

I oft have had a sad and heart
When parting from my friends
But nothing can my spirit break
Or cause it far to bend
It is but yesterday I left
My friends as well as foes
To wander o'er the ocean wild
To encounter many woes

But misfortune is my friend
I meet her in every turn
I take around the earth
And she never doth me spurn
Of all the friends I ever knew
Misfortune was the first
We meet in every stage of life
And yet she is the worst

This day my spirits are very low
Banned by some frightful dream
That fills my mind in sleeping hours
Which like reality seems
And yet the cause I do not know
Without it is the wicked life
That I am almost forced to live
In this world of toil and strife

And yet am I in they do not lead
They are of an earthly kind
First upon some fearful strife
Then something else doth fill my mind
And that perhaps in some lone vale
I find my self a lone
A thinking of one that gone
Unto her heavenly home

But misfortune was my theme
When first I did commence
To fill this page up with my verse
But here's a word in self defence
The cause I say is troubled sleep
~~They being the first thing in my mind~~
~~the first thing in my mind~~
That caused me to digress
And this I think excuse enough

The deck of the outward bound

How seldom we dream of the mariners grave
Laid down by the coral strand
How little we think of the wind and wave
When all we love are on land
The hurricane comes and the hurricane goes
And little the heed we take
Though the tree may snap as the tempest blows
And the walls of the homestead shake
But the stormy gale tells a different tale
With a voice of different sound
When a loved one is under a close reefed sail
On the deck of an outward bound

How wistfully when we look on the slight
As the threatening clouds go by
As the wind gets up and the last faint light
Is dying away in the sky
How we listen and gaze with a silent lip
And judge by the bending trees
How the same wild gust must toss the ship
And rouse the mighty deep
Ah sadly then do we meet the day
When the signs of storms are found
And pray for the loved one far away
On the deck of an outward bound

There is one that I cherished when hand in hand
We roved o'er the lowland and lee
And I thought my love for that one on land
Was earnest as love could be
But now that he hath gone out on the tide
I find that I worship the more
And I think the waters deep and wide
As I look on the flowers on shore
I have watched the wind I have watched the stars
And I want from the tempest sound
For my heart's things are weathered with the stars
That carry the outward bound

I have slept when the zephyr for got to creep
And the sky was without a frown
But I started soon from that peaceful sleep
With the dream of a ship going down
I have sat in the field when the corn was in shock
And the reapers hook was bright
But my fancy conjured the breaker and rock
In the dead of a moonless night