

How softly crept the hours round,
As mute hours of toiling thought
Absorbed the youthful mind, forbidding
Listless yearning, caught
From aimless swaying winds
On distant sunny hills and leafy trees,
Or music floating in through windows
Wide, or humming bees.

Sweet mirth and childhood's innocence :
It chimes upon the Autumn air,
And thrills the slow decrepit hours
Dispirited with sordid care,
Sweet smiles break through the shading past,
And slumbering chords awake to sweetest song,
While the soul with youthful sympathy
Is lightly borne along.