Memory, hither come

 And tune your merry notes;

And while upon the wind

 Your music floats,

I'll pore upon the stream,

 Where sighing lovers dream,

And fish for fancies as they pass

 Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,

 And hear the linnet's song,

And there I'll lie and dream

 The day along;

And when night comes I'll go

 To places fit for woe,

Walking along the darkened valley,

 With silent melancholy.