

to one whose place on earth is not,
with throbbing heart love's rapturous
n.

I reach'd the cottage on the moor,
here I spent the sunshine of my days,
as I approach'd my father's door,
I heard the evening hymn of praise.

My brother raised the sacred song,
his thrilling notes were sweet and clear,
his rustic strains were wild and strong,
but my mother's voice was wanting there.

It was ended and the prayer was o'er,
I received each dear, dear friend's embrace,
I told them that we should part no more,
and they consign'd me to the land of peace.

I bathed my cheek with tears of joy,
my brother with his feelings strove,
my father bless'd his long lost boy
with the fervour of a parent's love.

My happiness will quickly fade—
it vanished like the setting beam,
the scenes which busy fancy made,
and all the sweet delusions of a dream.