

May yield an inward peace which never dies.

How oft in later life 'mid later cares,
Does memory turn to scenes of earlier years;
To seek the new born freshness of the past,
E'er first the sky by clouds was overcast.
Perchance to find in beauty shining there,
Still one sweet star where many once shone clear.
When sailing o'er life's dim unmeasured sea,
Such fairy scenes for us may fewer be,
The waves grow rough and hidden rocks appear,
Where once it seemed to be so smooth and clear;
The gilded tower we saw across the stream,
Has vanished like the vision of a dream.
But still the music of that golden day,
May linger in some old familiar lay;
While light winds waft us in towards the shore,
To view the silver lake of youth once more.

That music still how oft it fills our dreams,
Of grateful woodland spots by sunny streams,
Oft' born Eolian like from swaying bough,
Or down amid the violet leaves so low.
Or whether from the ocean loud and strong,
In foaming waters some wild shore along;
When dashing proudly up the headland rock,
Which like a warrior stood to breast the shock.
Or in its anthem when the floods were high,
And seemed uplifted to the fearful sky;
Or when along its bosom calm and mild,
Sunk down to sleep as rests a weary child,