

Tears.

Ah, thirsty floor of the prison cell,
 Calling to fountains deep,
Pressing the eyes their dues to pay,
 Pressing the hearts that weep.

Deep are the cells of the castle keep,
 Eloquent walls of stone,
Touching the source of silent speech,
 Echoes of speechless moan.

What river is this that flows so free?
 Spring from the heart of God!
Washing the eyes with holy balm,
 Straining to find the road.

Ah, holy beach of the tyrant land,
 Where fugitives watch and pray;
A sail! a sail! in the oiling stand,
 Hail! signal to sail away.

O thirsty sand, to drink the tears
 That flow from freemen's eyes,
O might of prayer, with arms uplift,
 Clasping the merciful skies.

Tears from the loved ones left behind,
 Tears from the loved ones gone,
Tears like the rain drops kissing the sea,
 Oh, when shall tears be gone?