

Dim rev'ries wander back again,
In retrospection, fraught with pain.
That sullen stream, each sterile shore,
Where hope, where life, can come no more,
A gloom have cast upon the soul,
By some now felt beyond control.
The scenes long doom'd of that dread land,
And depths without a shoal, or strand,
Are all reviewed, remembered now,
And shade with deeper thought the brow.
Alas! we'll rest in grave as cold,
With many a hidden grief untold;
And lost in shades, in night more deep,
Mysterious gloom will shroud our sleep.
Like woes long past, they leave their trace,
Pale memories time can ne'er efface.
Thro' coming years, their gloom will rest
Upon the soul like dream unblest;
And there survive, till some are old,
And weary hearts are worn and cold.
Remembrance lingering o'er the past,
With graver thoughts will be o'ercast,
And blend their hues with some deep woe,
Which darkens half our life below.