

We listen and we think we hear
The murmurous roaring on the shore
Of God's great boundless sea.
Strive as we may, we hear no more.
Yet hark again! - 't is there. -
Alas! the fancy comes and goes.
All that of wider view there is
Beyond the bills, One only knows.

When Day departs

When day departs - ere the lights are lit -
By the fireside's soothing glow,
'Tween waking and sleeping I love to sit
With my thoughts of a long ago.

A long ago! ah, dear, sunny days
Of a youth that was yet untried,
When joying and working I chose the ways
That led to this eventide.