

break on for - eign shore, but to break on foreign shore.

colla voce.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system shows a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with the instruction 'colla voce.' The third system shows the vocal line concluding with a double bar line.

II.

Long and vainly hast thou languish'd,
For the home beyond the Main;
For the orange tinted vallies,
And the purple hills of Spain.

III.

Vain, alas! thy fever'd longing;
Sooner through night's purple donee,
May'st thou reach yon Isle of radiance,
Than thy citron girdled home.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

A sear leaf hung on an oak tree high—
It fluttered and bent as the breeze flew by—
And it shook with a sad and a quivering tone,
As the wild wind passed with a mournful moan.
It hung not long, for there came at last,
And swept by in anger, a sharp cold blast;
It struck the leaf with its chilly breath,
And, withered, it lay on the fading heath.
I passed, as it smitten and dying lay,
And hurried along on my careless way;
But I seemed to hear, in a tone of grief,
The voice of the blasted and withered leaf.

Away! Away!

The spring has departed, the summer has gone,
The autumn winds sigh, and the winter comes on,
And I pass away.

On the bright day,

I have slept on the bough of the oak-tree high,
Fanned by the soft zephyrs which murmured by,
As they passed away.

To the sweet lay

Of the gay forest bird have I listened long,
To the melody pure of his wild night song:
But he passed away.

In sportive play

Have I danced to the sound of the summer breeze,
When it stirred the tops of the forest trees;
Then it passed away.

In bright array

Of emerald gurb have I lustily hung,
And through the free air have I merrily swung,
The live long day.

Alas! away

The summer has passed with her robe of flowers,
And her sun-lit glee, and her joyful hours;
She has passed away.

The dreary day

Of autumn sad, with its poisoned breath,
Has come in the changing hues of death,
To bear us away.

Stay! mortal, stay!

Thou art basking perchance in the sunbeams now,
But the light shall be clouded on pleasure's brow;
It shall pass away.

Be wise to-day;

Thou too shalt fade as the autumn leaf;
Thy days shall be counted as few and brief;
Thou shalt pass away.