

Like the raindrop's pattering sound,
 On the dozy fire-heap cast,
 Are the stings of the wound,
 That marks the *unreturning, past.*

Ah! think with me and say of youth
 That 'tis the only time of bliss!
 'Tis then we full with feeling's truth,
 With passion all but its excess.
 When the tender mind untought,
 Sipped the flow of Innocence,
 From crimeless heart—from sinless thought,
 That was Joy's Omnipotence.
 Is not the shoot which rises pure,
 From out twin lobes so delicate,
 As beautiful in miniature,
 As is the tree of lordliest state?
 Does not babbling rill that gushes,
 Clear as crystal down the rock,
 Please as well as that which rushes
 On to meet the Ocean's shock?
 Is not the first blush of morning
 Beautiful as blaze of day?
 Do we love mild Spring's returning.