

No change has come on thee—the years  
That fleetly have gone by,  
And mingled sorrows, sighs, and tears,  
And blighted hopes and fostered fears,  
Have failed to drain thee dry.

Ages elapsed have seen thee glide,  
Thou lonely moorland river ;  
Yet on thy undiminished tide,  
Wave after wave thy bubbles ride,  
Majestical as ever.

In pyramid, or tower, or tomb,  
Man struggles to obtain  
Reversion of the dreaded doom,  
Of being lost in times to come ;  
But hush—the hope is vain.

Yon tower, of rude uncharter'd day,  
That frowns above thy stream,  
In crumbling atoms seems to say :—  
*“ Man and his labours pass away  
Unheeded as a dream.”*