

I feel the kiss of their fond love,  
Oh, joy! Oh, joy! too bright to last;  
Ah! why will cruel time remove,  
Or mem'ry paint the past?  
Or mem'ry paint the past?

2. And here, alas! when they were gone  
In beauty's own array,  
A pitying angel on me shone,  
To chase each grief away;  
But Oh! it was delusive love,  
Alas! too pure, too sweet to last;  
And if such dream time must remove,  
Why mem'ry paint the past.  
Why mem'ry paint the past.

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THOU ART GONE FROM MY GAZE.

1. Thou art gone from my gaze,  
Like a beautiful dream,  
And I seek thee in vain,  
By the meadow and stream;  
Oft I breathe thy dear name,  
To the winds floating by,  
But thy sweet voice is mute  
To my bosom's lone sigh.  
In the stillness of night,  
When the stars mildly shine,  
My heart fondly holds  
A communion with thine,  
For I feel thou art near,  
And where'er I may be,  
That the Spirit of Love  
Keeps a watch over me.
2. Of the birds in thy bow'r,  
Now, companions I make;  
Ev'ry simple wild flow'r,  
I prize for thy sake;