

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again.

My sorrows I then might assuage,
In the ways of religion and truth ;
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion !—What treasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard ;
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.