

I Am

The stars which deck the evening sky
 Are sparkling brightly new
 With all those beauties there on high
 I'm thinking An of you

How gently here the zephyrs sweep
 O'er the untroubled sea
 I love to sail along the coast
 Whilst musing An of thee.

The storm king riding on the blast
 Sweeps onward wild and free
 One wear I wait her to the coast
 Shall cheer dear An of thee

Here victory oft may claim applause
 And praises from the many
 Though I rejoice it is because
 It will also please my Anne

God grant though I may stray alone
 Through dangers dark and drear
 That you may linger still at home
 With her I hold most dear.

Life is Dear

A monarch high upon his throne
 His word a law: his look a frown
 Dooms death a plaything of his own
 And pity but an idle sound

When then the mighty king of kings
 Shall sound the death call at his ear
 With faltering tongue and trembling limbs
 The cowardly own that life is dear

When over the bloody field of strife
 Whistles on the warrior without fear
 As there the dying cling to life
 He owns like all that life is dear

When in our glowing days of youth
 We see in some succeeding year
 When life has faded from its truth
 A death to welcome not to fear

But time rolls on and still ahead
 Proclaims death's killing day is near
 But we as then, so fond to stay
 In age as youth, this life is dear