

## THE ISLES OF SORROW.

SOMEWHERE they lie beneath the purple skies.

Poor heart! full often, in their lonely woods,

A hermit thou hast been, where sadness broods  
On beast and bird and flow'r; where tall oaks rise  
And spread their hands, in supplication, wise,  
And pines bend low, like monks with darkish  
hoods.

And thou, dear heart, victim of many moods,  
Wand'rest down the wide path of sobs and sighs.

The Isles of Sorrow! He, who's felt their sting  
Of bitterness, has first sailed life's blue seas,  
The breezes playing lute-like melodies,  
When suddenly a finger snaps the string  
Of joy and hurls him praying to the sod,  
In lonely fields, beneath the eyes of God.