

Dark and fearful over the deep
 Around me with the elements
 Rememberance sounds her call
 Seaper into being and there
 In the dark and lonely hours
 No voice from the present
 Gathering still some vain regrets
 Calling to the drooping spirits
 Out then upon delusion
 Unlock the vaults of pleasure
 Laurel wreaths are here to place
 Dearest to the youthful heart
 In rocky fields and meadows
 Know then we find those raptures
 Not oceans rolling billow
 Our muse is the voice of spring
 Which dwells in a castle wrought
 Time marks no dear beauties beam
 Heaven is painted by the way
 Enveloped in such fancies
 Dreaming with the clearest one
 Early hopes and joys return
 Waking from the silent past
 To the far away

Although so brief our dreaming
 Dorrow finds no willing fear
 All those fairy dreams of mine
 Heaven and the angel world
 Eternal are those better thoughts
 All beside may fade away
 Vain must be the weary soul
 Cover through those fleeting streams
 Now onward to the future
 Farewell to gloom and sadness
 Our present has no vision
 Remembrance though has sadness
 Yet doubts and hopes are many
 Oft though our idle fancies
 Yet still we claim the blessing
 Of dreaming we are glad.

