

Love can never wholly die ?
 Of buried hopes that sigh's the knell,
 Of youthful pleasures faded fast,
 The only record left to tell,
 The spirit of the happy past,
 And dost thou still delight to wander,
 O'er the scenes of Infancy,
 And upon those thoughts to ponder,
 That once could fill thy heart with glee ?
 And when thy heart these things remembers,
 Is there yet a gleam that flashes,
 Like the spark of mouldering embers,
 Dying in their shroud of ashes ?—
 Dost thou think that heart can ever
 Beat again as once it did ?
 Or when age and sorrow sever,
 Joy can wanton as 'tis lid ?
 Then if in thy latter day,
 When age thy remnant joys is riving,
 Thou shouldst mark absorbed in play,
 Youth with all its ardour trifling,
 Will not a tear unbidden stray,
 And roll resentful of thy stifling ?