



## Reflection

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**L**ONG years have passed since first I strayed with thee,  
My dearest friend, along the verdant banks  
Of this meandering stream, and in the shade  
Of these enchanted elms; and now to me  
'Twere but a passing thought of yesterday,  
So constant, pleasing hast thou been to me.  
Ah yes, thy very personality  
Is deeply graven on the inmost soul  
Of all my conscious being, and thou art  
My angel guide, where all but heavenly hopes