

The Sailors The Sailors address to his Mother

For wandered far from thee, Mother
 Far from our happy home
 I've left the land that gave me birth
 To other climes to roam
 And time since then has rolled his years
 And marked them on my brow
 Yet still I've often thought of thee
 I'm thinking of thee now

I'm thinking of the day, Mother,
 When with such earnest pride,
 You watched the dawning of my youth,
 And pressed me to your side,
 Then love had filled my heart with
 High hopes of future joy,
 And the bright-fairy honors came
 To deck my darling boy

I'm thinking of the day, Mother,
 I felt the parting care
 When thy fond heart was lifted
 To Heaven - thy last was there;
 And memory brings those parting words,
 When tears fell o'er thy cheeks,
 But thy last loving anxious look
 Told me more than words can speak

I'm far away from thee, Mother,
 No friend is near me now
 To soothe me with a tender word
 Or cool my aching brow
 The dearest ties affection weave
 Are now all torn from me
 They left me when the trouble came
 They did not love like thee

My Childhoods Home Apl 18th 52 Lat 50° 50'

I think of my home of my childhoods home, when the stars are
 And oft at night in my troubled sleep of those joyous scenes
 Yes memory often wanders back to those days so swiftly
 When many a joyous hour I spent in my dearest friends

I think of my home, my cherished home when far o'er the seas
 And listening to the sea-birds cry and the waves so gaily
 For I think of the hours when with ~~some~~ kind friends on
 Beside that cot ^{some green mound reclining} when the moon was over
 it shining

I think of that bower by our mossy cot with the woodbine over
 Where many a joyous hour I spent when the little birds
 And the little rivulet murmured by and it sung to the
 And the nightingale would sing her song in the green and
 leafy bowers

And I think of the old churchyard where Willie and Martha
 And I know that angels over their graves are their nightly
 And the cypress trees are waving there, and beautiful flowers
 Around that green and mossy mound, where their cherished
 forms are reclining

I think of that little waterfall with silvery music
 And how oft we watched the ripples play as over the stones
 And oft we roamed in the old oak grove when the woods
 And watch the squirrels gliding about when the birds were
 And oft I think of a dearly loved friend and her voice is
 Loudly and clear in my listening ear as when I heard
 And her step was light as the startled deer when through
 And her merry laugh we often hear like the woodman
 are resounding

But years have passed since I viewed those scenes and time
 is swiftly flying
 And many a friend that I dearly loved in the old churchyard
 is lying
 And often when in far off lands or over distant seas I'm
 My heart wanders back to my childhoods home by that
 brook so gaily foaming

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Cheseller Apl 18th Lat 50° 50' Long 118° 58' Dennis Island bears 28
 East in sight off rock named Breckon