

The following sweet and touching lines were written by George
Tucker of Virginia on being solicited why he ceased to court ^{the} poetical
muse

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth! your keen light is no more;
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrow'd all o'er;
Strength of my youth! all your vigour is gone;
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown.
Days of my youth! I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you should fall;
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears ye have been;
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray,
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay;
Days of my age! ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! yet awhile can ye last;
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age! be religion your light,
Thoughts of my age! dread not the cold sod,
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God.

Phil^a 1839

Lydia A B