

Violets, violets, why are you drooping ?
Surely you die without cause !

Withering, withering, drooping and dying,
Fading so sadly away !

Violets, violets, why will you droop so ?
Stay with me, lovely gems, stay.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA SHORE.

Down on the sea shore,
Softly the wavelets
Murm'ring lap the sand.
All in the moonlight,
Silvery moonlight,
Everything looks grand.

Sand is as silver,
Gravel is golden,
Soft the fair moon's light.
Soft are the shadows
Cast by the elm-trees,
Where the moon is bright.