

It is four years ago, more than that, since I started
Away from my home. Well, I'm not chicken-hearted,
But your accent, your manner, the things you have
said,
Have just taken me back to the life I once led.

And it seems there's a canker that Time will not heal,
Though I certainly thought that I never should feel
Its soreness again. I had settled down here,
Thinking happiness mine, till your lordship drew near.

And now, with your talk of the land of my birth,
All those sad recollections you rudely unearth.
Don't apologise, man, for I'm glad it is so,
There's a joy in the grief that I wouldn't forego.

There's a joy in remembering all that has been,
And recalling the pleasures that once I have seen ;
And if bitterness follows, I'm ready to suffer,
For this morsel is sweet though the next may be
tougher.