



Remembrance

When to the sessions of sweet
silent thought
I summon up remembrance of
things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I
sought,
And with old woes new wail my
dear time's waste
Then can I drown an eye,
unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in
death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-
since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many
a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances
foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell
o'er
The sad account of fore-
bemoanéd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid
before:
--But if the while I think on thee,
dear friend,
All losses are restored, and
sorrows end.