

not last,
'd by joy.

WHEN THE SUNBEAMS OF JOY.

WHEN the sunbeams of joy gild the morn of our days,
And the soft heart is warm'd both with hope and with
praise,

New pleasures, new prospects, still burst on the view,
And the phantom of bliss in our walks we pursue :
What tho' tangl'd in brakes, or withheld by the thorn,
Such sorrows of youth are but pearls of the morn ;
As they " gem the light leaf" in the fervour of day,
The warmth of the season dissolves them away.

found.

first fade,
rn,
shade,
rn.

In the noon-tide of life, though not robb'd of their fire,
The warm wishes abate, and the spirits retire ;
Thus pictures less glowing give equal delight,
When reason just tints them with shades of the night ;
Reflection's slow shadow steals down the gay hill,
Though as yet you may shun the soft shade as you will,
And on hope fix your eye, till the brightness, so clear,
Shall hang on its lid a dim trembling tear.

Next, the shades of mild evening close gently around,
And lengthen'd reflection must stalk o'er the ground ;
Through her lantern of magic past pleasures are seen,
And we then only know what our day-dreams have been :
On the painted illusion we gaze while we can,
Though we often exclaim, What a bauble is man !—
In youth but a gewgaw—in age but a toy—
The same empty trifle as man and as boy !