

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas, Waters Of Wide Ag

Many the green isle needs must be
In the sea of misery
Or the mariner who's so worn and won
Never thus could voyage on

Day and night, and night and day
Always drifting on his dreary way
Always been drifting on his dreary way
Closing round vessel's track

When dreamers seem to be
Weltering through eternity
And the dim low line before
Of a so dark and distant shore

Still recedes as ever still
Longing with divided will
But no power to seek or stun
He's ever drifting on and on

Over the unresponding wave
To heaven of the grave
What if there no friends will greet?
What if there no heart will ever meet?

Wanderer wherso'er he may
Can he dream before the day
To find refuge from distress
In friendship's smile and in love's caress

Many the green isle needs must be
In the sea of misery
Or the mariner who's so worn and won
Never thus could voyage on.

Ay, many flowerin' island lie
In waters of wide agony
To such an island a morning was lead
My bark by soft wind piloted.