

The lightsome heart—the laughing eye—
 The hope that lured me on—
 The voice that sung my lullaby,
 And the youthful peers that shared my joy—
 These all are dead and gone.

The budding spring—the blooming May—
 The blackbird's soothing strain—
 The schoolboy's gambols on the way,
 But bring to mind a happier day,
 That cannot come again.

I've drank the common cup of wo
 From friendship's frozen hand;
 I've wandered heartless to and fro,
 And suffered pangs that none can know,
 Mid simp'ring follies bland.

Again I come—but changed in all
 Save the unhonoured name,
 To list thy once-loved waterfall
 Pour forth its midnight madrigal,
 Eternally the same.

why