

The calmest sunshine of the heart,
 That health and happiness impart :
 Free, as the mountain breeze, was I !
 That sweeps the light cloud o'er the sky ;—
 Unknown a foretaste of the woes,—
 Companions of man's ripening years,—
 That bar the eyelids from repose,
 And wash them with untimely tears.
 I knew not, then, the brow o'ercast
 By gloomy thought, or sullen care,
 I brooded o'er no pleasures past ;
 The future, all look'd bright and fair :
 An undefined, elysian dream,
 Illum'd by hope's deceitful beam.
 That hope has past !—its early ray
 No more irradiates my way.—
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