

October

Think of me

A mighty space of trackless waste
 Desides me Annie from the
 But what I risk an ocean tide
 You'll sometimes think of me

When roses morn with glowing dawn
 Unrobes the day to thee
 And golden clouds the sky enshrouds
 O then just think of me

When wild birds sing in happy spring
 As praises unto thee
 When orchards bloom around thy home
 Then keep one thought for me

When summer breaths her breath of ease
 O'er hill and verdant lea
 Can you declare that joy is there
 And never think of me

When o'er the plain is golden grain
 When frost unrobes the tree
 And autumn's dear shall blast the year
 O then you'll think of me

When passions throng shall move along
 In mirth and revelry
 Can in the corner thy voice resound
 Without one thought of me

When winter blasts shall hurry past
 You'll think of the wild sea
 When strains of mirth ring round thy hearth
 Should still remember me

October

I am thinking still of thee

When sorrow gleams through lonely abscences
 Whichever lot may be
 Remember then thy absent friend
 Who ever thinks of thee

Though lonely winds old ocean gales
 O'er the waters stormily
 Though lightning flashes amidst the clash
 I'm thinking still of thee

Off in the race of the wild chase
 Where victory I see
 The golden spoil which crowns my toil
 Don't point to home and thee

When ice-burys lift their towering cliff
 To heavens high canopy
 I trace all day my steadfast way
 Yet mindful still of thee

God grant at last when this is past
 And far again with me
 That sweet day shall pass away
 Which calls away from thee

But best at home in milder zone
 From the forsaken sea
 I'll dream no more as oft before
 Of sorrowing far from thee