

1  
Where first the waves of life  
Beamed on my infant eye  
I had a vision of the smiling scene  
That saw the tempest die

2  
Hope's bright illusions touch'd my soul  
My young ideas led  
I had fancied vivid tints combin'd  
and fancy's prospects spread

3  
My quivering heart expand'd wide  
With filial fondness fraught  
paternal love that heart supplied  
With all its fondness fraught

4  
But O! the cruel quick severe  
fate all I lov'd involv'd  
pale grief lapses trembling ways dispens  
and fancy's streamers shiv'ring

Written by Clement Hammond  
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The island of Manhattan  
During the winter