

ending shades, You may rove till ev'ning fades, you may rove, may
 Here thro' never ending shades, You may rove till ev'ning fades, you may

Ad lib.
 rove till ev'ning fades. Never has the poet's rhyme Felg'd a sweeter,
 rove till ev'ning fades.

softer clime, Where the rest-less foot of time, Moves a long more light-ly.

VERSE SECOND.

Naught is heard the gale to swell,
 Save the woodman in the dell,
 Or t' e so'ann Sabbath bell,
 Far along the mountain.

Here no voice at dawn of day
 Drives your dream of bliss away—
 Yet the woodlark hov'ring nigh,
 Sings as morning opens her eye;
 And at eve a lullaby—
 Near yon murmur'ing fountain.