

I have watched the return of my true-love's bark,
From the sun's uprising till midnight dark ;
I have watched and wept through the weary day,
But his ship on the deep is far away ;
I have gazed for hours on the whitening track
Of the pathless waters, and called him back,
But my voice returned on the moaning blast,
And the vessel I sought still glided past.

We parted on just such a lovely night :
The billows were tossing in cloudless light,
And the full bright moon on the waters slept;
And the stars above us their vigils kept,
And the surges whispered a lullaby,
As low and as sweet as a lover's sigh—
And he promised, as gently he pressed my hand,
He would soon return to his native land.

But long months have fled, and this burning brain
Is seared with weeping and watching in vain.
