

TO ANNA.

BRIGHT days are thine,
Dear friend of mine,
And fairy favors seem to greet thee;
From hill and dale,
And flowery vale,
They come with bounding steps to meet thee.

My spirit seeks
Some calm retreat,
Where joy is never mixed with sorrow,
Where flattering smile
Can ne'er beguile,
Be true to-day, and false to-morrow.

Earth has no joy
Without alloy,
No sun that's ever shining brightly.
Dull care may throw
Shades o'er that brow
On which the hand of time rests lightly.

Thou canst not tell
What witching spell
Hath woven wreaths of love around thee.
Thine only is
To know the bliss
That kind and loving friends surround thee.