

Lately I've seen thy full buoyancy of soul,
 Playful and free, as mountain-sylvan or fawn,
 Ere pain, or anxious care thy thoughts estranged,
 Or sorrow found thee.

But, alas ! the shifting scene has left a trace—
 A trace too eloquent of lasting woes,
 In which we read misfortune's dark impression,
 Fixed, indelible.

That cheek, on which youth's loveliest bloom has played,
 And brow, whose radiance might have fully vied
 Still with the most boasted of the eastern fair,
 Have lost their sweetness.

All the winning cheerfulness of thy young heart,
 And blushing tints which beauty round thee flung—
 Like flow'rs fading away in their sweet odours—
 Fast yield to decay.