

The straining eye-ball in the dark,  
 While we chase the dancing flock,  
 • They melt away and leave no mark.

Is there in thy heart no feeling?  
 All its kindly warmth decayed,—  
 —It holds—tho' in its depth concealing,  
 • One halcyon spot that cannot fade.  
 Like the Widow's cruise of oil  
 Is the sigh for youthful days;  
 Tho' men have made thy heart a spoil  
 That sigh is left—the last which stays.  
 Tho' thy heart be as the rock  
 Let youthful memory on it rush,  
 —It shall own the magic shock,  
 And streams of former joys shall gush.  
 Thou wilt sigh,—but oh! think not  
 'The sorrow of that sigh is bitter'  
 Or when youth *can* be forgot,  
 To bless its flight for age is fitter!  
 That sigh shall from her grave unbind  
 Fancy of the wanton wing,—  
 She again those seats shall find  
 Where thy young heart she used to bring;  
 And o'er thy aged vision blind,