

Youth

Infatuation dost thou chain
 Nature's stern will in beauty's train?
 Else why should this proud heart of mine
 Be so obedient at thy shrine?

Through
 The moon day sun droops down the plain
 With spreading glade begins to wane
 As wings fly on his western flight
 Toward the dusky realms of night.

It's time to seek some resting place
 It's time to woo some fairer face.

Yet better far, for here I roam
 With her I love, but dare not own
 That such a thought e'er crossed my breast.
 Still each one knew it was no jest.

O golden moments, stay thy flight.
 Come linger near me as I write.
 This last request do not deny
 Come let me leave another sigh
 And dream again as I have dreamt
 Yet sweeter still. With thy consent
 I took thy hand lest thou shouldst fall
 And helped thee o'er the tumbling wall.

Though thy companions also placed
 Their hands in mine, I could not trace
 That kindest feelings sweet control
 Which reached the utmost of my soul.

Now when the sun was getting low
 And brighter with its fiery glow
 The shadows of the trees here made
 It dimmer as in mighty shade.

Now lest the mamma should complain
 Or say you shall not walk again
 We deemed it prudent to adjourn
 And early hours mark our return.

And as we reach the rail fence near
 One by one all disappear.

Youth

As the dusky shades of evening fell
 Up-rose the timid whiff of a bell
 Whose notes ring near a cottage door
 Where gathered now as oft before
 Some four or five, a chosen few,
 With pleasing pastime ever new.

And there was one, O doubly weak!
 No pen to mark or tongue to speak
 One little word, which can portray
 The idol of my foolish day.
 Rich waves, folds of raven hair
 Wave gently o'er the fairest fair;
 Large eyes whose beam expels all gloom,
 And cheeks wherein the roses bloom;
 A lip whose every smile was grace
 Reflecting over a gentle face.
 The cherry dimple, crystal beam
 Of pearly teeth, which peeped between,
 Though timid, still that gentle charm
 Wouldst enervate jealousies and arm.
 Did none to turn but all admire
 A hope, a love, a Heaven's desire.
 Memory immortal dwells with me
 Our resting place eternity.

But I with art may blush to own
 That e'er one drop of ink has flown
 From off my pen, or o'er this brain
 Should wrack itself, how doubly vain
 To fines an idea that could show,
 In fancy, her, I used to know!

End