

But now alas the charm has flown
 Or in some half forgotten story
 Can but revive since he has known
 A joy which points to his Madone

It was summer once the month of June
 The wild birds sang were fresh in tune
 The meadows spread their carpets green
 The hazels lush along the stream
 Dint on their banks a verdant shade
 Which bends to kiss the we cascade
 Murmuring down the pebbly bed
 A cascade of some young's breast
 The little brook with witchy pranks
 Has thirt beneath the mossy banks

Shaped in foliage now seen
 Beneath this fragrant summer screen
 Le madone musing of the past
 Of joys which could never last

Her hand was careless thrown aside
 And raven locks unpolled with pride
 And over her snowy bosom lay
 Where the silent rephers gently played

But is a sound breaks through the screen
 And nearing still, what does it mean
 One moment more Madone's name
 Comes as of old. It is the same
 Hopes of years so long repressed
 The passion holds her to his breast

The question am I happy
 Unto myself I ask
 And answer it by musing
 Upon the brighter past

And yet although the ocean
 Is rolling for between
 I am musing of the hopeful
 And fancies idly dream

Though oft I find me lonely
 Some moments which are brief
 I lose my care by musing
 And in it find relief

There hangs a picture by me
 And in it I can trace
 The cause of all my musing
 Within its gentle face

And searching for perfection
 Some sadness seems to dwell
 Those lips as though musing
 Upon some bitter ill

It seems that I have waited
 Ever so long a while
 To hear that voice of music
 Or have those lips to smile

No verbal sonnet arises
 To soothe my willing ear
 But I look upon the semblance
 And feel the rising cheer

Portrayed in every feature
 Are happy words untold
 Which grant me in my musing
 All memory can unfold

Hope gathers to the faithful
 Which around me still arise
 And sparkle in profusion
 From those expressive eyes

And if those lips would whisper
 Or den but once to smile
 It would these silent shadows
 From this lone heart beguile

Then the question I will answer
 I am happy when I roam
 But only when I'm musing
 Of those I love at home