

THE FREE LANCE.

VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1898.

No. 3.

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ADIEU.

Days of my cherished youth farewell:
Ye fleeting joys adieu;
Hence, Memory, hence thy potent spell;
Cease on the past to dwell,
Nor vain regrets renew;
Hope, joy and love, ye spectres bright,
Ye vanished shades, adieu.

Thoughtless and young, a wreath of flowers
Around my brow, I bound.
And fondly sought those blooming bowers
Where, circled by the laughing hours,
I dreamt that Love was found
Fancy and Hope before me flew and
Scattered fragrance round.

Days of my cherished youth farewell:
Ye pleasant scenes adieu;
No more of tranquil hours ye tell
When, all unheard, Time's footsteps,
And all unheeded, flew.
Days of the roseate morn of life a
Long and last adieu.

J. K. D., SR.