

Amid such wild commotion  
 Face met face with death  
 When hope itself departed  
 And scarcely left me breath

I caught the lancing traighes  
 Which bowed along the shore  
 Then the lonely pebble beach  
 My weary carcas bore

On those distant barren shores  
 I thought myself alone  
 Truly then I had returned  
 To seek a watery tomb

But then a voice calls unto me  
 A form nears through the gloom  
 A cheering smile beams on a face  
 My early days had known

There upon that lonely shore  
 I met the welcome hand  
 I loved to hold in years before  
 Bless in our native land

That same sweet voice on memory  
 Came to that lonely shore  
 As waking from the far off dream  
 Within the playhouse door

Now we lineal the rugged steep  
 That rears along the shore  
 And passes into a tropic dell  
 From old oceans roar

The gentle winds wa, sporting here  
 Beneath this balmy shade  
 And golden fruit was bowing down  
 Along the sunny glade

Repeating o'er the golden dream  
 Our youthful visions bore  
 We came unto a silver lake  
 Where flowers the gemmed the shore

A little skiff lay moored here  
 The cooers it from the stake  
 And hauled it to the moor's bar  
 Which lissed along the lake

Here we embarked together  
 The little skiff went  
 Before the sun beamed sunny breath  
 The fairy yacht was sent

We sailed along the silver lake  
 Unto the sister shore  
 Where down the sloping velvet bank  
 The brooklets gently pour

We landed by an orange grove  
 Where summers live, & I  
 Knows no bleak December wind  
 To chase the warmth away

There hid behind the smiling scene  
 Inviting now we see  
 A cottage waiting us upon  
 The solaces of the sea

When all the joys our fancy wrought  
 At once around me spread  
 I raised my voice to bless my lot  
 When to the vision fled  
 Lo, lo, lo

Again the waters round me dash  
 I feel my former fear  
 My arms stretched folding in my breast  
 My pillow clamped with tears

The fountain of my soul has burst  
 In fancies wild & free  
 Yet not in sorrows darkest hour  
 But unexpected joy

Those tears were drops of sadness  
 From years of silent grief  
 Which gathered there in bitterness  
 Not asked not for relief

But when the soul so long oppressed  
 In sorrows darkest way  
 To see those blessings showering down  
 The heart must overflow

The ice which makes around the heart  
 Beneath oppressions rule  
 Will melt before affection warm  
 And escape the bitter pool