

SONG.



LIFE's a varied, bright illusion,
Joy and sorrow—light and shade ;
Turn from sorrow's dark suffusion,
Catch the pleasures ere they fade.

Fancy paints with hues unreal,
Smile of bliss, and sorrow's mood ;
If they both are but ideal,
Why reject the seeming good ?

Hence! no more! 'tis Wisdom calls ye,
Bids ye court Time's present aid ;
The future trust not—Hope enthral's ye,
“ Catch the pleasures ere they fade.”