

XIII

Upon the wild stream's shadowy brink,
'Tis sweet, alone to stand, and think ;—
In riper years it claims a sigh,
A sigh, the bosom cannot stifle,
That as the current rushes by,
Rending each flower that blossoms nigh,
So time our early joys will rifle.
Delights, that gild our dawn of day,
Like the swift stream, will pass away ;
Each image, in life's early dream,
Dissolves, ere manhood's stronger beam
Lights the true pathway of our fate,
Or shows how vain, (but ah too late !)
Was the fair future fancy gave ;
Vain as the streamlet's gliding wave,