

Dost thou behold? No stormy winds blow loud.
The murm'ring torrent falls;
The roaring wave now calls;
The flies of evening murmur from afar.
Their home is on the field;
What seest thou, fair shield?
But thou dost smile and leave us, gentle star!
The waves of ocean gleam
With joy around thy beam;
They bathe in beauty thy departing light.
Farewell, thou star of eve!
We may thine absence grieve.
Let mem'ry now arise serene and bright!

THE END.