

Heer blew the wind o'er wood and plain
 Rolling in the distant Autumn sun
 Struggling onward as though it fair
 Would end the circuit there begun
 In yellow robes the trees were bowing
 As mourning Summer in a shroud
 Whose roses the frost had stung
 And left their withering black and bare
 For winter self would soon be there

On such a morn there might be seen
 A homeless boy with naked feet
 With cotton shirt and trousers thin
 Whose want might boast herself complete
 A stranger in a stranger land
 A fact like this could not command
 A place among the clean and neat
 Whilst a little heart would fail
 As aft ambition would prevail

The pause before a rural gate
 Which opened toward a cottage home
 A lady smiling did not wait
 For words, his helplessness to own
 Did lead him in to rest and warm
 And asked him whether he was going
 So lightly clad and yet alone
 And Charles said to find a friend
 My future shall be a reckoning

This lady was a sailor's wife
 Her husband then upon the sea
 Whose he had passed most of his life
 Preaching in his harsh decree
 The little months he knew at home
 Were joys which are only known
 Expectant through adversity
 And with indulgence strive to pay
 The helpless doubts of far away

As every pleasure that the mind
 With brain and strength could invent
 What love and wealth might help to find
 The past and present to content
 Were gathered round their happy board
 For a two years' sojourn
 And friends around her glass lent
 Their own good will and cheerful voice
 With her joyful to rejoice

And when this wandering boy became
 A suppliant before her gate
 She took the little stranger name
 The reason why so cold and late
 So thinly clad and yet alone
 In stranger land and there unknown
 Then Charles ventured to relate
 His mother's death. How all beside
 To cheer the orphan was denied

And then she told him he should be
 Her little boy and have a home
 That some day he might live to see —
 Whence God blessed him thus to come
 And then she dressed him neat and warm
 In clothes her own little boy had worn
 For she had lost a little son
 And Charles now shines ever full
 The lonely place he left so still

The sailor from the southern sea
 Returned beneath a tropic sun
 Once more returns. How glad is he
 To find and bless the absent one
 And Charles hailed the joyful day
 And tried to be as glad as they
 Here let me tell how they become
 To be great friends. And many months
 Came in to him, though Charles dreamed

But leaving such childish notions
 And those early dreams of pleasure
 Whilst the Captain returns with ocean
 To meet the fair and stormy weather
 Here Charles saw with heavy heart
 His friend and noble ship depart
 Which left him screaming at his leisure
 How some day he would leave the wave
 And be a sailor just as true

The next two years he went to school
 And followed on in wondrous train
 Conquering problems, minding rules
 But still his fancy sought the main
 And every thought he still possess
 But agreed to that one distress
 But when the Captain comes again
 Her silent tears were his away
 For life had blessed another day