

And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whist others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

105

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
He seized his harp which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deemed he no strange ear was listening :
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he poured his last "Good Night."

110

115

1.

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue ;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight ;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night !

120

125

2.

A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth ;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate ;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;
My dog howls at the gate.

130

3.

"Come hither, hither, my little page !
Why dost thou weep and wail ?

135

105. KEPT up their moaning in concert with the gales.