wanderer ~~was to~~ meet
 And mem'ry still points out the day
 When in I proudly sailed away
 A victor, in itself most sweet
 For early days my life could bring
 Seem'd nearing me a joyful wing.

Illusion's self shall not efface
 My love for the Kewer. Bride
 As wings she awoke in the race
 Proudly o'er the gleaming tide
 As if she heard the orders given
 Yet though her man-of-war sails were risen
 Boat willing she would turn aside
 And when the storm itself was past
 I taught her Monarch of the blast.

And now my child, too growing late
 It is not right that I have staid
 Telling stories and made you wait
 Here within this mighty shade
 So let us leave this miry air
 And to our home again repair
 Exposure oft before has made
 The strongest join bow to decay
 When health itself must pine away.

Since you alone are left to me
 A comfort in declining years
 If you were taken I should be
 Left here alone to reap life's fears
 The friends which bless my early pride
 In youth, in age, through life allies
 Not all which love itself endears
 Are gone when you I see no more
 To leave me lonelier than of yore.

Thus I the old man's story learn
 Listening beyond the window wall
 There he portrays from word to word
 Uncertain for times rising and full
 A father takes his infant son
 His mother deers and he alone
 Yet being friendless was not all
 As when the strong themselves shall arm
 And helpless infants seek to harm.

Again we find the orphan boy
 With friends far from his Father's hall
 Now he has changed his bow for job
 As captive, freed from prison walls
 Beholds him bounding o'er the sea
 As striding for his destiny
 Then shipwreck's terrors on him fall
 Again he leads a daring hunt
 Where none shall gain his command.

Again we find him on the shore
 Which gave him birth. And in his turn
 Can comfort her who long before
 Had lent her care, that he might learn
 How wisdom, ways could only bring
 Him blessings on times fleeting wing
 And thus through life we trace him on
 And he cries let come what will
 Gods blessings makes me happy still.

Do then I reject Gods wonderful ways
 In secret works a right to men
 And justice in each act display
 The power of his mighty hand
 When the oppressor is oppressed
 And on him turns the same distress
 With bitter he curses his native land
 For one hath said thy vengeance stay
 Leave that to him who will repay
 End