

Arbiter "A Corsair's Name"

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"O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the scepter all who meet obey. (all who meet
obey)
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range From toil to
rest,
And joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell?
Not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare,
Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair!
Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn
beside;
And fair the monument they gave his bride:
For him they raise not the recording stone—
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known. (too
widely known)
For him, they raise not, the recording stone.
He left a corsair's name to other times, Link'd with one
virtue, and a thousand crimes."
... Crimes.

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