

Then I left behind me this island fair,  
With its wondrous charm and fragrant air,  
And ere night had fallen had crossed the sea,  
And come to the land of the banyan tree,  
Where nature is wrapped in mystery deep,  
And the gods in the cups of the Lotus-flower sleep;  
And even my spirit felt its spell,  
For I scarcely breathed as the twilight fell;  
And when o'er the palm-trees and temples fair  
The crescent moon hung in the evening air,  
And from shadowy doorways and wayside shrines near  
The chant of the Koran fell on my ear;  
Still more did its mystery my spirit fill,  
For I felt that I only could breathe and be still.

And so on to the Isles of the West I roam,  
Which the hearts of the exiles ever call home;  
And I think that the primrose and hare-bells blue  
Are emblems of hearts that are ever true,  
And the shamrock doth also with elfin grace  
Claim for itself in my heart a place;  
So I whisper them each that no fairer land  
Have I found in my wanderings from strand to strand;  
They each have their charm and magic spell,  
And loving hearts in each one doth dwell.

---