

It was May in the dear old homeland,  
And the woods and valleys green  
Were a vision of radiant beauty,  
For summer now reigned as queen.  
The lark sang high in the heavens,  
Filling the air with song,  
And the thrush with its liquid melody  
Was glad as the day was long.  
The brooks through the meadows rippled,  
Reflecting the sun's bright ray;  
And the whole earth joined in singing  
To the summer a welcoming lay.

May, in an Eastern city, under burning skies,  
Where many a weary exile for the dear old homeland  
cries;  
Only those know the longing and pain  
Who have spent long years on the sun-dried plain,  
Whom days of toil under a pitiless sun  
Have robbed of hope ere the race was won.  
Those who each year are free to go  
To the hills where the cooling breezes blow;  
Where they see afar off the snow-clad peaks,  
And nature in all her beauty speaks,  
Of the weary striving know but the least,  
For they see but the bright side of life in the East.

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