

Watching alone, for I could not sleep,
Praying that God would grant me to weep,
Bowing down 'neath the solemn sky
Seeking for but one little sigh,
But hearing naught but the sea-bird's cry,
Far o'er the sea.

Seeing clear through the dark'ning night
(Was it my own gloom that made *it* bright?)
Forms that, like clouds when tempest tost,
Crowded around, and passed and crossed,
Phantoms of all I had loved and lost
Far o'er the sea.

Secing my own home's fireside
Without my mother, its greatest pride;
Looking out with a dull despair
Far off to my own land, and missing there
The sacred gray of my father's hair,
Ah me! ah me!

Missing another, my own, own love
That none but One alone could remove;
She, of her will, had not left me so,
All to myself in my bitterest woe
To sit by the black sea's ebb and flow
Far o'er the sea.

Seeming to tread the forest glade
Where once (did I ever play?) I played,
But seeing a church with moss o'er grown
That casts its shade on a well known stone,
And throwing me down with a heart wrung moan,
Ah me! ah me!