

Discontent.

There was the hush of the morning
 And a soft breeze raising the flowers;
 There was the day just dawning
 And nothing but long, still hours;
 There was the rippling river,
 The peacefulness, mountains & trees
 When I thought to myself, "For ever
 One's heart can want no more but these"

The summer was long & dusty
 And the autumn was bleak & bare
 When I thought to myself, "O why, Beauty
 Canst be found every where!"
 My breast was just beaten with sorrow
 My mind was distorted with pain
 When I thought to myself "The barren
 love, and be happy again."

Youth.

The human side of nature is divine
 The harsher side is hard & unlovely,
 How strange, that through this searching
 road of mine
 I climb with longing to eternal youth.