

The heart may love in silence long
 Still sad and desolate
 No other joy the world can give
 That heart will ever hate

But if the object of that love
 Is granted it may change
 If not the darkness of the soul
 Must darken and remain

There creeps the cloistered green
 All life has asked me more
 Then flaps the wings and bore away
 The hope we claimed before

I lost the path of sorrow
 And battles over the field
 Of adversity on a shore
 Faces I shudder myself to behold

Thus from those conflicting years
 The victory now to grasp
 To loose again, Oh who could raise
 That hope as in the past

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What do we love

I love to roam along the sea
 Which borders on the restless sea
 There I can view the snowy sea
 Booming onward through the gale
 Or lessening still a speck of white
 Sees the blue wave then masks the sight

And too, I love myself to glide
 Over the sparkling silver tide
 With tiny sail in gentle breeze
 To bound along the milky sea
 And revel through the rising spray
 To hark the march of summer day

I love the ocean but still more
 I love to leave it for the shore

Yes, I have longed for ocean strife
 When blessed at home in quiet life
 When there have blessed the welcome sound
 Which cheers me onward homeward bound

I love the backwoods and the fields
 And the freshness which they yield
 Sweet is autumn's sweater still
 Are rambles on the wondrous hill

I love to breathe the air of May
 And June with her long lasting day
 When angling aft has made me love
 The supper I return to prove

I love the August. Still I feel
 A thrill of sorrow o'er me steal
 I wish that I could live as fore
 Those Augusts I shall see no more
 But they are gone, whilst I remain
 A wreck which hope cannot reclaim

September comes when the sea
 Shall follow over the dying year
 October then with chilly breath
 Breathes o'er the scene her shroud of death
 November blasts howl in the train
 Over the coast and the distant plain
 December with her dull skin
 Proclaims that winter has begun

And O the sleigh ride, then I feel
 A thrill this year cannot reveal

It is sweet to lounge on winter's night
 By the hearth stone blazing bright
 And thus the seasons pass, past
 Each one sweeter than the last

No summer day or opening spring
 Can boast of joys as fleet as wing
 Over winter, were I still at home
 Enchanted dream as here I roam

And I have sighed at the lone thought
 Of all I love, when fancy wrought
 Into realities what weary time
 Had dreamed or hoped, were to be mine