Longfellow.

- Thy Remembrance -

Arthur Williamson.

Undente con un poco espressione.

That survives when many a flower shuts to its little lives; so thy rem-

brance: Sweet as a song that once con-
Soled our pain, but never will be sung to us... a song that once consoled our pain: But never will be sung to us... a—gain, is thy remembrance, how the hour of rest had come to thee...