

EXPECTATION.

("Moune, écureuil.")

[xx.]

Squirrel, mount yon oak so high,
To its twig that next the sky
 Bends and trembles as a flower!
Strain, O stork, thy pinion well,--
From thy nest 'neath old church-bell,
Mount to yon tall citadel,
 And its tallest donjon tower!
To your mountain, eagle old,
Mount, whose brow so white and cold,
 Kisses the last ray of even!
And, O thou that lov'st to mark
Morn's first sunbeam pierce the dark,
Mount, O mount, thou joyous lark--
 Joyous lark, O mount to heaven!
And now say, from topmost bough,
Towering shaft, and peak of snow,
 And heaven's arch--O, can you see
One white plume that like a star,
Streams along the plain afar,

And a steed that from the war
Bears my lover back to me?

JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN.