

Submit-instead of "Tis not where lights are shining" Redc^d 23^d Jun 1826 Dover

gently oe'r ~~word~~ has shore, and think, that heart, when
living, with all its faults, was there!
~~word word word word word word~~

Oh say, thou best and brightest, my first love
and my last, When he, whom now then
slightest From life's dark scene hath past. Will

[page break]

Kinder thoughts then move thee? Will Pity wake one
{?word} , {Te'or} him, who lov'd thee, and,
dying, -lov'd thee still. If when, that hour re-

calling, From which he -dates ~~by~~ his word, Then
feel'st a tear drop falling, oh blush not while it
flows. But, all the past forgiving, Bend