

I awake in my grave by the sad sea wave,
Come again, dear dream, so peacefully that smil'd,
Come again dear dream, come again, come again.

LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them ;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden,
Lie scentless and dead.

1. So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle,
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd ;
And fond ones are flown ;
O, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?