

## THE HAPPIEST DAY

The happiest day—the happiest hour  
My sear'd and blighted heart hath known,  
The highest hope of pride, and power,  
I feel hath flown.

Of power! said I? Yes! such I ween  
But they have vanish'd long alas!  
The visions of my youth have been—  
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?  
Another brow may ev'n inherit  
The venom thou hast pour'd on me—  
Be still my spirit.

The smile of love—soft friendship's charm—  
Bright hope itself has fled at last,  
'Twill ne'er again my bosom warm—  
'Tis ever past.

The happiest day—the happiest hour  
Mine eyes shall see—have ever seen  
The brightest glance of pride and power  
I feel—have been:

But were that hope of pride and power  
Now offer'd, with the pain  
Ev'n *then* I felt—that brightest hour  
I would not live again:

For on its wing was dark alloy  
And as it flutter'd—fell  
An essence—powerful to destroy  
A soul that knew it well.

[1827]