

Society, friendship, and love,  
 Divinely bestowed upon man.  
 Oh! had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again.

My sorrows I then might assuage,  
 In the ways of religion and truth;  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion!—What treasures untold  
 Reside in that heavenly word!  
 More precious than silver or gold,  
 Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These valleys and rocks never heard;  
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore,  
 Some cordial endearing report  
 Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me?  
 O tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
 Compared with the speed of its flight;  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.