

## The Exile's farewell.

Forget me not though far from thee  
In other lands I roam.

And think not tho' I'm far away -

I'll <sup>never</sup> forget my home  
Awake, asleep, my foremost thoughts  
Are sure to turn to thee  
Companions of my childhood  
Whom I ~~no longer~~ <sup>I'm no more to</sup> see.

'Tis sad to think a roving life  
Must ever be my lot.

Yet balm it brings unto my heart.  
So think I'm not forgot.

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Forget me not, tho' near again  
Upon this earth we'll meet  
My happiest hours are past and gone  
And quickly they did fleet.  
I look with grief around me  
And see that one by one  
The friends I've loved the dearest  
Are mould'ring in their tomb  
Why should I weep, why should I sigh  
Why mourn my helpless lot  
Does it not make a heaven of earth  
So think I'm not forgot.

Forget me not my dearest friends  
Tho' many a tongue may fling  
Reproach upon my memory -  
Worse than a viper's sting.  
The time will come when I shall be  
Blest with my Country's love  
Tho' in my tomb, my Spirit shall  
<sup>Watch</sup> ~~come~~ ~~over~~ ~~thee~~ from above.  
Farewell my friends I meekly bow  
Submissive to my lot.  
And happy my last hour shall be  
If I am not forgot.  
Sister  
Dec 24 - 1838

I see of clay.  
The first light ray.