

To My Dear Agnes

Breathe gently, ye winds, o'er the sea,
And crowd my love's sails on the main,
Oh! send home my Harry, to me
From the blood tinged wave of the slain.

Sweet wanderer, Oh! light thy bland ray
And point to the weary his home,
Oh! trace to my lover his way,
His path on the whitening foam.

Thy beam that falls weary and bland,
Like the hopes of a far distant good.
Points still with a gladdening hand,
To the pilgrim that roams on the flood.

Peace, peace to the pilgrim afar
That rides on the ocean so blue:
Fair beam of the mariner's star
Oh! shine ever brightly and true

Sweet mourner! why pale is thy hue?
Smile, smile on the refluent spray,
Oh! tell him, his bride bed is new,
His love weeps his long, long delay.

He comes, 'oer the echoing wave,
The flash of the signal I see;
Hail! hail to the heart of the brave!
Oh! welcome my Harry, to me!

J SC: