

The seventh Day
Paraphrase from Milton

The sun is set beneath the western wave;
O'er Eden's garden soft-winged twilight steals;
Stars only by one in, golden gleams, spare
The darkened sky, while the lone night-bird peeks;
Her liquid partridge, and nature feels
O' night, thy soothing power, and seeks repose,
Ward to the God of darkness now appears,
And in the south night's silver guise arises,
And o'er the sleeping world her clear cool beams

Throns
The night serenely passed, the seventh day came
And rosy dawn steals over the eastern sky,
Nature awakes, and breathes through all her frame,
O'er sigh of furrow and praise to God most high.
Pleased with His works, thus spake Eternity.
This day be hallowed, set apart for rest,
Sacred from toil in holy memory, ^{blest}
Of this new world - a world which we have
The Sabbath we appoint, for man to be our guest

March 13th Lat 46° 04' S Long 64° 11' W
Fresh gales and cold weather
^{not very}

From the Army and Navy Chronicle

Lines to
How dear to this heart are those moments
When near, they
My soul by thy gentleness soothed and blest
Should feel all thy goodness and gaze on and
Near thee
And taste all the bliss of a bosom at rest

Thy first-born fond memory shall de-
tinue, recall thee ^{so fair}
Thy thought its still shall dwell on that image
Through good or through ill, through what may
afflict me
Thy spirit - thou loved one shall be with me
Thy spirit shall kindle with purest emotion
And with joy fill my heart - when I far from
thee again
To the mariner tossed on the wide pathless
Hails with rapture the star which hangs over
his home

He where fond realms have bowed to time
Or through fresh countries roam
Hopes heart in every age and clime
Thrills at the sound of HOME

Speaks there a man with soul so true
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own my native land
~~never~~ Scott