

Thou wilt forget, but not that gentle one
Whose every thought of thee was love and truth ;
With fondness shalt thou ever dwell upon
The mem'ry of the guardian of thy youth.

Thou wilt forget, but not that noble one
Whose joys and sorrows thou wert pleased to share ;
Whose love allured thee from thy childhood's home ;
With whom 't was light the heaviest grief to bear.

He is no longer nigh, to check the tear
That falls unbidden on thy pallid cheek ;
But if thou, from the shadowy land, could hear
His song of joy, thou would'st forget to weep.

There is one left, on whom thy heart may pour
The fulness of it's love ; he too has known
Much bitterness ; naught can restore
The joys, which from his grasp so quick have flown.

His heart is sad ! Oh, gladden it with smiles ;
Be thou a bright star on his lonely path ;
With love's own teaching, weary hours beguile,
And teach him to forget the woes of earth.

So, shall thy father's house be glad and bright,
Though there are vacant seats and withered flowers ;
So, shall his evening sun set 'mid the light
Of loving smiles, and tranquil, happy hours.