

Farewell! - but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the bright song of Smith in your bow,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forget his own grief to be happy with you.

His grief may return but a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
But he never will forget the short vision, that drew
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you

And still on that evening when pleasure fills up
To the highest to sparkle each heart and each eye,
Wherever my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, my happy friends shall be with you that night;

I shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles
And return to me, bearing all o'er with your smiles -
O'er blast, if it tells me that, 'twere the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had enquired, "I wish to see him!"

Let Fate do her worst when we are robes of joy -
Bright dreams of the past which she perforce destroy
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Quaff, long be my heart with such moments filled!
Like water rose and which roses have once been distilled!
You may break you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.