

Sunday.

What is life?

Sept 14th 65

What is life but a season of tears,
Of sorrow and anguish, of hopes and fears;
Of vain regrets for the golden past;
Of joys and pleasures too bright to last.

Round memory's carth sweeps the train,
And the tears fall fast as the dropping rain;
A sweet wild agony sweeps o'er the heart,
Leaving its tenderest fibres apart.

For low sweet tones are heard, from afar,
Like the thrilling notes of a soft guitar;
And we gaze in eyes whose looks of love
Seem as pure and true as the heaven above.

Woe little dream ere the year has fled,
The glance may be cold, the love be dead;
And the same soft tones that charm us now,
May breathe to another its perjured vow.