

In nature's garden I have strolled
 Where wildflowers bloom with sweet untold
 About all the blessings they contain
 Was fuel to a burning flame
 Which long has seared my very soul
 In hidden anguish yet untold

And there a whisper stole along
 As in some long forgotten song
 Which seemed to say remember me
 I'm still the same beyond the sea

And I have seen the noblest steed
 That Norway's plain could boast
 And in the tropic heat spurred to lead
 The onward clashing host
 But midst the song of joyful glee
 A sadness over my soul
 Whispered on my bosom, As the sea
 In restlessness must roll

Often in those fragrant eves
 When Luna's silver beam
 Was dancing o'er the olive trees
 Or peeping through between
 Whose pensively I have wandered
 For what I could not tell
 But how sweetly there I pondered
 I remember yet too well

The beauties of that verdant soil
 The fragrance of the clime
 Seemed not to reach the aching soul
 In that lone heart of mine

And I hailed the morning beam
 Brightening into day
 And seen within that waking dream
 A loved one far away

And one night when the moon had gone
 And left the stars alone
 A maiden wandering along
 Asked me to her home
 But when that guileless little tear
 No answer from me drew
 She quickly fled among the trees
 And vanished from my view

She left a kind a friendly voice
 There ringing in my ear
 I listened to that gentle noise
 And wished that she was near

And musing there alone it seemed
 That one from over the sea
 Should be to me that lonely dream
 With care alone for me

Reality waking me again
 I turned each care for home
 And now at last recrossed the main
 More doubtful and forlorn
 But all those clouds so darkly covering
 Which shadowed o'er my soul
 Are fleet and left the sunshine pouring
 In glorious floods untold

Come now though lingering years have fled
 And counted days are here
 My heart leaps forth once more to trace
 Beneath a sky as clear

I rested there whilst time flew on
 Unheeded in its way
 Life and eternity mingled into one
 Bright effulgent day

In this world it was arranged
 That all things in themselves must change
 And therefore joys shall pass away
 As hangings of a passing day
 While thus we linger here on earth
 Anticipating from our birth
 And if perhaps one joy we find
 It is transient as the fish that swims
 And when is caught a blissful joy
 It is mingled with that sad alloy
 Which mocks us with a coming woe
 And laughs at follies here below

Let us not leave one other breath
 As memory paints that living death
 It shall suffice for me to claim
 A woe whose greatness has no name