

A N  
E P I S T L E

T O

*Alexander Pope, Esq;*

F R O M *R*

South CAROLINA.

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*Circa nemus, uvidiq;  
Fluminis Ripas, operosa parous  
Carmina fingo.*

HORAT.

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L O N D O N

Printed for J. BRINDLEY, Bookseller to His Royal Highness  
the Prince of *Wales*, at the *King's-Arms* in *New Bond-*  
*street*; and C. GORBETT, at *Addison's-Head*, over-against  
*St. Dunstan's-Church, Fleetstreet.* MDCCXXXVII



AN  
EPISTLE  
TO  
*Alexander Pope, Esq;*  
FROM  
South CAROLINA.

**F**ROM warmer Lands, ally'd to latest Fame,  
'In gracious CAROLINE's immortal Name;  
Part of that Sylvan World *Columbus* found,  
Where GEORGE should be rever'd, and You renown'd;  
Hear Heav'n-taught Bard! and hearing, spare the Lyre,  
Your real Worth, your real Wrongs, inspire.

B

Tho'

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[1v]

(6)

Tho' radiant Graces sparkle thro' your Line,  
With darting Beauty, and with Flame divine;  
Where magic Verse, in all her Splendor crown'd,  
Combines the Nerves of Sense, and Charms of Sound;  
Tho' *Britain* boast her *Iliad* all Divine,  
Worthy the *Græcian* Genius—worthy Thine;  
Tho' rising Art and smiling Nature view  
Their Powers increas'd, their Charms improv'd in You;  
Yet wou'd I check the Raptures You infuse;  
And wish such Worth to warm an equal Muse.

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Editor's note: The transcription of this poem given on the following pages is faithful to the original text in reproducing the signatures, catchwords, and all features of the printed text, with the exception of the 18th Century long s (ſ), for which we have substituted a modern lower case s. The coolation of the text may be given as \*2, B<sup>2</sup>-D<sup>2</sup>, E<sup>1</sup>.

But when lean Envy darts her hissing Tongue,  
 And cank'rous Malice barks in Virtue's Wrong:  
 I check no more the low, yet gen'rous Lay,  
 But with glad Pride my righteous Wrath obey.  
 Merit aspers'd his Homage doubled finds,  
 Who glows with Fires unknown to little Minds.

O if

[2r]

(7)

O if one Breast of all the clam'rous Throng,  
 E'er felt indeed the sacred Fire of Song,  
 Say for what hidden Crime, or open Shame,  
 Has Heaven incens'd resum'd the blissful Flame?  
 The genuine Muse the noblest Pleasure loves,  
 And, slowly blaming, joyfully approves:  
 But Envy, by each Charm with Torture smit,  
 Is scorch'd with ev'ry vital Beam of Wit.  
 Your Goodness could not wish an equal Pain,  
 To things you pity—things below Disdain:  
 Themselves, their Being, but for thee forgot;  
 We own a *Mævius*, when a *Maro* wrote.  
 Mean time, as if whene'er a Genius rose  
 To prove his Title, he must thank his Foes;  
 Must gain against the Storm, and spurn the Tide,  
 Nor think his Worth admitted, till deny'd;

The

[2v]

(8)

The Poetaster's Wit, the Critick's Toil,  
 Attest the Glory which they strive to foil;  
 As *Rome*, with her compleatest Triumphs, gave  
 Amidst a shouting World, a railing Slave.

Others, affecting Truth's important Coast,  
 Some little Light, some small Discovery boast;  
 And fondly hope their great Atchievements blaze,  
 If on *that* ruin'd Error *this* they raise.  
 They make Report the Coast is strangely bright;  
 We find it fo—for they are dazzled quite:  
 Not seeing, all their Marks and Bearings start,  
 They want to mend the Island by their Chart;  
 While stiddy You the obvious Channel gain,  
 Led by a pious Mind and thinking Brain:

The Course you've shewn, what Numbers shall pursue!  
The Marks so simple, evident, and few!

Who

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[3r]

(9)

Who Points obscure t' unfailling Truths refer,  
Shall find it only difficult—to err.  
Shrin'd in your Verse we sacred *Truth* revere,  
Her Charms with Freedom grave, with Lustre clear:  
What Groupes of Whimsey vanish near her Face!  
What Feuds expire! what Oppositions cease!  
Sick with the Splendor, Error shuts her Eye,  
And murd'rous Zeal and holy Lucre fly:  
And martyr'd Crouds their tinsel Crowns resign,  
Condemn'd to hang them at *Opinion's* Shrine.

Oh that my Verse with ev'ry Grace could charm,  
Rich from thy Stile, and in thy Spirit warm!  
Slow and unequal tho' th' Ideas rise,  
My Soul devours the Joy my Muse denies.  
With Love and Pride I feel thy glowing Line,  
And count the Honor of my Species—mine;

C

To

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[3v]

(10)

To real Worth with real Pleasure bow,  
Pleasure, the envious Spirit ne'er can know!  
Let some from Night and Error hope their Sway,  
I court the Realms of Wit, and Bloom of Day:  
While with a happy Pride, from Torture free,  
Whoe'er excells, I boast, excells for me.

Revolving oft thy Page, secure to find  
What may amuse, improve, or charm my Mind;  
Sincere I've wish'd, near Thee unknown to sit,  
And kindle by each casual Spark of Wit;  
Or thy deep Grotto's awful Gloom to trace,  
Hopeful to feel the Genius of the Place.  
Hail beauteous Horrors of the pensive Vault!  
Instructing Silence, and infusing Thought!  
While glittering Day relieves unthinking Fools,  
Thy Shade to Wit devote, Virtue's Rules,

Mature

[4r]

(11)

Mature reveals some great, or gen'rous Plan,  
 To brighten Science, or to better Man;  
 (As whilom various to delight the Fair,  
 Unbend the Wise or sooth the Life of Care.)  
 Here, in poetic artificial Night,  
 Wrapp'd from th' Impertinence of Sound and Sight,  
 Inmate of Heav'n! Ætheral Heights pursue,  
 Nor Nature, *Milton's* Grotto, e'er shall shew  
 More large Ideas, Language more sublime,  
 Or Transports stronger, more surviving Time!  
 Here, oft my partial Vanity will think,  
 My mind would open, and my Errors sink;  
 But me, how distant! on the woody Main  
 A prattling Girl and smiling Boys detain;  
 Another Art of *Phœbus* claims my Care,  
 Where fiery Deaths rage high in sultry Air;  
 Or, viscid in the sudden Cold, arrest  
 The Blood, hard struggling thro' the straiten'd Breast.

Four

[4v]

(12)

Four flaming Signs th' enervate Region drain,  
 When chill the Ague shakes the shivering Plain;  
 Till styptick Bark, firm Cold, or quick Surprise,  
 Brace the loose Fibre, and the Spectre flies.

Ah Bard sublime! the loftiest Muse shall die,  
 And thy rich Volume flame with Earth and Sky!  
 Each Mode of Wit shall fail, with all the Throng,  
 Of charming Diction, and elating Song:  
 But the *Divine Idea* in thy Page,  
 Secure from ev'ry elemental Rage,  
 Unhurt shall mount, thro' Nature's melting Frame,  
 To the supreme Perfection whence it came.  
 There thy choice Spirit shall exult, to know,  
 How nearly it conceiv'd of Heav'n below:  
 There Worlds shall Wisdom, Justice, Mercy, see  
 Entire exist, and perfectly agree:

There

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 [5r]

(13)

There Sin and Folly vanish'd each shall pay,  
 Unenvy'd Homage, to the brighter Ray.  
 Once fiery Zealots there shall Christians prove,  
 And feel their narrow Souls dilate with Love:  
 Unnumber'd Worlds th' unbounded God adore,  
 And uncreated Evil be no more.

These Thoughts, th' Effect of thine, but if well apply'd,  
 Check our Resentment, and restrain our Pride:  
 Hence to my self, and to my Species kind,  
 I mourn the Prison that infects the Mind;  
 And foul Detraction loud, and Envy keen  
 I call a sharper Lymph, or tumid Spleen.  
 If thoughtless Rage the trivial Man possess,  
 I wish him cooler Blood, or wish him—less.

D

But

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 [5v]

(14)

But when I view some Figure of a Sect,  
 Who is, forsooth, peculiar and elect,  
 Of Form precise, of Temper sower and odd,  
 A covetous Monopolist of God;  
 In whose uncouth Reserve you soon explore,  
 He cares not to be sav'd with many more;  
 Spite of my boasted Charity, 'tis plain,  
 I'm strangely curious to inspect his Brain:  
 I'd have him use good Wine, oft' shave his Head,  
 Avoid raw Winds and sleep when he's a Bed;  
 Let him hear Puppets, see a Farce, and buy one,  
 But never read a Word that ends in *tion*.  
 Now let this method be wrong or right,  
 To Ease it tends, to Candour will incite:  
 If hence I gather Candour or Repose,  
 What Ease, what Candour yours, from whom it flows!

But

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 [6r]

(15)

But some Incurables, some sordid Slaves,  
 Pimps, Cowards, Gamesters, Parasites and Knaves,  
 The generous Verse should blazon on to the Age;

As States mark Houses where Infections rage.  
 So when your Page you condescend to foul  
 With *Chartré's* Name or *Walters* stains the Scrole,  
 It guards the Weak, to shun the Rogues they read;  
 And Enmity with such is Fame indeed.  
 O born to please! reflect what Pleasure's mine,  
 While thus to Thee I spin the ling'ring Line:  
 My Hopes well flatter'd, my Ambition eas'd,  
 And each delighted Faculty self-pleas'd,  
 My cheerful Fancy wings me for the Sky,  
 Suggesting, *Pope's* Admirer shall not die.

If highest Honours now thy Art befriend,  
 With heav'nly Science heav'nly Virtues blend:

“From

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[6v]

(16)

From the right Soul th'exalted Genius springs;  
 Virtue and Wisdom scarce are different things:  
 Tho' in the coolest Breast, and firmest Will,  
 The ruling Passion reigns, and pleases still:  
 Thou haft thy Passion—to be pleas'd, you must  
 Be delicately good, and kindly just.

Besides as *Phæbus*, in his Care of Wit,  
 Has made the Province, Britain's Share of it,  
 Thro' whole extended Colonies you shine,  
 While each poetic World is amply thine;  
 Those distant Worlds, and *Phæbus* too, declare,  
 You're with the Empire destin'd to the Care.  
 A heavy Care! a crown of various Woe!  
 Each Vice thy Hatred, and each Dunce thy Foe.

Yet

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[7r]

(17)

Yet *hence* till now unteaz'd—from *Twick'nam's* Groves,  
 Auspicious view the Plain, that *Daphne* loves.  
 (At *Twick'nam's* Name, behold the sacred Tree  
 Springing, to grace thy Grove, and shine to Thee!)  
 O may I prove the first from *hence*, to hail,  
 Tho' late, thy Empire—first—howe'er I fail.

Thus from the Mart three marshy Rivers lave,  
 Lashing his Bastions with their mingled Wave;

The Mart, to which the \*Prince of amorous Fame,  
 Has left his Inclination—with his Name;  
 Amidst the Garden and the Grove I stray,  
 To serve the cruel Muse that I obey:  
 For (like their Sex) the nine severely vain,  
 Indulge their Pride, by feeding their Disdain;

They

\*CHARLES IIId.

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[7v]

(18)

And shew their Power, where they deny their Love.  
 Yet less their partial Favour I deplore,  
 Who know thy Judgment much, thy Candour more;  
 While for thy Wit, thy Worth, I draw my Pen,  
 And judge the first of Poets, best of Men.

*FINIS.*



AN ANONYMOUS POEM TO ALEXANDER POPE  
FROM SOUTH CAROLINA  
(1737)

by Leonard R. N. Ashley

In the British Library I found a curious pamphlet of interest to scholars of Pope, his reputation in the eighteenth-century colonies, and of South Carolina. The title page reads: AN EPISTLE TO Alexander Pope, Esq; FROM South CAROLINA... LONDON: Printed for J. BRINDLEY, Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at the King's Arms in New Bond-Street; and C. CORBETT, at Addisons-Head, over-against St. Dunstan's-Church, Fleetstreet. MDCCXXXVII. The title page also bears a quotation (from Horace—*Circa nemus, uvidiq,/Fluminas Ripas, operosa parvus/Carmina fingo.*)<sup>1</sup> and a decorative device depicting two angels with trumpets supporting a container of fruit and leaves over an escutcheon of the sun in splendor. A somewhat similar but not identical device appears after the printer's *FINIS*.

This poetic epistle is published anonymously, but I think it is the work of Thomas Dale, M.D., a descendant of the notoriously sadistic Sir Thomas Dale (who died in 1619) who was appointed a marshal of Virginia by the Company in London<sup>2</sup>. The Dr. Thomas Dale to whom I attribute the poem was the father of another physician born in Charlestown, South Carolina, and a justice of the peace and prominent member of the upper house of assembly. He was also, I think, related to Samuel Dale of Braintree. So this in a small way contributes to the history of the Dale family of South Carolina.

There is not a lot of information on Dr. Thomas Dale the Elder, who practiced in Charlestown (as then it was spelled). His son Thomas Dale the Younger was born in Charlestown and sent to England at an early age to be educated at St. Paul's School. About 1770 he entered the University of Edinburgh, a natural choice for a medical career, and on 12 June 1775 he was there awarded the degree of doctor of medicine. His dissertation, *Disputatio medica inauguralis, de erysipelate*, was published "Apud Balfour & Smellie: Edinburgi, 1775." By 1786 this Dr. Dale was a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians and practiced in London. There his medical studies continued along with others in language and classical literature. He was one of the originators of the Literary Fund and for years its registrar from around 1790, the Dictionary of National Biography says. Perhaps more about his life will appear in the new Oxford Dictionary of National Biography, now in the late stages of preparation. Dr. Dale died on 21 February 1816 at his house in Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, London, and was buried in Bunhill Fields.

If indeed Thomas Dale the Younger had written this epistle at a very early age (born in 1729), as some think, and it was not as is more likely the work of his father of the same name, Thomas Dale the Younger gave us a remarkable piece of juvenilia. Whoever wrote it, it runs to a couple of hundred lines in heroic couplets and it does show that even if every warbler did not have Pope's tune by heart even children or at least educated colonists in the Carolinas could occasionally whistle a passable imitation of it.

It begins with the conventional and here somewhat inflated invocation. Here not to

the Muse but to Pope himself as inspiring:

From warmer lands, ally'd to latest Fame,  
 In Gracious CAROLINE's immortal Name;  
 Part of the Sylvan World Columbus found,  
 Where GEORGE should be rever'd, and YOU renown'd;  
 Hear heav'n-taught Bard!

Prompted to praise not only by sincere admiration of the translator of the "Iliad all Divine,/ Worthy the Græcian Genius—worthy Thine," but likewise by a "righteous Wrath" at the envious attacks by lesser men, the poet here attempts in Pope's own style and form, even to the caesura hinge and other tricks, to defend this Maro against the Mœviuses of the time, unequal as the American poet's skill may be with only the "casual Spark of Wit 'or "awful Gloom" either "To brighten Science, or to better Man."

The praise of Pope, despite the fact that many across the centuries have called him the greatest of English poets, is here extravagant, but so were the attacks that Pope sustained from the "hissing Tongue" and "cank'rous Malice" of the envious, the jealous:

Ah Bard sublime! The loftiest Muse shall die,  
 And thy rich Volume flame with Earth and Sky!  
 Each mode of Wit shall fail, with all the Throng,  
 Of charming Diction, and elating Song:  
 But the Divine Idea in thy Page, Secure from ev'ry elemental Rage,  
 Unhurt shall mount, thro' Nature's melting Frame,  
 To the supreme Perfection whence it came.  
 There thy choice Spirit shall exult, to know,  
 How nearly it conceiv'd of Heav'n below:  
 There Worlds shall Wisdom, Justice, Mercy see  
 Entire exist, and perfectly agree:  
 There Sin and Folly vanish'd each shall pay,  
 Unenvy'd Homage, to the brighter Ray.  
 Once fiery Zealots there shall Christians prove,  
 And feel their narrow Souls dilate with Love:  
 Unnumber'd Worlds th'unbounded God adore,  
 And uncreated Evil be no more.

The cleverness in that last line is notable. You will recall that St. Thomas Aquinas solved the problem of how there could be any evil if the Creator was all good. The Summa's ingenious answer was that evil was what God did not create and operated in areas outside His Creation though not, of course, beyond His knowledge or jurisdiction as omniscient and benevolent.

Meanwhile, "sharper Lymph, or tumid Spleen" is the diagnosis of the maladjustments of embittered, envious men. Such critics should be bled (to let the bad humours, escape):

If thoughtless Rage the trivial Man possess,  
I wish him cooler Blood, or wish him—less.

There are further prescriptions for “sordid Slaves./ Pimps, Cowards, Gamesters, Parasites and Knaves” (whom literature should mark the way that the doors of infected houses were marked during plagues). A “covetous Monopolist of God” who has defended evil “Incurables” must be put down firmly. At this point we begin to suspect that the real author of the epistle is not the schoolboy Thomas Dale, but his physician father. There is a hint, too, that the Pope tradition of connecting poetry with society and not hesitating to bring regular, as well as merely literary, politics into serious verse is also appreciated in the colonies. Moreover, South Carolina at the time was very loyal to King George in England, if the author of this poem is to be believed, whether he was a schoolboy in England sent there from the colonies or, more credibly, a South Carolinian who would send his son to study and live in a Britain to which the political links are still strong. Whichever is the author, father or son, and I stress that it is for its connection with South Carolina rather than with any particular son of the state or indeed any particular virtue in the verse that readers of this journal may find real interest in it, the poet prays:

O may I be the first from hence, to hail,  
Tho’ late, thy Empire-first-howe’er I fail.

The poet is proud to be from Charlestown, “the Mart three marshy Rivers lave.” The present writer (named Ashley and of Ashley Cooper background) was always taught Charleston involved two rivers, the Ashley River and the Cooper River (“which meet to form the Atlantic Ocean”)<sup>3</sup>. The poet concludes with profuse apology. Apology was one thing not at all like the stance of Alexander Pope. He was well aware of his own genius, from his earliest age a divine gift (he “lispd in numbers, for the numbers came”). Here the poet of the colonies states that his love for Pope is great but his ability to imitate him small, his aim higher than his achievement.

While for thy Wit, thy Worth, I draw my pen,  
And judge the first of Poets, best of men.

Now, Pope was petty as well as poetical, egotistical as well as hugely gifted; he was a little man with a very big temper, hindered by lack of acceptance of his religion and even of his physical appearance, consequently often spoiling for a fight. To call him the best of men the present writer, who chronicled Pope’s battles with the poet-laureate Colley Cibber, in a critical biography of the latter, would not agree: I would say Pope bested Cibber but in the long run Cibber came out best, more genial, and incidentally immortalized by a literary opponent who hoped to demolish Cibber. But it is not to recall the Pope-Cibber pamphlet war that this little piece is written. Rather it is to bring to the attention of readers of today an early pamphlet from one South Carolina writer—whichever one of those it was.

# N O T E S   A P P E N D I N G T H E   C O M M E N T A R Y

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## ON THE HORATIAN EPIGRAPH AND SOUTH CAROLINA BACKGROUND

*by Christi Conti*

1. The following quotation from the epigraph is from Horace's "Only a Pindaric poet can sing praises of Augustus:"

———*Circa nemus, uvidiq*  
*Fluminis Ripas, operosa parvus*  
*Carmina fingo*

Horace's original verse reads:

plurimum circa nemus uvidique  
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus  
carmina fingo.

These lines come from a section of the poem praising poet Illus Antonius. Translated by Niall Rudd in *Horace Odes and Epics* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2004) 223, the lines contained in the epigraph are understood to mean "...fashion in some small way my painstaking songs" and are taken from a stanza of the ode translated as follows: "A mighty breeze lifts the swan of Dirce, Antonius, when he soars into the lofty regions of the clouds. I, in manner and method like a Matine bee that with incessant toil sips the lovely thyme around the woods and riverbanks of well-watered Tibur, fashion in a small way my painstaking songs."

2. After completing his medical studies at the University of Leyden in 1723, Dale practiced medicine in London before emigrating to South Carolina in 1732. Although he continued his work as a physician, he was better known in South Carolina for his legal and political contributions. From 1733 until his death in 1750, Dale was active in South Carolina's government, serving terms as assistant justice, justice of the peace, administrator of a slave detention workhouse, and member of the Upper House of the South Carolina assembly. In addition to his medical and political service, he also wrote poetry and satire. Many of his poems, including "Epilogue to the Orphan," "Epilogue to the Recruiting Officer," and "The Congratulation Humbly Address'd to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield on His 68 Preachments in Forty Days, with the Great and Visible Effect of Meat and Money that Ensued Therefrom, &c" were published in the *South Carolina Gazette* and *Gentleman's Magazine* between the years 1735 and 1740. His satirical work, particularly "The Puff," a condemnation of the medical practices of fellow Charlestonian Dr. James Killpatrick, is thought to have been influenced by Swift and Pope and was published in the *Gazette* in 1739. See Roslyn L. Knutson "Thomas Dale," ed. James A. Levernier and Douglass R. Wilmes, *American Writers Before 1800* (Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1983) 413-415 and "Strangers to Us All: Lawyers and Poetry." 21 Feb. 2005.<<http://www.wvu.edu/~lawfac/jelkins/lp-2001/dale.html>>.

For more information on South Carolina's early literary magazines, see Richard Calhoun's essay, "The Unremembered Heritage: Charleston Antebellum Literary Magazines," in this issue of *The South Carolina Review*. A former *SCR* editor and Clemson Alumni Distinguished professor of English, Calhoun contributed much scholarship to the field of literary criticism, including *Southern Writing, the Unifying Strand* (1973), *A Tricentennial Anthology of South Carolina Literature* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press 1971), and his Doctor of Philosophy dissertation, *Literary Criticism in Southern Periodicals: 1828-1860* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press 1959). He also served as editor for *Witness to Sorrow: The Antebellum Autobiography of William J. Grayson* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press 1990), a text chronicling Grayson's life and work as both a South Carolina state senator and state representative, an U.S. Congressman, and a *Southern Review* contributor.

3. Charleston's Ashley and Cooper Rivers were originally named the Kiawah and Wando, respectively, by the Native Americans who inhabited the land, and were later renamed in honor of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Lord Ashley, later Earl of Shaftesbury. Ashley was Chief Proprietor of the Lords Proprietors, a group of men who had shown exemplary service to King Charles II, and who, as a reward for their loyalty, were given the land located between southern Virginia and the San Mathias River. Lord Ashley aimed to make South Carolina an aristocratic state under the rule of the eight Proprietors. He appointed Robert Sandford to survey the newly acquired territory and enlisted philosopher John Locke's expertise in writing a charter for the new colony. After South Carolina's earliest British establishment, Charles Town (later Charleston), was moved to its permanent location between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, Lord Ashley directed the city's layout with an interest in both aesthetics and functionality. See John Francis Marion, *The Charleston Story* (Harrisburg, PA: Stackpole Books, 1978), Mrs. St. Julien Ravelin, *Charleston: The Place and the People* (New York: McMillan Company, 1912 Reprinted 1972), and Robert Goodwyn Rhett, *Charleston: An Epic of Carolina* (Richmond, VA: Garrett and Massie Inc., 1940). The Ashley and Cooper Rivers not only impacted South Carolina's early economy, settlements, and population, but also provided inspiration for antebellum literature. The following poem, *Ashley River*, signed "G.," was originally published in March 1838 edition of the *Southern Literary Journal* (Vol. 3 No. 3 Charleston: J. S. Burges Reprinted New York: AMS Press, Inc. 1967) 175. Also see Calhoun's "The Unremembered Heritage: Charleston Antebellum Literary Magazines."

## ASHLEY RIVER.

### I.

Still, still, thou gentle river,  
 A long, a last farewell:  
 I fly from thee forever,  
 In other climes to dwell;  
 And never more, thus roving,

Along thy banks, shall I,  
Behold a stream so worthy loving,  
Beneath the blessed sky.

## II.

Thou hast blessed me with a beauty  
Like a smile from the Most High;—  
Thou hast cheer'd me with a murmur  
Of music melting by—  
I have seen thee in thy glory,  
When the loved ones saw thee too,  
But we see them now no longer,  
To them and thee, adieu.

## III.

Sad parting with thy waters,  
Sweet waters of my youth;  
When every hour was gladness,  
When every tone was truth—  
Dark clouds have come about me,  
Thou, too, hast felt the change,  
And thy billows only flout me,  
With a murmur stern and strange.

## IV.

Yet, well my heart has loved thee,  
And, alas! it loves thee still;  
It cannot soon forget thee,  
Let me roam where'er I will—  
Thou still art to my spirit,  
Like a smile from the Most High—  
Thou art still most worthy loving  
Beneath the blessed sky. G.

