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E. R. Johnston  
Per

✓  
"My Life is like the Summer's Rose"

THE WORDS BY THE LATE

HON. RICHARD HENRY WILDE

(of Georgia)

The Music Composed & Respectfully Dedicated to

MISS CLARA D. HARRISON.

BY AN  
AMATEUR.

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Andante con espressione. —

2. My

1. My

PIANO.

life is like th' aut-um-nal leaf, That trem-bles in the moon's pale ray: Its

life is like the sum-mer's rose, That o-pen's to the morning sky; But

hold is frail, its date is brief, Rest-less and soon to pass a--way. Yet

ere the shades of eve-ning close, Is scatter'd on the ground to die, But

ere that leaf shall fall or fade, The pa--rent tree shall mourn its shade; The

on that ro--ses' hum-ble bed, The sweetest dew's of night are shed; As

winds be--wail the leaf--less tree, But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

if heav'n wept such waste to see, But none shall weep a tear for me.

3.

My life is like the print, that feet  
Have left on Zara's burning strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
The track shall vanish from the sand.  
Yet as if grieving to efface,  
All vestige of the human race:  
On that lone lone shore loud moans the sea  
But none shall e'er lament for me.

My life is like the Summer's Rose. 2.