My life is like the summer Rose.

Written by

R.H. WILDE, ESQ.
(of Georgia)

Composed & Dedicated

To

Miss Adelaide Richards.

BY

CHARLES THIBAULT.

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ANDANTE.
My life is like the summer rose That opens to the morning sky
But e'er the shades of evening close Is scattered on the ground to die:

But on that roses humble bed The sweetest dews of night are shed, As if she wept such woe to
My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail — its date is brief —
Restless, and soon to pass away:
Yet see that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree —
But none shall breath a sigh for me —

My life is like the print which feet
Have left on Tempe's desert strand
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
His track will vanish from the sand;
Yet as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none shall e'er lament for me!
My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief—
Restless, and soon to pass away:
Yet see that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breath a sigh for me—

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Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
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All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none shall e'er lament for me!