

May 1865-

As o'er the blue ethereal sky
 There meet there a cloud moves by
 I note their changeful path with care
 And mark what time of wind is there

At sunset when the fiery beam
 Trades into yellow the golden stream
 All has its time of airy flights
 Expectant through the coming night

The swell which flows along the main
 Has mystery lurking in its train
 Whose changeful course marks here portents
 Coming winds or the pleasant ones

And thought ^{what} delay no one knows
 Its advent here. Or path it takes
 Untill our sails are gently filled
 Or flapping obscure the waves is filled

But watching hope and hopeful guess
 And trust in time still none to less
 Yet often heedless of our sines
 Lost from our course, contending winds

But high we over the loneliest way
 Booming on waves night and day
 Claiming still for those which roam
 The bounteous joy of going home

June 1865-

Now high away for home once more
 Then let us dream ^{And happiness proclaim} that care is o'er
 Not to return again

And yet perhaps in years to come
 Some luckless hour ^{When grasping for domain} may bid us roam
 Upon the sea again

Then may I view the once wild hope
 I nursed so long in vain
 And see the rugged path I trod
 Yet worthless still the same

And may the love of home and friends
 The truest heart reclaim
 And joy in contentments lost
 And never roam again

Though aft we plan a quiet life
 In faith to keep the same
 When fate or fortune turns aside
 To send us off again

Experience bids us mortals here
 To let very well remain
 And leave some fortune to be laid
 When we shall roam again