

The Joy-Bringer.

Far o'er the lonely hills I went
 All in a pensive mood;
 My heart was sad, my hope was gone,
 I wept in solitude.

And wandering down a vale I came;
 I paused beside a rill
 That rustling from the wooded hills
 Sang forth so loud and shrill.

"Why, gleaming brooklet, rushest thou
 So joyfully along?
 What in this lonely vale calls forth
 Thy heart-inspiring song?"

Far o'er the spacious world I've roamed,
 All joy and hope I've lost.
 And 'mid the waves of dark unrest
 My weary soul is tost.

No human form by me is locked
 In friendship's dear embrace;
 My longing eyes, though all in vain,
 Gaze on each passing face.

Nothing of latent joy I see
 In those who pass me by;
 Then wherefore brooklet singest thou
 So joyful? Tell me why?"

"From up among the hills I come
 O youth nor long was there;
 But fell from tempest clouds on high
 Amid the lightning's glare.

And forward fast I'm rushing now
 Towards the mighty sea;
 Adown the shining vales I flash
 Beneath the lofty tree.

Naught in this lonely vale calls forth
 My heart inspiring song,
 But flowing, flowing on my way
 With joy I leap along.