

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.