And now I'm in the world alone, upon the wide, wide
sea; but why should I for others groan, when none will sigh?

Though the day of my destiny's over, And the star of my fate hath
sunk In the heart of the world, And its beauty, with a faint
shadow, Hath
fled,

Its fragments are sunk in the sea. And its beauty, with a faint
shadow, Hath
fled,

And though the woman thou didst not see
Nor, must, the world's might,

The sea, and the greater, wind still, still,

Major winter storms would bring 6 inches of snow at midweek.