

And if thy cheek with one kind tear be wet,  
 And if thy heart be smitten, when the cry  
 Of danger and of death is heard more nigh,  
 Oh, learn thy private sorrows to forget ;  
 Intent, when hardest beats the storm, to save  
 One who, like thee, has suffered from the wave.

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### RETROSPECTION.

I TURN these leaves with thronging thoughts, and say,  
 Alas ! how many friends of youth are dead ;  
 How many visions of fair hope have fled,  
 Since first, my Muse, we met.—So speeds away  
 Life, and its shadows ; yet we sit and sing,  
 Stretched in the noontide bower, as if the day  
 Declined not, and we yet might trill our lay  
 Beneath the pleasant morning's purple wing  
 That fans us ; while aloft the gay clouds shine !  
 Oh, ere the coming of the long cold night,  
 Religion, may we bless thy purer light,  
 That still shall warm us, when the tints decline  
 O'er earth's dim hemisphere ; and sad we gaze  
 On the vain visions of our passing days !

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### ON ACCIDENTALLY MEETING A LADY NOW NO MORE.

WRITTEN MANY YEARS AFTER THE FOREGOING SONNETS.

WHEN last we parted, thou wert young and fair—  
 How beautiful let fond remembrance say !  
 Alas ! since then old Time has stol'n away  
 Nigh forty years, leaving my temples bare :—