

A dark dark shade on my bosom lies,  
And nights of sorrow have dimmed these eyes ;  
The roses have fled from my pallid cheek,  
And the grief that I feel no words can speak ;  
I have made my home with the graves of the dead,  
And the cold earth pillows my aching head !

He will come !—he will come !—I know it now ;  
The waves are dancing before his prow ;  
He comes to speak peace to my aching heart,  
To tell me we never again shall part ;  
I can hear his voice in the freshening breeze,  
As his bark glides o'er the rippling seas,  
And my heart will break forth into laughter and song,  
When I lead him back through the gazing throng.

Ah, no—where yon shade on the water lies  
The slow-rising moon deceives my eyes,  
And the tide of sorrow within my breast  
Rolls on like the billows that never rest ;