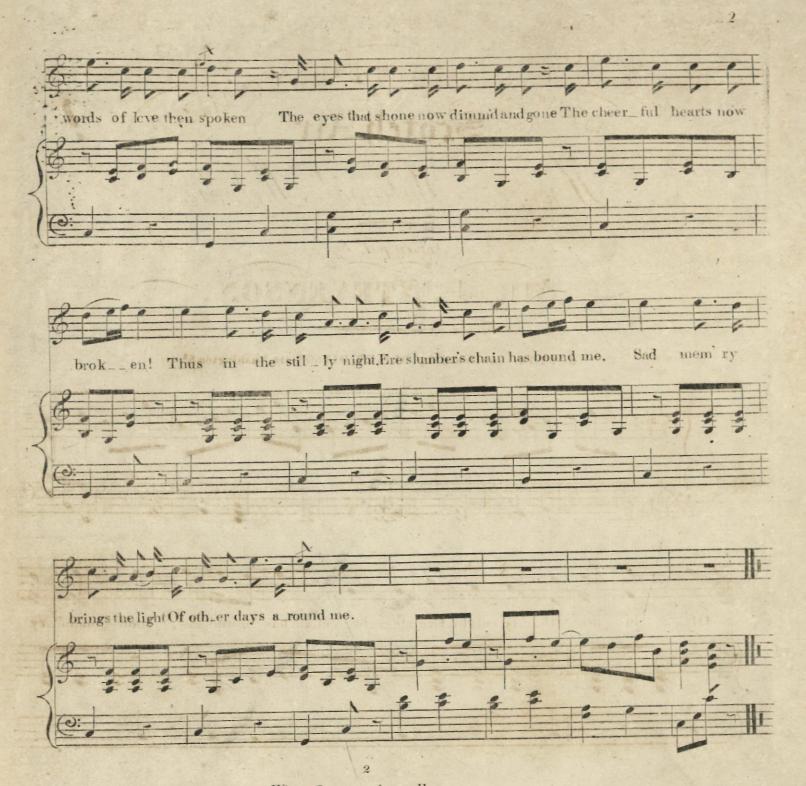
Hack arder



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the stil -- ly night, Ere slum ber's chain has bound me, Fond brings the light Of oth_er days a_round me; The smiles, the tears, of child hood's years, The



When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one, who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night &c.