

I love the songs that childhood sings —  
Its smiles and roguish glances, —  
A picture paint of many things  
That o'er the mind a halo flings  
As onward time advances.

I listen to the tender chime  
Of city bells a-swaying;  
Of dower of youth! Of wealth of time!  
Of pleasant dreams! Of hopes sublime,  
When all the world's a-swaying.

By cliffs grown gray, as men grow gray  
With weariness and sorrow,  
Awhile I pause, and then away,  
Like you who loiter here to-day,  
And lose myself to-morrow.