

LAMENT OF A YOUTH DYING IN A FOREIGN LAND.

I am far from my home and my parents so dear,
 None but hard-hearted strangers unto me are near;
 O why did I ramble! O why did I roam!
 In the time of affliction there's no place like home.
 O how I wish I with my parents had stayed,—
 Their kind counsels and warnings had I but obeyed,
 I would not have been here, in sorrow and pain,—
 O that I could once more but see them again!
 O, if to their arms now I only could fly,
 To ask their forgiveness before that I die;
 But those wishes are vain, for that never can be,
 My dear loving parents no more I will see.
 Had I treasure laid up in heaven above,
 O now what a blessing to me it would prove;
 But gold was my idol, for it I did sigh,
 And now I have gained it, alas, I must die!
 No hope now is left me,—in anguish—alone—
 My thoughts wander back to the days that are gone;
 The bright days of childhood, but they are all passed,
 And now in a strange land I must breathe my last.
 Ah listen, ye youths, unto me while I tell,—
 Be content with your lot if you know when you're well,
 For if ever you venture afar for to roam,
 You'll find there is no place so pleasant as home.

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