

R A W B E R R Y.

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SONNET

TO THE CURLEW.

Upon its lowly bed,
The Lime may fling
The zephyr's wing,
And juices shed,
Blossoms spread—
Remembrance bring
An enchanting spring;
Nor ever fled!
Childhood rise to view,
Such fancy loves to trace;
A fair fruit of rosy hue
With modest grace.
Old later years renew,
And crowd the space!

Sooth'd by the murmurs on the sea-beat shore,
His dun-grey plumage floating to the gale,
The Curlew blends his melancholy wail
With those hoarse sounds the rushing waters pour.
Like thee, congenial bird! my steps explore
The bleak lone sea-beach, or the rocky dale,—
And shun the orange bower, the myrtle vale,
Whose gray luxuriance suits my soul no more.
I love the ocean's broad expanse, when drest
In limpid clearness, or when tempests blow:
When the smooth currents on its placid breast
Flow calm, as my past moments us'd to flow;
Or when its troubled waves refuse to rest,
And seem the symbol of my present woe.