

And fortune smiled, to cheer and gild thy way,

But never proved, alas ! so false as now !

There, o'er thy grave a mother bending weeps,

Whose aged heart life's chequered walk has run—

A sister, too, thy new raised pillow steeps,

Clings to the wreck 'twere better far to shun.

Thus, the bright ray Hope kindled to the view—

As shines the lamp in winter's piercing breath—

A while around a cheering light it threw,

Then quiv'ring, sunk in the night-shade of death—

And as a meteor gliding from the pole,

Swift passed those joys to ruin and decay,

That once as brightly played upon the soul,

And pure as sunbeams on a summer sea.

Then, fare thee well—*One* bleeding heart shall mourn,

To which, nor time nor chance can bring relief—