

I was the Happiest

When I the circuit of this sphere
 Had made through shadows dark and drear
 Retaining then to bless the shade
 Of youth's bright joys which time betrays
 And wandering o'er those cherished scenes
 Of childish hope and early dreams
 Which since my muse had often strayed
 And men a starksome hour delayed
 I caught again that sacred word
 In memory o'er my youthful shroud

Not as in youth's untutored days
 Whose aimless pages had opposed my way
 But life with all its changes seen
 Through past experience sorry dream

And now again 'twas sweet to pass
 A tranquil hour with friends at last

The phantom which had swayed my will
 And never never would be still
 Had filled my soul with vain regret
 Had learned me now how to forget

'Twas joy to feel once to be at home
 'Twas joy that I was not alone
 'Twas sweet to hear the only voice
 That e'er could make my heart rejoice
 'Twas sweet to see all I ever had wished
 In the present future or the past

The first and last hope could aspire
 Was home and friends. My great desire

At Last

Youth with all its joys amassed
 Are heaped within the distant past
 With fancies glowing yet in view
 As bright as when I thought them new
 Life's great deeds I planned so wise
 Of castles towering to the skies
 But on memories path remain
 Now all I trace them back again
 No times decree No plaintive song
 Would more than twice I which passes along
 Now wandering back would faintly clutch
 Those gems which ever mark my touch
 And feeble limbs are only mine
 A victim to the scourge of time