

THE EARLY LOST.
—

I saw thee in life's gay morn,
A flower of richest form,
When in thy veins the young life blood,
Flowed gently deep and warm.

When love and hope entwined thy brow,
With cherished hopes of life,
When in thy cup of earthly bliss were found,
No drops of care or strife.

I little thought that one so fair—
So full of life and joy,
So soon should bid to home and friends,
A last, a long "good bye."

So soon should sink beneath the blast,
And quit life's devious way,
So soon thy blooming, sprightly form,
Should mingle with its native clay.

Long ere the morn of life was past,
Had sunk thy fair young sun,
Long ere the noon of life was reached,
Thy earthly race was run.