

The ceaseless waves of time, that swiftly roll
 Man's feeble bark to dark oblivion's goal,
 Sweep harmless o'er the mem'ry of those days,
 When childhood tuned its unambitious lays,
 And soft-eyed pleasure, in her gay attire,
 Woke the wild numbers of the trembling lyre.

II

Bright were the scenes that fancy drew,
 And blythe the hours that gaily flew,
 In life's gay morn, when all was new ;
 And softly, hope her radiance shed,
 In happy childhood, round my head,
 Deceitful smiled ; that angel smile
 Was wont my sorrows to beguile,

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