

THE GIRL OF OTAHEITE.

("O! dis-moi, tu veux fuir?")

[Bk. IV, vii., Jan. 31, 1821.]

Forget? Can I forget the scented breath
Of breezes, sighing of thee, in mine ear;
The strange awaking from a dream of death,
The sudden thrill to find thee coming near?
Our huts were desolate, and far away
I heard thee calling me throughout the day,
No one had seen thee pass,
Trembling I came. Alas!
Can I forget?

Once I was beautiful; my maiden charms
Died with the grief that from my bosom fell.
Ah! weary traveller! rest in my loving arms!
Let there be no regrets and no farewell!
Here of thy mother sweet, where waters flow,
Here of thy fatherland we whispered low;
Here, music, praise, and prayer
Filled the glad summer air.
Can I forget?

Forget? My dear old home must I forget?

And wander forth and hear my people weep,

Far from the woods where, when the sun has set,

Fearless but weary to thy arms I creep;

Far from lush flow'rets and the palm-tree's moan

I could not live. Here let me rest alone!

Go! I must follow nigh,

With thee I'm doomed to die,

Never forget!

CLEMENT SCOTT