ISLE OF BEAUTY.

1. Shades of evening, close not o'er us, Leave our lonely bark a while; 
2. To the hour when happy faces smile arooind the taper's light, 
3. When the waves are round me breaking, As I pace the deck a lone; 

Morn, alas! will not restore us! Yonder dim and distant isle; 
Who will fill our vacant places, Who will sing our songs to night? 
And my eye in vain is seeking Some green spot to rest upon; 

Still my fancy can discover Sunny spots where friends may dwell, 
Through the mist that floats above us, Faintly sounds the vesper bell; 
What would I not give to wander Where my old companions dwell; 

Dark and shadows round us hover, Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well!" 
Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fondly, "fare thee well!" 
Absence makes the heart grow fond, Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well!"