

I'll think of thee.

I will think of thee in the twilight hour,

When the crystal dew kisses the tenderest flower;

When the pale moon peers over the eastern hill,

And her soft beams rest on the placid rill;

I will think of thee when day's cares are o'er,

And the weary soul seeks dreamland's shore.



I will think of thee in the still night,

When the stars look down from their orbits bright;

When distant worlds through boundless space,

Round a central orb their pathways trace;

When the chainless mind roams far and free,

I will pause in its freedom to think of thee!



I will think of thee in the morning light,

When vanish the darksome shades of night;

When the sun sends forth his dazzling ray,

And the wakeful lark proclaims the day.