

As o'er the ocean a swallow went flying
Light hearted and blithesome, it knew not a
care,
On its long slender plunions for safety relying,
It sped o'er the waters so glassy and fair.
For out from the breakers which thundered
around
It flew, with no thought of a danger, that day,
Till weary with breasting the mirror like sea,
It sought for some station at which to delay.
But far out of sight is the land in the distance,
No island or light house afforded a rest;
Ah! where should she find the much needed
assistance,
Oh, where on that vast waste of water find
rest,
With plunions that moved with a motion so
gay,
The bird that had started so thoughtlessly
away,
Seeks wildly for rest on the ocean so dreary,
And longs for the heaven so far far away.
And so doth our spirit in life become weary
When far o'er the ocean so thoughtless hath
flown.
The fairest surroundings at length become
dreary,
And the turn about to the scenes it has
known.