

The dead! they heed not storm nor sun,
Affection's tear nor hatred's will,
Nor how our devious fortunes run
Beside the blue Belleisle.

Ah, heart no more by passion lost!
Ah, heart no more to doubt a slave!
Who, who can count the loved and lost,
That moulder in the grave.

They rest with you, and you with them
Shall slumber in a little while,
And pain and woe no more shall know
Beside the Blue Belleisle.