

Soon as the noon of life begins to wane,
We turn and wish to live it o'er again.

X.

--Thrice happy childhood ! tho' thy sad return
More dread than death the human heart affrights ?
To light the first, hope's gayest flambeaux burn,
Shewing its ever coming new delights,
But second childhood, led by borrow'd lights,
Sinking midst beings of a second age,
May envy those swept off in life's first stage.

XI.

Alas ! that happiness is like a flower,
It buds in beauty, and in beauty blooms,
In beauty blooms and then forgets her power,—
In one profusion sheds its rich perfumes,
Then to dishonour all its glory dooms ;