MARICAN, AND OTHER POEMS

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Marican, and Other Poems by Henry Inglis

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HENRY INGLIS

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AND OTHER POEMS

BY

HENRY INGLIS

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS EDINBURGH AND LONDON MDCCCLI **К.н.**, •

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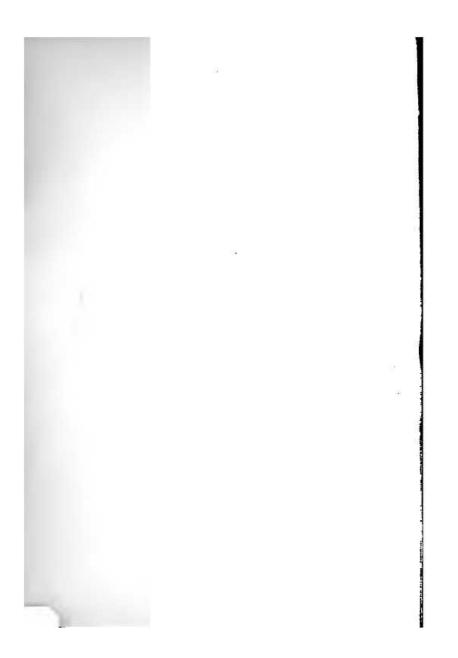
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MARICAN

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I

THE ESCAPE

'TIS night, and the night is still in her prime ; The glittering Cross of a Southern clime---

The sky-clock—tells the hours To dwellers in a land that is not mine,---Where cloud and ocean thro' the darkness shine, And laughing lustrous bowers

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MARICAN

Of clustered stars in constellations bloom, Distinct and distant flung Like beacon-lamps upon a sea of gloom, Or diamond crescents hung At intervals in some sultana's hair;— He sparkling are the gems, so deep the blackness there.¹

Masses of vapour of glorious hue— Orange, and violet, and asure-blue— Float ever on the sight, Then drift on the distant breezes that play Ou the shores where Earth's limits fade away,— Amongst the shades of night. All above tells of beauty and gladness; Music we cannot hear, Harmonies that know no sadness, Echo from sphere to sphere, I'util they blend around th' Eternal Throne — Hosannas of far workis to us unknown ! *

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THE ESCAPE

The perfumed breeze of the land is dying, And a warlike ship asleep is lying

Upon a sleeping sea ;

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And an armed launch astern lies towing

In the tide-way up the river flowing

With calm rapidity.

The morning saw the galley full of life,

Manned by a fearless crew

As ever trod the ruddy deck of strife

Upon the ocean blue:

The breeze of evening bore their parting breath-

Nobly they fought, and in a noble cause : Such valour for historic land and laws

Had earned immortal fame. But the Indian rover may fight or flee, May die by the sword or the gallows-tree---

He dies the death of shame.

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