


B II

$\boldsymbol{p} \boldsymbol{p}$ How dear to me the hour when day-light dies, And sun-beams


T


melt
a - long the si-lent sea,
For then sweet dreams
of

B II

melt
a - long the si-lent sea,
For then sweet dreams


A


T


B I

o - ther days a - rise,
And mem-'ry breathes
her

B II


A


B II



35
A


plays,
A - long the smooth wave, the wave
t'ward the burn-ing

B I


B II



B II


A


B II


A

T


A


B II


A


$\boldsymbol{p}$ some bright isle of rest,
$\boldsymbol{m} \boldsymbol{f}$ And think 'twould lead


A


B I


B II


