

BEECH LEAVES.

Beech leaves, beech leaves, falling everywhere,
Beech leaves, beech leaves, how they fill the air !
Summer's gone and left us and Autumn's here,
Soon will winter meet us, bleak and drear.

THE SEA.

Oh for the sea ! for the sea !
With its blue waves ever in motion,
And the sea gulls wild and free,
That flit o'er the stormy ocean.

Oh for the roaring sea !
'Gainst its rocky prison dashing,
As its billows toss in glee
Their crests with the white spray flashing.

Oh to be near the sea !
When at night the wind is whistling.
A fisherman's hut for me,
With the lamp light softly glistening.

Oh let me watch the sea !
As it tosses about at gloaming,