

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1872.

In vain, were beauty, wit & grace  
They're shrouded in ceaseless gloom  
In vain were love or friendship's tears  
They drop but on her closing Tomb -  
Fair blooms the flowers at early morn  
Ere noon how oft the blossoms fall!  
In sweetest friendship yet we'll meet  
Where Death nor man can part us a' -

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- The Days that are gone -

- Written on revisiting Amherst Island 1849 -

Again Spring reviving her winter seared blossoms  
Now backs her green mantle in Phoebus' bright ray  
The wild fresh songsters their notes are a pouring  
The wild flowers a blooming their beauties display -  
And I like the Swallow from the land of her exile  
Again have returned but to wander alone -  
Through scenes that still fling their sad memories round me  
Oh scenes! that were dear in "the days that are gone" -  
Again I have roamed through the grove & green meadow,  
By the snug winding shore where in years gone I strayed,  
I have lain beneath the "tree" that I well may remember,  
As it waved its green branches a sweet summer shade

over