



**WHEN FILLED WITH THOUGHTS
OF LIFE'S YOUNG DAY**

When filled with thoughts of life's young-day,
Alone in distant climes we roam,
And year on year has rolled away,
Since last we viewed our own dear home;
Oh, then, at evening's silent hour,
In chamber lone or moonlight bow'r,
How sad on memory's listening-ear
Come long-lost voices sounding near;
Like the wild chime of village bells
Heard far away in mountain dells.

But, oh! for him let kind hearts grieve,
His term of youth and exile o'er,
Who sees in life's declining eve
With altered eyes his native shore!
With aching heart and weary brain,
Who treads those lonesome scenes again!
And backward views the sunny hours
When first he knew those ruined bow'rs,
And hears in every passing gale
Some best affection's dying wail.

Oh, say, what spell of power serene
Can cheer that hour of sharpest pain,
And turn to peace the anguish keen,
That deeper wounds, because in vain?
'Tis not the thought of glory won,
Of hoarded gold or pleasure gone,
But one bright course, from earliest youth,
Of changeless faith — unbroken truth.
These turn to gold, the vapours dun,
That close on life's descending sun.

Gerald Griffin