

For the Liberator.

PAST JOYS.

The friends we 've loved, the home we 've left,
Will oftentimes claim a tear ;
And though of these we are bereft,
Still memory makes them dear.

And deep we feel each trifling ill,
Each sorrow of the soul :
But care we for the painful thrill,
That o'er some breasts doth roll ?

Poor Afric's son—ah ! he must feel
How hard it is to part
From all he lov'd— from all that life
Had twined around his heart.

His is a sorrow deeper far,
Than all that we can show ;
His is a lasting grief, o'er which
No healing balm can flow.

The mother, wife, or child he loved,
He ne'er shall see again ;
To him they 're lost—ay, dead indeed :
What for him doth remain ?

A feeling of deep wretchedness
Comes o'er his troubled soul ;
The thoughts of home,—of other days,
In painful visions roll.

His home—ah ! that lov'd name recalls
All that was dear to him ;
But *these* were scenes he 'll know no more,—
He only *feels* they 've been.

Philadelphia.

ADA.

Liberator, March 19, 1831