

T I M E .

WHEN but a child thou cam'st in friendly guise,
O Time ! and I was happy in thy flight ;
For faithful sleep was tender to mine eyes,
And morning filled them with increasing light.
At length came knowledge, and the slow surprise
Of common death, and sin's inhuman blight.
And now I take thee, Time, for what thou art—
Death's porter. The immeasurable sea,
And the green continents it smites apart
Are borne to their sublime decay by thee.
Stern servitor ! though stronger than the earth,
And mightier than the deep, I yet shall know,
In jails eternal, or in haunts of mirth,
Thy bitter end, and mark thine overthrow.

THE END.