

The proud sire looks on his gallant boy,
His manhood's darling, his age's joy.
"He shall be the staff of my year's decline,
He shall be the first of a noble line."
Old man! thou shalt live to see them spread
"Ashes to ashes," upon his head,
The fiat is spoken, the doom decreed,
Father! weep for thy Broken Reed.

The joy-bells ring from the ivied tower,
A merry peal for the bridal hour,
Fond lips are breathing the marriage vow,
Oh! could they be ever as fond as now.
But the carking cares of the world will come,
And frowns will darken the happiest home;
And each may prove, in their hour of need,
That earthly love is a Broken Reed.

Yea, Gold, and Glory, and Love, and Fame,
The tale that they tell is still the same,
The best and brightest must fade and change,
And death *will* sunder, and time estrange;
Fix not on earth thy hope or love;
Set thine affections on things above,
So, from the world's dark bondage freed,
Thou shalt lean no more on a Broken Reed.
