Who like the woodman on the hill
Has toiled through seasons wet and cold
To find at last through his self will
Has married over a mine of gold
Whilst still he dreamed that he was float
Whose languies from hard toil no rest
Like a warrior over toiled
Has spent his days in blood and toil
Whilst others roosted in the sport

But one time when the spring was over
And summer flowerets lined the shore
I strayed me from those absent years
And furnished all my riches fears
And blessed again as once in youth
My super age of hope and truth

Were as I muse over lifes rough way
Through vain regrets for hours I stay
To dream how happy I have been
With the little given unto mine
Though I may grieve over wasted years
I cannot rent my woe in tears

And as I muse no pen shall mark
The gushing torrent of my heart
Away thou thought why over me flit
Leave me that I may forget

June 1865

Perhaps dear Annie you just now
Are by yourself and think of me
And wonder how I pass the time
Which must seem long upon the sea

Now as abed oceans spreading plain
Dath mock all hope of interview
Let me just write my fac-smile here
And sometime send it unto you

Then to begin I'm just from sleet
Where sleet and rain and tempest blow
I've ticked myself in my state-room
And mean to spend each hour below

This little room of mine you know
With all my fixings is just right
My dear sheet for an easy chair
With pen and ink to cheer delight

A sky-light through the snowy deck
Just serves to drive the dark away
A side-light from another hand
Flickers faintly through the day

There hangs a case for brush and comb
And looking glass whose pure reflection
Tells me the form reflected there
Is a thing remotest from perfection

By it hangs my old dress coat
By that still my hat and slippers
Whilst over my birth in trusty rack
Hangs my rifle and six shooters

There here am I with you in heart
Not altogether serious
Though oft I think of home and you
I scribble for the curious

And from this pen let us be sure
Nothing flows which is insincere
Though feeling is the nakedest truth
And seeing is believing