





Old songs! In the new life of fever and fashion Old loves are forgotten—old memories die; The echo of tones that were tender with passion Is lost in the voices that flatter and lie.

The belle of the season, devoted to pleasure, A star in the night, and a rose in the day, The world's latest idol—how can you find leisure To think of a true heart that pines far away?

Yet, darling, perchance when the gilding has vanished, And folly's gay palace looks sordid and bare, Your spirit may turn to the love you have banished, And find the old freshness and constancy there; The bird that has flown o'er a thousand dominions May seek, in the bower of the peasant, its nest; And if you are weary, O swift be the pinions That bring you at last to your home in my breast!