

X.

Ah! then my thoughts turn back to other days,
To home—sweet spot, and fondly cherish'd too—
To youthful scenes—where fancy still portrays,
The garden, grot, the elm, the shady yew,
The babbling brook that winds along the maze,
Of shrubbery and thorn—the distant view
Of spreading fields,—the lambskins sporting there;
My FATHER's kindness and my MOTHER's care!

XI.

Youths glowing hours are sunny hours—in vain,
We pause, to count them and recount them o'er,
To watch their fleetness—passing in the wane!
As the lone mariner looks on the shore,
We look with trembling vision,—gaze again,—
We sleep—we dream, and wake, they are no more—
No more delude our fancy—hopeless gone—
Youth's glowing hours, we call but once our own.

XII.

Go look upon the smiling infant—see!
What thou *hast* been—how beautiful—how fair—
Its rosy cheek—it turns and smiles, on thee:
Then look upon thy aged parent's—where
Thou may'st read, what thou, ere long, *shalt* be;
For there are wrinkles, and deep furrows there,—
And lines betokening grief, and days of woe,
And looks about them like the hoary snow!

XIII.

Go to the silent tomb—and cast thine eye
Around—and look upon the cold, damp earth;
Together infants and the aged lie,
In quiet, 'neath the grassy turf—no mirth,
Or riot, heedless laugh, or revelry,
Shall there mock thy meditations;—a dearth
Of all—but silence and sad thoughts—thou'lt find;
Youth's sunny hours shall break not on thy mind!

XIV.

Then think not of thy youthful hours—the years
Of bye-past-scenes—'tis bitterness of thought;—
Nay dream not of them—they were full of tears
Of restlessness—and “*hopes delay'd*”—and fraught
With griefs, thy memory tells not of,—and fears
Of coming woes—but look beyond, where taught
To soar, faith triumphs o'er death's dark, cold bed,
And, all immortal, man no tears shall shed.