

Early Manhood

Am I to be thus disappointed I am
almost sure this is the land I saw
in the future where there were so many
pleasures spread out waiting for me
to come and gather them up
But alas I find it one of the most
desolate uncared places I have yet passed
Oh that I could return to those happy
childhood scenes which I have left in
the vain hope of reaping a more glorious harvest

But alas the road which brought me
here does not return
But when on the road which brought me here

But when heavy loads shall deck my brow
and the load of years shall bow me down
And when these limbs grown feeble shall fail
to bear me along when all beside fastidies
decay this heart shall turn to youth and
sigh to spend another hour with her it loved

Yes I am severed from the beam
Which sparkled through my boyhood dream
And lo, the darkest future shows
No place wherein I can repose

Unwelcome gleams Atlantic's tide
Whose prison walls on every side
Tells me too plainly I no more
Can claim those joys I knew before
But bowed beneath a mountain grief
Whose time alone can bring relief

How did you sun drag through the sky
No more time wastes the moments by
No more I hail the morning beam
Which lights to some glad scene
But doleful visions o'er me lower
With deepest dread I meet each hour
Through flitting slumber strive in vain
To rest a sorrow thinking brain
And when delusion one moment places
Me back to joys I rise in haste
To feel around me thus to prove
In fickle dreams I only rove

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But find my heedless fancy straying
And near my sorrows idly playing
Dye ^{spinning} holds the golden cup
Of bliss, too me that I might sip
When family I would snatch the bowl
Some fancy moves it from my hold
Then wildly laughing flies away
Whilst wingless I am doomed to stay
And view the fellows which confirm
What I seek but abroad to learn

Must I forget my boyhood scenes
My early choice for future scenes
Shall I in meek submission seal
And tamely fly a bloodless field

First let me learn submission's rule
Or turn misanthropic hope and soul
First let old oceans turbid plain
Forbid my trackless path again
First let that form and features pass
From memories brightest cherished path
First let that voice which charmed before
Cease its vibrations ever more
Then I will lay all hope aside
Seek nothing all has been denied
And my proud bark no more should fill
Her sails nor answer to my will
But on the sea of hope less woe
Should float or sink to realms below

But there I joined excitement's train
And so employed my busy brain
Oft there I roamed from place to place
Among a wild and savage race
And blindly sought some hidden prey
Nor heeded steeper on the way
There I have seen the distant flame
Where an old comrade's last remains
Were crisped for one grand repast
Of a cannibalistic mass.

Then with a baneful air untame
As me I dashed across the plain
And wresting from the funeral pile
Returned to mother earth her child