

First Love

My first love! Oh, how sweet the maid—
How beautiful was she;
As, hand in hand, through wood and glade,
She wandered on with me.

It seemed that joy smiled everywhere,
While pleasure bade us stay;
It seemed no change could e'er come there,
As slipped the years away.

Alas! one night my love grew cold;
The next—and she was gone!
Now, soon my story will be told;
For I was left alone.

There's naught on earth can take her place;
Indeed, I speak the truth.
I'd give the world to see her face—
She was my vanished youth!