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Whilst I stood musing time has brought
 The last empty old ocean's gloom
 My careless brain was lent me thought
 Of how much I should miss my home

It was when I had but four weeks' grace
 To stay at home I did not haste

But thoughtless said that four weeks more
 Was very long and I would be
 All reached then if not before --
 Then one week passed and there was three

Some how it seemed that week had gone
 So soon, the next would tarry long

But cross-grained time had ahead her wing
 And quick the moments flew away
 I saw at last it soon must bring
 The morning of a parting day

What long upon my heart would leave
 A pang which silently would grieve

And then I saw a few short days
 Remaining they had precious grown
 Whilst through my brain a thousand ways
 Were marked that I might get prolong

Their number which were fading fast
 As one by one went stealing past

At last I saw at close of day
 The sun o'er favorite hills go down
 The last few months should pass away
 In times steady but lagging round

One night remained no fuller rest
 Could make me dream that I was best

Unwelcome morn and thou art here
 Yet the rabble of the world goes on
 Friends too are near me but the cheer
 Of happiness, alas, is gone

And floating over the morbid lay
 The signal calls, I must away

And leave with you my native land
 Hopes which but a lifetime could unfold
 Reluctant now I press the land
 Ever long I'd give a world to hold

I meet a glance though dimmed with tears
 Will follow me through long absent years

Now oft I turn to skim the thought
 The pang it brings, the pang it brought

Oh could I wash in better stream
 From memory that recurring dream

To muse o'er child hood's gentle shade
 And happy scenes which time betrays

Would help to soothe a drooping mind
 And fancy's borrowed sun to shine