TO

PHILIPPA

"SOLE DAUGHTER OF MY HOUSE AND HEART."
POCAHONTAS.

How fair thy image shines, oh forest maid,
Within the charmed mirror of the past!
While those romantic hills and streams shall last,
Above them still shall brood thy modest shade.
We see thee gliding down the moonlit glade,
And thro' the panther-haunted wood, in haste,
To warn the famished strangers of the fast
Approaching arrow stroke; we see still laid
Upon thy pitying breast, that gallant head,
Whose blood those tawny arms were raised to shed;
Behold thee, kneeling, yield thy wildwood faith,
And on the altar step bestow thy hand;
And far from home, and in an alien land,
Resign thy meek and loving soul to Death.