

Upon the torrent wave of time,
 Flee, with our manhood's fleeting prime ;
 And leave, alone, the sullen gloom
 Of spirits, journeying to the tomb ;
 Save, that, tho' faint her light is beaming,
 HOPE still upon the soul is gleaming !
 Points, thro' misfortune's darkest shade,
 To brighter joys, that never fade ;—
 Not vivid, as in life's gay morning
 " She danc'd in nature's lovely bowers ;
 Not falsely, as in youth adorning
 With promis'd ecstasy the hours !
 But calm, unclouded, firm, and pure ;
 Tho' dim her beams, their guidance sure.—
 So on the last resounding wave,
 That speeds to an unfathom'd grave,