





2.
Oh, do not look upon me With that cold and chilling gaze
For I would look to thee alone
For bright and better days
Like the wintry winds of autumn Searing all that's bright and fair
Is that cold and chilling gaze to me It fills me with despair.

Oh, be to me that pure bright star
Which leads the pilgrim home!
In mercy say thou wilt, and I
Shall never from thee roam.
I'll have a smile for every smile
A tear for every tear,
And my heart shall be unchangeable
Thro'every changing year.

3.

4.
My bark is on the billow
And my home is far from you
But willingly, most willingly,
I'd bid it e'er adieu,
If thou wilt turn one thought to me
Oh say thou wilt be mine!
And I'll clasp thee to a heart that will
Forever, will be thine.

My bark is on the billow. 2.