

a b c e e k g h i j k l m n o  
p q r s t u v w x y z

b r o o m m o o r r  
c o m m a n d m e t t

46  
Is there a tear that draws the eye?  
Is there a sigh the bosom rents?  
Is there a grief we cannot speak?  
Is at the last a dear with friends

There is a joy so pure and true,  
When youthful friends in unison meet,  
It seems a heavenly intermission,  
There is no other joy so sweet.  
But there's a grief that will expand  
The breast that hides a tender heart  
Is when we shake the parting hand  
When youthful friends forever part

### The Ocean

I love to stray along the shore,  
And hear the mounding billows roar;  
It is a pleasure dear to me,  
To gaze upon the boundless sea.  
The beauties that I there behold,  
Are brighter far than Sardinia gold.  
Why do I love the dark blue sea?  
Their music never fail to please.  
Why at the silent hour of eve  
Do I all other pleasures leave  
To gaze with rapture on the wave  
Or heave a sigh (as are some grave)  
Ask you? the reason I will tell  
It is the home of those I love!  
Is there they come, year after year,  
Who to a sister's heart are dear;  
Exposed to dangers of the deep,  
Oft enough to make one weep,  
Though oft times come, when they return  
Soon by the billows back to their barren  
Heaven bless them on their pathless way  
At present I no more can say  
Than the ocean hath a charm for me  
Since first my brother went to sea