

III

She bade me turn to each delight
 That blest with smiles life's radiant morning,
 And still her hand, with visions bright
 Was every future hour adorning.

IV

I counted every transient joy,
 That deck'd the gay and blissful season
 When I, "a visionary boy,"
 Disclaim'd the voice of sober reason.

V

And memory swell'd the alter'd lay
 With sounds of sweet, and transient gladness,
 They told of pleasure's fairy sway,
 In hours that mock'd intrusive sadness.—