

# **THE BEACON TREE.**

(AT TIPTREE.)

AIR,—"The Sea—the Sea—the open Sea!"

THE Tree—the Tree—the Beacon Tree!  
The green—the tall—the dear to me;  
Without a peer,—on its high ground,  
It guideth the "tar's" rough course around:  
It sports with the clouds—it braves the blast,  
And, like a mountain, still stands fast.

I'm up the Tree—I'm up the Tree!  
I am where I would often be;  
With the blue above, and the view below,  
And beauties where'er the eye doth go!—  
If a storm come on, and its branches sweep,  
No matter,—I can crouch and peep!

I love—O! how I love to stride  
Up our famed Elm, in summer tide!  
When no mad passions importune,  
Or tempests mar delightful June;  
And tell how goeth the scene around,  
And why proud plenty will abound.

I never was on the sod below  
But I long'd again up its trunk to go;  
And up I sped to its leafy vest,  
Like the thief that seeketh a miser's chest:  
And a glory it was and is to me,  
For I've such joys up the Beacon Tree!

The day was fair, and from mists free,  
At the time when first I saw this Tree;  
The sun it glisten'd—the landscape glow'd,  
And the homesteads snug their white walls show'd:  
And never was heard such a concert sweet,  
As from the woodlands my ears did greet.

I have roam'd since then both far and wide,  
To many a spot, *some* people's pride;  
With power to charm and room to range,  
But never for these have wish'd to change;—  
And Fate, whenever she comes for me,  
Must come near to Tiptree's Beacon Tree!

C. C.

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