

There, for awhile I roamed in pleasant bowers,
In friendship blest, how sped the happy hours.
Each green and flowery path beguiled my feet,
While smiling Hope, in many an accent sweet,
Told of the joys that were for me in store,
Surpassing all that I had known before.
But, ah, I found her flattering words were vain,
For that which promised pleasure, gave but pain ;
Rugged and steep became the dreary way,
And thorns sprang up and choked the verdure gay ;
Some cherished forms that ever by my side,
In weal or woe, did faithfully abide ;
I marked them droop and sicken day by day,
And watched, with beating heart, each flickering ray,
That seemed to promise health's returning glow,
Until the Spoiler laid the loved ones low.
Ah, then the path was watered with my tears,
I felt at once the ills of ripper years :
My heart grew heavy and my step less light,
And day seemed shaded by the gloom of night ;
But Thou didst not forsake me : Thou, whose love
Taught me to seek enduring joys above ;
Showed me that earth, though but a rugged road,
Was yet the way that led to thine abode.