

THE MOORLAND MINSTREL.

And I marvell'd much, as speedily
Thy dark waves floated on,
What length and breadth had glide'd by?
Whence wast thou—whither went'st—and why
Thy waters ne'er went done?

But years on years have sped away,
And in their devious course
Have blent my auburn locks with grey,
And scattered wrinkles and decay,
And tremblings of remorse.

The sacred ties of life's young day
Were long since forced to sever,
And the holy sounds of love's sweet lay—
Youth's melody and mirth so gay—
Are silent now for ever.

Less lovely spring's green robes appear—
Less bright the moon's pure beam;
The summer sun looks dull and drear,
And the former charms of nature wear
The semblance of a dream.