

Gen-tly is the fair stream flowing, O'er it waves the wil - low tree:

Fo - rest gems are round me grow - ing, Wild birds chant their ca - rols free.

Lo! the pla - cid lake - let vy - ing With the calm - er heav'ns a - bove;

Yet for o - other scenes I'm sigh - ing, For I live not where I love.