

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 ting'd wave of the main~~

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

Miss Agnes Campbell

Cambridge