

YOUTH.

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE.

First splendor of our years,
When we had reached these shores
The memory of thee cheers
Till our departing hours :
Though lingering for a day,
Fade not, fade not away !

Incarnate faith,
Pure-eyed and soft of hand,
With tender grace
Touched thee, and for thee planned
A larger life than stays
Our ebbing days.

And thou dost know
The fair and gentle ways
Of favoring tides that flow
Again in sunlit bays,
Where tempests are defied,
And our proud ship may ride.

And thou dost sing anew
Songs of new lands,
The fair years through :
Songs of new lands
Arising from the main
We cross again.

With foot-prints neat,
A train of airy bands
With flying feet
Now dancing on the sands :
And beckoning forms invite
To love's delight.

Soft voices in the air
Whisper immortal deeds :
" Wilt thou not dare
When glory leads ?"
And in thine ears the sea
Sings a wild melody.

And on thy vision far
Bends a fair sky ;
Nor sets one star
Of all the stars on high ;
A path leads over sea,
A path shining for thee.

O fleeting grace
Of our Promethean years,
Haste not thy pace !
In thee, in thee appears
What touch in us there be
Of immortality.