

The tints of rosy youth shall fling,
 And to thy half-believing mind,
 The very notes of youth shall sing.
 As the full-toned Autumn-wind,
 Chaunts the requiem of the Spring

If in thy heart one ray is left,
 As morning fresh—as dew-fall calm,—
 One drop the world has not bereft
 Of all its gust—of all its balm ;
 If thou canst think and feel as when
 Thy cup of joy was yet unprimed,
 And all thy thoughts of things and men
 To Fancy's foot alone were timed;
 —When thou couldst life drink from the eye;
 And blush for conscious blush return,
 Nor deem the glow could ever die,
 The fire of feeling cease to burn ;
 If still thy breast that form enfold,
 Which Love's young hand has sculptured there ;
 Tho' its likeness now is cold,
 Buried in the grave—despair ;
 And Oh! if Love thy flower of spring,
 Has hailed to blight and not to bless,
 For rifled joys has left his sting,—