

**THE BUCCANEER
AND OTHER POEMS**

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The buccaneer and other poems by John Malcolm

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JOHN MALCOLM

**THE BUCCANEER
AND OTHER POEMS**

THE BUCCANEER,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

By JOHN MALCOLM,

Late of the 42d Regiment.

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AND

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PREFACE.

THE composition of the following Poems has been the amusement of some of the Author's leisure hours. Such as they are, he now submits them to the Public, not without considerable fears with regard to their reception; especially as the circumstances, which he might plead in palliation of their imperfections, would by no means excuse their publication.

If, however, they have any merit, the world is not unjust; and if destitute of that, the Author cannot, for his own sake, regret that they should be speedily forgotten.

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THE BUCCANEER.

CANTO I.

FAR o'er the waters, bright with evening's ray,
The vessel holds her solitary way ;
Her white sails hover o'er the foam below,
Dashed from the billows by her bounding prow :
And huge and high, like brooding wings out-
spread,

Cast far behind a lone and mighty shade.
Hark from the topmast sounds the welcome cry
Of " Land a-head!" like cloud 'twixt sea and sky :
Emerging slowly from their boiling seas,
Soar the dark summits of the Orcades ;

Amid whose Isles the ocean's desert homes,
Wild as a prisoned maniac, Pentland foams,
Careers through stormy straits with rushing
 roar,
And bursts in thunder on each savage shore.

And who is he whose brief and stern command
His crew obey with instant heart and hand?
Who sends in musing mood his wandering eye,
Far o'er the ocean's bright immensity?
Years had rolled on since o'er its distant wave
He saw his home sink down as in a grave:
And now its lonely mountains rise again,
To hail that wanderer of the pathless main;
Each early scene that meets his ardent gaze,
Reminds him now of brighter, happier days.
With these come darker thoughts and wilder
 dreams,
That rush like clouds o'er memory's moonlight
 gleams,—
The pangs that pass not, and the vain regret,
His heart fain would, but never can forget.