

LESSON LXXIV.

VERSES SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK  
(ROBINSON CRUSOE), IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O solitude! where are the charms,  
Which sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain,  
My form with indifference see;  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
Oh! had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again.

My sorrows I then might assauge  
In the ways of religion and truth;  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.