

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 !