

Less than Summer's ardent sway?  
 Age may boast a diadem  
 Of dazzling bright magnificence:—  
 Youth 'tis true, has but *one* gem,  
 But that's the pearl of Innocence!  
 Tho' the fickle mind and tender,  
 No fixed character express,  
 Yet we love the young offender,  
 For its very artlessness.

Never can the witching play  
 Which youth's vacant moments stole,  
 Fancy—wheeled all the day,  
 E'er be blotted from the soul!  
 Those youthful kissings of the eye,  
 That the inmost soul detect,  
 As the Sun in tropic sky,  
 His rays returning meets direct,  
 Never in the heart can die,  
 Nor their memory be checked,  
 Until Reason's self shall fail,  
 And the mind forget her order,  
 Youth's prime of sweetness shall prevail,  
 —A spring of everlasting verdure!