

The Lonely Coach-Bell

Oh, how lonely the coach bell is ringing,
And the dust from the road fills the air.
And the coachman's sorrowful singing
Floats across the wild fields in despair.

That sad song overflows with such feeling,
So much grief can be heard in that strain,
That my cold heart, long hardened and weary
In my bosom was kindled again.

I recalled other nights, other wand'rings,
And the fields and the forests so dear,
And my eyes, which so long have been arid,
Became moistened like jewels with a tear.

Oh, how lonely the coach bell is ringing,
As it swings in the night to and fro.
And my coachman has now fallen silent,
And I still have a long way to go.