

From the wide world of waters
In my native land
To the land of my fathers
My dear native land
O'er the Billows & waves
I sail with a sigh
How fondly I ponder
In hours when I stray

The mosquito that's humming
Oh what can it mean
To me the thoughts of returning
To those whom we love
When the spirit is humming
And the heart is in pain
My hummocks of dreaming
Home here & there

Among our native cottages
In the wild woods always
I found I've listened
To hear the birds sing
But all the fond visions
That flit through my brain
Have passed on of sorrow
The hummers of pain

For there stands my cottage
With brambles grown with
I seek for my partner
I seek for my child
I stand yet proud to their grave
Oh where shall I flee
From the shadows of the night
Oh where shall I flee