AN EXILE'S HYMN



- 2. She views earth's loveliest scenes and bowers still with an exile's eye; e'en though her path be strewed with flowers, she breathes the exile's sigh.
- 3. The deep strong yearnings of the mind in silence are suppressed; on earth she knows they cannot find development or rest.
- 4. The dialect the soul employs is here a stranger tongue, yet all her griefs, and hopes, and joys to that alone are strung.
- 5. But sometimes, lonely though she be, some kindred friend she meets who opes, as with a master-key, thought's unexplored retreats.
- 6. Then pausing in some tranquil spot, joys, sorrows, they reveal; with which a stranger meddleth not, which only exiles feel!
- 7. Oh! how their hearts within them burn, while of their home they speak, and bright, yet tearful glances turn, towards the fair land they seek.
- 8. They part but only for awhile their term of exile o'er, they soon beneath their Saviour's smile shall meet, to part no more!

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