~~I wish I could revive the past;~~
~~I wish I could recall~~
~~The shining days, that fled, so fast,~~
~~The most belov'd of all,~~
~~When first I wandered by thy side,~~
~~Where bright Oconee rolls,~~
And thou wert fairest of the fair,
My lovely [illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] is to me.

From early youth to womanhood,
I've seen her charms expand,
And fondly hoped some happy day
To win her heart and hand;
But O, the bud that was so sweet,
And long my secret pride,
Has only blushed into the rose,
To be another's bride.

She soon will wear a garland bright,
A wreath upon her brow;
And will before the altar stand,
To breathe the bridal vow;
I know she will not think of me,
Nor heed the grief she makes,
Yet warmer than the heart she wins,
Will be the heart she breaks.