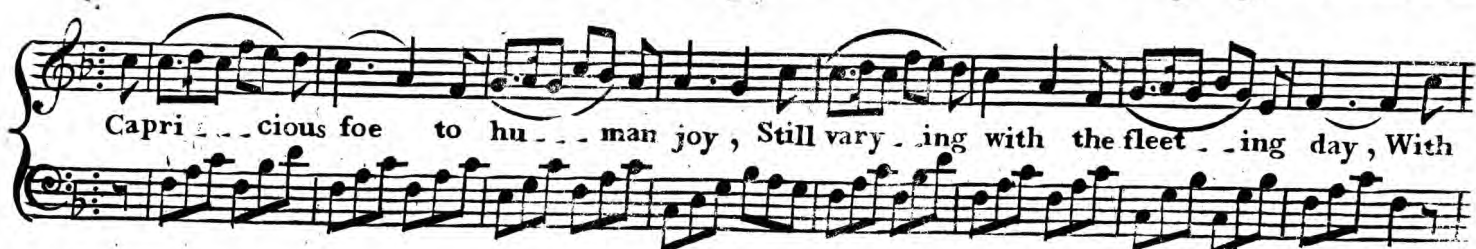


# TIME

A Favorite SONNET Compos'd by PLEYEL



2

I court thee not, ungentle guest,  
For I have e'er been doom'd to find  
Life's gayest hour but idly drest,  
With sweets that pall the fick'ning mind:  
When smiling Hope, with placid mein,  
Around my couch did fondly play,  
Full oft thy airy form I've seen  
On downy pinions glide away.

3

If such thy gifts, O! TIME! for thee  
My fated heart shall ne'er repine,  
I bow content to Fate's decree,  
And with thy thorns thy roses twine;  
Yet e'er thy fickle reign shall end  
The balmy sweets of Friendship's hour  
I'll with my Cup of sorrow blend,  
And smile, regardless of thy power.