

Do you men call it madness, folly;  
You shall not chase my gleam away.  
Where's such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure  
That fills my bosom when I sigh,  
You would not rob me of a treasure  
Richer than all the world can buy.

*Breith*

Love is not in our power;  
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice;  
We have where fate ordains we should.  
Edmund.

*Louise*

Be kind to thy Brother,  
That soon must depart  
The Ocean's blue waters to span.  
For the love of a sister  
Is dear to his heart,  
As a home to the wandering man.  
For he never will forget thee  
On the home that he loves,  
While time and his reason remain,  
But ever will cherish  
Kind thoughts of the hours  
Went spent in the home of his friends.

Be kind to thy Brother,  
While absent afar.  
On the Ocean's broad bosom to roam,  
In quest of a fortune  
That home hath denied,  
No one of its unwearied sons,  
Remember though absent, his heart is with those,  
That surround the loved circle at home,  
And there will remain till permitted again,  
The reunion of friends and of home.