

The Lazy Mist,

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;  
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly appear  
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year;  
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown  
And all the gay folly of summer is flown  
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!  
How long I have liv'd - but how much liv'd in vain  
How little of life's scanty span may remain;  
What aspects old time, in his progress, has worn,  
What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn  
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd;  
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how  
fain'd,

This life's not worth having with all it can give  
For something beyond it, poor man, sure must live

---

W. F. P.

New York December, 1838