

TO HENRY.

[*Written to a Russian Air.*]

How I hail this morn's appearing !

It will thee, my love, restore:

Safety danger past endearing,

Sure we meet to part no more !

Fame is thine, lo ! crowds aver it,

And her smile is dear to thee ;

But I charge thee, don't prefer it

E'er again to home and me.

Thou, thy country's call obeying,
Hast her battles nobly fought ;
And, thy ready zeal repaying,
See, she gives the laurels sought.

But have I no claims, my rover ?
Claims as fondly dear to thee ?
Yes, O yes ! and, wandering over,
Thou wilt rest with love and me.

Ha ! methinks, thy glances reading,
From thine eyes my fate I know ;
Duty still love's claim impeding,
Thou again must seek the foe.

Of my fears too dread revival!

Yet, with tearful joy I see,

Duty is the only rival

Potent over love and me.