

III.

My native land ! still, still I think of thee ;
By day and night the oft-recurring thought
Brings intermingled pain and joy to me.
And oft I curse the fortune which has brought
These days of exile and of solitude
To one who longs for peace and quietude.

IV.

My life has not been sinless, yet what sin
Have I committed that my punishment
Should be so great ! An aching heart within
Still makes me sorrowful. Why was I sent,
Far from my home, to wander lonely here,
Apart from those whose love I hold so dear ?

V.

I met and loved her whom I may not wed,
And, ere I knew that she could not be mine,
I thought that God upon my life had shed
A brighter light than had been wont to shine.
And, sure, this power cometh from above ;
He teacheth us to love, whose name is Love.