

And when I dream of home across the sea,
 With childhood's many joys,
 I often wish that I were free,
 And once again a child with toys.

Those happy days with me are o'er,
 With none other than myself to blame;
 And here upon this foreign shore,
 My grave will bear a felon's name.

'Tis oft I view the blue and boundless sea,
 And watch the crafts that glide along;
 No news from home are brought to me,
 I see them pass, I hear the seaman's song.

My locks are turning grey, my sight becoming dim,
 My footsteps slower than of yore;
 And soon I must be called by Him,
 For I have reached in years four score.

Could I become a child once more,
 And listen to that mother's voice,
 My aim would be to reach that shore,
 Where angels in their home rejoice.

Far from the scenes of childhood's years,
 I spent a godless reckless life;
 And many are the bitter tears,
 That sorely rend my heart with strife.

My poor old mother died and left her boy,
 An exile from his native land;
 But we shall meet again in joy,
 Upon yon distant shining strand.

The time is short ere the die be cast,
 'Twill be from death unto eternal life;
 A pardon has been granted for the past,
 And my future home yon city free of strife.

My eyes are growing dim, methinks 'tis night,
 Yet still I feel His gentle hand;
 I see that bright and shining light,
 I have almost reached "That promised land."

Young men I beg of you my dying warning take,
 And strive to enter that straight and narrow gate
 Your lives will be whatever you may make,
 Trust not yourselves to such a thing as fate.