

WANDERLIED.

I was a wanderer on wind swept shores
And fared among the dwellers by the sea,
In hamlet quaint, in port, in market town,
On lonely road or with good company,
Through stormy days of struggle and defeat,
Beneath the gloom of ever-frowning fate,
Still striving on, until my weary feet
Found out the pleasant paths of brighter days
And kindlier suns shone forth from clearer skies
And flowers appeared along earth's vernal ways,—
Then, when toward an inland realm afar
I wandered on a smiling summer day,
There chanced among the roses blooming there
A beauteous maiden by that selfsame way.



SONNET.

O far beyond the rolling of the wave,
Beyond the barren leagues of ocean foam,
Could I but fly to thee from these wild shores
And rest awhile within thy English home,
Where roses hang about thy chamber's walls,
And sweet laburnum scents the passing breeze,
While all around thy charmed presence gives
A strange, sweet influence to the flowers and trees!
Could I but fly to thee, and once again
The silvery music of thy sweet voice hear,
And look again into thy tender eyes
And see the gleam of kindness shining there!
O wild, wide ocean, and O cruel sea,
A lonely exile ye have made of me.

