

Farewell!

Words of friendship on the pensive
 Ear of meditation ring ;
 Turning sadness into gladness,
 Like the merry voice of spring.
 Words of sadness sear the joys of
 Social life, like autumn blast,
 Words of anger strip us of the
 Balmy mem'ries of the past.
 But, of all words in our house-hold,
 There's not one has such a spell,
 Spreading grief and mingled gladness,
 Like the thrilling word—"Farewell!"—
 Grief, that like a cloud rests o'er us,
 Dark'ning all around us here ;
 While, like sunshine in the distance,
 Greetings fresh for us appear.
 Farewell! to those happy circles,
 Where all met me with a smile,
 Farewell! to those scenes and frolics,
 Of vacation for a while !
 Mem'ries of you long shall slumber
 In my heart, like autumn leaves ;
 'Till the fondness of new greetings,
 Wakes them like the vernal breeze,
 But, perchance, Farewell too sadly
 Smites thee?—"Ne turbetur cor!"
 There's more cheerful meaning for us,
 In the Frenchman's "Au revoir!"

FINIS.

"Salutatio manu mea!"